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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1911.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXVIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1911.

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BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL: "DOROTHY, THE MO

MAY, 1911

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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WATCH THE MAP
The X shows where Polly and Peter are now. Next month they will be in Paris.

Polly and Peter Ponds

have arrived in London on their trip around the world. Soldiers from all parts of the British Empire are coming to the city every day ready to parade in the great celebration of King George V's coronation.

Polly and Peter had been sent out by their mother to buy a bottle of Pond's Extract and a jar of

Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream

which she always kept on hand.

Here we see them watching the famous Highland regiment which has just come from Scotland. Polly and Peter were almost startled at the odd uniforms the Highlanders wore.

"Polly," said Peter, "just look at their bare knees. Don't you think they will get cold and chapped?"

"Why, of course not," answered Polly: "look at your own."

"That's right," rejoined Peter, "but Mama always uses Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream on mine and they don't get a bit rough. That's what it's for."

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"AT THE WINDOW."—FROM THE PAINTING BY SYDNEY KENDRICK.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

MAY, 1911

No. 7

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TREE CITY

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



I know a little city on a green and sunny hill,
Where a hundred tiny families have homes;
Its byways are uncrowded, its leafy lanes are
still,
And there no noisy railroad ever comes.

The homes are high and airy; they hang and rock
and sway
Whichever way the summer breezes blow;
They have no doors or windows, no roof to blow
away,
But leafy awnings shade the babes below.

The fathers and the mothers all earn their daily bread
And bring it to the little ones who cry;
They do not ride or motor; they do not walk;—
instead
They choose the very latest mode,—they fly!

The happy little citizens who live so high and free,
They sing and sing and sing the whole day long;
For the peaceful, quiet city is a green and lovely
tree,
And the dwellers there are birds—whose life
is song.

POLLY ANN

BY HARRIET H. CLARK

POLLY ANN was a born story-teller, there was no doubt about that. There were many things to prove it.

In the first place, she could always get an audience. Walk around Myers's block any hot summer day, and in the shade made by the tall chimney of the iron-foundry you could see them, the audience, crowding around; an audience diverted for the time being from the discomfort of the hot day and torrid sun,—from its thirst for "lemmernade" and perhaps its hunger. Polly Ann standing, with shining eyes, makes them see the things she sees, but where Polly Ann has seen them no one knows. Ask her, and she will answer: "When I shuts my eyes I sees 'em, and then I tells 'em to the childers."

This day the last late barefooted, unclean little piece of humanity has arrived, and, standing on the outside of the circle, hears Polly Ann's sweet voice—for sweet it is with a quality quite apart from Slumtown, where she lives—saying: "And as the princess came down the shinin' way, the flowers bowed their 'eads and the birds stopped singin',—she was so beautiful! But when she smiled, all the birds sang together, and a little wind came and made the flowers move like little bells, and—and you could hear them, too, and the way was shinin' and—" Polly Ann's voice died off into silence. The ecstasy of her vision had quite overcome her.

"Go on, Polly Ann. Tell more. What happened then?"

But Polly Ann, the usually eager, willing story-teller, just shook her head and put her hand over the soiled dress that covered her little rapidly beating heart, and said: "The words hurts me."

Sympathy arises in the hearts of her followers and listeners, and the words are repeated to the outskirts crowd, "Somethin' 's a-hurtin' Polly Ann." They did n't know, poor little street waifs, that it was Polly Ann's soul "a-hurtin' her."

Now shrilly, above the street noises, not so fierce as earlier in the day, comes a woman's voice: "Polly Ann! Polly Ann! I want ye." And Polly Ann, still somewhat overcome, gathers her small body together and speeds to answer the call.

It is not by any means an unkindly face that looks down at her from the third story front, as she raises her head to seek the meaning of the summons: "Come up quick; there 's somebody a-wantin' of you."

Polly Ann, with her quick perception, notes a

shade of surprise, apprehension, or she hardly knows what, in the face and voice.

All the way up the long two flights, to wonder and imagine who it was "a-wantin' of" her. When your imagination is keen and your mind accustomed to forming pictures, you can evolve in that time almost anything, and some things that almost have fear in them. So much so, in fact, that Polly Ann had to stop just outside the door and clasp her beating heart again, that did not know whether to hope or dread. For, be it known to you, kindly mothers and sweet young daughters, Polly Ann had been an orphan for eighteen months now, and the woman with the shrill voice, but not unkindly, was just "a-keepin' her" till "somebody turned up or somethin' happened."

So before her trembling hand turns the knob, put yourself in Polly Ann's place just for a moment, and with your heart beating alternately hope and fear, pause before you open the door to find out if "somethin'" is going to happen.

If the hope in Polly Ann's heart had been that the opening door would reveal the "princess," her hope was blasted; or even if her fluttering thought had formed a prince, she knew that this was not he, for this plainly dressed man, who looked up quickly as she came in, bore no resemblance to those majestic beings in fair clothing that her mind had often pictured.

"A gent'lman from the s'ciety."

Polly Ann made a brief and bobby curtsy, and the man unfolded a paper and read things; strange wordings, meaningless phrasings to Polly Ann, at least, who told fairy tales, but the purport seemed to be that the "s'ciety" had found her a home. There were some ununderstandable things about "age limit" and "exception to the rule," which were far beyond the horizon of Polly Ann's knowledge. But the outcome was this: an immediate washing of hands and face, a combing of brown hair which might have been so soft and pretty, a squeezing of feet into half-worn shoes, and the donning of her only other dress, and Polly Ann was ready to step out into the world, no longer Polly Ann of Fennimore Alley, but a little human being of some importance, stepping out into the great unknown.

Nine years old, fatherless, motherless, portionless, and only one hope, and that in the "s'ciety."

It is sometimes a good thing to have an active imagination, because it helps you to forget other things; puts one in quite another world, in fact.



EMILY HALL CHAMBERLIN

And as the princess came
down the shinin' way

So Polly Ann was rather lost in her dreams while trolley and elevated whizzed her along, only the quiet touch on the shoulder now and then reminding her of her gray-clad companion, or guardian, whichever you may care to call him.

They finally crossed the busy street and went into a building with a wide, high doorway and a swiftly flying elevator, and Polly Ann began at last to wonder if she were really going to see the "s'ciety." A man was seated at a high desk in the room they entered, and a type-writing machine was going clickety-clack under the rapid fingers of a girl in black. It did not look like the "s'ciety" to Polly Ann, but then it might be concealed behind "most any" of those big closed doors she saw on every side.

The guardian man said: "This is the child." The man at the desk looked up, but the type-writer never stopped, and it rather got on Polly Ann's nerves to hear it keep on unceasingly. It seemed to say, "Polly Ann, Polly Ann!" And when the silent desk man finally looked up and said, "What is your name?" it made her jump to have him ask her, because the type-writer seemed to be saying it so rapidly and sharply already.

Then the man said: "Miss Mills!" The type-writing machine stopped, and the girl in black gave attention.

"Take this case," he said. "The child's name is Polly Ann." And then the type-writer really did say "Polly Ann," but the girl stopped. "Last name?" And the absent-minded or busy man at the desk said: "Oh, yes, last name?" and looked over his glasses first at Polly Ann and then at her companion, who said, "Dawson," and also, "age nine, no father, no mother, homeless," till Polly Ann found herself crying, because of the type-writer, perhaps, "taking such notice" of her affairs, perhaps because nobody else seemed to take any notice of them.

But Polly Ann was called out of herself by the rapidity of events, for like a moving panorama the hot office passed, and a hurrying street of people, cabs, heavily moving vans, and whizzing trolley-cars appeared; a huge railway-station and more hurrying people presented themselves before her vision.

And then, to the sound of bells and the rushing of steam, Polly, seated alone on a red plush car-seat, was moving away, whither do you suppose?

It was a comfort to have a blue-coated man say, "Sit still, little girl; I'll tell you when to get off." Polly looked eagerly for him after that, every time the train stopped. It was such a comfort to have him passing to and fro; such a comfort to feel that some one knew she was there, that *somebody* knew where she was going.

Now I will tell you something that Polly Ann did not know at that time: there was somebody waiting for her at her journey's end. How beautiful it would have been to know it, we, who have had somebody waiting for us sometimes, know.

While the flying train was carrying her swiftly past little towns, green fields, and woods that seemed to Polly's eyes, used only to city sights, like dream pictures, there was a woman in a little white house in a little green yard—a tidy little place, I assure you, quite on the outskirts of the village—waiting for her.

As she moved rapidly about her work, putting the house in its last spick-and-span Saturday afternoon order and cleanliness, she was thinking of Polly Ann.

"Folks will say I'm crazy, I s'pose, when they know. But why should n't I? And if she likes me and I like her, and she is a neat little thing—why, perhaps after a while she will love me, and after school hours I'll see her a-comin' up the road swingin' her books, and she'll be my little girl."

The shadows of the afternoon lengthened. The clock told briskly that it was five o'clock. Then the woman set the table. She put on her own plate and cup as she had done for so many years, and opposite her another plate, over which she hesitated a moment, and then, passing rapidly back to the pantry, brought another with little rosebuds on it. "Perhaps," she said, "I'm buildin' air-castles and it won't turn out at all as it seems it ought to, but just this once, anyway, I'm goin' to put this plate on for my little girl, and if she turns out to be what I seem to be expectin' her to be, then every night for years and years, mebbe, I'll be settin' this place for my little girl."

Hardly was the table finished and the kettle pushed back a little, when there was a sound of wheels stopping by the white gate.

It took but a minute to put on her hat, to walk out, to reply brightly to the driver's salutation, "Good evenin', Miss Sims," and to climb into the back seat of the wagon drawn by a single fat gray horse.

"Be'n a fine day."

"Yes, just warm enough."

"You did n't tell me who you was expectin' to-night."

"Just a little girl."

And then, as if to make a clean breast of it and let the village take its course, she said: "I'm goin' to adopt a little girl; leastways, I'm goin' to try one and adopt her if everything's satisfactory."

"Well, well, be ye!"

And as if there were now quite enough to think



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"Just a little girl."

And then, as if to make a clean breast of it and let the village take its course, she said: "I 'm goin' to adopt a little girl; leastways, I 'm goin' to try one and adopt her if everything 's satisfactory."

"Well, well, be ye!"

And as if there were now quite enough to think

about, no further words were exchanged until the railway-station was reached.

The blue-coated man had told Polly that in ten minutes she would get off. Polly clutched her little bundle. She felt almost as if she would shriek. Get off and be all alone in a strange place! For, in the three or four hours she had been in the train, her eyes had become familiar with it, and some of the people who had stayed on, and the blue-coated man was ever a comfort. The tears rose in her eyes, but before they could drop, the train had stopped, she had stepped onto the platform, and the blue-coated man was saying to a woman, "This is the little girl, ma'am."

Be Polly Ann, yourself, just for a few minutes; feel your little hot car-begrimed hand clasped in a strong, kind hand, climb in behind the old gray horse, drive along the country road, with the sweet smell of the field-flowers telling you a new story, stop before the little white house, walk up the path, and—be—at home!

Polly Ann said, "O—h!" such a long "Oh" of surprise and wonder that *such* things could really "happen," and she, Polly Ann, be awake, looking and walking, and not "story-telling" or dreaming.

The washing for supper was a comfort; the lit-

tle table, so cozy and clean, was beyond belief; the rosebud plate, "'most too good to eat off of."

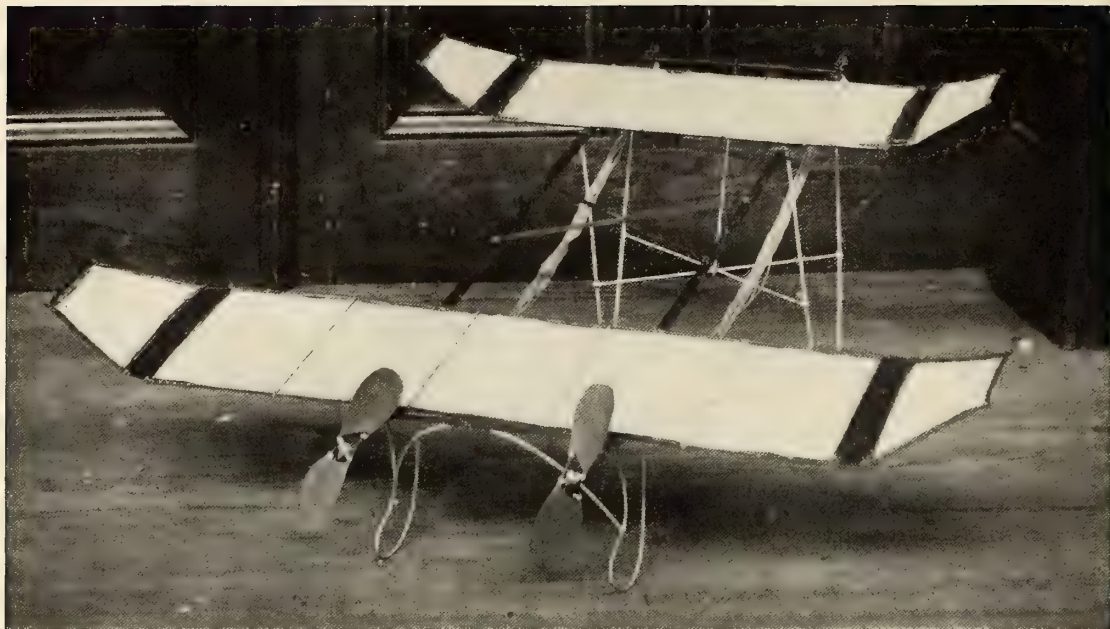
The kind face opposite smiled encouragement, for somehow Polly the story-teller was dumb. But her eyes seemed to grow bigger and blacker as they rested again and again on the smiling face.

The dishes were washed, the clock had announced seven, and Polly joyfully obeyed the words, "We 'll sit on the porch till bedtime." And now, in the beauty and sweetness of the summer evening, Polly's lips were unlocked to ask a question: "Will I have to go away to-morrow?"

There was just enough longing in the eyes and voice, just enough of hunger, to make that woman say, "Why, Polly Ann, I b'lieve it 's all comin' true, and you *are* goin' to be my own little girl." Oh, just to creep into folding, tender arms, when you are nine, and have a child-heart made for love and mother-care! (It is n't bad for a lonely grown-up woman to hold a little girl like that, either.)

The moon when it came up saw a beautiful sight: a motherless little girl and a childless woman, just clasping each other, and rocking, and rocking, and rocking.





A PRIZE-WINNING MODEL AÉROPLANE DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY LESLIE V. ROBINSON.

MODEL AÉROPLANES OF 1911

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes"

For the average boy there is no more stirring music than the brisk, whirring note of his model aëroplane. Let the propellers spin steadily for ten glorious seconds, and the journey spans a couple of hundred feet or more. Double the time, and the flight becomes a triumph. Out of the ingenuity of thousands of boy aviators, the world over, has come a surprising development of the model aëroplane. The experimental stage is passed. Any bright boy may now build a model aëroplane which is certain to give results. The best flights this year more than double those of a year ago. The distance qualities of your machine may test your endurance as a runner in keeping pace with it.

We left the model aëroplane, in our last series, in a somewhat unformed state. Its lines have become simpler and more logical. The mechanical details of construction and adjustment are much better understood. As a result, the new models not only appear more shipshape, but have gained steadily in stability and distance qualities. Since success, of course, depends quite as much upon attention to details of construction as to the general design, in the advice which follows,

the improvements in the vital parts of the model will be pointed out before the question of designing is taken up.

SCIENTIFIC PROPELLER-BUILDING

EVER since windmills were first set up, men have been studying the merits of different propellers. By the time steamships came to be driven through the water by rotary blades or screws, their modeling had become a science. The builders of rotary fans, in turn, contributed still further to our knowledge on the subject. Drawing largely upon all this experience, the aviator has learned to build fairly efficient propellers, although there is probably no department of aëronautics to-day so little understood.

Many successful builders of model aëroplanes now carve their propellers from solid blocks of wood. This method, to be sure, allows the designer to shape the propeller-blades with more freedom than with the ordinary or built-up propeller, and of course does away with much of the preliminary work. So great is the demand for the one-piece propellers that the manufacturers of accessories now prepare "propeller-blanks,"

or pieces of wood in a variety of sizes ready to be carved. The one-piece propeller is likely to split, but they are easy to make, and this work is a very fascinating kind of whittling.

Propeller-blanks are easily prepared in case you find it inconvenient to buy them. The following directions refer to a propeller eight inches in length, but the same proportions hold good for any size. Select a piece of some straight-grained wood which will not split readily and is

both as to their modeling and weight. To mount the axle, drill a hole at the center just large enough to admit the wire. The outer end may be bent over and inserted into the hole to keep it rigid. If the axle does not fit tightly, drive in small wedges of wood, such as the ends of a toothpick, at both sides.

In the early model aéroplanes much valuable energy was lost through friction. There has been a marked improvement in the construction of the

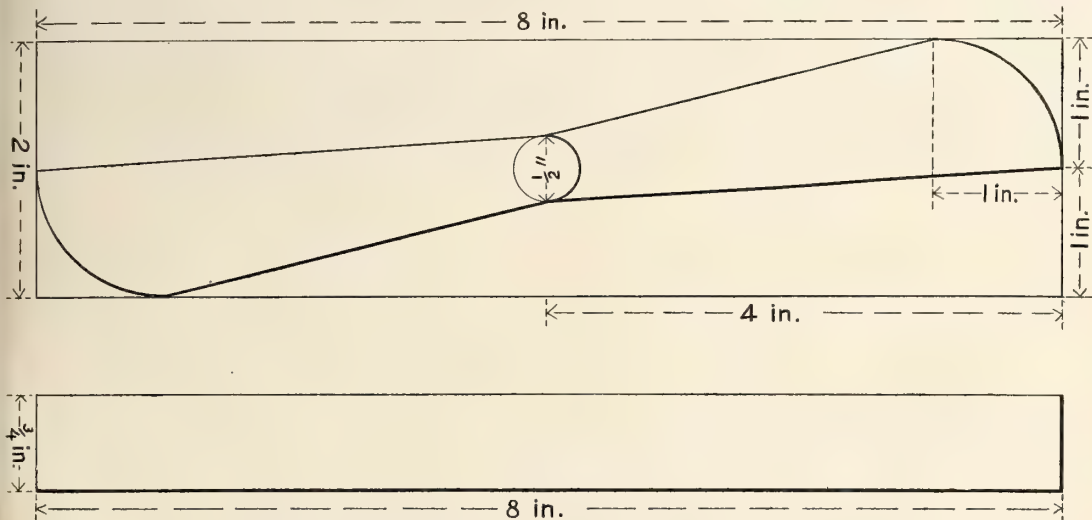


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO MAKE A PROPELLER FROM A WOODEN "BLANK."

easy to work. The original block for an eight-inch propeller should be eight inches in length, two inches in width, and three fourths of an inch thick. Now draw a line lengthwise, exactly bisecting the block, and mark off the middle of the line, and two points one inch from either end. With one of these outer points as a center, describe a quadrant of a circle above the line, and from the corresponding point draw a similar circle below the line. From the center of the block draw a complete circle half an inch in diameter. Draw straight lines from the ends of the arcs to the vertical diameters of the circle, and saw away the wood to these lines. (See Fig. 1.)

In carving your propeller, first cut away the wood from the shorter straight lines of the block on opposite sides. The blades should be slightly concave. It will be found a good plan to finish one side of the blade before cutting away the opposite side. Cut away the wood until the blade is less than one eighth of an inch thick, and sandpaper away all marks of the knife or chisel. The wood should then be oiled or covered with a light coat of varnish. It is very important that the two ends of the propellers should be uniform

propellers, axles, and bearings. Friction has been reduced to practically nothing. It is possible, of course, to drive a propeller with the shaft turning in a hole drilled at random through a stick, with a glass bead for a washer. It is very important, however, that the axle should turn exactly at right angles, and to hold it in position requires careful adjustment. To meet the demands of model aéroplane builders, several



"FINISH ONE SIDE OF THE BLADE BEFORE CUTTING AWAY THE OPPOSITE SIDE."

shaft mechanisms have been prepared, even to a very complete arrangement of miniature ball-bearings.

The model builder who cannot avail himself of these parts can, nevertheless, imitate their action with reasonable fidelity. The axle attached

to the propeller should be heavy enough to resist bending in ordinary wear and tear. A bicycle-spoke is just the thing. When you have decided

of the strands on a line with the axle. After turning the wire into a hook, bend back the shank to the proper angle. It will be seen that if the motor carries the axle about from side to side, the friction will be considerably in-

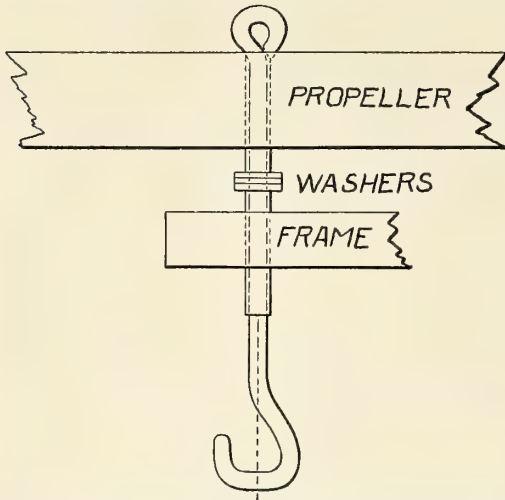


FIG. 2. SHOWING CONSTRUCTION AND MOUNTING OF PROPELLER AND AXLE.

upon this axle, procure a piece of metal tubing in which the axle will turn freely, without binding or rattling about. The tubing should then be passed through the frame supporting the propeller exactly at right angles, and extend out at either side about half an inch. To fasten it securely in position, glue and if necessary drive small wedges—a match or toothpick—about it.

Several small metal washers should be strung on the axle between the upper edge of the shaft and the propeller. These may be punched from a sheet of metal. A section of this tube may also be inserted part way in the propeller, and washers introduced where they meet. The second tube will insure smooth action.

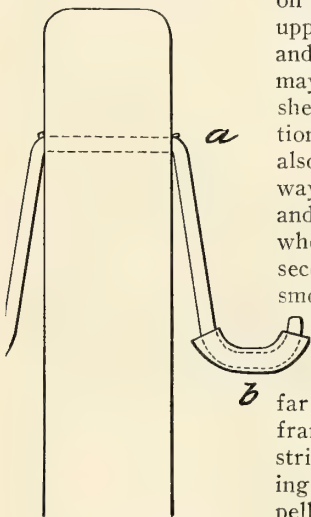


FIG. 4. A MOTOR ANCHORAGE.

In bending the axle into a hook for holding the rubber strands of the motor, care must be taken to keep the ends

The projecting tube will serve also to remove the propeller far enough from the frame to prevent its striking. By freely oiling these parts, the propeller may be made to turn very freely.

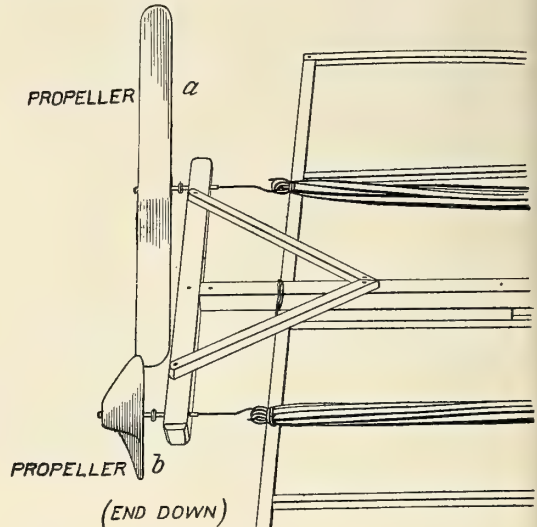
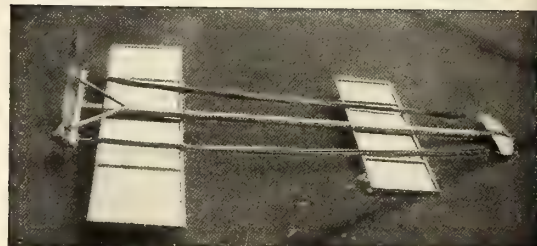


FIG. 3. SHOWING AN EXCELLENT WAY OF FASTENING THE PROPELLERS TO THE FRAMEWORK. (SEE PAGE 588.)

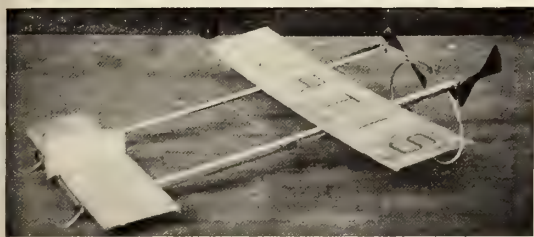
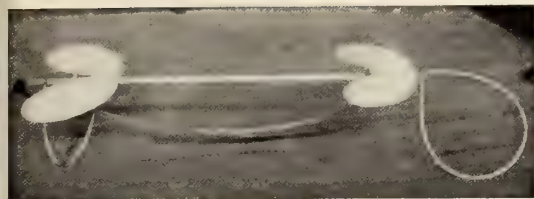


Designed by Cecil Peoli.
MODEL AÉROPLANE FROM WHICH DIAGRAM ABOVE WAS MADE.

wear the motor. It will be found a good plan to tie the strands together just below the hook to keep them from slipping off. And, by the way, do not keep your motor wound up any longer than you can help before a flight, since the strain on the rubber in this position is very great.

A MOTOR ANCHORAGE

THE builders of model aéroplanes in England have hit upon a very simple method for attaching the motors to the frame which is well worth



FOUR INTERESTING MODEL AÉROPLANES OF 1911.

imitating. When two strands of rubber are to be attached to a single stick, the hooks are commonly bound at the end. A simpler plan is to bore a hole through the stick at right angles, and pass a heavy piece of wire through it and wedge it firmly in position. The ends may then be bent into hooks to hold the strands of rubber forming the motor, and bent down to the sides in alignment with the motor. By slipping rubber tubing over the hooks, the life of the motor may be considerably increased. (See Fig. 4.)

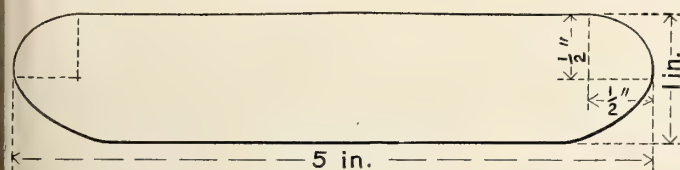


FIG. 5. DIAGRAM FOR MAKING THE PLANES.

PLANE-BUILDING

THE planes used on this season's models are marvels of lightness and strength. Much has been learned by studying the methods employed by the builders of man-carrying aéroplanes. It is a simple matter to build a three-foot plane which weighs, complete, less than one ounce, and is strong enough to withstand many a violent shock. The main planes should be slightly flexed, and the outer ends carefully curved.

It will be found a good plan first to lay out the exact form of your plane on a smooth board. Make the depth of the plane one fifth of its length. It will be noticed that this plane is much more slender than those used last year. Next draw a line at the center the entire length of the board, and mark off one tenth of the length of the plane from each end. From this center describe a quarter-circle at each end, on the

same side of the line. This will form your main or entering wedge. The rear corners should then be cut sharply away and only slightly rounded. (See Fig. 5.)

There is no better material for the main frame than a thin reed or cane. The longer ribs may be made of any light lath, and the cross-ribs of a thin, flat strip. Soak the reed overnight to make it as pliable as possible. Now lay the reed over the outline of the plane, and hold it in this position by driving thin brads on both sides and bending them over the cane. When the outer edge is complete, mortise the two ends slightly and tie and glue firmly together.

With the outer frame held rigidly in position, it will be found a much easier matter to introduce the ribs. If you



FIG. 6. A GOOD SPECIMEN OF PLANE-BUILDING.

are building a flexed plane first, insert a stick of wood from end to end before placing your cross-ribs in position. The thickness of this temporary stick will of course determine the curve of your plane. For a three-foot plane a height of half an inch will answer. The ribs may now be bent over this obstacle and fastened securely to the outer rim by gluing, tying, or nailing. The cross-



AN AÉROPLANE OF SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION THAT FLIES REMARKABLY WELL.

ribs may also be raised by inserting small wedges between them and the longitudinal ribs. When your frame is complete, loosen it from the board, and you will find it regular and rigid. (See Fig. 6.) Cover it with a very thin cloth pulled tightly over the frame, and glue or sew it in position.

Much has been learned in the construction of motor bases. Unnecessary parts have been cut away, and the minimum of strength combined with surprising simplicity of design. An efficient frame may be built for mounting the motors of two pieces crossed and braced. The central

sticks should be half an inch square and three feet in length. The crosspieces of the same size should measure twelve inches in length. Nail, glue, or mortise these two together at right angles. To hold them rigidly in position, run diagonal braces from points two inches from the ends of the shorter stick to the main frame at an angle of forty-five degrees, and nail them firmly in position. The corners may be rounded off and sandpapered. The holes for the propeller-shafts should be drilled through the cross sticks about one inch from the ends. (See Fig. 3.)



THE FAST EXPRESS TO DREAMLAND.



Little Good-for-Nothing Me

BY FRANCES SHAW

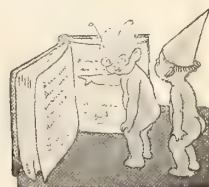
OH, little good-for-nothing me,
My sums I cannot do;
I'd love to please Miss Jones, you see,—
I always smile when she looks at me.
(There's a tiny bird in the apple-tree:
It's blue—it's blue—it's blue!)

My mother 'll be so 'shamed of me—
Why ever can't I think?
I left my hat at home, you see,
And my curls are mussed as mussed can be.
(There's something else in that apple-tree:
It's pink—it's pink—it's pink!)

The page? Why, it's something thirty-three;
I guess mine is n't right:
I was drawing elves in my book, you see,
So I could n't hear when you spoke to me.
(There's a cloud just over the apple-tree:
It's white—it's white—it's white!)

I'm just as sorry as I can be—
I'm 'fraid you 'll have to scold:
I learned the little poem, you see,
Instead of the words that begin with T.
(There's a wonderful light in the apple-tree:
It's gold—it's gold—it's gold!)

Poor little good-for-nothing me,
I've got to turn my back
To shut them out and away, you see,
Those lovely things in the apple-tree,
And the mark she has to give to me,
It's black—it's black—it's black!





"SOME FLOWER IN BLOOM EACH DAY"

(From April to September)

BY ELEANOR A. SUTPHEN

A COLD spell about the middle of November brought a heavy fall of snow before Thanksgiving. This set the oldest inhabitants to telling of the winters when they were boys, while the youngest inhabitants gleefully pulled down their sleds from the attics, prepared to make the most of the Saturday holiday. The skating was still prime on the day after Thanksgiving Day, but most of the children were pretty well tired out; and on that morning several boys and girls were grouped before the library fire at the Carpenters', toasting marsh-mallows on hat-pins, and lazily talking over the vacation fun.

The postman's whistle brought Jack to his feet. Stepping out in the hall to get the mail, he came back with a big brown envelop for himself and a letter addressed to Florence.

"From Uncle Jack," said his sister, looking at the postmark. Slitting the envelop with one of the hat-pins, she glanced over the contents, while Jack brought to light a catalogue from a well-known New England nursery.

"Listen!" exclaimed Florence, waving a check in the air. And then she read:

"MY DEAR FLORENCE: A day or two ago I ordered a catalogue mailed to Jack from the E— Nursery. It will probably reach him about the same time that you receive this letter. I was much interested in hearing about your plans for a flower-garden. That bed in front of the hedge will be a capital place to plant a hardy border. I have been gardening for many years and if I can help you to profit by my experience, and save you a few disappointments, I shall be glad. So I am going to make you an offer, with two conditions.

"The conditions are that you and Jack do all the work yourselves and that you plant no annuals, but only the things which will come up again after the winter is over.

There are several annuals which drop their seeds in the summer, and these seeds grow without any help in the spring. You may plant such things if you like. I am sending you two dollars to spend in seeds and plants, and now comes the offer.

"If, observing these conditions, and spending only the sum inclosed, you can plan a garden which will give you some flower in bloom each day from the time of the first bloom in April till the middle of September, I will promise to double the amount of my gift another year, sending you four dollars next fall, to make the garden still larger.

"Keep a record, setting down each day what is in bloom, and if you succeed only in part, I will make the reward in proportion. You would find a regular garden diary very interesting, but my offer does not require this.

"Send me a list of your purchases. I shall be interested.

"Your loving

"UNCLE JACK."

Comments were various as the reading ended.

"It can't be done," declared Harry King. "It would cost you half your money to get your bed dug up and fertilized."

"No, it would n't," said Florence. "Father had it dug up and made ready for the spring planting when he bought the place this fall."

"Two dollars would buy enough seed to plant the whole place with," said Jack, already deep in the catalogue. "These seeds are most of them only five cents a packet, and five goes into two hundred—"

"Oh, Stupid," laughed one of the girls, "do you suppose your seeds are *all* going to grow?"

This caused a general laugh, for Mollie had invested heavily the previous year in packets of seeds sold at the school, but only a scraggly crop of sweet alyssum had rewarded her efforts, for the poor seedlings had first been nearly drowned,

and then had suffered from drought, owing to Mollie's forgetfulness.

"Of course we 'll try, Jack?" asked Florence.

"Sure thing!" exclaimed the boy. "Uncle Jack has worked this thing out himself, or he wouldn't put it up to us. But it 's going to take some pretty close figuring."

"Get a pencil and paper, and we 'll all help," suggested Mollie, and Harry also promised his valuable advice. The rest of the party went off to the pond, Harry going with them as far as the corner. He ran up the steps of a pretty cottage, soon reappearing with a catalogue, a duplicate of the one just received by Jack.

Dashing into the library out of breath, he burst out: "Mother says if we 'll come over there when you get your list done, she 'll help you."

"That will be dandy," said Jack, "for she knows a lot, but let 's plan the whole list before we go to her. Then she can suggest changes."

Jack produced from the desk a big piece of foolscap which he handed to Harry. "I can't letter as well as you do. Please rule it off for us in four spaces, with a half-space at each end."

"What for?" interrupted Florence.

"Just wait and I 'll show you," answered Jack, who was very systematic.

Silence reigned while Harry carefully drew his lines. "Now then," said Jack, "over the first half-space write April, because we don't begin till the middle of April; then head the full spaces May, June, July, and August, and the other half-space for the half of September."

"But what shall we do next?" asked Mollie.

"You and Florence take one catalogue, and we 'll take the other, and we 'll look under the list of plants and find what things bloom in April, and write them in that space. Then we 'll make a list for May, and so on."

"But we can't buy them *all*," objected Florence.

"No, of course not, but we shall know then what we have to choose from," said Jack.

"There does n't seem to be much choice for April," came in a dubious voice from Mollie. "Forsythia has beautiful yellow flowers, but it 's a bush, and one would cost thirty-five cents, and you 'd have to pay express charges to get it here."

"We don't want any shrubs, anyhow," said Jack; then he added: "Say, Harry, your birthday is the 20th of April, and don't you remember those things your mother had blooming in her garden then?"

"Tulips!" shouted Mollie, Harry, and Florence.

"Put 'em down for April," commanded Jack.

"The narcissus comes even earlier than the tulips," remarked Mrs. Carpenter, coming in for a moment. She had been told of Uncle Jack's

offer while Harry had gone for the second catalogue, and was greatly interested in the plan.

"Would n't it be a good idea," she suggested, "as you go along, to write down the price of each plant? Then you won't have to go through the whole catalogue again when you calculate costs."

After she left the room, the four worked busily for a few minutes, and Harry held up the April entries for inspection.

On account of expense the items had been reduced to two, which read:

Narcissus @ \$.30 per dozen
Tulips @ \$.40 " "

By dinner-time a list had been filled in for each of the other months, and June was so full that it had to be continued on the other side of the sheet. Many favorites were left out because they were annuals, but there still was a great variety to choose from.

So enthusiastic were the children that Mrs. Carpenter asked Harry and Mollie to stay to luncheon, that there might be as little interruption as possible.

The entire afternoon passed in the same interesting way. After a final revision of the list by Harry's mother, that night a letter was ready for Uncle Jack, inclosing the list of plants decided on, and explaining that in three cases seed was to be bought, as it was so much cheaper and these particular kinds of seed were certain to do well. This is the list:

$\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Narcissus	\$.15
$\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Tulips20
2 Pyrethrum (white and pink)30
2 Sweet-Williams (red and pink)30
2 Canterbury-Bells (lavender and white)30
2 Hollyhocks (pink and yellow)30
3 Phlox30
Seed:	
Ragged-Sailors (Centaurea) (mixed colors)05
Sweet Alyssum05
Gaillardia05
\$2.00	

Uncle Jack wrote back that the list was fine; he could n't have done better himself.

Jack sent out an order at once to the New England nursery which Uncle Jack recommended, and he and Florence anxiously watched the mails till an answer came, and with it the three packages of seeds and the tulip and narcissus bulbs.

"The remainder of your order will be shipped by express in time for the spring planting," so said the letter, and until that joyful time, with the exception of planting the bulbs as soon as they came in the month of March, the boys and

girls had to be content to plan the arrangement of the garden. Finally, growing very impatient, they started a garden diary, or brief daily record.

The place which Mr. Carpenter had bought was not entirely bare of shrubs and plants, but before this Jack and Florence had not thought of noticing them.

Mr. Carpenter picked up the diary one evening late in the summer and read here and there to Mrs. Carpenter, who sat near with her sewing.

"March 14. Last night first without frost.

"March 16. Saw three robins to-day.

"March 18. Found tulips up in bed by front veranda. Did n't know there were any there.

"March 19. Saw a bluebird.

"April 8. Heat, cold, snow, rain, thunder all in twenty-four hours. Such weather!"

Then in red ink came an entry which marked the official opening of the season:

"April 15. Narcissus in bloom!"

Two days later a yellow tulip unfolded, and from here on there were daily entries.

On the 28th of April the plants had come by express, and Mollie and Harry had come over in the afternoon to assist at the ceremony of the "official planting."

"This has been the best observation-party that I ever knew anything about," said Mr. Carpenter, laying down the book with quite a jaunty air of satisfaction.

The last week of September Uncle Jack received quite a fat letter one morning, which brought a pleased smile to his face.

"Is that from Jack?" asked Aunt Nell.

"Yes, and the youngsters have won out."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I feared they would be discouraged and give up. You did give them a pretty big piece of work, I think."

"It did them good," was the reply. "Jack says:

"Sometimes we've been almost beaten, but we've weeded, and dug, and watered to make things grow, and we've had to fight some hungry bugs. We went up to the greenhouse, and Mr. Gardiner gave us stuff to kill them.

"Then several times the next-door chickens got in and had a good time, and one lovely morning Chick Chester's puppy came over and tried to dig down to China, and had to get a sweet-william out of the way so as to begin in the right place.

"But we've won out, and have our garden diary to show you when you come next month.

"We inclose a time-table, to show you the order in which everything bloomed.

"Your affectionate nephew,
"JACK CARPENTER."

"P. S. Florence sends love and thanks.

"P. S. No. 2. We have a list ready of things we want to get next year when we have the four dollars. Don't you think we had better spend some of it this fall on fertilizer?"

"That was one of the best investments I ever made," declared Uncle Jack, "and the time-table of bloom is worth keeping."

As Uncle Jack's opinion seemed valuable, the time-table is herewith reproduced, with the hope that it may encourage other gardeners like Jack and Florence to try for large results from a small investment.

April 15-May 10	Narcissus	White
" 17- " 9	Tulips	White, Yellow, Orange
May 8-June 15	Pyrethrum	White, Pink
" 27-All Summer	Ragged-Sailors	White, Blue, Pink
June 6-July 10	Sweet-Williams	Pink, Red
" 13- " 5	Canterbury-Bells	Lavender, Pink
" 23-All Summer	Sweet Alyssum	White
" 28-July 10	Hollyhocks	Yellow, Pink
July 2-August 15	Phlox	White, Pink
" 6-All Summer	Gaillardia	Yellow





NATURE GIANTS THAT MAN HAS CONQUERED

BY RAYMOND PERRY

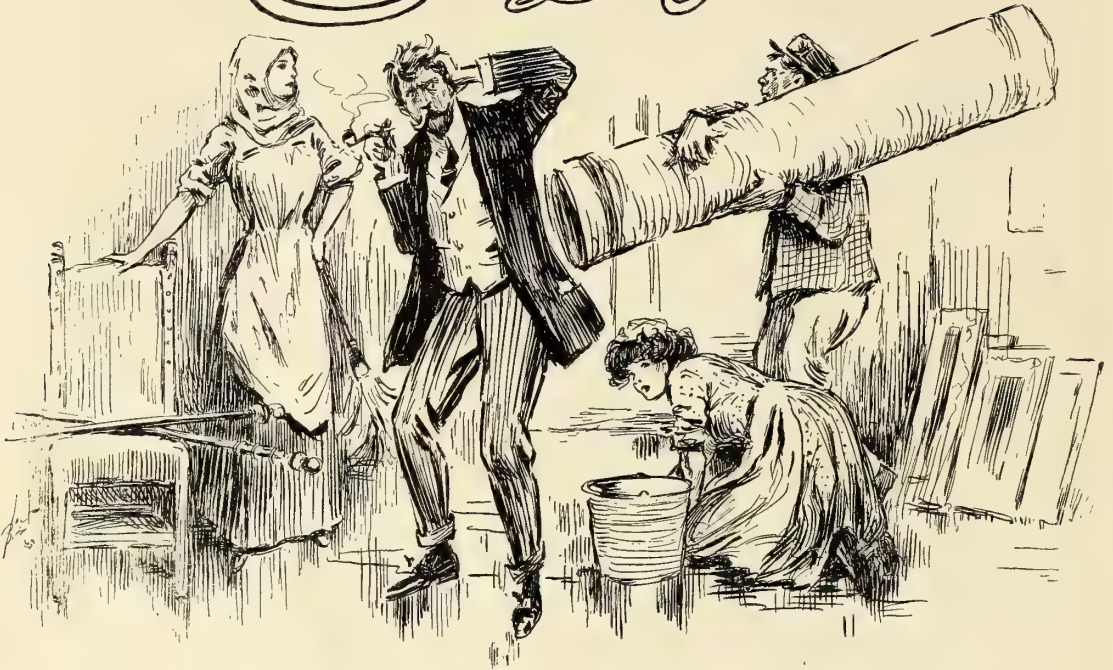
GIANT NO. 4—THE EXPLOSIVE

THE fairy story of a large and powerful genie confined in a small jar, is no more wonderful than is the true story of a bit of powder packed in a cartridge; when the powder is exploded, it propels the bullet far and with terrific speed. A Chinaman first dis-

covered the power of explosives when he invented gunpowder, and it has proved to be the greatest of all the forces that have changed the maps of nations. Explosives so powerful have been discovered now that no gun can be made strong enough to be discharged more than a comparatively small number of times; and there are machine-guns, submarine mines, and torpedoes—engines of destruction so powerful that no battle, either on land or sea, could last more than a few hours. Indeed, it is predicted that soon no two nations will dare to go to war, so terrible would be the consequences to themselves and to the rest of the world.

While explosives are needed less and less for war than formerly, they are used more and more in the victories of peace. When the genie was let out of the jar, he built great palaces for his master and transported him great distances by land, by sea, and in the air; and that is just what the Giant Explosive is doing to-day for man, his master. The power of dynamite is blasting rock for the foundations of sky-scrapers and bridge piers, and boring tunnels through the solid mountain; while gasolene, the new explosive, is used for transportation, in automobiles on land, in motor-boats in the water, and in aeroplanes in the air; thus finally accomplishing the dream that man has cherished for centuries,—the marvel of human flight.

Cleaning House



BY MRS. J. BARD ROGERS

WHEN Mother starts to cleaning house,
She does all sorts of things.
Dear Father says he 'd rather live
Outdoors; for cleaning brings
"Discomfort," "noise," and "restlessness"
To "all the tidy folk
Within our home." He "scarce can find
A nook in which to smoke!"

First comes the man who beats the rugs:
He rips them from the floor
And piles them on the waiting cart
That stands outside the door;
He drives them off at least three miles
To where, outside the town,
A great machine shaped like a wheel
Will beat them up and down.

Each time they fall a "monstrous fan"
Blows out a "mighty gust"
That sweeps before it "all the germs
That lurk in grime and dust."
And when they 're done the carpet man
Takes "strips of canvas cloth"
And sews them up with camphor balls
To frighten off the moth.

Now all this time the maids at home,
With mop and pail and broom,
Will clean and scrub and sweep and scour
From hall to dining-room,
From front door-step straight through the house
And butler's pantry too:—
I 'm sure, as Mother says, they are
"A very busy crew."

They move the chairs out on the lawn
And stand them on the grass,
Then wash the paint and wax the floors
And polish up the brass;
And one will take the curtains down,
Another scrub the tile,—
But Mother tells them what to do
And watches all the while.

She seems to see each little thing,
Each tiny spot or speck,
And has them working all the time
"Like sailors on a deck."
An extra man is there to help,
Two big, strong maids as well,
And how she keeps them going so
Is more than I can tell.

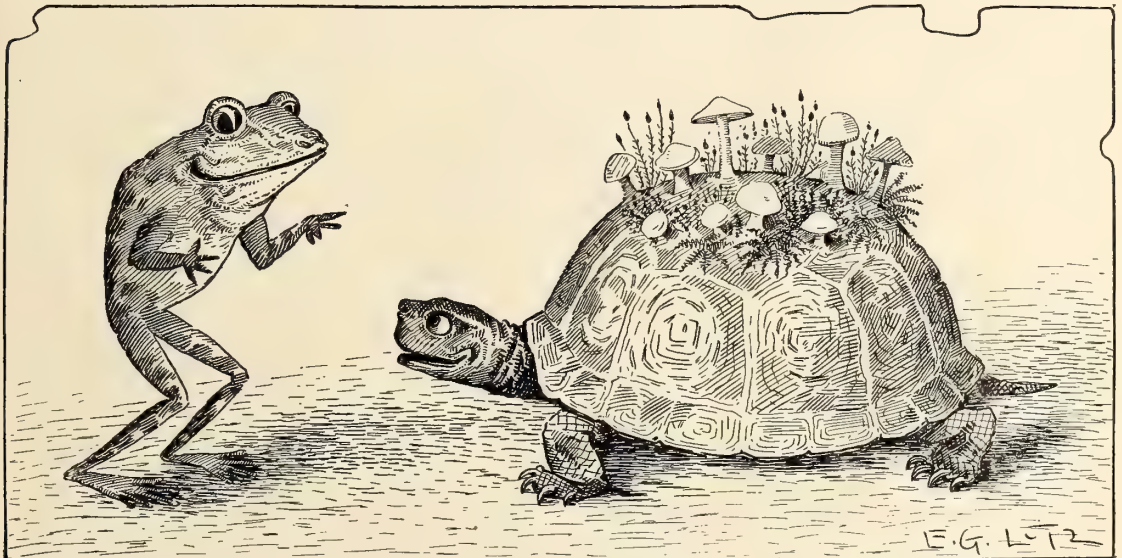
Then Mother heaves a great big sigh;
 She 's tired now, I know;
 She says that she "can hardly stand,"
 I 'm sure she 'll have to go

To bed. And then the doctor 'll come
 And say that it is best
 We children should be very still
 And give her "perfect rest."



Now when I clean my dolly's house
 It 's not like that at all.
 I dump things right out on the floor
 Or in a box I call
 My "stable." I begin to think
 Which rug I 'd better shake,
 And just then Nursie comes with milk,
 And bread and jam, and cake,—

Oh, such a trayful!—and she says,
 "What, miss, you 're not yet through?
 Don't mind about your playthings, dear;
 I 'll put them back for you.
 It 's time now you should take your tea."
 So in my chair I sit,
 And after *my* house-cleaning day
 I 'm never ill one bit!



FROG: "MR. TURTLE! MR. TURTLE! THERE 'S MOSS AND FUNGUS ALL OVER YOUR BACK!"
 TURTLE: "GO 'LONG WITH YOU! THAT 'S A ROOF-GARDEN."



CHAPTER XIII IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

NED and Hoop and The Fungus came back in time for dinner, rather tired in body, but undismayed in spirit. They brought back a new assortment of "genuine" arrow-heads and many highly colored post-cards. And The Fungus had purchased a photograph-frame fashioned of wood with views of Indian Head on it. This, he stated, he meant to give to some one at Christmas. Whereupon Spud announced carelessly that personally he did n't care for Christmas presents.

"Of course it's a perfectly good photograph-frame, Fungus, and all that. And it looks quite expensive, too. I suppose you had to give as much as five cents for it."

"Much you know about it," said The Fungus, indignantly. "It cost fifty cents, did n't it, Ned?"

"Really?" exclaimed Spud. "I don't see how they can sell them for that!"—a remark that caused The Fungus much speculation.

The trio were full of their trip and took turns narrating their adventures during dinner, until at last Sandy voiced the sentiment of the rest:

"Write it out, Hoop," he said wearily, "and send it to Copenhagen. You talk so much about it I don't believe you ever got to Indian Head. I thought you were going along, Cal."

"I was, but—I changed my mind. I cal'late my discoveries are more important than theirs," he added meaningly.

"Discoveries?" asked Sandy. "What about?"

"I'll tell you after dinner."

On the porch later Cal told them what he had learned that morning from Miss Molly Elizabeth Curtis. Sandy was inclined to be severe with the young lady, but the rest thought it a good joke.

"She must be smart for a girl," Spud asserted. "And plucky, too."

"Just the same," said Dutch, "I don't like her having that pillow-case that we were going to

put apples in when we made our little excursion into her aunt's beautiful orchard. Won't she hand it over, Cal?"

"No, she won't. She says she's—she's going to—to hold it over us."

"Do what?" asked Sandy, puzzled.

"Why, keep it and make us do what she wants."

"Well, what—do you—think—of that!" gasped The Fungus.

"I don't believe she would tell on us," hazarded "Clara," anxiously.

"I'm sure she would n't," agreed Cal. "Still, I cal—I guess we'd better be polite to her."

"But what does she want?" asked Sandy.

"Well, she wants to learn to play tennis, for one thing," Cal replied. "And she says she wants to see a foot-ball game."

"Wants to come over here and play tennis!" gasped Hoop. "Who's to teach her, Cal, you?"

"No; I told her I did n't play. I think it's up to you, Hoop."

The others laughed, but Hoop waxed wroth. "I think I see myself teaching her to play tennis!" he said. "If she comes over here once she'll be always tagging around. Girls are terrible bothers."

"But you're just as much in it as we are," said Spud, gravely. "And if she wants you to teach her I think you'd better, Hoop."

"She did n't say anything about me," cried Hoop. "She does n't know me."

"Ah, but she wants to, probably. She admires your manly beauty, Hoop. I move that Hoop be appointed to teach her tennis. All in favor will so signify."

"Aye!" The vote was unanimous.

"Oh, let me alone!" growled Hoop. "I don't play well enough, anyhow. Sandy or Ned ought to teach her, if anybody's got to."

"We'll put on the finishing touches after you've taught her the rudiments," said Ned, kindly. "As to foot-ball, why, I think that's

where 'Clara' comes in. As he does n't play, he will make a nice guide for her. All in favor—"

"Aye!" "Clara" looked worried, but said nothing. "Is there—is there any other little attention we can show her, Cal?" asked Spud.

"Not that I know of—yet. I cal'late she 'll think of something, though," he added gloomily.

"It 's perfect nonsense," declared Sandy, "but I don't see what else we can do. We 'll just have to—humor her and keep in her good graces until she gives up that old pillow-case."

"Even if she did," said Dutch, "she could tell on us any time she takes a notion to feel like it."

"Let her! She would n't have any proof then. Ned, you 're a diplomat. Suppose you make it your life's work to recover that old pillow-case."

"Oh, all right. I was meant for the diplomatic service. When do we get a look at this paragon of yours, Cal?"

"I don't know. You see, her aunts don't want her to have anything to do with us, and maybe—oh, by the way, her Aunt Matilda says we 're 'varmints,'" said Cal.

"Did she say that?" demanded Dutch. "Honest to goodness, fellows, there 's something in that. If we could only convince these maiden ladies that we are really desperate characters we can be sure that they would n't let that obnoxious niece of theirs come anywhere near us."

"But how shall we do it?" asked Sandy.

"I don't know. We 'll think it over."

"Yes, but suppose the Obnoxious Niece—which is a perfectly good name for her—gets huffy because she can't learn to play tennis and see the foot-ball games, and goes and shows that pillow-case to—her respected aunts?" asked Spud.

"I don't believe," answered Sandy, "that she would do it, anyhow."

"Miss Molly is the original trouble-maker," said The Fungus, "and girls are always making trouble, anyhow. We've just got to keep her away at any cost. Let us hear from the Diplomatist."

"The Diplomatist agrees," answered Ned. "Let 's think up some scheme for making ourselves thoroughly disliked over there. Then they 'll keep Miss Molly away from us, and we won't be troubled with her. I know what girls are. They 're always wanting you to do things for them. She'd be an awful bother, fellows."

"Of course she would," Hoop agreed, with enthusiasm, thinking of the tennis lessons.

"Well, we 'll have to think up something," said Sandy. "Meanwhile I think it 's pretty near time to wander over to the field. I think they might cut out practice this afternoon."

"When 's the first game?" asked Hoop.

"Two weeks from to-day. We have n't got a

show this year, fellows." Sandy, as usual, was sadly pessimistic.

"Oh, get out!" said The Fungus. "We 'll push the Hall clean off the gridiron. Wait and see!"

"Oh, I 'll wait without doubt, and I 'll see," answered Sandy, gloomily. "I 've seen before. The trouble with the House Team is that it never has any team-play."

"You 're a croaker," said Spud, disgustedly. "Come on over, fellows, and let 's get to work. Why, I 'd work Saturdays and every other old day if it meant a win over Hall this year!"

They trooped off through the park together half an hour later. "Clara," although he could n't play on the House Team and had not attempted to get a place on one of the junior elevens, was an enthusiastic partizan and followed practice faithfully every day. At three o'clock the two gridirons were sprinkled with players, House and Hall working diligently in preparation for the coming battles. Brooks, or Brooksie as he was called, was captain of the House Team. He was a tall, well-built fellow of seventeen, an excellent leader and a good player. At practice he was somewhat of a martinet and, as Spud said once, could get more work out of a fellow than a slave-driver. This afternoon drill was harder and longer than usual. Cal did his best, but before practice was half over had decided that he would never make a foot-ball player. A calling-down by Brooks had added to his discouragement.

"I say, Boland," said Brooks, "this is n't an afternoon tea, you know. Don't you come out here again dressed like that. Why have n't you got your togs on? Too lazy to change?"

He did n't wait for an answer, but darted away to lecture a back who was dropping too many punts. Cal looked after him mutinously and made up his mind then and there that was positively his last appearance on the foot-ball field. He was mistaken, but he did n't know it.

He had to skimp his shower-bath in order to get back to West House in time to keep his appointment at the hedge at half-past five. He did n't particularly want to keep it, but he was afraid not to. When he thought what might happen if Dr. Webster learned of the raid on the apple orchard, he was ready and willing to do almost anything to placate the Obnoxious Niece. She was there waiting for him.

"Hello!" she said. "I 'm afraid you 're late."

She had squirmed through the lilac hedge and was leaning against the picket fence, in full view of West House. Cal wished she had kept out of sight. He did n't exactly know why he objected to being seen there in conversation with her, but he did object and showed it by his restlessness

and evident desire to be gone. Molly, observing this, prolonged matters dreadfully.

"Have you been playing foot-ball?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Cal, briefly.

"It must be fun to be a boy." Molly sighed enviously. "Did you tell the others about me?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?" she asked anxiously. "Were they angry?"

"No, not exactly. Sandy was—rather mad."

"Who's Sandy?"

"He's House leader. His name is Fred Sanderson."

"I don't think I like him. Do you all have nicknames?"

"Yes, there's Sandy and The Fungus and Dutch and Hoop and Spud and—Claire, whose nickname is 'Clara.' Ned Brent—he's my room-mate—has n't any name except Ned."

"Do you suppose they'll let me call them by their nicknames?" asked Molly.

"I—I suppose so. Did you—ask your aunt about letting you come over?"

"Yes. She wanted to know who you were, and I told her you were one of the boys who came for the apples. I said you were very well-behaved and polite and that you wanted me to play tennis with you."

"And what did she say?" he asked anxiously.

"She said," Molly replied cheerfully, "that I could n't do anything of the sort!"

Cal heaved a sigh of relief and Molly frowned.

"I don't think it's very nice of you to look so—so pleased about it!"

"I—I did n't. It's too bad, is n't it? But I cal'late she knows what is best for you."

"You're just glad," said Molly, unhappily. "And after I went and said such nice things about you, too!"

Cal's conscience smote him. "I'm awfully obliged," he muttered. "Perhaps she'll change her mind."

"I'm sure she will," responded Molly. Cal's face fell again. "She says I may talk to you when I meet you, and that's more than I thought she would let me do. That's nice, is n't it?"

"Awfully," murmured Cal, striving his best to look properly appreciative. "Only I cal'late we are n't likely to meet very often."

"Oh, yes, we shall. I'm often outdoors. And I'll let you know how I'm getting along. Aunt Lydia does n't think you boys are very bad, and I'm sure she will be on my side."

"Well, I—I've got to be going," said Cal. "I hope it will be all right."

"Is Mrs. Linn nice?" asked Molly.

"Indeed, yes!" Cal said. "Mrs. Linn is *very* nice."

"Aunt Lydia said she was," said Molly, thoughtfully. "Well, good night. I'll see you to-morrow maybe."

"I—I don't believe so," Cal stammered. "To-morrow's Sunday, and we go to church in the morning—"

"Oh, if you don't want to!" exclaimed Molly, with a toss of her head. "That's different. You're a horrid, rude boy, Cal, and—and perhaps Aunt Matilda is quite right!"

She turned and pushed her way through the hedge and out of sight. Cal looked after her, wavering between an impulse to call her back and apologize and a sensation of vast relief. After a moment he turned away and went into the house. He was sorry he had offended her, for she was a very nice girl, after all, but perhaps it was just as well, for if she remained angry with him she probably would n't bother them any more. When the others came back he said nothing of having seen Molly, and hoped that Marm had n't observed him talking to her across the fence. If she had, she made no allusion to it.

As it was Saturday night, there was no study required, and the boys were free to do as they pleased. It pleased them to remain out of doors until it was quite dark, for the evening was warm for the time of year. There was a tennis four-some that ended in a battle, with tennis-balls for missiles, involving the entire company. Afterward they went indoors and had music. Cal was called on to sing and gave his entire repertoire, Ned playing his accompaniments. After they had "yo-heave-ho'd" to their hearts' content they went up-stairs and ended the evening with a grand pillow-fight, Den and Sun-Parlor versus Ice-Chest and Smellery, that lasted with unabated vigor until Marm requested a cessation of hostilities.

Cal and Ned got on together without embarrassment as long as there were others about, but as soon as they were alone they found nothing to say, and the coolness was very apparent. Tonight, as they were destined to do on many nights in the future, they undressed and got to bed without the exchange of more than a dozen words.

CHAPTER XIV

CAL MUTINIES

ON Monday Cal mutinied. When the time came for foot-ball practice he was on his way through the park to West House. It was a dull, gloomy afternoon, and the house was silent and lonesome. Resolutely he set his books out on the table and studied. It was hard work at first, but presently he got interested, and long before the

others returned he had prepared his lessons for the morrow. There was a general demand to know why he had not shown up at practice, and Cal merely replied that he had n't felt like foot-ball to-day.

"Well, I don't envy you explaining to Brooksie to-morrow," said Sandy, with some severity. "But that 's your affair."

Cal did n't exactly envy that task himself, but to be able that evening to sit at ease and read a fine story about hunting and trapping in Canada, while Ned and all the others had to study, almost made up for any trouble to come. It did n't occur to Ned that his room-mate had studied in the afternoon, and he shot many a puzzled look across the table, but asked no questions. Affairs between them had by now progressed to a stage where they never spoke to each other unless a third person was present.

The notice-board in School Building served as a sort of morning newspaper, and few fellows went to class without pausing to read the messages scrawled there. The next morning Cal stopped as usual and found for the first time a message for him.

BOLAND: Meet me after morning. BROOKS.

"I cal'late," he mused, as he tore the slip down and replaced the thumb-tack in the corner of the board, "that means trouble. But he can't *make* me play foot-ball if I don't want to!"

He awaited Brooks on the steps after school. The House captain came out with Will M'Crae, quarter-back on the House Team, but excused himself when he saw Cal.

"What was the matter yesterday, Boland?" he began, with a frown. "Why did n't you show up at practice?"

"I 've decided not to play foot-ball," answered Cal, calmly.

Brooksie stared.

"You—you 've *what*?" he demanded.

"I 've decided not to play any more," Cal repeated, less assuredly.

"Oh, you have?" said the captain, sarcastically. "Why?"

"Well, I don't think I 'm cut out for the game, for one thing. It 's pretty hard work, too."

"Go ahead," said Brooks, "you 're doing beautifully. What else?"

"I have n't anything to wear."

"They sell foot-ball togs in the village," suggested the other, with ominous calm.

"I can't afford to get them."

"You can't? Why can't you?"

"Because I have n't the money," Cal replied.

A couple of smaller boys had paused near by, and Brooks, seeing them, took Cal's arm and drew him down the steps and a little way along the East House path.

"Look here, Boland, is that straight?" he asked. "Can't you afford three or four dollars for foot-ball togs?"

"No, I can't, Brooks. I ought n't to. I—we ain't got much money, you see." Brooks observed him, frowning intently. At last he concluded that Cal was speaking the truth and not merely exaggerating his poverty in order to escape practice.

"That 's different," he said. "Come with me."

Wondering what was going to befall him now, Cal accompanied the other across the bridge and along the path to East House. He had never been there before. East House was newer than West, and larger. It accommodated fourteen fellows to West House's eight. On the square porch Cal paused, but Brooks beckoned him in and led the way up-stairs and into a nicely furnished room on the second floor. There were lots of pictures on the walls, a good deal of comfortable mission furniture with leather upholstery, and several Oriental rugs on the hardwood floor. Altogether the room was a revelation to Cal of what a school study might be if the occupant possessed both money and good taste.

"Sit down, won't you?" said Brooks, pushing a deep-seated chair forward. Cal seated himself, placed his cloth cap over one knee and smoothed it down there, feeling somewhat embarrassed and ill at ease. Brooks went to a closet and in a moment was back with an armful of togs.

"Here you are," he said, dumping the things in Cal's lap. "Shirt, breeches, and stockings. I have n't any boots, but I guess you can use what you 've got for a while. These things are n't new by any means, but I guess they 'll last the season out. You can get Mrs. Linn to patch that place in the jersey."

"But—but I ought n't to take these," stammered Cal.

"Yes, you ought. Now look here, Boland. I don't want to be unreasonable, but honestly you have n't any business to act like this. You 're a new boy, though, and I suppose that explains it. At that, Boland, you 've been here long enough to know things. Have n't they told you that we don't shirk duty here at Oak Park? I suppose it 's Sanderson that 's at fault; he 's a good deal of a duffer, to my mind. Tell him so if you want to. It 's a shame you West-Housers have n't got another chap for leader over there."

"Sandy 's all right," said Cal, with a scowl.

Brooks shot a keen glance at him—and smiled.

"Well, I 'm glad you 've got that far," he said. "At least you 've learned to stand up for your house. But has n't Sandy told you that every fellow is expected to take hold and work for his house?—that, with us, it 's house first, school next, and self nowhere?"

"Ned Brent said something like that," answered Cal.

"Yes, Ned would. Why don't you do as Ned does, then? You want House to win, don't you?"

"Of course," answered Cal, indignantly.

"Well, why don't you help us, then, instead of sulking? What if foot-ball practice is hard? I know it well enough. I 've been all through the—the drudgery, just as you are going. It is n't any harder for us than it is for Hall, though. It is n't any harder for you than it is for any other new boy. And after you 've learned you 'll get a whole lot of pleasure out of it."

"But it does n't seem to me," muttered Cal, "that I ever can learn. I call'te I 'm no good at foot-ball."

"That 's none of your business," said Frank Brooks, sharply. "That 's my lookout. If I did n't think you could be useful to the team, do you suppose I 'd waste my time on you at all?"

This had n't occurred to Cal, and he digested it a moment. Then, "You mean that you think I can learn to play the game?" he asked.

"I mean that I think you can be of use to the House Team. That 's enough. If you can be of use it 's your duty to work hard and forget yourself, Boland. Get that idea?"

"Yes."

"All right." Brooks observed him a moment. Then he smiled and thumped him on the back. "You 'll do, Boland. No more nonsense, though, if you please. See you this afternoon."

Cal bundled the togs up.

"I 'll do what I can," he said simply, "but—"

"But nothing," laughed Brooks. "You do what you 're told to do as well as you know how, and leave the rest to me. Glad you came over, Boland. You 'll get on all right."

"I don't just like to take these things, though," Cal objected.

"Nonsense! They 're no use to me. Call it a loan if you like. You can hand them back after the season 's through—if there 's anything left of them! Good-by."

So ended Cal's mutiny.

Half-way through the park he stopped and examined the contents of the bundle. There was a very fair pair of khaki breeches, properly padded on hip and knee, a somewhat threadbare cherry-red jersey with a three-cornered tear on one sleeve, and what seemed to be a brand-new

pair of red stockings. He felt very proud of these new possessions; very proud, too, that Brooks had assured him that in spite of his own misgivings he was really of some use to the team. He made up his mind to buckle down and do the best that was in him, even if, at the end, he was destined to be only an onlooker when the battles raged. And without intentional disrespect to Sandy, he heartily wished that Frank Brooks was leader at West House.

A fairly uneventful week followed. He neither heard nor saw anything more of Miss Molly Elizabeth Curtis, and he and the rest of the house forgot their misgivings. They talked of her once or twice during the first few days, and then, as she did n't obtrude herself, thought no more about her. Foot-ball practice went on six days in the week. They were hard at signal work now, and Cal, playing tackle on the second eleven, had grown interested in his duties. The first game was only a week away, and already the air was surcharged with excitement. House boys began to sport their cherry-red and Hall fellows their blue. Foot-ball became the subject for conversation at every meal, and Mrs. Linn, as was her yearly custom, displayed a well-meaning but hopelessly ignorant interest in the game. Lessons suffered proportionally as foot-ball fever increased, and the instructors, notably Mr. Kendall, familiarly known as "Grouch," did some scolding. Only Mr. Fordyce, who taught English and physics, and who was called "Fussy," took it philosophically, seeming to realize that in a month or so affairs would be back on their accustomed plane and no one the worse. For once "Fussy" belied his title. Mr. James, in whose room Cal had his desk, might have been expected to be more lenient with the fellows in their foot-ball madness than any one else, since as physical instructor he had direct charge of the players. But "Jim," as he was called, drew a hard-and-fast line between class-room and playground, and so far as he was concerned athletic prowess was no excuse for lack of attention to studies. Several of the boys found this out during the last of October and the first of November, and it was a dull week indeed when some one was not absent from practice on either Hall or House field because "Jim" believed that a cessation of athletic industry would improve class standing.

At West House foot-ball put Ned's misfortune out of every one's mind, excepting Ned's and Cal's. The mystery remained unexplained, but the generally accepted theory, introduced by Ned himself, was that the money had been mislaid and would sooner or later be discovered. Cal appreciated his room-mate's generosity in seek-

ing by every means to keep suspicion from him, but he had n't forgiven Ned for himself suspecting. The breach widened rather than lessened as the days went by, and Cal was n't very happy. Rooming with a chap to whom you have nothing to say and who has nothing to say to you is an

left half-back. That left six places for East House. Brooks played right guard. The quarter-back was Will M'Crae, and on him the Houses pinned much of their faith, for besides being a good general he was an exceptionally good punter. Hoop and Cal had drawn places

among the substitutes, Hoop as a guard and Cal as a tackle. There had never been much sympathy between these two, for Hoop had a passion for saying mean things without really wanting to hurt, and Cal had not forgotten the incident attending his arrival at West House, when Hoop had tripped him up on the steps. Dutch and Hoop got along splendidly together as room-mates, for Dutch was good-natured to a degree and paid very little attention to his chum's gibes. Any human being could have got on with Dutch Zoller. Being fellows in the substitute ranks, however, brought Cal and Hoop together a good deal, and Cal soon got to liking the other very well, and it was n't long before he had ceased entertaining any animosity toward Hoop for the little incident on the steps. They walked back to West House together that Monday afternoon after practice was over and discussed their chances of getting into the first game. By this time Cal had cultivated quite a keen interest in football, and no one worked harder or took hard knocks more cheerfully.



uncomfortable business. Neither Ned nor Cal knowingly gave any evidence of the estrangement, but it did n't take the other boys long to discover it. At another time it would have occasioned more interest; just now foot-ball was the only topic holding any one's attention.

On the Monday before the first game Frank Brooks finished his experiments, and the First Team as it lined up that afternoon was the team that would face the Hall, barring accidents. West House had secured five places. Sandy was at left guard, Dutch at left tackle, Spud at left end, Ned at right half-back, and The Fungus at

"You 're likely to get in before I do," said Hoop. "Brooks is bound to play every game through, while as for Sandy, although Truesdale will play all around him, he 's no quitter. But Griffin at right guard gets hurt easily. When you do get in it will be to replace him, Cal. Dutch does n't know how to get hurt, so you need n't look for his place."

"I suppose we 're bound to get into one of the games, are n't we?" Cal asked.

"Sure. We may get into them all for a while. You can't tell. Brooks *might* lay off part of Saturday's game so as to save himself up; he

would if the game went our way, I guess. Then I'd get my whack at it. I'm crazy to be matched with that duffer Williams of the Hall. He al-

forget all about being scared after the first play. When the other chap is trying to pull you on your nose or walk up your spine, you have n't time to think whether you're scared or not. My, but I'll be sorry when the season's over!"

"What do they do here in winter, Hoop?"

"Oh, play hockey a good deal. We had a fine team last winter. I don't play myself; can't skate worth a hang; I never seemed to be able to learn how. Do you?"

"Yes; I learned when I was about eight. I've never played hockey, though. Is it hard?"

"Yes, it is. We play basketball, too. That's good fun. West House won the School Championship last year; beat East House and First and Second Hall. I played."

"No wonder you won, then," laughed Cal.

"I did n't mean it that way," said Hoop. "Sandy's a great basketball player. He's a dandy center. And Ned's a crackajack, too. I think you could make good at that if you went in for it, Cal."

"I'd like to try. I've seen them play it at home."

"It's a lot of fun— Hello!"

They had walked over in advance of the others, and now, as they turned the corner of the house, Hoop stopped still and stared. On the top step sat a girl with a brand-new tennis-racket in her hands!

"Is that your 'paragon,' as Ned called her?" growled Hoop, in a whisper.

"Yes," answered Cal, "and it looks as though she'd come to play tennis, Hoop." He grinned. "Maybe you can beg off, though; tell her you're too tired and—"

But Hoop had fled back around the corner. Cal meditated following him, but at that moment Molly turned her head and saw him.

"How do you do?" she called. "I've been waiting here the longest time!"



"HALF-WAY THROUGH THE PARK HE STOPPED AND EXAMINED THE CONTENTS OF THE BUNDLE."

ways plays high, and I'm not much of a foot-ball player if I can't crowd right through him now."

"I cal'late I'd be rather scared if they did put me in," said Cal. "I might go all to pieces."

"Fudge, Cal! You would n't, either! You'd

(To be continued.)

The Scarecrow and the Snow Man



Harriet
Munting
Pierson

by



THE scarecrow was chasing the snow man—
No, it was n't a dream at all,
For I saw them as plain as daylight,
From the top of our garden wall.

There were miles and miles between
them,
Or months, perhaps I should say,
For the snow man passed in December,
And the scarecrow passed in May.

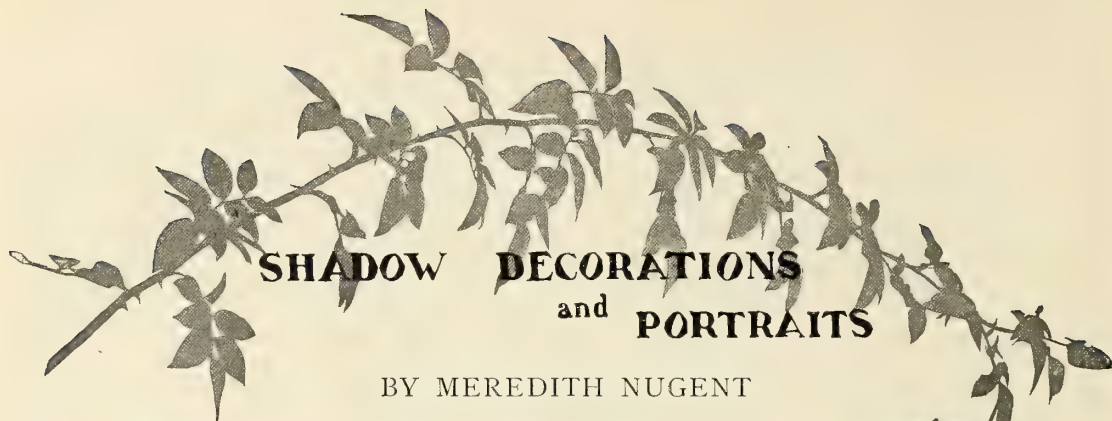
The chase was very exciting,
As on and on they whirled,
But they came no nearer together,
For I followed them round the world.

But the winds blew hard on the scarecrow,
And he found no place to hide;
They tore him to rags and tatters,
And scattered him far and wide.

And the sun beat down on the snow man,
In his garments of dingy white;
I saw him grow smaller and smaller,
Till he vanished quite out of sight.

But each year the chase is repeated;
You can see it as well as I,
If you live near my father's garden
And watch while they 're passing by.





HERE 's a jolly lot of fun, boys and girls, the sort of fun which leaves behind it work to be proud of, and that is almost the best fun in the world.

occasion, are agreed that some of the designs produced were surprisingly good. The portraits, of course, as might naturally be supposed, created no end of good-natured hilarity, especially the profile of Joe Sheldon; but then, that profile of Joe Sheldon was so laughably comical, only because it bore such a striking resemblance to Joe Sheldon when he 's excited.

Portraiture, though, played but a very minor part in that evening's entertainment, for the decorative designing proved so much more interesting, indeed, was so beautiful at times, that it hardly seemed believable that boys and girls, with no more of an art education than that usually accorded in our public schools, could accomplish such wonderful results.

However, my object in writing this article is not to praise the young people who gathered at Dick Sellard's, but to try to impress upon you boys and girls the fact that you also can produce just as good decorative designs and portraits as were turned out by this jolly crowd of young folks; just as good as those pictured on these pages, and for this reason:

The "Spray of Roses" forming the heading to this article, the "Sprays of Pepper-tree," the "Sprigs of Alfalfa," and the "Panel of Dragon-flies," also pictured, are not drawings at all, but simply careful tracings of shadows cast by roses, pepper sprays, alfalfa sprigs, and a dragon-fly, upon sheets of ordinary drawing-paper, which were afterward filled in with flat tones of gray and black to make them especially suitable for reproduction in *ST. NICHOLAS*. In so far, however, as the actual quality of the work itself is concerned, they are not one whit better than many of the decorations turned out at Dick Sellard's, not as good, indeed, as the pillow design made by Dick's sister "Beth."

Now briefly, all there is to the making of these



FIG. I. ALFALFA.

No one will deny that we had a rollicking good time at Dick Sellard's the other evening; while all who were present, as well as many who were not, but have since seen the work done on that

nature designs—for such I like to call this shadow work—is this: a sheet of paper, tacked to a drawing-board, is placed in such a position that the shadow you desire to reproduce falls directly upon it. Then the edges of this shadow are carefully marked around with the point of a lead-pencil, and the outlined design, thus obtained, is filled in with a flat tone of color. This flat tone—or monotone—used for filling in the tracings may be ordinary writing-ink, black drawing-ink—which is very effective—lead-pencil, crayon, water-color, any color in fact, provided it be laid on in one flat, even tone.

Like Beth, though, many of you will be ambitious to do more than merely make portrait profiles and simple decorations, in drawing-ink on paper, and for such enthusiastic young folks, this work offers practically unlimited opportunities. Sofa cushions, portières, table centers, etc., may by this means be beautified with designs so much lovelier than the stiff stenciled designs now so commonly used, that no really fair comparison can be made. Indeed, one of these nature decorations which I lately saw, exquisitely stitched in with silk on silk, approached in delicacy the embroidery of the Japanese. For, be it remembered, the monotones used may be of silken as well as of painted color. The flat, even tone is the important point to keep in mind, no matter of what medium or material composed, so don't on any account permit yourselves to be tempted into "shading." The shadows themselves, which are amongst the most beautiful of all beautiful things in this world, are entirely devoid of "shading"; while the daintiest of all dainty artists, the decorative Japanese, confine themselves almost altogether to the expression of their ideas, in flat, simple tones.

Now don't understand me to say that more than one tone may never be used, for occasions will arise when more than one tone may be employed,

and with wonderful effectiveness, as if, for instance, the design shadowed should be a spray of yellow chrysanthemums. But what I do wish to impress upon you, is, that with such a choice as this—if to be worked in silk—the leaves should all be stitched alike in one flat, even tone of an appropriate cool green, and the blossoms in a golden color, fully as even and flat as the other.



FIG. 2. THE PEPPER-TREE.

In making designs for cushions, embroidery, etc., first work out the shadowed decoration on paper, and then trace this on to the material to be decorated, in the simplest way possible.

Since that eventful evening at Dick Sellard's, one of the boys then present has recently made a glorious rose panel on a sheet of heavy wrapping-paper. This panel, now artistically framed in wood, measures four feet in height, and shows a

whole rose-bush worked out in complete detail. And what a splendid piece of embroidery such a design as this would make stitched carefully in silk! What a lovely Christmas present it would be!

By the by, boys and girls, here 's a hint for next Christmas: remember your friends with shadow decorations. Boys can saw them out of wood, burn them in wood, make beautiful panels, fire-screens, etc. Girls can do the same, and, too, don't forget that shadow water-color pictures, when daintily framed, look perfectly exquisite. Above all, though, I wish you to remember, that stitched in silk, these designs of Mother Nature's look like the best of the Japanese work. Now, young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, here 's a chance to show how clever and original you can be, as artists.

With his usual genius for simplifying matters, Dick Sellard invented for beginners in this work, a simple contrivance which he called "a portrait frame"; and this has

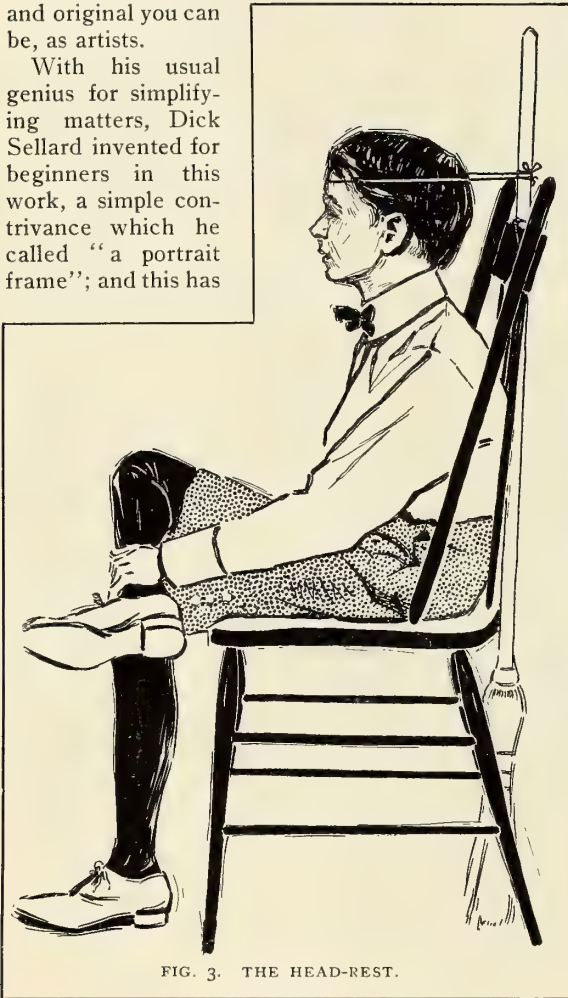


FIG. 3. THE HEAD-REST.

proved so advantageous in the making of so many kinds of shadow designs that I must tell you how any boy can very easily make one just like it.

HOW TO MAKE THE PORTRAIT FRAME

FIRST, take four light strips of wood, and nail or glue these together so as to make a frame

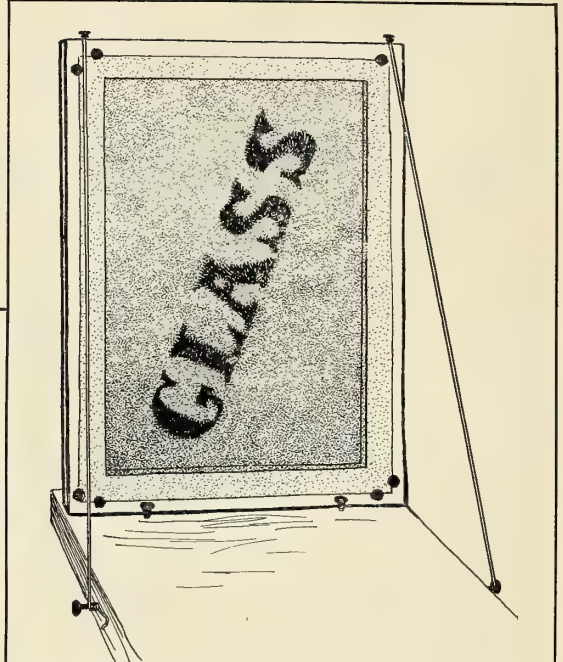


FIG. 4. THE PORTRAIT FRAME.

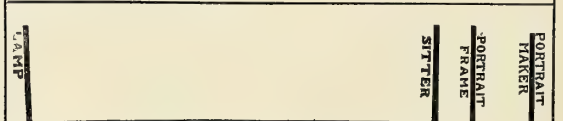


FIG. 5. SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF LAMP, SITTER, PORTRAIT FRAME, AND PORTRAIT MAKER.

as shown in Fig. 4. Wooden "stretchers," which may be purchased at any art store for fifteen or twenty cents, serve perfectly for this purpose. Then place a sheet of glass on one side of your home-made frame or "stretcher" and drive tacks at slightly oblique angles inward, close to and around this glass, so as to squeeze it firmly against the wood. Also drive two light wire nails, or stout tacks, part way into the top of the wooden frame, one at either end.

Now stand the frame perpendicularly on a bread board—any board will do—and fasten it there perpendicularly with stout twine, which should first be wound around the projecting nails on top of the frame and then drawn tautly to and around the light wire nails which should previously have been driven into the bread board, two on each side of the portrait frame. Dick

also invented a fine head-rest—a perfect head-rest in its way, and, without a head-rest, it is next to impossible to do good portrait work. But this one of Dick's served the purpose admirably.

HOW TO MAKE THE HEAD-REST

FASTEN a broom perpendicularly to the back of a chair with string. Then tie to the upper part of the broom-handle a fairly large loop of string. Have your sitter place his forehead inside this loop, and request him to press forward lightly against it, until the string is perfectly taut. When pressed forward against this string, the head cannot turn, so that you will be enabled to work quietly at your shadow without fear of its moving. Fig. 3 illustrates this mechanism.

Now that the portrait frame and head-rest are complete, we'll make ready for our first portrait. After tacking a sheet of thin drawing-paper close to and tightly over the glass side of the portrait frame, we'll place this in position on a small table. Then when the person whose portrait we are to make is seated comfortably, and as close to the portrait frame as is possible without his touching it, or at best not more than a good foot away from it, we will shift the portrait frame about until the shadowed profile of the sitter occupies the exact center of our drawing-paper. The lamp should always be placed at least six feet distant from the sitter, the farther distant the better. The relative positions of the lamp, sitter, portrait frame, and portrait maker are shown in Fig. 5, preceding page. And the farther distant the lamp is from the sitter or object, and the closer the object or sitter is to the portrait frame, the sharper will be the shadow thrown. Moreover, you can gain increased sharpness of shadow, by turning down the flame of the lamp to quite a low point.

When doing portrait work, first carefully outline the profile with a lead-pencil, and after removing the drawing-paper from the frame, fill in



TRACING FROM THE SHADOW.

this outline with any of the monotones I have mentioned. In making shadow designs of plants and blossoms, however, it is often advisable to omit the outlining altogether, and to fill in at once with the desired monotone.

The dragon-flies in the "Panel of Dragon-flies" were all made from one dragon-fly. A shadow of the dried creature was first thrown on, and near the top of, the panel, and then the insect was lowered and turned until all the shadows desired had been traced.

In conclusion bear in mind that everybody can make these shadow designs easily. Those who cannot draw in the least, do just as well, apparently, as those who know a good deal about drawing, for it is plain that everybody can trace the edges of a shadow and fill in the outlines.

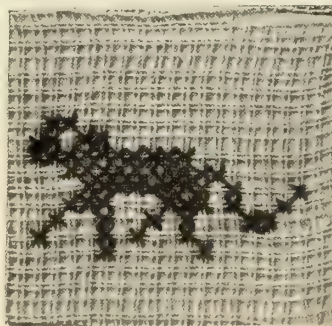
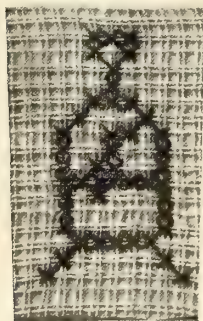
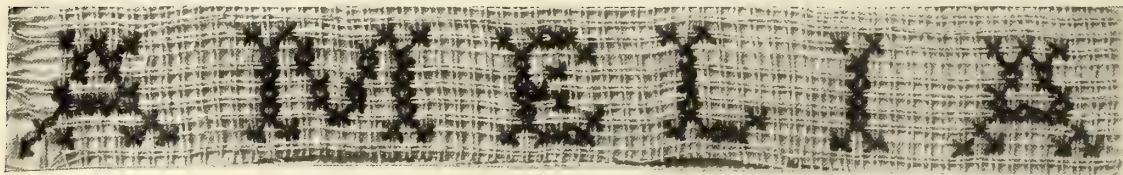




RAINY-DAY FUN

WHEN Grandma was a little girl,
Once on a stormy day,
She made a picture of her name,
A-M-E-L-I-A.

And when I have a cold, or mumps,
Or anything like that,
She shows me how to 'broider things.
I 've made a pussy-cat.



Then I 've made a canary-bird
And put him in a cage;
And here 's a little house that 's at
The bottom of the page.

Perhaps you know some pretty things
That are not hard to do?
Then I should like sometime to spend
A rainy day with you!

Amelia de Wolfers.

SEE-SAW

BY CLARA ODELL LYON

Now you 're low, and now you 're high,—
Near the ground, or near the sky,—
Up and down, "see-saw" you go;
First up high, and then down low.

And when up high you chance to be,
You say: "Hurrah! how much we *see*!"
But when down low, you say: "Oh, law!
But what a lot of things we *saw*!"



A QUEER WAY TO RESENT INJURY

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY

IN the Orient the children are brought up not to quarrel. In some countries an older person steps in and settles a dispute, and his judgment is final. In other countries a person feeling offended says, with a low bow, that he could beat his own head on the curbstone! It is always his own head and not that of the one who has offended him. Then they make up by shaking hands, and proceed to forget all about it!

But in China there is a very queer way of resenting an injury. Very, very seldom does an injured party lay hands on another; if he does, it is simply to pull his hair, with a good, hard tug. Usually the offended one runs right out on the street and proceeds to yell at the top of his voice, telling all about his wrongs, and keeping it up until he is black in the face and cannot "holler" any longer because of hoarseness. It does n't make the least difference whether anybody is

listening; he "hollers" just the same. In fact, it is doubtful whether anybody takes the trouble to listen to him. He simply does it all to "get it out of his system," and when he has relieved his injured feelings by telling all he can think of about his relative or neighbor who has abused him, and magnifying his own wrongs, he goes back to his shop or his work, and begins the day all over again.

It is indeed a funny sight to see upon a country road a man running along, yelling out his troubles at the top of his voice, and rattling on, with never a soul within hailing distance to hear him; but, as I said before, he does n't care, for his only object is to get revenge, and this he considers the best way to get it. Perhaps he is right; at any rate, if more nations and individuals would follow this Chinese idea, there would probably be fewer serious quarrels, less bloodshed, and happier neighborly relationships. Let us think it over.



Mabel Doty Hill

THE BUSIEST CORNER IN NEW YORK—IN ROLLER-SKATING TIME.



"OUT, ON FIRST!" A CLOSE DECISION.

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

SECOND PAPER—BATTING

BY C. H. CLAUDY

THERE are just two halves to the offense in a battle—getting there and fighting! And there are just two halves to base-ball offense—"getting on" the bases and then "getting home."

There are a number of ways to "get on" and a number of ways to "get home." But the principal way to get on is to hit the ball yourself, and the principal way to get home is to have some one of your fellow-players hit it, and make what is called a "safe hit." So that batting is at least half, if not two thirds, of the offense in base-ball.

The importance of good batters to a team can hardly be overestimated. It has been demonstrated that the finest defensive work, the cleverest "inside play," the most admirable generalship, are often ineffective before a team of "heavy hitters." The two most recent instances, as many of you remember, are the three championships won in succession by the Detroit "Tigers" in the American League, and the fact that the Chicago "Cubs," considered the greatest "inside-ball" team ever put together, could not make even a good showing against a team like the Athletics, which insisted on pounding the ball far beyond the confines of the in-field and all its defensive play.

There are many kinds of good batters. There are men like Wagner of Pittsburgh, who hit anything and everything, and make both long hits and short hits. There are men like Cobb of Detroit, who are credited with an astonishing number of "singles,"—not because they hit the ball so far, but because they get so quick a start and "beat it out" by speed alone. Cobb has always contended that his team-mate Crawford was his superior with the bat, although, of course, Cobb

held the higher average. The Georgia boy says the difference is in his legs! There are men who hit better when hits are needed badly than at any other time, and who, like Dode Criss of the St. Louis "Browns," or McBride of the Nationals, though not high in the batting averages, are of great value to their team when "at bat," because of this ability. There are men who hit "sacrifice flies" better than any other thing they do, men who "bunt" to perfection, and still others who, though not counted great batters, can almost always hit the delivery of certain pitchers. And there are occasionally men like Ed Delehanty, the greatest batsman who has yet played the game, who hit anything and everything all the time. Delehanty once made four home runs and a single in five times "at bat" in one game, a record which bids fair to stand forever!

All these various kinds of batters have their place on the team.

The arrangement of the batting order is an important part of a manager's or captain's work. Boys who organize a nine should follow the lead of the managers in the big Leagues, and arrange the batting order solely and entirely for the sake of getting the greatest number of runs. The first man up should be a good "waiter," a good hitter, a very fast man, and a very "heady" man. During the recent World's Championship games, Sheckard of the Chicago "Cubs" led for his team, followed by Schulte, then Hofman, and then Chance. The Athletics put Strunk first, had Lord follow him, then came Collins, and then Baker.

The idea, of course, is that the first two men will, one or the other, or both, "get on" first base

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some way! Then will come two men who will either hit the ball hard and thus bring the runners round the diamond, or play the "hit and run" in

be so in a boys' team. If you have but one pitcher, play him where his batting ability warrants his being put, regardless of "big League" practice, which is occasioned by many circumstances that do not enter into a boys' game—one of them, for instance, being the great number of pitchers carried in the clubs of the major Leagues.

The way to learn to bat is to bat! There is no other way. But there are right and wrong ways of trying to bat. First of all, it is necessary to "stand to the plate." The player who gets three feet away and "reaches in" after balls is neither going to hit hard nor often. It is seldom that a batter is hit hard enough by a pitched ball to hurt him; if he is quick enough to bring his bat against the ball before it gets by, he should be quick enough to get out of the way of one which comes at him. Neither will it do to stand properly at the plate and yet "pull away" from it as the ball goes by. Even if you hit the ball, the very act of "pulling" will decrease the force of your blow, and if you are a right-hand hitter, "pulling" starts you *away* from first base instead



COBB'S POSITION AT THE BAT.

order to make a score. But, be it noted, it frequently happens that the first man gets on, and—with no score, or a tied score, or a one-run lead, or when one run behind and the game not too far advanced—the correct play is to make a "sacrifice" hit; hence, batter No. 2 should be a clever "bunter." During a part of the season of 1910, Killifer came after Milan in the Washington line-up, and in one game distinguished himself by making five perfect sacrifice bunts in five times up, every time advancing Milan to second, although getting thrown out himself!

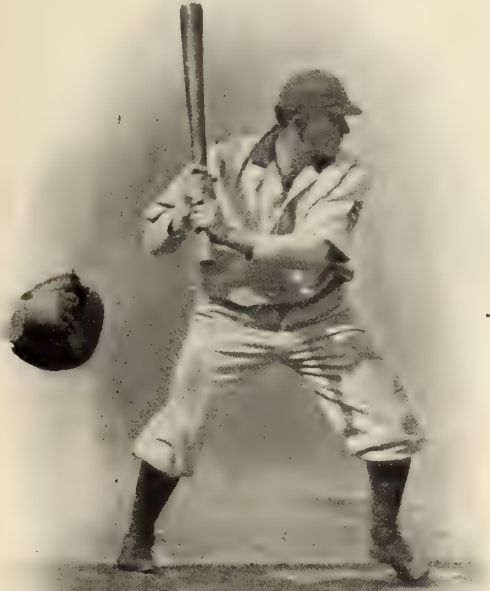
Of course the batting order will not always "come right," but it will usually be at its best three times in a game, hence its arrangement is of the greatest importance. Note well that while the pitcher almost invariably is at the bottom of the list in a League team, he must not necessarily



LAJOIE AT THE BAT.

of toward it. Left-hand hitters, too, must guard against "pulling away," since their eagerness to be off for first base often causes them to lean toward the base as the ball is delivered.

Stand naturally, easily, with your feet together, if you can. Cobb and Lajoie—the American League batting champion and “runner-up” for



“WAGNER STANDS WITH FEET WIDE APART.”

1910—both stand easily, naturally, and swing with only moderate freedom at the ball.

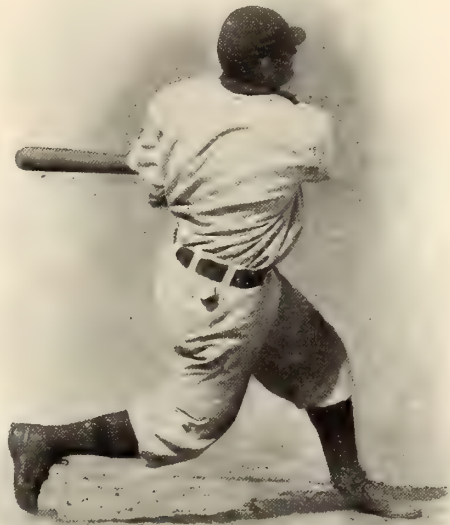
“The great batters of our time,” said Cobb, in an interview, “hold their bats a foot from the end, and, instead of swinging hard, aim to meet the ball flush. I like to ‘swing,’ but I can’t afford to. So I stick to the sure system of just meeting the ball, with a half-way grip on my bat.”

Wagner of Pittsburgh, who is a terror to pitchers, stands with his feet more widely apart, and so do hosts of other good batters. Moreover, attempts to change the individual “style” of a batter are often fatal to his hitting; therefore, try to adopt a good style while you can, for if you get to standing awkwardly and play that way very often, an attempt to change may result in disaster to your average.

Whatever you do, don’t try to use a bat which is too heavy for you. Perhaps there is no one thing that more retards a boy’s game of ball, his development of skill, and his success as a player than his attempt to do everything the big League player does, merely *because* he does it, and without regard to the difference in age, strength, and size. There may be a boy on your team who has

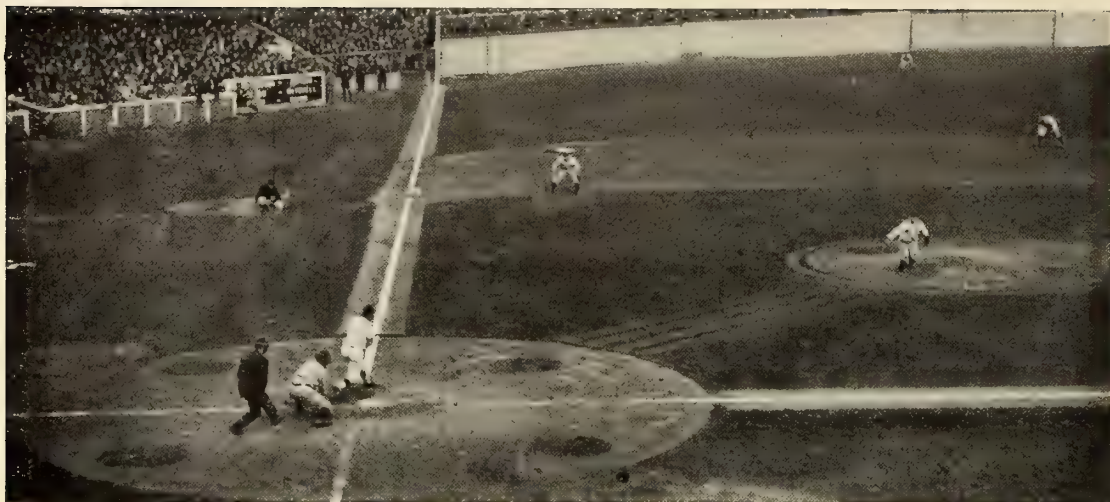
Cobb for his favorite; you see him buying a “Cobb” bat, long and slender, and trying to use it, although it is almost as big as he is! Some one who makes Anson, formerly of Chicago, or the “scrappy” little former New York player, “Kid” Elberfeld, his model, gets hold of a regular “war-club,” thick, heavy, and short,—and finds he is hitting at the ball long after it has gone by! Choose your bat according to your size and strength; get one you can swing quickly, vigorously; and don’t make the mistake of thinking a big club means lots of hits: it does n’t. If it did, every man playing would get the largest and heaviest bat he could carry. And hold it as seems natural to you, whether “choked” (that is, held some little way from the end) or right down on the end. Learn how you can hold the bat to make a bunt with the most certainty, and learn to take that hold instantly, and as the ball is pitched. To show the pitcher and the rest of the team that you are going to bunt by holding the bat as if for a bunt before the ball is pitched, is fatal to your success.

Learn to look at the pitcher all the time. This means while you are on the bench as well as when at the plate. A great part of the art of



WAGNER’S “MIGHTY SWING.”

pitching consists in delivering all kinds of balls, fast, slow, curve, and straight, with, as nearly as possible, the same “motion.” The better this can



STRIKING OUT A BATTER.

be done, the more effective the pitcher. But many pitchers, and particularly boys who have yet to learn all the art, have a different "motion" when pitching a curve from that which they use when pitching straight and fast. If you can learn this difference, you can the better judge, when at the plate, what is coming. Hence the advice to focus your eyes upon the opposing pitcher at all times.

Don't quarrel with the umpire. He will make mistakes, because he is human. But it spoils the game to have any bickering—you know what happens in a big League game when some one disputes too vigorously the correctness of a called

ball or strike! Learn by constant practice to let the wide curve go by and to hit at the one that you think is going to be good; learn to judge the low ones and refuse to "bite" on those which are just teasingly near; and don't be afraid of getting two strikes called on you. "It only takes one, you know," as the coaches say; a hit made from the seventh ball pitched is just as good as one made from the first. And don't be afraid of striking out. Players who fear or hate to be struck out are tempting bait for the pitcher's art; they get the reputation of hitting at everything after two strikes are called, and are often made



OUT ON AN IN-FIELD HIT.



A SAFE HIT. BATSMAN REACHING FIRST BASE.

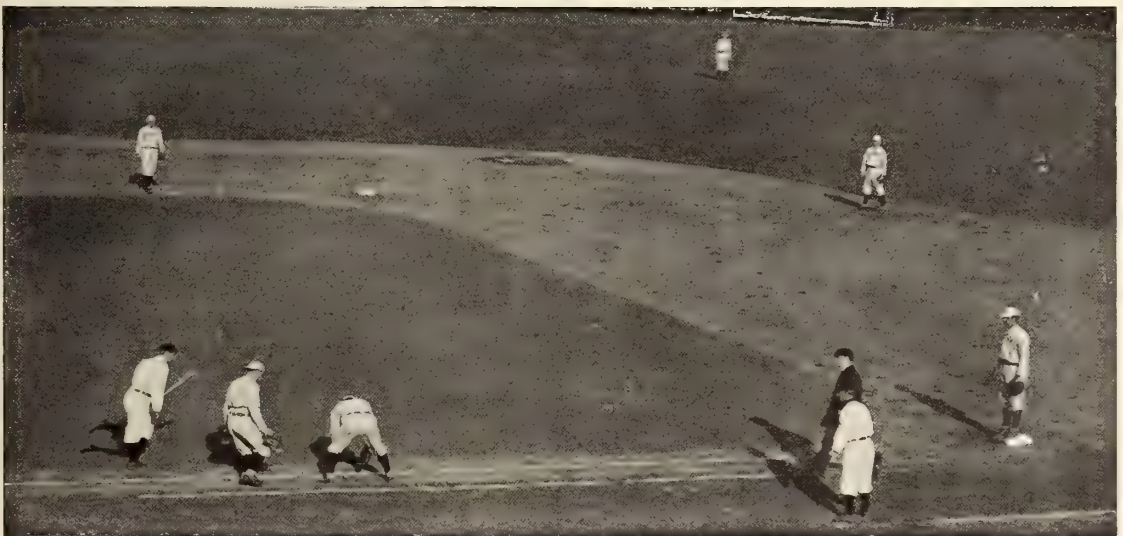
to "pop up" fouls or hit easy grounders by having served to them a ball which the pitcher would never risk on a cool-headed batter who knows how to wait for four balls.

And last, but not least, learn to "pull in" a swing at the ball. This is distinct from "pulling away." It is the art of starting a swing at a ball which "looks good," and curling the bat up in the arms when you see it is going to be bad, without making enough of a swing at it to make the umpire call a strike from your motion. Watch Chance, Crawford, Gessler, or "Red" Dooen, and see the artistic way in which they fail to hit even after they have started to! They have a "near

strike" which is like the "near balk" of some pitchers—deceptive, but allowable!

Unless ordered to the contrary by the captain, your business, if there is no one on the bases, is to "get on." There are various ways. You can get to first base by "waiting out" the pitcher and getting four balls; by being "accidentally" hit with the ball; by an error in fielding, or by the catcher's drop of a third strike, and your "beating out the throw"; by making a hit which may and may not be so scored (a "scratch hit," as it is called); and, of course, by a clean base-hit.

You have no business to try to get on by deliberately allowing yourself to get hit with the



A "BUNT" ALONG THE FIRST-BASE LINE. PITCHER AND CATCHER WATCHING THE BALL "ROLL FOUL."

ball. In the first place, it is n't, strictly speaking, fair. The rule permitting men to take first base when struck is designed to make the pitchers

ter. He gets where he thinks a hit will come, or where he can field it. And short-stop and second baseman play their positions to cover as much ground as possible.

But, once let a man gain first base, and the baseman is held to the bag until the pitcher begins to "wind up," and either short-stop or second baseman must remain where he can reach second base to take a throw from the catcher, to stop a steal, or to receive a fielded ball to catch the man coming down from first. Consequently the second man at the bat has a much greater opportunity to make a hit than the first, provided No. 1 "gets on." It is for this reason, as well as others, that the first man up should be a "good waiter" and should be able to have two strikes and no balls called on him without getting nervous about letting a couple of "bad ones" go by.

And it is for this reason, too, that the first man should be a fast runner, since he will make first often on a slight error, such as a juggle or "boot" of the ball, where a slower man would fail. And never, never, never fail to "run it out," no matter how hopeless your hit may seem! Nine times out of ten, a fielded ball may beat you to the base;



"CHANCE HAS A 'NEAR-STRIKE.'"

careful. It is not intended as a weapon of offense in the batter's hand. In the second place, it is dangerous, particularly to boys, who, naturally, have less skill in handling their bodies than grown men. So, if you are wise, you will not imitate those men in the big Leagues who have the reputation of being able to "get hit" so artistically that the umpire thinks they could n't help it! Sometimes men overdo this in the big Leagues, and get the name of constantly trying to get hit, and so the umpires won't give them bases when they really are hit accidentally! Such a man was Ganley, of the Athletics, and things finally came to such a pass with him that, even when legitimately entitled to his base for being hit, he would n't move until the umpire ordered him to go!

It is needless to say that "getting on" is vital to scoring, for of course no one can score unless he reaches first base safely in some way. And with a player once there, his side's chances of scoring are enormously increased not only by having the man on base to do the scoring, but by "tying up" fielders so that they can't work as effectively to put succeeding batsmen out. The first baseman, with no one on, plays for the bat-



TINKER—"ALWAYS THERE"—SHORT-STOP OF THE CHICAGO "CUBS."

but the tenth time some one makes an error, and—you may score. Last summer there was a striking example of this in a game between the

Detroit Champions and the Washingtons in the American League. Washington was one run behind, the sixth inning, and at bat. There was a storm coming, one of those sudden, heavy thunder-storms that make a base-ball field a lake within five minutes. Detroit was "stalling" for time and Washington playing its fastest. Washington tied the score, getting two men out and a man on third in the process; Detroit was raving, and Jennings, their manager, doing war-dances in the coachers' box.

The man at bat for Washington had the crowd with him—it was a big crowd, too. And he hit the ball! He hit it straight at little Owen Bush, who, ordinarily, is one of the best and most accurate short-stops of the League. Washington's batter felt that he was "out," to a certainty—that there was n't a chance for him to get to first. The man on third trotted home, just as a formality, since the third "out" at first would make his crossing the plate of no avail. But the Washington batter "ran out" his hit. He ran hard, too, as if he meant it. And Bush, with plenty of time for the throw, nervously threw the ball five feet above the first baseman's extended hand,—whereupon the Washington runner danced on the base and waved his cap, the man on third trotted "home" with the winning run, the crowd went wild, and the next batter got himself put out in the shortest possible order. And then the rain came down in torrents and deluges, and there was no more playing that afternoon! But that one wild throw gave the game to Washington.

Had the batter failed to run out his hit, had he turned half-way down the path and walked to the bench—well, he did n't! And don't you; either; "run them out," no matter how hopeless the prospect seems. In the big Leagues they fine men who *don't* run them out, and if the managers think it 's worth that much attention, be sure there is good reason back of it!

Don't bother with trying to learn "place hitting" or "batting to the opening."

"Hit 'em where he ain't," said McGraw to Bridwell of the "Giants," referring to little Johnny Evers of the "Cubs."

"I do, but he 's always there," was the mournful reply.

The joke is an old one and told of others. But it 's true. Evers, Collins, Wagner, Tinker, a dozen fine short-stops and second basemen are "always there." But even if they were "never there," it is n't one man in a thousand who can "place his hits." Keeler—"Wee Willie"—had the art in such perfection that he could hit to right or left field at will; the incomparable Hal Chase is known as a superb "hit and run" batter, because

he can "pull" the ball toward the opening; but the faculty is rare, so rare that it is positive it cannot be developed by practice. It comes naturally or not at all. Therefore, don't bother with it. Hit naturally, hit as nature says you should, and don't bother about "trying to find the holes."

This, of course, does n't mean you are to place yourself so you always hit fouls or grounders; it does mean that you need n't bother to shift your hands, feet, and bat with every kaleidoscopic change of position by fielders, with the idea that you can "place hit," for you can't, and it is n't worth while to spend time trying to do what big League players would give their ears to do, but cannot accomplish.

Learn to hit a long fly; learn to hit a bunt. There is little to be said as to how to learn except what has been stated, "The way to learn to bat is to bat." But knowing how to hit "under the pitch" so as to knock a fly, in distinction to hitting "over the pitch" so as to knock them down on the ground, may be of great value, since a man on third, with less than two out, is a frequent occurrence, and long flies are easier to make than are "hits" proper. And the man who cannot bunt when a bunt is the proper thing to play is a handicap to his team. "Laying them down" (a plain, sacrifice bunt) and "poking them out" (a force bunt) are both vital to success in many instances, and he who can "put 'em down the third-base line" or the first-base line, according as there may be a man on first or third, may do more to win than he who can pound out a hit often, and fail when it is most needed.

The real reason why men who hold high batting averages in the minor Leagues fail in major Leagues is not so much the difference in pitching; it is because in minor Leagues a player very often hits for himself, hits the ball he wants to hit. In major Leagues, on the contrary, he has to hit the ball—or try to—when he is told to hit and not at other times. Consequently, hitting at the ball called for by the manager's signal is vital in practice as well as in games, and you should train yourself to reach for a "wide one" and attempt to knock it down, anyhow, as well as to let such balls go by when it is right to do so. If the catcher "outguesses" you on the "hit and run" signal, and calls for a wide ball, hit it,—hit at it, anyhow,—just to give the runner, who is depending on you, all the aid you can.

Lajoie says, speaking of the "hit and run" play: "Even if I know I am going to miss the ball, I swing hard at it, to cause the catcher to lose a step or a foot or two of ground in making his throw, and in that way help the runner."

Wagner, greatest of batters in the National

League, has such control of his bat, such remarkable reach, and such an "eye," that he hits "waste" balls almost as well as fast ones, and no "curves" fool him. They tell a little story of a new pitcher whom a National League team had secured, who had received from some one a little book with notes in it of the kind of balls to pitch to opposing batsmen, according to their habit of batting. The first time he pitched against Pittsburgh, he consulted this book. "Let me see what I must pitch to Wagner," he said, but looked blankly enough at the entry in the little book: "Wagner—give him a base on balls!"

Though you must keep your eye on the pitcher when he pitches, you must learn to look for your signal from the manager or captain, as, even though you may step to the plate with certain instructions, they may be changed after you get there. You must also find time to transmit the signal, if it comes to you, so that the runner will know what you are going to do. For instance, the man ahead of you is on first, and you come to the plate with the orders to hit the third ball, for the "hit and run." But after the second ball is pitched and two balls have been called, your captain has reason to believe the next one will be "wasted," because the other side will *guess* that here is a good chance for you to play the "hit and run." (By "wasting" the ball, the catcher hopes to be able to catch the runner stealing and put you out, too, by having you strike at something from which you can't possibly make a "hit.") So your captain lifts his cap or pats his knee, or whatever the signal may be, and you bang the plate four times with your bat, showing the runner you have been signaled to hit the *fourth* ball pitched.

Signals and signal systems will be taken up in detail later, but get the idea now firmly fixed in your mind that you have other duties at the plate besides merely watching the pitcher and hitting the ball. "Team-work" is all important in batting.

Don't be discouraged if you have a "slump" in your batting record. Larry Lajoie, whose prowess entitles him to consideration when speaking of batting, says a "slump" is all luck. He contends, and with good reason, that if he hits the ball ten days in succession right into various fielders' hands every time, he is a "victim of circumstances." The next ten days he may hit the ball no more and no harder, but they all go just outside some fielder's reach. The first ten days he is reported by the papers as in a "slump"; the next, "batting like a fiend," yet he himself says he has not varied in hitting the ball at any time.

Don't do much "fungo" hitting (batting flies with a ball which you toss into the air yourself). It ruins you for batting at fast balls. Note that, in preliminary practice in big Leagues, it is almost invariably a pitcher, who can't hit anyhow, who does the fungo hitting. Why? Because no one else wants to hurt his hitting ability. For the same reason, don't practise batting by hitting at *easy* pitching, merely for the fun of hitting the ball hard. If you learn to hit little easy, soft balls, you train eye and hand for them alone, and when the opposing pitcher is a lad who really can curve them in or send them over fast, you are all at sea.

But remember, the way to learn to bat, flies, bunts, hits, chops, is to bat! Practise, practise, practise. You don't see them, these big Leaguers, but they are at it every day, in the morning, trying to "improve the eye" by practising batting! Practise whenever you can get some one to pitch to you, and strive always to "meet the ball fair," to make a clean hit, rather than to "knock the cover off it," or to "lift it over the fence." Games are won with singles more often than with home runs; the little light man, who seldom hits for extra bases, but who bats to an average .290, is of far more value to his team than the "slugger" who always hits for extra bases when he does hit, but who very seldom makes a hit!

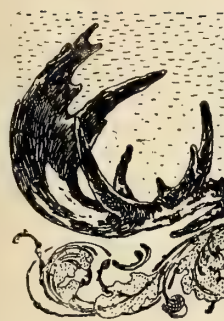
(To be continued.)

SOMETIME

BY EMILY ROSE BURT


WHEN I am big, Mama has said
That I may have a dress like hers,
And do my hair upon my head,
And wear a lady's muff and furs!





THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

By
Frederick Orin Bartlett



CHAPTER VIII

ANOTHER CASTAWAY APPEARS

WENHAM placed his hand upon the key.

"All ready, Phil?" he asked steadily.

"All ready."

Wenham turned the key, opened the door, and stepped back behind it. In the feeble light reflected from the fire in the next room, they made out the huge frame of a man. He stumbled in, and raising his head, stared about like a frightened animal. His face was covered with a tangled mass of black whiskers. It was the face which had appeared at the window. As the man stood there uncertain, Harden spoke.

"Walk through into the other room," he commanded.

The man hesitated, and then, as though terrified, stumbled across the floor, through the doorway, and out of sight. Harden followed quickly, with Wenham close behind. When the two reached the sill, they saw the man squatting before the fire, with his long arms outstretched toward the flames. He was both a pitiable and terrible-looking object. Though big-framed and broad-shouldered, he apparently had but little strength left in him. His arms were trembling and his face haggard. His long fingers fluttering before the fire looked more like skeleton fingers than those of a living man. His thin clothes were torn to shreds, and his beard was matted with ice. But in spite of this evidence of physical weakness there was that in the stranger's eyes which made the boys cautious. They were not pleading eyes. They were aggressive and perhaps a bit shift.

As the boys entered the room, the man sprang to his feet, and, half crouching, stood at the farther side of the fireplace as though considering his chances of an attack.

"Are you alone here?" he demanded in a sharp, rasping tone.

Harden hesitated. This was a dangerous thing to admit to a man who might take advantage of

the fact. But, before he could frame a wise or cautious answer, Wenham broke in with a steady, direct "Yes."

"You two kids?" he asked suspiciously. "Do you mean to say you two kids are here *alone*?"

"Yes," answered Wenham.

With his fists doubled up threateningly, the stranger took a step toward them.

"Don't lie to me," he said warningly.

Harden half unconsciously raised his revolver. The effect was instantaneous. The man shrank back, with his arms lifted as though to protect his face.

"Put it down," he pleaded. "Don't shoot!"

Harden lowered the weapon with a new sense of power. He had made the fellow stand back. It gave him confidence.

"We 're not lying," he said steadily. "But we 're able to protect ourselves."

"I did n't mean nothin'," growled the stranger. "I was jest surprised—that was all."

"Well, how about yourself? What do you want?" demanded Harden, in his turn taking the initiative in the questioning.

"Grub. I 'm starvin'!"

"If we give you food, will you be square with us?"

"What do you mean?"

"We have n't much left. You took a lot of it that night you broke in."

"Me?"

"Was n't it you?"

The man poised himself again as though considering the advisability of fighting for what he wanted. Harden again raised his arm. The man cowed back.

"Yes, it was," he admitted sullenly. "I could n't stand it any longer."

"Why did n't you come in and ask us for food?" inquired Wenham.

"I would n't risk it. I did n't know who you were, and—I had to have grub—I jest had to."

"You did n't think we 'd turn away a starving man, did you?" protested Wenham. "I hope not."

"How on earth should I know what you 'd do?"

"But no one—"

"There 's those that will do anything," growled the man.

"See here," broke in Harden, "do you know the way out of these woods? Do you know the way back to South Twin?"

"Me?"

He glanced, frightened, about the room.

"We 'll share what we have with you, if you 'll help us back to the station."

"D' you mean that you 're lost in here?"

"Yes. We were camping on Squantum with my father and a guide. We followed a moose trail and got lost in a snow-storm."

"On Squantum? Why then—"

He checked himself abruptly.

"You know where Squantum is?" demanded Wenham, quickly.

"I don't know the names of any of these lakes. I 'm lost myself."

"You—lost?"

"And starvin'," he reminded them.

"Then you 've been in here a long while," Wenham cross-examined him.

The stranger gave him a single piercing glance as though he wished to learn the meaning of this questioning.

"You don't have to be in here long—to starve," he answered.

"But you started to say something," persisted Wenham.

"See here," he cut in, "you ask me no questions and I 'll tell you no lies. For pity's sake give me something to eat, will you?"

Harden spoke with kindlier interest.

"We 'll give you grub," he said gently. "We 're all in the same boat. But you 've got to be square with us."

"I 'll be honest with you, but there ain't no need of kicking up what 's past. I tell you, honest, that I don't know no way out of here, but if you 'll divvy on the grub and let me stay where it 's warm,"—he shivered the length of his lank body,—“why, I 'll help you all I can."

Harden turned to Wenham. There seemed no alternative but to take in this man. The latter nodded. But the stranger noted the question in Harden's eyes and broke in anxiously:

"You would n't send me back out there in the woods? I hain't got even a knife—nothin'. I found an old camp to sleep in, but I did n't have any matches, and so I 've been eatin' twigs like a rabbit. I ate that flour and meal raw. I 'll help you get wood and do the cookin' for you. I 'll do anything for you, boys, anything,—only you *must* give me something to eat."

He sank to the floor, too weak to stand. Without a word Wenham turned and hurried into the kitchen. Harden strode to the stranger's side.

"We 'll divide. Here 's my hand on it," he said simply.

The stranger grasped it with a new light in his eyes. Meanwhile Wenham came running in with the cracker-box and what was left of the jam.

"This will do for a starter, won't it?" he asked.

The man seized the food and began to stuff it down his throat. The two boys watched him devour it with eyes which grew moist at the sight. They were able to feel for him as two weeks ago they could not.

"How did you happen to get lost in here?" asked Wenham, as soon as the stranger had appeased the first pangs of his hunger.

The man choked at the question.

"The snow caught me," he spluttered.

"You were hunting?"

"I—I was with a party that was hunting," he answered.

"You lost them?"

"Yes," he answered grimly, "I lost them."

"How long ago was that?"

"It seems like ten years. How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks. Don't you know this country at all? Can't you help us back to the railroad?"

The man looked startled.

"To the railroad?" he gasped. "Give me some water, will you?"

They brought him a dipperful from the bucket they drew every night now from their ice-holes in the lake. He emptied it, drinking it down in big gulps.

"If you could only tell us which way it is—but of course if you knew that, you 'd have got out before now yourself."

"Maybe," the stranger answered.

It seemed as though he would never stop eating, but at length he did. Then he stretched out his long arms toward the fire again.

"Boys," he said, with evident sincerity, "you 've been good to me, and even if there is n't much I can do for you, I won't forget it. Will you just let me sleep here by the fire? I 'm tired. I 'm awful tired."

He lay down flat on his back, with both arms extended as though he were exhausted in every muscle. Almost before the boys had time to reply he closed his eyes and slept.

Harden beckoned Wenham out into the kitchen. Then he turned upon him with the question:

"What in the world are we going to do now?"

"Do?" answered Wenham. "We 'll have to share what we have with him. He 's been through more than we have. Look at his eyes. They are sunk in like a sick man's."

"But—supposing he tries to turn *us* out?"

"I believe he 's honest," replied Wenham, firmly. "He certainly is n't lying about being starved."

"No," agreed Harden, "but it 's funny he 's in here without a gun."

"Perhaps he was just a cook for some party."

"That 's so," agreed Harden, in some relief. "I had n't thought of that. But why did n't he tell more about himself?"

"If he had wanted to lie, he could have made up a story easy enough, could n't he?"

"You 're right. That 's just what a liar would have done."

"He 's as suspicious of us as we are of him. When a fellow is in his condition, he 's as suspicious of every one as Bill there. Even Bill still crouches away from us when we go near his box."

"Bill remembers the trap."

"Well, has n't this man been trapped by the woods? It 's all the same."

"I don't know," answered Harden, doubtfully, "but I don't feel easy in spite of all your arguments. Anyhow, we 've got to get some sleep. You turn in first, and I 'll sit up."

"Phil, when I heard the rap I thought our prayer had been answered. I thought we were going to get out."

"If he eats the way he did to-night, we stand less chance than ever. But perhaps he can make biscuits, and that would help some."

Wenham reluctantly crossed to his bunk and turned in without undressing. It was good testimony to his perfect condition that in spite of this new danger he was soon sound asleep. Harden pulled the blankets off his own bunk and threw one of them over the sleeping stranger. Wrapping himself in another, he settled down to the long watch.

Dawn came at a snail's pace. Harden's eyes grew heavy, but keeping the revolver within easy reach, he refused to allow them to close. The stranger's face, relaxed in sleep, took on a kinder aspect. The matted beard gave him a ferocious look, but the bruised half-open hand somehow did not seem to be that of a brute. The longer the man slept on, the harder it became for Phil not to relax himself, but he fought against the temptation, until at length the room was flooded with morning sunshine. Not until then did he rouse Wenham. The latter threw off his blanket and sprang to his feet, staring wildly

about. He uttered a cry that roused the stranger, who in his turn scrambled to his feet as though an alarm had been sounded. The stranger was the first to speak.

"What 's the trouble?" he demanded suspiciously.

But the next second he recollected the events of the night before and greeted the boys cheerfully.

"Morning, pards," he called. "I forgot for a moment where I was." He glanced swiftly about the room and then back at the two frightened boys.

"Did I scare you?" he asked. "I did n't mean to."

He studied Harden a moment.

"Why, boy, you don't look as though you had slept much."

"I did n't," answered Harden.

"Well, now that won't do. You don't think I want to hurt those who 've been good to me, do you?"

He came to Harden's side and placed his hand in a fatherly way upon the boy's shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "there ain't many who 've been good to me, and I 'll stand by those who have."

Harden felt ashamed of himself.

"You see, we did n't know much about you," he confessed.

"Well, I don't blame you none. It 's pretty hard to trust even those you do know. But I vow I don't mean you harm. Do you believe that?"

Wenham strode forward.

"I believe it," he said.

"And I, too," answered Harden.

"Well, then," said the stranger, in evident relief, "let 's have some breakfast. I take it you boys don't know much about cookin' from the grub you set out. What do you say I mix up some biscuits? I see you have the makin's."

"Biscuits!" exclaimed Wenham. "Harden here tried, but—"

"Oh, forget it," exploded Harden.

"I 'll take a hand at it, if you don't mind," said the stranger. "I 've got a mighty hankering for some cooked food."

He led the way into the kitchen and immediately began an investigation of the larder.

"Why, pards," he exclaimed, after he had poked through the closet while Wenham built the fire, "you 've got a regular hotel fare here! My stars—beans and pork! Why, that 's a dish fit for a king. We 'll have to bake a pot of those the first day we 're snowed in."

As he turned from the shelves, he caught sight of Harden moving toward the door with the kite.

"What 's that?" he asked in a quick, nervous tone.

"A kite. We send it up every morning as a signal."

"Signal for what?"

"We thought Dad might see it and so get a clue as to where we are."

"Dad?"

"My father. I suppose he 's out there somewhere with a searching party."

The man turned back to his work. But as Phil went out of the door he saw the stranger give a swift glance over his shoulder. There was something in the look which raised a new fear in Harden's mind.

CHAPTER IX

ANXIETY, AND A SUDDEN ADVENTURE

THE thing that disturbed Harden was the cunning, half-frightened look with which the stranger had learned that the kite was being used as a signal. Why should this fact have brought his brows together in a swift fox-like glance? A dozen such questions puzzled Harden while he was putting up the kite, but when he came in he almost forgot them all at the sight of the pan of hot, brown biscuits. The stranger had certainly justified Wenham's guess that he must be a camp cook.

During the meal, Harden pressed a few more questions in an attempt to find out a little more about this man.

"You did n't tell us your name," he ventured. "Mine is Harden, and this is my chum, Wenham."

"Glad to meet you," responded the stranger, with something like a smile. "You can call me Bill."

"That 's what we call the rabbit," broke in Wenham.

"Well, it 's good enough for me, too. I 'm a rabbit, in a way. I 've been hoppin' around these woods so long I feel like one."

"I should think you ought to know this country pretty well then," said Harden.

"I 've wandered around enough, goodness knows. But it 's all the same everywhere. There 's nothin' but snow and trees any way you turn."

"But don't you know the lay of the land well enough not to get lost?"

"What are you drivin' at?"

"I thought that if we packed up grub enough for three or four days, we could explore a little. We might strike the railroad or at least run into one of the searching party."

Bill shook his head doubtfully.

"I have n't got any snow-shoes," he answered.

"You can't go far without them in this sort of travelin' weather and these thick woods."

"We 've each got a pair. One of us could remain behind," suggested Wenham.

"Supposin' it snowed again and we could n't find our way back?"

"But—"

"Then we might starve, and the feller left behind might starve. No, pards, take my word for it, it won't pay to leave as snug and tight a place as this on such small chances."

"I 'd take any chance," put in Harden, "to get back home before New Year's. Have you got a mother back home waiting for you?"

"A mother?" smiled the stranger. "My mother is waitin' for me where I don't want to go yet awhile, if I can help it."

"But there must be *some one* waiting for you?"

Bill threw back his head and laughed. On the whole, it was not a pleasant laugh. There was less of mirth in it than a certain grim irony.

"There 's plenty waitin' for me, I expect," he answered. "But I 'm in no hurry. They 'd be waitin' if I did n't get back for ten years."

"I suppose Mother would, too," answered Harden, seriously, "but she 'll take it hard."

"And my folks," groaned Wenham. "They 'll think we 're dead, you know."

The stranger looked at the two boys thoughtfully a moment, and then asked:

"You 'll get out by spring, anyhow, won't you?"

"And that means that Mother won't sleep until spring," broke in Harden. "You don't know how hard she 'll take it. Women are funny about that. Why, when I was sick last summer—"

He stopped with a gulp.

The stranger put a hand upon his shoulder.

"There, sonny," he said gently. "Something may turn up. You don't know how lucky you are that you did n't have to crawl under a hemlock bough and just freeze up stiff like a log."

Wenham rose abruptly from the table. His eyes were moist.

"Well, I must feed Bill," he stammered.

"Is Bill the thing in the box?" asked the stranger.

Harden nodded.

"We caught him in the traps," he explained.

"An', my stars! you have n't cooked him?"

"Cooked him?" exploded Wenham. "I guess not!"

"They 're good eatin'."

"But—"

"I caught two. Laid in wait for them half a day and knocked them over the head with a stick."

Wenham turned away in disgust. He hurried

into the next room with a biscuit and a cup of water. The stranger turned to Harden with interest.

"You 've got traps, then?"

"Two."

"Good. No need of starvin', with traps, if we 're in here a year. Why, with traps, a gun, and matches a man could live here forever."

The prospect, instead of discouraging him, seemed to fill him with enthusiasm.

"We 've cut out the trapping except for wildcats," explained Harden, not at all pleased with the man's eagerness. "We 've been depending upon our fishing."

"My stars! hooks too?"

"I made a couple. We 've caught a pickerel every day."

"Good!" exclaimed Bill, rubbing his lean hands together. "Why, this is a regular bloomin' hotel."

The stranger insisted upon washing the dishes.

"I 'll take care of the house for my share," he said good-naturedly. "Leave the grub to me."

Harden went out and piled more boughs on the fire and then returned to examine the kite-string. He watched the wind like a mariner for fear lest a breeze should some day carry off kite, string, and all. As he turned away from this task, he saw Bill standing at the door watching him—again with that expression which was half-fox and half-wolf.

"We keep this flying all the morning," explained Harden. "We pull it down when there is a wind and use the line for fishing. It 's the only line we have."

"You did mighty well to make it. How far should you say that thing can be seen?"

"It ought to be seen from the top of any of these hills if a man climbed a tree. Anyhow, it can be seen from anywhere on the lake."

"Your father has probably got a big gang with him by now."

"You bet he has! He 'll have every man within a hundred miles of South Twin out hunting for us," exclaimed Harden, proudly.

Bill looked thoughtful a moment.

"What do you say to a little fishing this morning?" he asked, his eyes narrowing.

"We ought to keep the kite up until afternoon anyhow," said Harden.

"I suppose so. But—the string might break, and then you would n't have anything to fish with."

"I know. But I keep a good watch of the wind. It would take quite a breeze to break it."

Bill looked up at it again thoughtfully, then turned back into the cabin. Harden followed.

"We might make a round of the traps," he suggested. "I 've got them baited for wildcat."

"Wildcat are n't any good," answered Bill. "If you don't eat rabbits you might as well bring the traps in. What have you done with your gun?"

Harden tapped his hip pocket.

"It 's here."

Bill came a step nearer.

"I 'll tell you what—let me take the revolver, and I 'll see if I can get a deer. We 'd have meat enough then to last us a month."

"You could n't shoot a deer with a revolver," Harden parried uneasily.

"Oh, yes I can, too. I almost got one with my club. If you 're hungry enough you can get them with anything."

Harden hesitated. He did n't like to risk offending the stranger, and yet he did not like at all the idea of giving up the weapon. So long as he held on to that, he was more than a match for this big fellow. He tried to squirm out of it.

"We 've got canned stuff enough for a while," he said. "I think we ought to keep the revolver for emergencies."

Bill held out his hand determinedly.

"Guess I 'll have a try anyhow," he decided. "I 'll take your snow-shoes and make a circle of a mile or so."

He paused and added:

"I might run across some of the party."

It was that possibility which decided Harden. It was safer for this man to venture from camp than it was for either himself or Wenham. And even if the man was not altogether honest in his intentions, he could not help leaving a line of tracks himself which would give the best possible clue to any searchers who might come across them. At any rate, he had the uncomfortable feeling that he had no alternative.

"All right," agreed Harden. "When do you want to start?"

"Right off. You boys might do some fishing, and I 'll come back by dark."

Harden, with some reluctance, drew the revolver from his pocket and handed it over. Bill seized it with almost too much eagerness, but once he had shoved it into his own pocket seemed less constrained than since his arrival. He put on one of the old coats he found in the trunk, and hurrying outdoors, proceeded at once to buckle on Harden's snow-shoes. Wenham ran for his camera and hurried after him.

"I want to take a snap-shot of you," he exclaimed. But at the words Bill rose in a flash, and seeing the camera which Wenham had adjusted, instantly threw his arm up over his face.

"None of that," he cried, threateningly. "Take that thing away."

Wenham lowered it in surprise.

"What 's the matter?" he exclaimed. "I only wanted the picture to put in the log."

Bill strode to the boy's side.

"I don't want my picture took," he growled.

The tone was not aggressive, but it was commanding. Harden writhed at his utter helplessness. What a fool he had been for giving up the only control he had over this man! He and Wenham were now as much at his mercy as a few moments ago he had been at theirs. Unconsciously Harden took a position by Wenham's side, his fists clenched. Bill evidently read his thoughts, for he said in a more kindly voice:

"I did n't mean to speak rough," he half apologized, "but—well, I guess I 'm sort of superstitious about that."

Wenham was instantly mollified.

"That 's all right," he answered quickly.

"I know you did n't mean no harm—but, honest, I don't want my picture taken."

He passed his hand over his tangled beard.

"It is n't a mug worth picturin', anyway," he smiled.

"We 're keeping a record of all that happens here," explained Wenham, "and I just thought you ought to be in it."

"Well, leave me out of it, will you?"

He stooped again and finished tying his snow-shoes, keeping an eye, however, on Wenham. When he rose, he said anxiously:

"You won't take me behind my back, will you?"

"We don't do things behind a man's back," put in Harden, a bit testily.

"I believe you," answered Bill, instantly. "I 'll trust you, and I want you to trust me. You 're the first I 've seen in a long while I 'd make such a bargain with."

A few minutes later, with a hearty good-by, he turned his back upon the boys and, without looking around, strode off into the pines.

"What in thunder was the matter with him?" questioned Harden, as soon as the man was out of ear-shot. "He acted as if he was frightened."

"Oh, I suppose that living so long here by himself has made him that way," answered Wenham. "Indians never want their pictures taken."

"You 're too trusting, Bob," scowled Harden. "Besides, he is n't an Indian. I can't make out what he is."

"He looks to me like a man who 's had a lot of trouble. I can't help pitying him."

"I 'd pity him more if he did n't have that revolver. Do you suppose he 'll come back?"

"Did n't he tell us he 'd be back by dark?"

"Yes, but he 's got snow-shoes and a gun now."

"But he did n't take any food."

"If he shoots a deer, he won't need our food."

Wenham considered a moment.

"Phil," he said finally, with great deliberateness, "we don't know much about him, that 's a fact. But we 've either got to suspect him all the time or trust him. It seems as though it would be better to trust him—until he 's proven himself crooked, anyhow."

"And then it will be too late," scowled Harden. "We 'll see if he comes back. I wish we had another gun."

"We may be better off without one. He 'll trust us better now that he knows we can't hurt him."

"He 's certainly got the whip-hand," growled Harden. "I tell you, I wish Dad would turn up to-day!"

For an hour the boys busied themselves in gathering a good supply of wood for the smudge fire. They heaped it high and piled on an extra quantity of green stuff until the smoke curled up in a thin gray spiral. They decided not to haul down the kite for fishing. Both felt that the signal was now more than ever necessary. This other human being stepping into their lives served only to emphasize the barrier which barred them from their own. They had never felt so strongly the sense of being lost as they did to-day. They returned to the cabin, but Harden soon grew restless.

"Let 's make a round of the traps," he suggested. "You wear the snow-shoes, and I 'll wade. I 've got to do something to keep from thinking."

They started, and before he had gone a hundred rods Harden found the deep snow giving him all the exercise he craved and a little more. It was almost waist-deep, and Wenham could make ten feet to his one. He found himself puffing by the time they reached the first trap.

"I don't wonder Bill went half crazy," grunted Harden, as he paused to rest. "I don't see how he kept alive at all."

"You take the snow-shoes to the next trap, and let me wade," suggested Wenham.

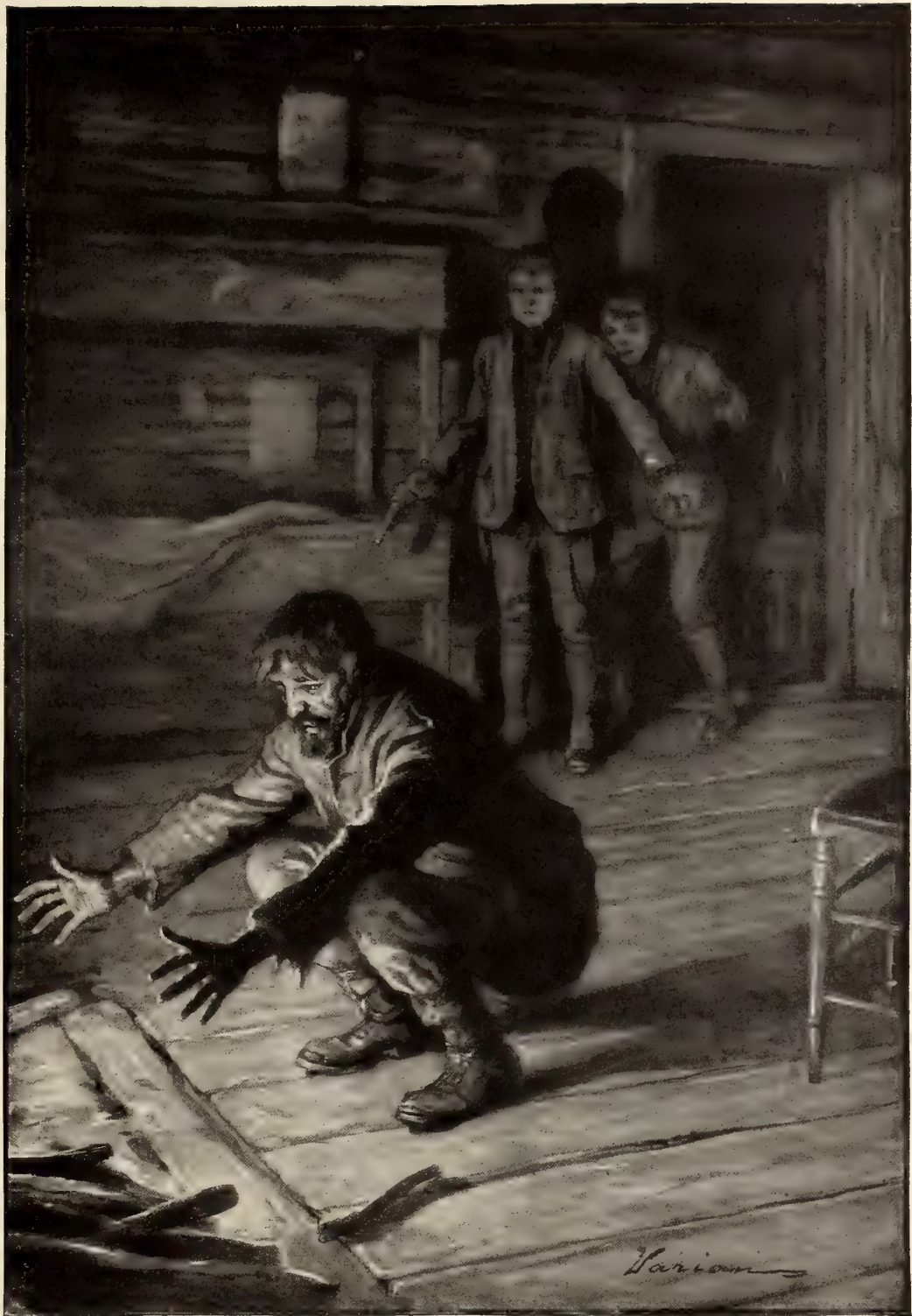
"No. But I 've been wondering what we 'll do if he does n't come back with my pair."

"You are convicting him before the crime," Wenham reminded him.

They floundered on for ten minutes, when Wenham tried again to persuade Harden to use the snow-shoes for the rest of the distance; but Harden stubbornly refused.

"The more tired I get, the better I feel," he declared.

Wenham reached the next trap several hundred yards ahead of Harden. A glance showed him



"THEY SAW THE MAN SQUATTING BEFORE THE FIRE, WITH HIS LONG ARMS
OUTSTRETCHED TOWARD THE FLAMES."

that here something had happened. The lean-to covering the trap was torn to shreds, and the snow was whipped up over a radius of a hundred feet. A broad trail led off into a clump of underbrush.

"Phil!" he called back, "I 'm afraid we 've caught another rabbit." But as he neared the place, he saw that something more powerful than a rabbit must have caused all this disturbance. The twigs were scattered all over the scratched and rumped snow as if a tornado had struck them.



"IT WAS A WILDCAT—AND A BIG ONE!"

"That 's no rabbit," declared Harden, as soon as he came up. "And if we 're going to find out *what* it is, you 'll have to follow that trail right off. It will be dark in an hour."

"Perhaps we had better leave it until morning

and turn back now," suggested Wenham; but Phil said: "No. That would be dead wrong. The brute has probably got tangled up in the underbrush there. Poke ahead and see what it is."

Wenham led off, but he found that the trail led farther than the first clump. He pushed ahead in spite of Harden's warning to wait until he caught up with him. It was evident from the broken limbs that the animal had had trouble several times in freeing himself from the low-hanging boughs. Wenham soon forgot all caution and advanced at a still faster pace. His curiosity grew at every step. So he pushed on for some three hundred yards, when the trail disappeared below a cluster of heavy boughs. Instead of circling this to see if it led beyond, Wenham dove straight ahead. A warning hiss did not come in time to save him. He felt a ferocious clawing at his trousers legs and tried to pull back. He stumbled and fell head foremost. Then he felt the sting of teeth in the calf of his leg, and the next second the sting of claws in his back. It was as though a dozen mad cats were upon his shoulders. The weight of the animal pressed him down, and his snow-shoes, entangled in the boughs, prevented him from rising. He let out a yell for Harden and tried to turn over to his side. But the deep snow gave his hands no purchase, and so he lay there as helpless as though trapped himself.

In the meanwhile Harden had seen Wenham fall and heard his cry. In great leaps he jumped forward, though with every bound he felt as if he had a man clinging to each leg. He saw Wenham prone in the snow and upon his back a vicious squirming ball of fur. When he came within striking distance, the animal raised its thick head and glared fiercely at him, frenzied, from its small black eyes. The stub tail was raised stiffly. It was a wildcat—and a big one!

(To be continued.)

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER I

DOROTHY'S MORNING MAIL

"THREE letters for you this morning, Miss Dorothy! The postman has forgotten the rest of the family."

Nora, the maid, stood by Dorothy's bed as she handed her the entire morning mail.

"The postman is a dear. I just love to get letters," said Dorothy. "Here 's one from Aunt Alice, and this is from Edith. How good they both are! Ever since my accident, over four months ago, Edith has not missed a single day in writing to me."

Dorothy glanced at the third letter, gave an excited gasp—"Oh!"—and slipped it under her pillow until Nora, who was busily putting the bureau to rights, should have left the room. Then Dorothy sat up in bed and quietly drew out the letter.

It was postmarked New York and bore the imprint of the "Evening Courier." She tore open the letter and eagerly devoured its contents.

Mrs. Ward, Dorothy's mother, was down-stairs, giving her after-breakfast orders to Bridget and John, when suddenly she heard such peculiar shouts issuing from Dorothy's room that she flew up-stairs, thinking the house must be on fire or that something very terrible had happened. Bridget, the cook, and John, the gardener, both followed her. Nora, the up-stairs maid, had rushed to the room when first hearing the sounds, and there she stood at the foot of Dorothy's bed, looking half frightened at the turn events had taken. She was certain Miss Dorothy was having some sort of hysterics.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, guess! Oh, *do* guess what this letter says! Oh, you never will guess! Oh, please say something!"

"Why, Dorothy Ward, have you gone mad? Quiet, child. Think of your foot! This excitement is the worst possible thing for you."

But Dorothy went on: "John, Bridget, Nora, all of you, guess! It 's so wonderful! I can hardly believe it myself."

"Whatever it is," said Dorothy's mother, "I hope it will never happen again. Give me the letter, dear."

"I *must* have my three guesses first, Mother. I 'll tell you then."

So Mrs. Ward began: "Aunt Alice is coming to visit us?—No?" And Dorothy turned toward John.

"Your uncle is going to send you another horse to ride," he suggested.

"No. Better than that, John."

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, it could n't be better than that."

"Some one is sending you a gold watch and chain," said Nora.

"No, Nora. It 's far better than that."

"Goodness, childie!" said Dorothy's mother, "I cannot imagine what it is, but it must indeed be fine if it 's better than a new horse or a gold watch and chain."

"If only Papa were here, I 'm sure he would guess! It 's something Papa has longed for so often."

"Oh, my precious girl! I know now. Why did n't I guess sooner? The letter is from Dr. Swan, and he is going to let you walk!"

Mrs. Ward looked at her daughter and was almost speechless. The white, delicate tint had left Dorothy's face, and in its place was a glow of happiness such as had not been seen there since the dreadful accident.

"Oh, Mother, I wonder if it *is* better than that! Yes, I do believe it is! That would mean happiness for me, first of all, and for you, too, I know. But this will give, oh, such pleasure to so many, especially to you and Father!"

"There can be no real happiness for us, dear, until you are running about just as you did five months ago."

Dorothy drew her mother toward her and placed the magic letter in her hand.

"Read it aloud, Mother. Everybody must hear the wonderful news. John, Bridget, Nora, you may stay. I want you all to hear it. Listen!" commanded Dorothy. These three faithful Irish servants had been long in the family, and the smallest happening was of vital interest to each one. Mrs. Ward had glanced over the letter before reading it aloud, and now she, too, began to behave quite as madly as Dorothy. She rushed up to the bed, threw her arms around her daughter, and began to cry from sheer joy. The three servants looked at one another, not knowing what to make of the mystery. At last Mrs. Ward took the letter and began to read:

"NEW YORK, May 26, 1910.

"DEAR MISS WARD: It gives us the greatest pleasure to inform you that the distinguished judges of our Book-Puzzle Competition, recently concluded, have awarded to your set of answers the *first prize*—a new Parkwood

automobile of 1910. We are mailing to your address, by same post with this letter, a copy of to-day's 'Courier,' containing the report of the judges, in full, and the complete list of prize-winners.

"We know it will be a source of much pride and pleasure to you that your name heads this list, and the 'Courier' offers you its heartiest congratulations upon your success. It only remains to say that the automobile is in readiness, and awaits your orders as to the time and place of delivery.

cation, we will have a motor. For the present we must forego that pleasure."

"And now, Dorothy, just think what this will mean! It seems too good to be true!"

Again mother and daughter read and re-read the letter. John, too, must see it, and, as his education had been sadly neglected, it took him some time to spell out each word.



"'READ IT ALOUD, MOTHER. EVERYBODY MUST HEAR THE WONDERFUL NEWS.'"

"With the earnest wish that it may bring you un-failing enjoyment and benefit, and thus amply reward you for the ardent zeal that you have bestowed upon our Book-Puzzle Competition, we are,

"Yours very sincerely,

"THE EVENING COURIER COMPANY,
"per James L. Brown, Sec'y."

"Bless my soul!" said John. "A—whole—big automobile!"

"Sakes *alive*!" said Bridget.

"The clever Miss Dorothy!" said Nora. "I always knew she would do something grand."

And Mrs. Ward? Well, even yet, she could not fully realize the fact. The one thing her husband had longed for was his—or, rather, Dorothy's. It did not matter much to whom it belonged. They all would share it, for the Ward family was a very united one. Mr. Ward had often said to his wife:

"Mary, when Hal and Dorothy finish their edu-

"Well, this beats St. Patrick an' all the snakes in ould Ireland!" was his comment at last.

"Let me introduce to you our new chauffeur, Mother," Dorothy said, pointing to John.

John blushed and stammered, but his eyes danced with pleasure. Words failing him, he handed the letter back to Dorothy and said:

"You deserve it, Miss Dorothy. Shure, no little lady ever stood such pain in such a grand way as you've done."

Bridget and Nora added their words of congratulation, but Bridget could not get over the "wonderful l'arnin'" their Miss Dorothy must have to win an automobile "clean out of her head."

The three servants then left the room, still radiant over the great surprise and success that had come to their little mistress.

All this time Aunt Alice's letter lay unopened

on the bed. When Dorothy glanced down and saw it, she at once remembered that her great good-fortune was really due to her aunt.

"Oh, Mother," she said, "please telegraph dear Aunt Alice at once! She should have been the first to know, for we really owe it all to her."

Mrs. Ward went to the telephone, which was on a little table beside the bed, and called up the telegraph office.

"What shall we say, dear?"

"Oh, just say: 'The motor is mine. I thank you a thousand times.'"

"She won't understand that. Probably she has forgotten all about the contest."

"Oh, but we can write, Mother, and explain."

"I have it!" said Mrs. Ward. "We will say: 'Have won automobile in Book Competition. A thousand thanks, Aunt Alice. Letter on way. DOROTHY WARD.' . . . Hello! Is that the telegraph office? Well, take this telegram for New York, please, and charge it to Mr. Ward's account."

They could have telephoned to New York, but Mr. and Mrs. Porter had no telephone in their New York home.

"I'll write this afternoon, so Aunt Alice will get my letter before breakfast to-morrow morning. I will ask her to be here when the motor comes and have the very first ride in it."

Dorothy never forgot others in her own joys.

"Papa must know right away. Do you think he will have reached his office, Mother?"

"I'll call him, dear."

"Don't tell him the surprise at first, Mother. Let me talk to him, please."

The telephone had been connected from downstairs. During Dorothy's convalescence she had been able to "visit with" her friends by telephone. It had helped to cheer many a weary hour.

Again Mrs. Ward took the telephone, called up her husband's office, handed the receiver to Dorothy, and in a moment heard her say:

"Yes, Papa. I had to call you! I've such a surprise for you, the greatest surprise you've ever had! . . . No, no, I can't tell. . . . You must guess. . . . Yes, after three guesses. . . . No, Father dear. Mother guessed that."

Mr. Ward's first guess had been that Dorothy was to be allowed to walk.

"That's one guess," said Dorothy. "Oh, hurry, do! Think what you would like most. . . . Oh, I know, Papa, but that wish is nearly true now. Just one more. . . . Oh, no. Now you're dreadfully cold! . . . I *must* tell you then, for I promised after three. Listen, Dad."

Dorothy proceeded, saying each word very slowly; and she paused several times in the telling.

"Dorothy Ward has won—can't you guess now, Dad? . . . Yes, that's it; a prize. . . . What prize, you say? Oh, surely, now, you can guess. . . . Then I'll have to tell you—an *au-to-mo-bile*!"

As Mrs. Ward watched Dorothy, she saw her face flush, and caught the sound of a laugh over the telephone. Evidently Dorothy's father took it all as a joke.

"Well, then, Dad, when you come home I'll show you the letter. It's from the 'Evening Courier' of New York."

"You don't mean—you *can't* mean—you've won the first prize in the Book-Puzzle Competition?" was his reply.

"Yes, Father. Listen. This letter came this morning."

She slowly read the letter over, word by word. Only Dorothy heard the exclamation at the other end of the wire. Then she turned to her mother.

"Father's coming home right away. I don't think he believes it's true, even now. He just said: 'Geewhizikins! Glory, hallelujah! You blessed little trump! I'll come right home.' Then he hung up the receiver."

WHILE waiting for the arrival of Dorothy's father, I must go back a little and tell you something of Dorothy herself: of her home, the accident, and how this wonderful happiness came about.

Dorothy lived in one of the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia. She had always been a great reader. She was never lonely nor bored, she often said, if only there was some good book near at hand. Her mother, too, had always been a book-lover, and was like a chum to Dorothy in her reading, sharing all her pleasures and wisely guiding her along the enchanting paths of literature. No wonder, then, that Dorothy, even in her early teens, had a library that was the envy and admiration of her schoolmates, and was known as the best-read girl of her age in all the neighborhood. She and Edith Mortimer, her chief girl friend, would spend hours and hours reading together. On fine days they would climb up into one of the big apple-trees that stood behind the house, and there Miss Alcott's girls and boys, Stevenson's heroes, and Walter Scott's heroines, all became their fast friends. Many of the characters of Dickens, too, were as familiar to her as to her father. She had a remarkable memory, well stored with the stately music of Tennyson, the home-songs of Longfellow, and many a golden sentence from Emerson and Ruskin. And she dearly loved a well-told story.

But besides a taste for reading, Dorothy and her father had always delighted in puzzles and

problems; and, next to a good story, she enjoyed a tussle with the riddles, charades, and anagrams in her favorite magazine.

Hal, her big brother, was in his third year at Yale. Paul and Peggy, the little brother and sister, were too young to be companionable, so Edith and her books were her constant delight. In the previous October she and Edith had entered a New York school, but during the Christmas vacation a terrible accident had occurred. While out riding one day, Dorothy's saddle had slipped. She had fallen, and the horse—her own beloved horse—had stepped on her ankle. For almost a block she had been dragged before Edith, who was with her, could dismount and reach the frightened animal. Then, when help came, Dorothy, quite unconscious, was picked up and carried home. It was feared, at first, that her foot would have to be amputated. Dr. Swan, a noted surgeon from New York, had come over in consultation, and the doctors finally decided to do all in their power to save the foot. I need not tell you of Dorothy's suffering. Enough that her pluck and patience were equal to the ordeal.

For weeks the brave girl would say each morning, when the surgeon came to dress her wound, "Has Mother gone?" and, after being assured that her father had taken her mother away, she would tell the doctors she was ready. That daily hour when the dressing must be changed was one of such agony that nobody but the doctors and nurse could endure to witness it. But that passed, and when the wound was sufficiently healed, the foot was put in a plaster cast. Gradually, day by day, the color came back into the poor little sufferer's face. She could be propped up in bed, and the bed would be wheeled into the big bay-window. From there Dorothy could watch the children skating on the pond, and see the beautiful white snow as it fell softly down from the sky.

Only last week the cast had been removed, and now she was able to be carried down-stairs every day to enjoy the sunshine on the veranda.

But Aunt Alice had paid her a visit early in February, and finding Dorothy bearing the pain so patiently, and trying not to tax her friends during those weary hours, had said to herself: "What can I do to make the time less tedious for the child? I can write every day when I go home, but suppose while I am here I tell her a story—the story of her mother and me when we were young?"

Dorothy loved to hear that story. You see, it never came to a real end, and she would listen, hour after hour, to the funny things those earlier girls did, the girlish troubles they had, and the pleasures they shared—not very unlike her own.

But Aunt Alice had to go home at last, and one day, before she left, while she was sitting in her room, wishing some good fairy would come and help her to think up some new means of bringing comfort to Dorothy, the Book-Puzzle Competition "popped into her head." She went to her satchel, opened it, and found the torn sheet of the paper that she was thinking of.

For on the evening when Aunt Alice had left New York to visit the Wards, she had been reading the "Courier," and her eye had caught the announcement, "Book-Puzzle Competition."

Underneath it was a funny picture which, Aunt Alice discovered, represented a book. A catalogue containing hundreds of titles was sent to all the contestants, and from that the right title for the picture must be found.

How foolish! she had thought, that so much good space should be devoted to such nonsense.

"They might better have more advertisements. Here I am, trying to buy a set of furs at a reduced price, and not one 'ad' about furs in the entire paper."

There was an advertisement, to be sure, of maids' aprons at greatly reduced prices. "Reduced from a dollar to fifty-nine cents." Not that Aunt Alice was needing maids' aprons, but she could not let such a bargain pass. So the paper was tucked away for future reference.

Now, as she happened upon it, she exclaimed with delight: "Oh, Dorothy loves books and she loves puzzles! This competition is just the thing to interest her!"

So, that very morning, she wrote to the main office of the "Evening Courier," asking to have the back numbers forwarded and the future numbers sent to Dorothy; also the catalogue. She inclosed a check to cover the amount. Then Aunt Alice became very much excited. She could hardly wait for the morrow to come. The first mail brought nothing, nor the second, either. But just before supper several fat bundles, addressed to Miss Dorothy Ward, arrived, and great excitement prevailed.

"We had better wait until the morning, Alice, I think," said Dorothy's mother. "The child must sleep to-night. To-morrow is Saturday, and we can all be with her."

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Aunt Alice, Paul, and Peggy were all eagerly watching Dorothy undo her packages. Aunt Alice feared that everybody might think, as she had thought at first, that it was all foolishness. But she was rewarded by seeing Dorothy's delight.

"Many of these books are old friends, Aunt Alice! And these funny pictures are great! I believe I've guessed one already," said Dorothy.

She held up the picture of an old, gray-headed man, with a hoe in his hand and evidently showing it to a little boy.

"The Man with the Hoe," suggested Mr. Ward.

"Perhaps. But I think it 's Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe'—I 've an hoe," said Dorothy.

become the most important person in the house. The "foolishness," indeed, proved a great blessing; and, day after day, as the paper arrived, a fresh game was played. Dorothy's friends, when they dropped in to see her, all had a try at the titles. Dorothy wrote Edith about it, and she and her



"NOT UNTIL THE MOTOR DREW UP IN FRONT OF DOROTHY DID ANYBODY SPEAK." (SEE PAGE 634.)

"Why, certainly! Of course it is! Good for you, Dot!" they all exclaimed.

"Oh, but it 's nothing so easy as all that, you may be sure," said the wise Dorothy. "I must study it out by myself, by and by."

Nora had to ring the dinner-bell three times before she could get the family to come to lunch. It was her afternoon out, too. Not one of them, except Paul and Peggy, had stirred out of Dorothy's room all morning. No two of them had guessed the same title for any picture, but every time Dorothy's suggestion was voted the best.

"That was a great idea of yours, Alice," said Mr. Ward during the meal. And Aunt Alice had

school friends subscribed for the paper, and spent their spare hours trying to guess the pictures.

So a little thought grows in greatness, and carries far and wide its blessings. For of such is the kingdom of kindness.

CHAPTER II

AN EVENTFUL DAY

MR. WARD came up the stairs three steps at a time. Dorothy could hear him. He bounded into the room and up to her bed, quite out of breath and as eager as a boy.

All the way home this excitement had been

gathering force. The train was unusually slow, and the trolley which brought him from the station was slower still. During the trip he had had time to reflect, and now he was quite convinced that this was no April-fool joke, but a reality. Of course his little girl was clever enough to win any prize!

Dorothy was sitting up in bed, her face beaming with happiness.

"Bravo! *bra-vo*, Dot! This is one of the proudest moments of my life. My little book-worm! My motor-girl! Where 's the letter, Dot? Let me read about this triumph of yours! It did n't seem possible, at first, my girlie. This sort of thing does n't happen often in real life. An automobile—by Jove, the very thing we have longed for, too!"

"Is n't it great, Dad? And it *is* really true!"

Her father's hand fairly trembled with joy and pride as he read the letter, and both he and Dorothy decided that they could not wait very long for their new toy. So Mr. Ward said he would go to New York the very next day and take John with him.

"I don't know much about running a machine, though, and John knows nothing," said Mr. Ward. "I know what I 'll do. I 'll telephone Mr. Lawton and ask him if he will give us a lesson."

He went to the telephone.

"Give me 131 Germantown, please.

"Hello! Is Mr. Lawton at home? . . . He is? Tell him that Mr. Ward would like to speak to him, please.

"That you, Lawton? It 's Ward speaking. . . . Yes, the same. A small earthquake has occurred in our family. . . . What 's that? No, Dorothy can't walk quite yet, but she will soon. In the meantime the dear girl has won a gorgeous prize, the Book-Puzzle Competition prize offered by the New York 'Courier'! Yes, really. An automobile, a Parkwood. . . . Thank you. I 'll tell her. It will please her mightily.

"Lawton, I 'm going to ask a favor. If you 're not too busy, could you give John and me a lesson in motoring this afternoon? We want to go for the car to-morrow, and both John and I are pretty new at the business. You can let us into the principal motor secrets. Then in New York we can have another lesson."

So it was arranged that, while Dorothy wrote her letter to Aunt Alice and sent Edith a line, John and her father should take their first lesson in motoring.

Just then Nora appeared with a parcel which was recognized at once as the copy of the "Courier," and Mrs. Ward was hurriedly summoned so that all three of them might enjoy it together.

Needless to say their interest in the report and their delight in seeing the award of "the first prize" to "Miss Dorothy Ward" knew no bounds.

The fond mother finally took the paper, saying, "You may get other copies, Robert, if you like. I 'm going to put this one away forever, in some safe place, as a family heirloom!"

"It is exactly like being in a fairy story," Dorothy said. "And all this happiness has taken place in two little hours."

For at ten o'clock the postman had brought that wonderful letter, and now the clock was striking twelve. It was too exciting a day for them to be separated, so Mr. Ward remained at home, and lunch was served in Dorothy's room. Paul and Peggy were still at school.

"How long will it be before I can ride in it, Dad?"

"The doctor will let you go before long, I feel sure, dear. He won't want you to use your foot much, of course. He is waiting till you get a little more strength. You see, you had a great shock, but I believe the motor will be the best possible cure. To-morrow I will call and see Dr. Swan. You look stronger to-day, Dot, than you have looked since your accident."

After lunch, Dorothy was dressed, and carried down to the veranda.

Dorothy often wrote her letters there. Mrs. Ward usually brought her sewing and sat beside her. And if she was obliged to leave her, Nora was always within call.

The clock had just struck three, and Dorothy's letter was only half written, when Mr. Lawton's machine came up the driveway.

"Hurrah for you, Dorothy!" said Mr. Lawton. "You 're a great girl. You 've gone ahead of me with your new Parkwood. Mine is a 1909, and it has to do for 1910 as well."

"Oh, I 'm simply wild about it!" said Dorothy. "And I was just thinking how I would christen my motor, but motors don't have names, do they, Mr. Lawton? Is n't it a pity? Horses have names and boats have names, but motors have none."

"We 've renamed Dorothy, though," said her father, coming out of the house just then. "'Dorothy, the motor-girl.' Can't you just see her speeding along?"

Every part of the machine had suddenly doubled in interest. Dorothy's eyes were traveling all over Mr. Lawton's car. She longed to ask heaps of questions, but she felt it was better to wait until her own motor arrived.

John and Mr. Ward went off with Mr. Lawton. Mr. Ward was at the wheel. When they returned, Mr. Lawton said they had both been very apt pupils and they could bring Dorothy's car over from New York, next day, without any trouble.

"Would you mind coming on my second motor trip, Mr. Lawton?" Dorothy asked. "You see, there are so many to go on the first—Father, Mother, Aunt Alice, Paul and Peggy, and, I suppose, Dorothy, the motor-girl."

"Let's call it the 'second section' of the first trip. First section overcrowded, so a second section is made up," said Mr. Lawton.

"That sounds delightful," said Dorothy.

John had enjoyed his lesson. He was glad Mr. Lawton had left his chauffeur behind. To him a chauffeur was a very great personage, and the idea that he was to be one was almost too much for John. He was already planning how he might acquire a fine leather coat and cap, with leggings to match, such as Mr. Lawton's chauffeur wore. There was a sort of smartness about chauffeurs that gardeners and cab-drivers never seemed to possess.

Next morning Dorothy was awakened by her father's hearty laugh. Something funny was happening. Nora soon appeared.

"Shure, Miss Dorothy, if you could but see John! He's taken off his *mustache*, and he looks so comical like! I can't think if he looks most like a priest or a cabby."

Nora began to laugh so heartily that it became contagious, and Dorothy was soon laughing with the rest.

"I must see him, Nora," she said.

"I'll tell him, miss, you want to speak to him about the machine."

Off went Nora to bring John, trying hard to keep a straight face while she delivered the message.

Presently John appeared.

The transformation was so complete that Dorothy was speechless. John's sandy mustache had covered a mouth of great dimensions. Now his long upper lip gave him a very sanctimonious expression. He did indeed look somewhat like a priest and very much like a cabby, as Nora had suggested.

"Why, John, what have you done? I hardly know you," said Dorothy.

"Shure, chauffeurs don't have a *mustache*, miss, and if I'm going to be one of thim, I'm going to be the rale thing!"

There was something pathetic about this transformation of John. Deep down in his heart he had often aspired to some such height. But to be a chauffeur surpassed even the top notch of his ambition.

"Well, you must n't miss the train *this* morning, John," said Dorothy.

"Shure, no, miss. We must n't do that. And I've got lots to do first," said John, as he hurriedly left the room.

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"I think this will be the longest day of my life," said Dorothy to herself. "I hope Father will try to see Aunt Alice. She should have my letter by noon. I wish I had mailed it earlier. Now I must write Edith and tell her the wonderful news. It's so hard to do things with that motor always in my thoughts. It keeps popping up before me every minufe, and I can't think of anything else. But, Edith, I *will* write to you."

So Dorothy wrote:

MY DEAREST EDITH: The most wonderful thing has happened! I've won first prize in the Book Competition, and now I am the owner of a real automobile. What do you think of that? Oh, Edith, is n't it just glorious? Sometimes I'm afraid I'm dreaming, and then I close my eyes for fear I shall wake up. Just think of the fun we shall have this summer. We will share the machine. It is really half yours. For what I should have done without your letters, I don't know. They have helped me to be brave, and I think courage is the best medicine in the world. Sometimes when I felt I could bear the pain no longer, one of your dear letters would come, with its plans for all the good times we should have together, and I seemed to get fresh strength.

Do you know, Edith, to-day I feel so well! Ever since the wonderful news came, I have felt much stronger. Papa and John have gone to New York to bring the motor. Can't you come home next Saturday? The car will seem incomplete until you have seen it.

Just at this point Dorothy's door opened, and into the room walked Aunt Alice!

"Why, Auntie dear! Where did you come from? Did you get my letter?"

"No, dear, but I could n't wait. Your telegram made your Uncle Paul and me so excited last night, we could n't sleep, and when no letter came this morning, I just packed my bag and came over. Oh, you darling! I felt sure you would win that prize!"

Aunt Alice began to take off her things. Then she had to see the letter that had brought the good news, and while she was having a word with her sister, Dorothy finished Edith's letter and asked Nora please to put it in the post-box.

The day passed much more quickly than Dorothy expected. When six o'clock arrived, every one began to be excited.

"Papa said he would not reach New York before ten," said Dorothy. "He had a little business to attend to, and he wanted to see Dr. Swan, so it would be one o'clock or even two before he could start home."

All the afternoon Dorothy and Aunt Alice had been on the veranda. They were so busy talking that neither of them had missed Mrs. Ward.

"Where do you suppose Mother has been all the afternoon?" said Dorothy.

"Mother!" she called. "I see Mrs. Mortimer

and Arthur coming up the driveway. Can't you come out?"

"Yes, dear; I'll be with you in a moment."

Seven had just struck when, after many false alarms, they heard a beautiful musical sound in the distance.

"That's a Gabriel, all right," said Arthur.

"A what?" Dorothy asked.

"A Gabriel horn, and I'll wager it belongs to Dorothy's new motor."

Mrs. Ward said afterward she would have given anything for a picture of Dorothy just then. She was sitting upon the sofa, her dark hair falling about her shoulders, her beautiful brown eyes shining like two stars, and such happiness radiating from her face that as Aunt Alice and Mrs. Ward exchanged glances, each saw the other slyly wipe away a tear.

The excitement was so great that every one was silent. Not until the motor drew up in front of Dorothy did anybody speak. Then they all began to talk at the same time, and nobody seemed to be listening. Out jumped Mr. Ward and came over to his little girl.

"You've earned it, dear, in more ways than one," he said, kissing her forehead and giving her a warm embrace.

"It's yours, Daddy, all yours, and I'm your motor-girl."

But who was the gentleman following her father? Surely not Dr. Swan! Yes, it was indeed he!

"Well, well, Dorothy! I never should have known you. Is this the little lady I saw two months ago? Look at the roses in those cheeks! If the foot has gained as rapidly as the roses have come, there will be no question any longer about walking."

Dr. Swan passed on to Mrs. Ward, and just then Edith, who had been hiding in the machine, slipped up behind, placed her hands over Dorothy's eyes, and said, in a very sepulchral voice:

"Guess—who—it is!"

"It's you, Edith," said Dorothy. "I could n't make a mistake."

The girls embraced, and then, all excitement, Edith began to tell of the wonderful ride from New York.

John had been standing on one side,—or *was* it John? Dorothy wondered. In the half-dim light she could see a trim, military-looking man in a fine cap and uniform. He stepped up to her and said: "Put your arm around me shoulder, Miss Dorothy, and, be gorry, I'll lift ye into your own motor."

Supporting her foot very carefully, he lifted

her from the sofa and placed her on the seat, while all the others looked on with tender delight in her happiness. Oh, the joy of that moment!

"Come, Mother! come, Aunt Alice! get into the car with me, oh, do, please!"

Aunt Alice was not fond of motor-cars. She was too much afraid of "traveling over a gasoline tank," she said. But she, with Mrs. Ward, got in beside Dorothy, and both women went into raptures over the machine. Dorothy was spell-bound. She pinched herself to make sure she was awake. She was thinking of the pleasure they would all have in the days to come.

But just then Nora appeared at the door.

"Supper is ready, and our travelers are hungry," called Mrs. Ward. So Dorothy was lifted out again, and all adjourned to the dining-room.

The table looked very festive and pretty, lit up by the candles. And evidently everybody had been expected, for it was double its usual size and loaded down with good things.

"So this is what Mother has been doing all day," said Dorothy. "She and Father must have planned this."

Such a jolly supper-party! Dr. Swan and Edith poked fun at Mr. Ward, declaring their lives had been in danger all the way over. Dorothy's father made every one laugh, telling of his experiences with John, and a sudden curious sound from the kitchen completed the fun. John, in his gorgeous uniform, had "paralyzed" Bridget and Nora when he appeared in the doorway.

It was ten o'clock. The motor had been put to bed in the barn. Dorothy was waiting for the doctors. The family physician was to meet Dr. Swan, and a final examination was to be made. Presently the two came in.

"A perfect knitting together of the bone, Lang. It could n't be better. The tissues seem thoroughly healed," said Dr. Swan, after the examination. And turning to Dorothy, he added:

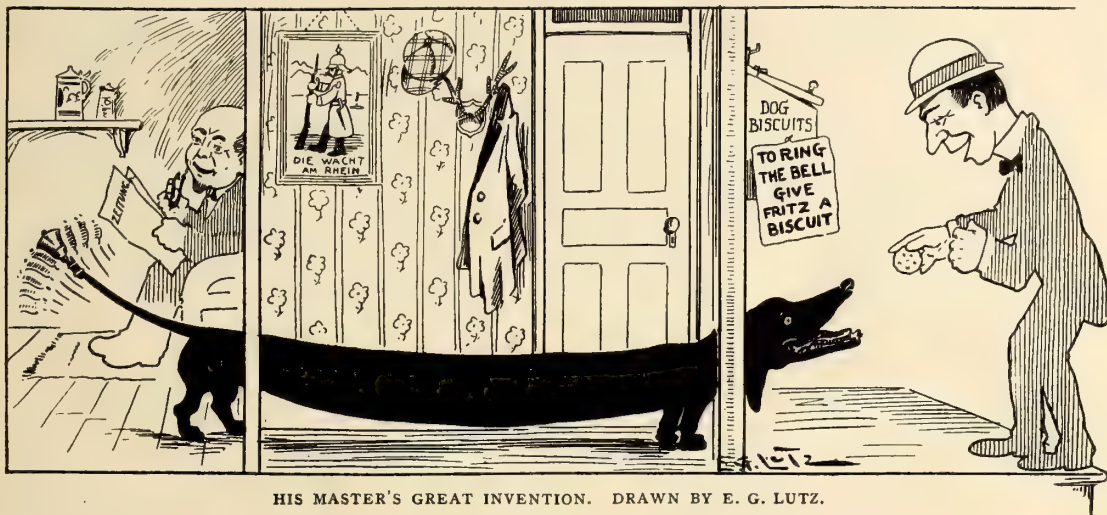
"Now, little lady, it's up to you to complete the cure. You must teach your foot to walk again. Don't overdo it, but, day by day, give it a little exercise. It will be hard at first, but you will get used to it. Above all, live in the open air. Good night, my little first prize. You have taught us many a lesson, and you have won the respect and love of many of my little patients whom you have never seen, for I have told them of your pluck."

"Thank you, Doctor," was all that Dorothy could say.

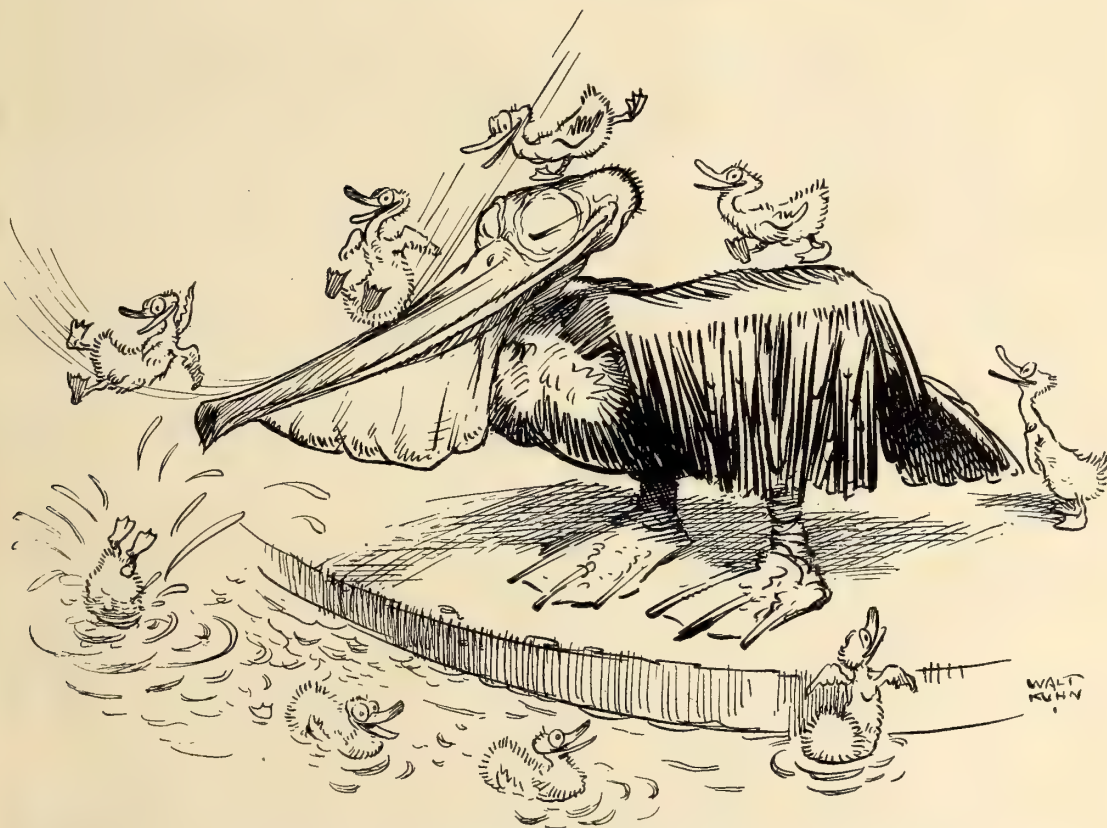
And so that Friday ended; the unlucky day, as some people call it. But it was Dorothy's lucky day, indeed.

(To be continued.)

"JUST FOR FUN"



HIS MASTER'S GREAT INVENTION. DRAWN BY E. G. LUTZ.



THE GOOD-NATURED PELICAN AND THE SPORTIVE DUCKLINGS. DRAWN BY WALT KUHN.

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

COME, LASSES AND LADS

(May-pole dance)

THIS is a merry English song descriptive of a dance around the May-pole. The first of May, called May-day, was a time of great jollification. May-poles, erected in all the towns and villages, were a charming feature of these festive occasions. They were decorated with wreaths of flowers, and around them the people danced all the day long.

17th Century

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



Gaily

1. Come, lass - es and lads, get leave of your dads, And a -
2. "You're out,"... says Dick, "Not I,".... says Nick, "'Twas the

way to the May - pole hie,..... For ev - 'ry fair has a part - ner there, And the
fid - dler play'd it wrong.".. "'Tis true," says Hugh,.. and so says Sue, And...

fid - dler's stand - ing by,..... For Wil - ly shall dance with Jane,.... And John - ny has got his
so.. says ev - 'ry one.... The fid - dler then be - gan.... To play.. the tune a -

Joan,..... To trip it, trip it, trip.. it, trip it, Trip.... it up and
gain,..... And ev - 'ry girl did trip.. it, trip it, Trip.... it to the

down;.... To trip it, trip it, trip.. it, trip it, Trip.. it up and down....
men;.... And ev - 'ry girl did trip.. it, trip it, Trip.. it to the men.....

WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR



THIS is another charming English May-day song. The coming of spring was in olden times celebrated in various ways. In England, May-day was set apart for a special gala occasion. In the early morning, the people would go out and gather flowers with which to decorate their houses and the scenes of the merry-making. A May-queen was chosen, to whom the young reveler paid court, as told in Tennyson's "May Queen." The day was spent in dancing, singing, playing games, and in general jollification. The festive gaiety of our song centers about an English fair, which was always the scene of great merriment.

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS

Lightly and with animation

1. 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, When na - ture painted
2. Soon did they meet a joy - ful throng, Their gay com - pan - ions

all things gay, Taught birds to sing and lambs to play, And deck'd the mead-ows fair... Young
blithe and young; Each joins the dance, each joins the song, To hail the hap - py pair... What

Jock - ey, ear - ly in the morn, A - rose, and tripp'd it o'er the lawn; His Sun-day coat the
two were e'er so fond as they! All bless the kind, pro - pi - tious day, The smil - ing morn and

youth put on, For Jen - ny had vow'd to go a - long With Jock - ey to the fair...
bloom - ing May, When love - ly Jen - ny went a - way With Jock - ey to the fair...

For Jen - ny had vow'd to go a - long With Jock - ey to the fair...
When love - ly Jen - ny went a - way With Jock - ey to the fair...

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

CHAPTER III

A NIGHT ON THE PLAINS

"THERE! It's down!"

The relief in Dick Ryerson's voice was echoed by a husky hurrah from Lincoln Adams and Bob Colbourne, and rising from the floor of the balloon, where for hours they had been watching the descending sun, conscious only of gnawing hunger and a burning thirst, the boys gazed below. Once more the clouds had come between them and the earth.

"They are as far down as ever. We have n't dropped an inch," declared Lincoln, disappointedly. "I thought you said, Bob, that we would fall as soon as the sun began to sink?"

"I think we are dropping a bit. You'll not notice it much at first."

A few minutes later there was no doubt that the balloon was at last descending. Fanning their cheeks as they peered below was a faint upward current of air. Anxiously all fixed their eyes on a long, ragged ridge of cloud, seemingly a mile beneath them, an outpost of the main field beyond. Slowly at first, then more quickly, it seemed to open out and rise toward them. The upward movement of air increased. Nearer the vapory outpost came. Suddenly it spread out like a fan, . . . they were in it, . . . and beyond.

Dick and Lincoln started, and turned to Bob. He was gazing up at the balloon bag.

"We sha'n't drop much faster, shall we?" they asked, in alarm.

"I don't know. The bag seems taut yet."

The wind was now whistling by them shrilly, and other stray vapor patches were rising and passing. Soon a steady stream of ragged cloud came whipping up, and hemmed them in. But the main floor of mist began to spread out and show openings. Faster and yet faster they dropped.

Lincoln placed his hands to his ears. "My head is throbbing," he said. "Had n't we better throw some ballast?"

Bob's own hands went to his ears, but he shook his head. "We don't want to lose a single chance of getting down."

Scattered streaks of vapor were now streaming upward around them. The rush of air tossed their hair and whined in the basket cordage. Still faster they fell.

"My head will burst!" murmured Dick.

Downward they shot. The main field of cloud

opened out. They were in it—through it. From the twilight below a jagged yellow landscape rushed up at them. Bob whipped out his knife, and with a slash ripped open one of the ballast-bags. The dry sand flew stinging into their faces. Still they hurtled downward. He slashed a second and a third bag. Lincoln and Dick caught out their knives and feverishly opened them.

"No, wait!"

Bob was holding a hand out from the car.

"A warm upward current of air! It may stop us!"

With poised knives they stood, their eyes fixed on a group of yellow spots directly below. Dizzily they fell toward them. Suddenly the yellow patches ceased widening, there was a moment of suspense, and all breathed a sigh of relief. The balloon seemed to be neither falling nor rising.

Then followed a new anxiety. "Are we going down at all now?" exclaimed Lincoln.

"We may pass out of this warm air-current any minute, and go on falling," replied Bob. "But, I say," he added, in a mystified tone, "is n't it funny, a hot wind in September? Surely we have n't reached the southwestern plains?"

Dick was peering intently into the gloom below. "Well, we have been going at a great clip all day. And we're still on the drive. Look at those hills slipping along," he said, pointing.

"How far east do the big plains begin, Lincoln?"

"I give it up. Colorado and Kansas, I think, though I'm not sure. But it does n't seem possible we could have come that far."

In spite of Bob's prediction, the balloon did not drop farther, and an hour later was still flitting swiftly along high over a now barely discernible landscape. When they judged another hour had passed, and there was still no sign that they were descending, the boys once more made themselves as comfortable as possible on the floor of the basket, and, painfully hungry and thirsty though they were, soon were nodding into sleep.

It seemed to Lincoln but a minute later that he started into wakefulness. A thin quarter-moon was just rising, and dimly he made out Bob and Dick also bolt upright, listening.

"What was it?" he whispered.

From seemingly just below came a long-drawn howl.

"A dog! A farm!" Instantly the boys were on their feet, peering below. All was obscurity.

"Are you sure it was a dog?" questioned Dick, in a low voice.

"Why, what else—"

Again it came, a long, weird, high-pitched note.

"That settles it. We 're out over the plains. It's a coyote," declared Dick.

As they listened another sound arose, a low, soft "M-m-m-m!"

"Cattle!" cried Lincoln. "We 're over a ranch! Let us yell!"

"Are n't we dropping?" Bob interrupted.

As he spoke, the others also became conscious of the upward rush of air. Hopefully, and somewhat nervously, they strained their eyes, gazing below.

Faster the air came. Suddenly, before the boys had time to think, dark shapes loomed up, sprang at them, and there was a terrific crash. In a dazed heap on the floor, they felt the basket rebound into the air, there was a second terrific impact, a series of leaps, then a crashing as of branches, and a sudden halt.

Dazed though they were, the boys were on their feet and over the side of the car in a jiffy. The joy of being down at last quickly cleared their minds, and after a hurried feeling of limbs, which disclosed no other injuries than bruises, they turned eagerly to look about them in the semi-darkness.

"We appear to be in a small valley," said Dick.

"And out on the plains, sure enough," declared Lincoln, stooping. "Feel the sand. And—yes!—here is a nubby little cactus. That settles it."

Looming up a short distance from them was a round-topped knoll. The boys headed for it.

They had gone but a few steps, however, when Lincoln halted. "I say, should n't we make sure of the balloon?" he questioned. "The basket has caught under that low tree, but if the wind shifts it may come free and the balloon go off again. There's no need of losing it."

The others agreed, and, returning, they found the flying-rope. Carrying it to a second tree, apparently a species of thorn, they wound it several times about the trunk.

"That will hold," said Lincoln, as they again headed for the knoll. "And we have her to fall back upon in a pinch. For she would go up again, would n't she, Bob?"

"Easily. She has lost remarkably little gas, and there are over twenty ballast-bags on her yet. Five or six cut off would send her up."

They had reached the foot of the rise. At a run they gained the crest. To the east, high against the sky, was the black shape of a mountain, over whose jagged peak the pale quarter-moon was just showing. To north, south, and

west shapeless successions of low hills* rolled away into obscurity.

For a space, however, no friendly light could they discover. Then Bob, moving farther along the knoll, uttered a cry, and hastening after him, the others discovered a small dot of yellow light apparently just under the moon. At a run they were off down the slope, heading toward it.

"It will be a rancher's house," said Dick, as they stumbled eagerly along.

"Yes! And do you know one commodity they 'll have there?" queried Lincoln, gaily. "Some real, genuine, cool, fresh water! Think of it!"

Involuntarily all increased their pace, and, a few steps farther, almost ran into a wire fence. Following it, they were within a hundred yards of the light when on their right appeared a second fence. Simultaneously there came a low sound of stamping and snorting.

"A horse-corral," announced Dick. "And, *oh, water!*"

In a twinkling, regardless of possible falls in the darkness, the three boys were fairly racing in the direction of the tinkling sound, and a moment later were flat on their stomachs, drinking long, delicious draughts at a sweet, cool spring.

Without a word the three parched lads drank, and drank, and drank again, and buried their faces deep in the cold, bubbling water. And when at last they arose, all felt as though renewed with life.

"If we do as well for something to eat at the house," remarked Dick, as they finally resumed their way toward the light, "we 'll feel like kings."

"Or presidents," corrected Lincoln, jocularly.

The house appeared, and proved to be a very small affair, a mere one-story shanty. But the light from the window seemed to beam a welcome to the hungry and lonesome boys, and they hastened forward.

A few feet from the door they sharply halted.

"Hold on! hold on!" roared a gruff, angry voice. "I reckon I have the call on this round-up!"

The three boys turned on one another in speechless dismay. Had they heard aright? After all they had gone through, after their eager haste toward the seemingly friendly light, surely it was not possible they were to have a no more friendly reception!

Silently, with lips tightly set over their disappointment, the boys tiptoed to a spot where they could peek through the window.

Seated about a small table, in the light of two candles, were three rough, grizzly-faced men,

playing cards. Near the hand of one of them rested a heavy revolver, and similar weapons protruded from the belts of the others. Leather "chaps" and a pyramid of saddles against the wall proclaimed them ranchmen or cow-boys.

The boys drew back a step. "What do you think?" whispered Dick. "Shall we knock?"

"They are a hard-looking trio," said Lincoln, doubtfully. "But we must do something!"

To their ears came the thud of rapidly approaching hoofs. Hastily the boys withdrew to the rear of the cabin.

The sounds, apparently of several horses, drew nearer, and came to a halt but a short distance away.

"At the corral," said Lincoln.

Footsteps quickly followed. As they neared the front of the hut, the boys tiptoed back to the window, and reached it in time to see the door open and three more rough-looking cow-men appear. About the arm of one of them was a reddened bandage.

The men at the table turned.

"Well, how she look?" demanded one of them.

"How 's this look?" growled the man with the wounded arm. "It looks as though some coyote had tipped the whole valley off. Half the G-Bar outfit was cayutin' roun', an' gave us the guns before we knowed whar we was."

Dick and Lincoln drew back from the window with simultaneous whistles.

"Cattle-rustlers! We are in hard luck for sure," whispered Lincoln.

"Rustlers?"

"Cattle-thieves, Bob. Let us get away a bit."

As they softly withdrew, Lincoln added gloomily: "And this means, too, that we are miles from anywhere. This must be their headquarters, and you can wager it 's as far from civilization as they could get. And with the whole crowd in bad humor, and one wounded—I 'd rather take chances in the balloon again."

"So would I," agreed Dick. "More than likely they would take us for spies, and shoot us on sight."

A safe distance from the cabin the boys paused. "Well, is it the balloon?" asked Dick.

"Let us investigate this shanty first," Bob suggested, indicating a small building ahead of them. "We may find something we can eat. I 'd be willing even to try oats."

"I don't think they feed oats on a ranch," said Lincoln, as they continued forward. "There may be corn."

It was as they neared the little shed that Dick thought of the horses. He halted.

"I say, can you fellows ride? Look here, then!

More than likely the horses in the corral were stolen by these fellows! Let us hook off on three of them!"

The others' startled exclamations were quickly followed by enthusiastic approval of the novel plan.

"But how would we catch them, and guide them? And where would we head for?" demanded Bob, on second thought.

"I saw a bunch of lead-halters over the fence corner as we came up. As to where—we can pick out three marked with the same brand, and just give them their heads, and hang on. They 'll make a bee-line for home."

"Brilliant! Lead on, Macduff!" said Lincoln, decisively. "That is, after we have seen what 's in here."

Feeling their way, they entered the little shed, and almost immediately ran into a wall of something that gave forth a dry rustle. "Corn-stalks. And, yes, corn on them," said Dick, with delight. "Fill your pockets."

Their coats bulging with cobs of corn, and hungrily munching on the hard kernels, the boys made for the corral. The moon, now higher, faintly illumined the scene, and on the fence near the bars they found the halters Dick had noted. Securing one apiece, they entered the paddock.

The wondering group of horses at first moved from them; but going forward slowly, the boys finally succeeded in getting among them, and began studying their brands.

"Stolen, sure enough," declared Dick. "They are marked with all kinds of brands—changed anyhow so as to hide the brand of the ranch they were stolen from. It 's hard to pick one out."

"Here is one," Lincoln announced. "Look for two X's and a bar beneath."

The task still proved difficult. Bob and Dick presently found the brand described, but the skittish animals bearing them were out of the question. At length, however, all had secured comparatively quiet animals with the desired mark; and haltering them, they led them to the bars, and out.

"Suppose we lead them a bit before getting aboard," Bob suggested, as they replaced the bars. "If we mount right away the men at the cabin may hear."

This was done, and two hundred yards distant the boys halted, and with some difficulty scrambled upon their horses' bare backs. As they secured their seats the moon was almost obliterated by heavy clouds, leaving them in semi-darkness; but without hesitation, while the boys clung with knees and hands, the three ponies were immediately off at full gallop, toward the west.

"Dick, you are a star," said Lincoln, jubilantly, as they thundered along, neck and neck. "We can soon get somewhere, at this rate."

"It was a jolly clever idea," declared Bob. "How do your horses go? This chap is a chair."

"That 's the only drawback," Lincoln replied, in a jolting voice. "This creature humps along like a ton o' brick, and has no shoulders. I 'm—" "Listen!"

For a space only the drumming of their ponies'

with the halter-ends and low, excited cries. Steadily the thunder of the pursuing horses drew nearer, and at last a loud whoop told the fugitives that they were discovered.

And, following the shout, came shrill whines over their heads, and the crack of revolvers. In added alarm the boys bent low over their animals' outstretched necks, and desperately sought to send them yet faster. Lincoln's hat jolted from his head and disappeared; Bob's small cap, too.



"LINCOLN CREPT IN, AS STILL AS A MOUSE." (SEE PAGE 643.)

hoofs broke the silence. Then on the breeze came the sound of a shout from behind them.

"The rustlers! They 've heard us!" cried Lincoln. "Now it 's a case of ride!"

"But we have a good start, and the darkness will help us," he added, as they urged their horses to greater speed.

The animals responded so willingly that the boys kept their seats with the greatest difficulty. A few minutes later the shouting again reached them, however. And finally a thundering of hoofs removed the last doubt that the cattle-rustlers were in full pursuit.

Determinedly the boys urged their ponies on

They rushed over the dark mass of a low hill, and breathed a sigh of momentary relief, only to be confronted with a new anxiety. Lincoln's horse was failing. Slowly at first, then with every stride, he began to fall behind. "Pull up, boys!" gasped Lincoln. But the next moment he exclaimed: "No, go on! Go on! Get away if you can! Ride for all you 're worth!"

"Yes, go on! Don't be idiots!" he cried, as Bob and Dick began straining at their animals' heads. "Go on! And if you get away, and I 'm caught, you can bring back help!"

Nevertheless, the other two continued to saw and pull. Their flying mounts paid not the slight-

est heed, however, and Lincoln dropped farther to the rear. Soon only the pounding of his horse was heard. At last that also had been lost in the thunder of the pursuing horses.

"They have him!" choked Dick.

"And they 're going to get us, too!" Bob added, a short distance farther. "Here they come!"

"Hold on thar!" cried a threatening voice but a hundred yards in the rear. At the word there was a report, and the high-pitched snarl of a pistol-bullet just between them.

Low to their horses' necks, the boys sped on.

The thunder of the animals behind drew yet nearer.

"You thar, pull up!" The voice was almost at their ears. A moment longer the lads held on. Again came the crack of the pistol, and the hum between them. And with a final despairing look at one another they began pulling at their ponies' heads.

The excited animals paid no heed to their efforts. "We can't stop them! They are running away!" shouted Bob over his shoulder. The words were greeted with exclamations of surprise, and the boys caught the remark, "A pair of kids!"

The next moment, with a rush, two tall figures loomed up beside them, leaned over, caught their horses by the head, and brought them sprawling to a halt. The rest of the pursuers stormed up, and Bob and Dick were the center of an astonished group.

"They be kids, by thunder!" exclaimed the apparent leader. And then sharply he demanded: "Whar in tarnation did you come from? And wot do you mean by runnin' off our hosses, eh?"

No reference was made to Lincoln! Had he escaped? With a hopeful glance Dick noted that all six of the cattle-men were present. Instantly he lurched against Bob, as though exhausted, and whispered: "Not a word about Lincoln or the balloon, Bob!" and recovering himself, responded, with an assumption of jocularly: "We took them because we needed them—in our business."

"You 'll be needin' somethin' else 'in your business' before we 're through with you!" growled the head of the gang, grimly. "But whar in tarnation did you drop from?"

Despite the gravity of the situation, both boys had to suppress a smile at the nearness of the chance remark to the truth. "We were just traveling round to see things," Bob replied evasively.

"That 's it," confirmed Dick.

Finally, unable to extract anything more satisfactory from their prisoners, the cattle-men turned back, escorting the two boys as captives.

As they once more neared the corral, Dick found opportunity to whisper to Bob: "Linc must certainly have got away. Probably they will take us to the cabin and tie us up. Then Linc will have us out before morning. You see!"

Arrived at the shanty, the first part of Dick's prediction was quickly confirmed. Without ceremony they were bound, and flung upon the floor at one end of the room.

Apparently when disturbed the men had been on the point of retiring; and soon they began climbing into the rough bunks that lined one end of the cabin. The last to turn in was the leader. Before doing so he found a hide-rope some twelve feet in length, and making it secure about an ankle of each of the two boys, fastened the other end to his own arm.

"Now, you wiggle, and I 'll shoot!" he said, as he blew out the candles. "I kin shoot in my sleep."

For what seemed an hour the two lads lay without a move, but with every faculty alert. What had happened to Lincoln? Was there a chance of his having been thrown and hurt? These questions the two prisoners discussed over and over to themselves, with many disquieting suggestions in answer. On one point they were unconsciously agreed, however, and never took their eyes off the window now lit up by the moon. They knew that if Lincoln was able, he would make an attempt to rescue them.

The majority of the cattle-men had fallen asleep very quickly, but for a long time Bob and Dick could not decide whether their leader had followed their example. Finally Bob determined to find out. "I say, Mr. Boss," he whispered, "I am jolly tired of this position. Can't you give us a little more slack, and let us turn over?"

There was no response. He repeated the question, and with a sigh of relief addressed Dick. "Awake, Dick?"

"Yes. What do you think about Lincoln?"

"I have made up my mind he got away safely. If he had been thrown near the path, the rustlers would have seen him. You noticed they had his horse, and without the halter."

"Yes, but—"

"'Sh!"

Both started eagerly to their elbows, and listened. Yes, a step!

The next moment they with difficulty suppressed a cry of joy. In the window against the returned moonlight was the silhouette of a familiarly disordered head of hair. It was Lincoln.

The head remained immovable a space, gazing at them, and Bob silently moved his head in the direction of the door. Lincoln saw and under-

stood. He moved quietly from the window toward the doorway. There he stood for a moment as if afraid to venture in, then they heard him moving again.

"Now we 'll hope to goodness the door does n't squeak," whispered Bob, as soft steps neared it.

At the door the footsteps paused, as though Lincoln were listening. The latch lifted, the door opened softly. They nodded to him in the moonlight, and whispered, "Easy now. Look out for the floor's creaking!"

Lincoln crept in, as still as a mouse.

And in another five minutes, with a few deep slashes from his knife, the ropes were cut and they were free.

Without the exchange of a word they moved to the door and passed out.

On the threshold Bob paused. "Wait a moment," he whispered, and turning back, reëntered the shanty, leaving Dick and Lincoln gazing at each other in astonishment. "What is he about?" whispered Lincoln, with irritation. "First thing he knows—"

Bob reappeared, and from the others broke a joint exclamation that almost brought the catastrophe they feared. Under one arm he carried a medium-sized bag, in one hand a wooden pail, and in the other a ham.

"I thought of it before, but had forgotten it," he said, as they moved quickly away.

"You little pirate! Here, give me the ham," said Lincoln, jubilantly, Dick at the same time relieving Bob of the bag, which he found contained flour.

"What 's in the pail?"

"Nothing. I thought if we had to fall back on the balloon we could use it for water. But I did n't steal them," declared Bob. "I left nearly all the money I had on the table."

"You did? But it was Canadian money, was n't it? However, you meant well," said Lincoln, blithely, "and we 'll forgive you."

"But what is it to be? The balloon again?" interjected Dick.

"That is what I vote," Lincoln responded. "What do you say, Mr. Honest Freebooter?" he demanded of Bob.

"The balloon—yes."

"Balloon it is, then. And it will go up all right. I just came from there. The basket is still tight under the branches of the tree, and I put some good-sized rocks on the corners to help hold it down. All we have to do is to pull the car from under the tree, throw off the stones, and cut loose a few of the ballast-bags."

The boys had reached the corral fence.

"You have n't told us what happened after we

lost you, Linc," said Dick, as they hurried on. "Were you thrown?"

"Yes, but into a bush, luckily; and I just lay low behind it until the rustlers passed. Fortunately the halter came with me. We had just gone over the hill. They had no idea there were three of us, did they?"

"Not a suspicion. They will never be able to understand how we escaped."

"You did n't recover your hat, though?" Bob asked.

"No. I looked for it, and yours, but could n't find them. We will have to go without hats for a while—unless we can hook Dick's when he 's asleep," Lincoln added.

"Then I 'll hand it over now, and save trouble," responded Dick, laughingly, whisking off his cap and jamming it down rakishly over Lincoln's right eye. "We 'll wear it by turns."

Passing the paddock, the boys turned toward the spring.

Till now the horses in the corral had made no noise. Suddenly, without warning, one of the animals set up a snorting, and the whole band thundered across the inclosure toward them.

Filled with alarm, the boys broke into a run, reached the spring, dipped the bucket into the water, and were off for the balloon with scarcely a stop, Lincoln and Bob carrying the precious liquid between them.

They had passed the limits of the fence when a shout from the direction of the cabin told them their fears were realized. On they pushed with increased effort. Behind them rose a chorus of yelling and calling.

"Wondering which way we went," said Dick. "And say," he added, in alarm, "if they come to the corral they will be almost sure to see us go over the ridge against the moon!"

"There 's no other way to the balloon," Lincoln declared.

The calling again rose, and nearer.

"They are at the corral!"

On the boys pressed, and reached the ridge. "Stoop low!" said Bob, as they sped upward.

They topped the rise. The next instant from the corral came a cry. They were seen.

Over the boys went with a rush, and down the other side. The floor of the valley lay in deep shadow; but rising into the moonlight at its lower end appeared the welcome yellow dome of the balloon.

"How far?" panted Bob.

"Three hundred yards! We 'll make it!" said Lincoln between gasps. For it was hard running with the heavy pail swinging between them.

"I have everything planned—on just such a

chance as this. When we reach the basket—I'll go right on—and unwind the anchor-rope. You fellows put these things in the car—pull it from under the tree—and jump inside—and stand ready to pitch off the stones. If the rustlers are close—pitch them as soon as I'm in jumping distance. Then get out your knives—and slash off the ballast-bags.

"That 'll work—won't it?"

"Well, here then!" Dick ran in behind Lincoln. "Give me the pail, and you go right on! It's the only thing to do,—go!"

Lincoln hesitated, and glanced back. The figures of their pursuers had just appeared on the crest of the ridge. A shout from them greeted the immediate discovery of the balloon. They pulled up in evident surprise.

"Wait," said Lincoln. "They may not know what it is, and—"

The cattle-men rushed down the slope, and relinquishing his hold on the pail, Lincoln shot on ahead.

In the gloom below the ridge the rustlers did not at first see the fleeing boys. But on they came down the valley, and rapidly drew nearer.

Desperately Bob and Dick struggled on. Nearer the cattle-men came, and at last a shout told that the boys had been discovered.

In another moment, however, the great globe of the balloon towered up ahead of them, and with a final burst of speed they reached it. Plunging beneath the branches of the tree, they placed pail and flour and ham on the floor of the basket, and seizing the sides of the car, backed outward. Owing to the weight of stones on the corners, the basket dragged, and stuck in the sand. But working with the strength of desperation as the footsteps of the first of the cattle-men pounded toward them, the boys succeeded in drawing the car finally clear of the tree.

Leaping within, they dove into their pockets for their knives, opened, and caught them in their teeth, and with outstretched hands braced each against two of the pyramids of stone on the basket corners. Already running footsteps from up the valley told of Lincoln returning. But the foremost of the cattle-thieves also was swiftly approaching.

"Hurry, hurry, Linc!" they cried.

The two runners broke out of the darkness simultaneously. In despair the lads in the car saw that the cattle-man would reach them first.

"Over with the stones!" Lincoln shouted, tearing forward.

The stones crashed to the ground, and with a

bound Dick and Bob were slashing at the ballast-bags. The cow-man reached them.

"Well, what in tarnation?"

It was the rustler's momentary uncertainty that saved them. As he hesitated, Lincoln tumbled into the car, a cluster of ballast-bags fell to the ground, and the balloon lifted. Suddenly realizing the situation, the man reached for the basket-rim. In a flash Bob turned and showed his knife waiting above the rim. The man hesitated for a moment, and like a rocket the balloon shot into the air.

At the same instant there was a rush of feet, a cry of amazement from the rest of the cowmen, and immediately a second cry and a rush for the anchor-rope. The rustlers could easily have slain them then, and one or two drew their revolvers, but in the confusion or because they would not fire upon unarmed boys, they forbore to shoot either at the balloon or its occupants. Holding their breath, the boys watched the rope whip upward just out of the clutching hands. By inches the anchor itself leaped into the air, and with a last joyful "hurrah!" they saw the renegade cattle-men drop from sight in the shadow of the hills.

"Whe-ew!" sighed Lincoln, throwing himself on the basket floor, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "No more of that, thank you!"

"Nor for me," said Bob, heartily. "It was a jolly good thing you had it so well planned, Linc. They would have had us sure."

"They certainly would," declared Dick.

Long before the thrill of the night's exciting adventure had died, the boys were once more among the clouds. But finally, in the silence of cloudland, the excitement also had passed as completely as the scene of it; and after lurching on a cob of corn—of which they found the race on the ponies and the dash for the balloon had left them eight—and a limited drink from the remaining half-bucket of water, two of the three young aeronauts snuggled down on the car floor, while the third kept watch.

The following day brought little new experience. From sunrise, when they rose once more to a great height, until sunset, they swept on, seemingly at great speed, above a field of cloud whose breaks showed rivers, mountains, occasional groups of buildings, but usually the flat, yellow-brown floor of prairie or plain.

And once again the three boys wondered what new and strange adventure the chilling airs of early morning would bring them.

(To be continued.)



"SUDDENLY REALIZING THE SITUATION, THE MAN REACHED FOR THE BASKET-RIM."



“HELEN, DUER, AND LOUISE.”

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRINGTON MANN.

Owned by Mr. George McLanahan of Washington, D. C.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

DON'T BE AFRAID

WHEN this appears before you, spring will be at her witchery again, and all the wonder of new life in plant and tree and insect, and the astonishing return of the birds from their far winter sojourning, will have happened once more. What a miracle it is, and yet how casually we take it! Just because it occurs every year, we cease to feel at all surprised; but fancy what a fuss we should make if spring only came once a century or so!

The trouble with most of us is that we lose our sense of wonder very easily, and that is a pity. It is almost like losing an eye or an ear; for we live surrounded by marvels, and not to take an interest in them, not to try to find out something of what goes on in the world and out of it, is to be partially blind and deaf.

Now, there are books that for one reason or another you feel afraid of; you think they look difficult or dull, or you have tried to study some subject of which they treat and have n't cared for it, or you simply don't like their covers or their illustrations or what not. So that, unless some one comes along and says, "*There 's a book you 'll be mighty fond of,*" you never open the covers at all.

There are two or three books of that sort I want to make that very remark about, and I 'll begin with Richard A. Proctor's "*Other Worlds than Ours.*" Proctor was an English scientist who died of cholera while on a lecture tour through the United States in 1873. He was a man of winning personality and wide learning, learning that never made him tiresome, and his particular study was astronomy. He wrote several books, all of which are good; but this one is especially interesting, and it is also easy reading.

"OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS"

As its title tells you, it is about those worlds we see as stars in the sky above us, and Mr. Proctor gives a lot of amazing facts concerning the planets, the comets and meteors and nebulae, the laws that govern these bodies, their probable appearance and condition, and the possibility of there being life upon them.

Believe me when I say that you will find this



book delightful reading. Mr. Proctor had a style that is simple and charming, and he was wise enough to know that truth does not need to be difficult, no matter how wonderful it is. He felt, too, the poetry of his great subject, and he succeeds in making his readers feel the thrill of this poetry. For surely there is romance, in the big sense, in this moving maze of mighty worlds, of which our own is but a little brother, younger than many, older than some, smaller than most.

We cannot know all about these distant places, of course, but you will be surprised to find how much Proctor has to tell of them, and in this one short volume there is quite enough information to keep us interested till our hair turns gray.

For one thing, that fancy of mine about the spring coming once a hundred years is pretty

close to the fact in the planet Uranus. For the year there is eighty-four times as long as ours, so that if there are people on it, and they live about as long as we do, they are n't very likely, with the best of luck, to see more than one spring, while to many that season of loveliness could be no more than a faint tradition. Even the days and nights take their time on Uranus, averaging close upon twenty-three years each, with nice long twilights of nearly a score of years at morning and evening!

However, to balance the leisureliness of Uranus, Saturn whirls around so fast that his *days* are less than half as long as ours. But he is lax with his *years*, each of them being about as long as thirty of ours.

"WHAT OUR EARTH TEACHES US"

EVEN the first chapter, "What Our Earth Teaches Us," is full of new things, and if you read it, I'm sure you'll go on with the book. Of course it is not as easy reading as a foot-ball story, but you'll find it worth the extra trouble, since the story told is of so vast a game, played to such gigantic rules and with balls beside which our world is but a marble. You may not understand it all the first time you read it. But it will give you some great thoughts. When you look up through the soft spring night at the shining stars overhead, and think of the extraordinary facts concerning them—and of possibly the still more amazing thing that man has been able to discover so much about them—you will thank Proctor and his book. For one of the finest things in a book of this sort is its revelation of what man has been able to do: how he has sent his mind millions of miles into space, and brought back answers to his questions, just as he has also worked in the opposite direction, and through the microscope revealed that other universe of minute things, so that in a drop of water he has discovered a world full of strange life, both plant and animal!

"A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD"

ANOTHER of the books I hope you won't be afraid to begin is Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage Around the World." In this book we are told a great deal about our own world as it was seen and studied by one of those men who never got over being astonished and interested in the things about him—a man of genius, in fact.

There is a lot about the growth of the world as shown in its geological formation, its appearance and the plants it produces, its many adventurous doings, its wild forests and wild men; and

all told so entertainingly that you cannot help finding it enjoyable, in spite of all its information. Darwin got the greatest kind of a good time out of this voyage, and he talks about it from day to day on the pages, much as he might were you sitting beside him on a steamer chair and looking out on some strange coast across a stretch of purple ocean.

There are many ways of going around the world: there is this way of Darwin's, for instance, and then there is Jules Verne's way of dashing at it. Each makes a good story, but I think you will decide that Darwin's slow method was the better, and makes by far the most exciting reading in the long run. Certainly Darwin enjoyed himself more than the hero of the famous "Eighty Days."

The more you know of things, the more, not the less, wonderful they prove to be, while the fact that you can probably never know all about them keeps up the endless interest. You will know a lot about the world when you have read Darwin's book, and of other worlds when you have finished Proctor's. And the spring and the night and the earth under your feet will be far more thrillingly interesting, far more marvelous, than before you knew these things.

This is one reason why men with big minds are never bored. Even the smallest things are full of excitement for them, and they never hesitate to try to understand as much as may be of the greatest. They feel all their lives as children might whom some fairy had set down in an enchanted garden, telling them they could have only a single day to play in it and to discover its fairy marvels.

AN ENCHANTED GARDEN

THINK how you would go about, if you were one of these children, from a fountain that took strange forms and ravishing colors, to a cave filled with magic jewels, to a tree that talked, a flower that sang, a bird that knew all your thoughts—and oh, how short the day would be, and how you would regret all you must leave unseen and unheard!

Well, to the men I have been talking of, this world was such an enchanted garden, and their life no more than a day, too short for all the marvels they wished to study and to tell about. Fortunately, they managed to tell a good deal, and they discovered a few of the magic spells that rule the garden. So we, who come in after them, if we will take a little trouble to look and to feel and to think, may learn to understand how wonderful are the things we see about us every day, and too often pass by without a thought.

Read these two books on your summer vacation in the long, lazy hours of a rainy day on the veranda or when it is too hot to play. Above all, don't be afraid of them because they seem a bit solid and have a long word or two on most of their pages. You will get more out of them than you realize; for they open the gates of the universe, and make you free of its wonders.

Another excellent companion on your summer vacation is Wilson's book on the North American birds. It not only tells a vast deal about the birds themselves, but also much concerning Wilson's own wanderings in the woods and fields when America was wilder than it is now. He was a strange man, but entirely charming, and he had many singular adventures, some of them very amusing. He reveals his personality with complete unconsciousness, and also draws that of other people. But he was always more interested in the birds and animals he came across, in their songs and habits and the green world where they lived. He is quaint in his judgments, but wise too, and such a lovable man.

Last month I spoke to you of various friends in print. These three men can well become your friends. In each of them there is something of the child; of what we mean, at least, when we speak of a childlike spirit—a certain simplicity of heart, a joy in natural things, a sense of wonder that does not fade; which is why they appeal to us while we are young as well as when we are entirely grown up.

Audubon is another writer whom many of you are content to hear about instead of meeting him yourselves. In his lifetime he was greatly loved by children, and though he is, in some of his work, too technical to be understood by you yet, you will be surprised to find how much, if you only give him a chance, he has to tell you that will interest you deeply and which you will love to read in his own words.

Wilson's and Audubon's books can be bought separately from the colored plates, which are too expensive for most purses. But you can usually

look at these in any good library; and the books are just as good reading without the pictures.

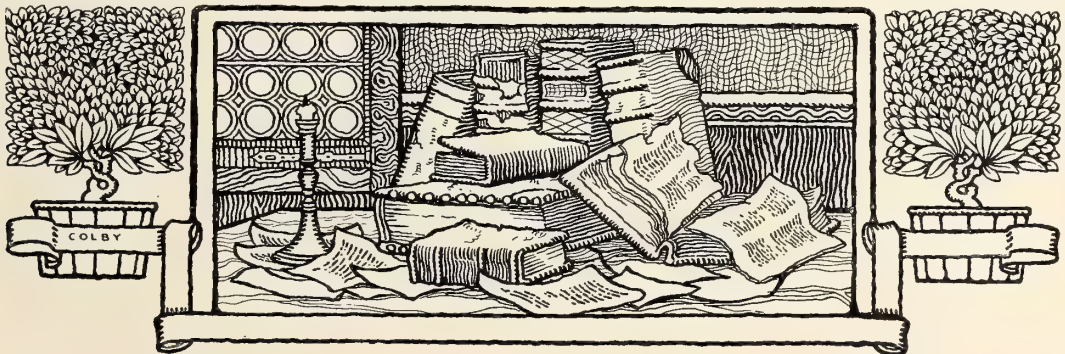
If, after having read this group of books, you do not find the facts of nature full of romance, beauty, and adventure, I shall be surprised. There are many good volumes on these subjects. These that I have mentioned, however, have the advantage of being written by men who themselves discovered a lot of what they reveal to us, who followed the paths themselves, and broke a new way into the many mysteries amid which we live. They spent their lives doing this, and they had a deep enthusiasm for their subjects. This enthusiasm is reflected in their books, and it will awaken a response in you as you read them.

It is this that makes it so worth while to go to the fountain-head whenever you can. It may require more effort—it does, at first. But don't be afraid of making an effort. Don't get too easily discouraged. It is true that you will have to read books like these with attention; but it is not so hard to form the habit of using your mind while you read, instead of letting it fall asleep, and there is infinitely more fun in it, once the habit is yours.

WONDERS UPON WONDERS

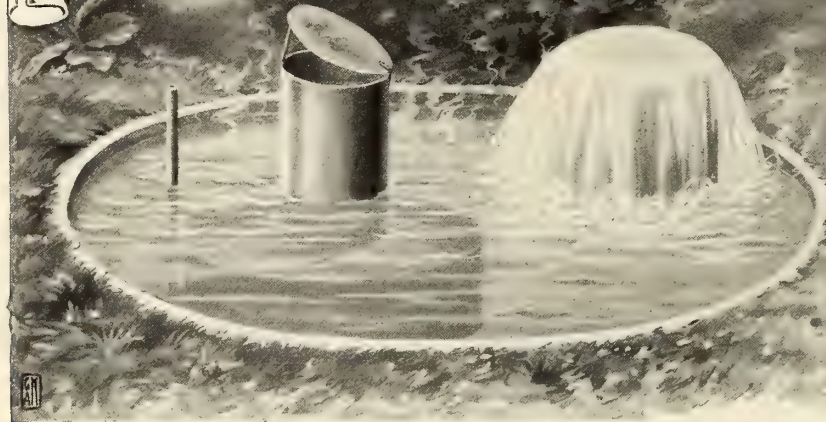
FROM the center of this our world as far as to the sun himself the books I've spoken of will take you, showing you wonders by the way—the life of birds and trees, the birth of stars and rivers, the growth of rocks. They will tell interestingly alike of things infinitely small and infinitely great, the paths of planets and the building of a nest. They reveal the characters of the men who wrote them, and show you how happy are those persons who see things; who do not shut their eyes to the mystery and loveliness of creation, but seek it out, and try to learn its secrets.

Keep your own eyes open. Don't take anything for granted, even so commonplace a thing as spring; and don't be afraid of any book until you have given it a good chance to prove its worth-whileness.



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

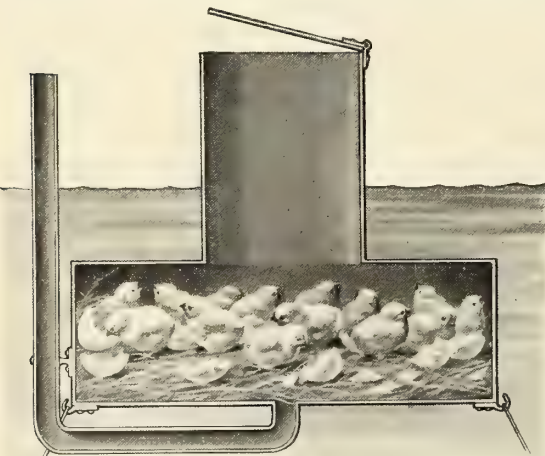


AN ARTESIAN WELL OF WARM WATER IN WHICH CHICKENS ARE HATCHED.

NATURE'S INCUBATOR

ON a ranch in a valley of the Colorado desert we find a new and strange method of hatching chickens.

Many artesian wells are in this valley to furnish water for irrigation. They are made by drilling a hole in the earth, and as the dirt is drawn out, a pipe is pushed in till water is



THE RECENTLY HATCHED CHICKENS WITHIN THE ROUND CAN OF GALVANIZED IRON.

reached, which then rises to the top and flows over the edge.

One hole was drilled for seven hundred and fifty feet into the earth, and a flow of water came up with a temperature of one hundred and

two degrees. Since chicks will hatch when eggs are kept just about as warm as this for twenty-one days, the people who own this well decided to use its heat to hatch eggs.

The earth was dug away from the pipe, so that the water, as it flowed over, formed a pool, in which an ingenious form of incubator can be submerged.

Of course the eggs would spoil if placed directly in the water, so a round can of galvanized iron was made, eighteen inches in diameter and six inches deep, with a chimney as shown in the figure. By stretching the arm and hand down this chimney, the eggs are placed on straw on the bottom of the can. In this way, too, they are turned twice each day, and out of the chimney the chicks are drawn when two days old. They are then placed in brooders and given their first food and water.

The can is securely fastened in the warm pool by weights. The only things that appear above the water are the chimney and the end of a small tube which is inserted in the bottom of the can and curves upward.

Through the chimney the foul air rises and escapes. Into the tube rushes fresh air with moisture which ascends as vapor from the water. Both are necessary to give health and strength to the little birds growing in the shells.

These chicks are as strong as any chicks have ever been, and hatched in this way, it is claimed that they are out of their shells one day earlier than when a hen sits on the eggs.

CLARA H. SMALLWOOD.

THE SHELL COTTAGE

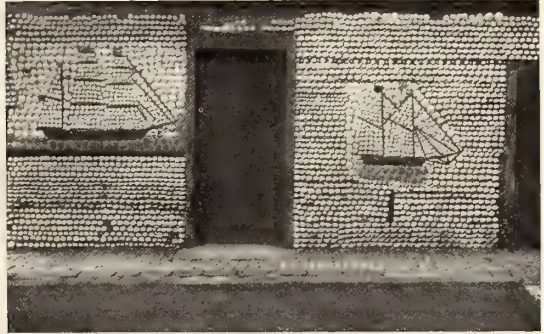
A RETIRED sea-captain, living near Edinburgh, Scotland, concluded that one of the rooms in his house was too dark, and not wanting to white-wash or to paint the wall opposite the window so as to reflect the light into the room, he covered the wall with cement, and in it placed a layer of white shells. The result was so pleasing, and he had so many sea-shells which he had collected from various parts of the world, that he continued the work until his cottage and garden became the wonder of the region.

The labor needed to place so many shells in the cement, to select and arrange the designs, must have been enormous. The result is a wonderful exhibition of what a determined man can do with materials which, at first glance, seem to be least suited to the purpose of ornamenting the garden and the house in such a manner.

The photographs were sent by Mr. E. Lumsden-



A VIEW IN THE GARDEN.



SAILING VESSELS PICTURED IN SHELLS.



AN INTRICATE WALL DECORATION.



A HORSE-RACE IN SHELLS.



AN ARCH OF SHELLS AND AN EFFECTIVE FRAMING OF A WINDOW.

Brown, F.R.S.S.A., of Edinburgh, and these items have been compiled from material furnished by the same gentleman. Mr. Lumsden-Brown sent seventeen photographs of various parts of the shell garden and of the shell cottage, all of them worth studying and all full of remarkable designs. One photograph showed that the walks of the garden are paved with bottles placed top downward.

(NOTE:—For courtesies in relation to these illustrations and for information pertaining to this unique cottage, acknowledgments are due "The Photographic Times.")

AN EXPERT WITH A JACK-KNIFE

FOR nearly ten years I have been collecting specimens and information pertaining to the expert use of the jack-knife. I have gathered information from all sources—by personal correspondence, by magazine items, and by inquiring of my friends who have known my interest in obtaining data on the subject.

Of all work that has come to my attention through these various sources, I unhesitatingly pronounce that the most painstaking and skilful is that by Mr. George W. Lockwood, Long Ridge, Stamford, Connecticut. Ever since he was a boy he has prided himself upon his expertness along this line, and, unstimulated by



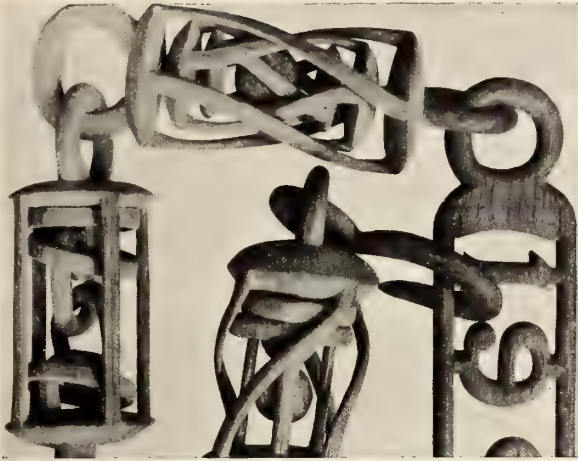
MR. GEORGE W. LOCKWOOD, THE EXPERT WHITTILER, CUTTING A FAN FROM A SMALL PIECE OF WOOD.



A COMPLICATED DESIGN, ALL FROM ONE PIECE OF WOOD.

comparison with the work of others, he has produced chains and miniature furniture that surpass the ordinary. But when, by reason of my inquiries and an examination of other work of the kind, he became more interested, he determined to do even better than formerly. A wonderfully intricate chain from a plain piece of wood and illustrated herewith is the result. Note especially the hour-glasses one within the other, and also the chain within the four-posted swivel section on which there are three rings movable around that interior chain. These rings easily turn around the chain, as do the hour-glasses around each other, and the ball within the inner hour-glass is also easily moved in any direction. The entire chain, with its ornamental swivels and special sections, was made with not even a crack in any of its most delicate parts, and represents the work, at odd times, of nearly a year.

If any of our readers can tell us of carving that equals or comes anywhere near equaling this, we shall be glad to receive full particulars regarding it. Mr. Lockwood himself is shown in the accompanying illustration. He is finishing a wooden fan as a souvenir for one of his many young friends. He can make one of these fans in ten or fifteen minutes. In fact, he made this one from a plain piece of wood while I was setting up and focusing the camera. He had the fan in readiness by the time I had the camera in good adjustment. It will be seen that the specimen shows a considerable amount of intricate



A MORE DETAILED VIEW OF THE DESIGN TO SHOW THE INTERIOR SERIES OF HOUR-GLASSES AND RINGS.

The rings, the balls, and the hour-glasses are movable and were cut from the interior of the stick.

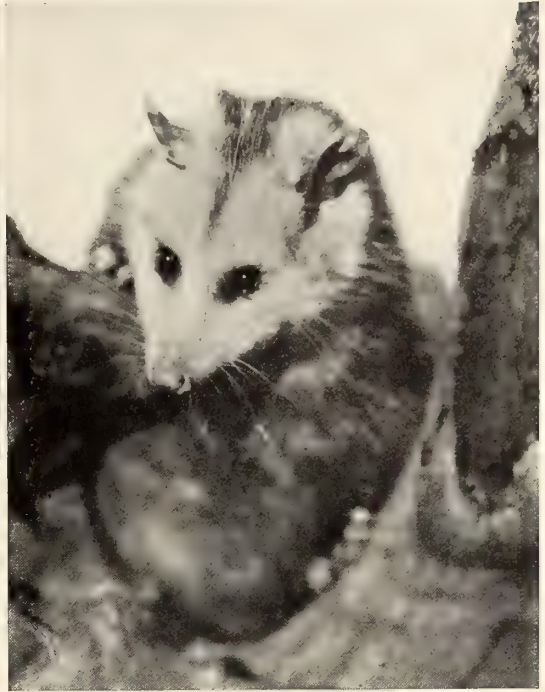
and careful carving. Butternut wood and a sharp knife are the only materials used. In such complicated designs, the chief difficulty lies in making the interior sections movable without splitting the slender parts.

THE OPOSSUM IS LIVING FARTHER NORTHWARD

"FROM New York to Florida," a big book on animals says, is the home of the Virginia opossum. That statement will now need to be revised, for opossums have been found for the past few years in Connecticut. This curious marsupial has always had many habits different from all other local wild animals, but in close similarity to its relatives of Australia. The opossum, though formerly mostly found only in the South, has for its queer, original tricks always been known as a "Yankee genius."

"Playing 'possum" has become a common saying. This has originated from what is popularly believed to be its habit of pretending to be dead. In this so-called feigning the breathing is slow and feeble, and the movement is almost concealed by the thick fur. But here I think that popular opinion is wrong. Space is too limited for details, but instead of feigning death, the animal seems to swoon with terror. It is incomprehensible that so small and defenseless a creature should deliberately place itself in the power of the enemy, but we can understand how it might faint with fright.

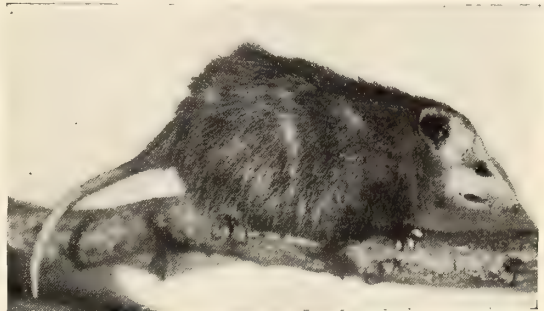
The accompanying illustration is of an opossum captured about a year ago in Long Ridge, Stamford, Connecticut, and now in a pet-house at Sound Beach. It eats a wide variety of food,



THE CONNECTICUT OPOSSUM IN A FAVORITE ATTITUDE IN A CROTCH OF A TREE.

but prefers meat of almost any kind. It spends most of its time under a box, in a darkness similar to that of its native home, in a wall, or under the roots of a tree in the woods.

Its name is "Watch Tail," because the curling



THE OPOSSUM READILY TRAVELS ALONG A LIMB OF A TREE, OR CLINGS TO IT BY CURLING THE TAIL AROUND IT.

of its tail is like that of a watch-spring. This curling tail clings to a broomstick, a cane, or even to one's finger, and thus supports the entire weight of the animal.

"Watch Tail" is always interesting, especially as its habits are so unlike those of the better known four-footed pets; but he is never lovable, as he is fierce and snarling even to those who give him food and care.

LIVED IN NEW YORK BEFORE THERE WAS A LONG ISLAND OR AN EAST RIVER

THE remains of an early inhabitant of Manhattan Island and vicinity were discovered last year by three postgraduate students (J. E. Hyde, D. D. Condit, and A. C. Boyle) of Columbia



THE SKELETON OF A DINOSAUR.

University. The fossil reptile skeleton of a dinosaur has recently been taken to the American Museum of Natural History. The "Journal" of that museum says:

"This animal probably lived among the hills



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF A DINOSAUR IN LIFE.

and valleys where now New York City stands. He was one of the lords of creation in his time—some ten million years ago, for the dinosaurs were the dominant land-animals then, and long after, until the higher quadrupeds appeared. He was not, indeed, the 'oldest inhabitant,' for many a race of animals had lived and died before his time, and no doubt they lived on what is now

Manhattan Island as well as elsewhere, but he is the oldest whose mortal remains have actually been preserved to our day. Could he have arisen from his mausoleum in the rocks at Fort Lee, he might have supplied us with a rather startling volume of 'Recollections of Early New York.' For in his time there were no Palisades, and from the eastern bank of what is now the Hudson River one might look across a broad estuary to the west and southwest, while the East River and Long Island, as far as we know, were not yet in existence."

Mr. Hyde writes us as follows:

"The skeleton was found in the course of a Sunday morning scramble along the edge of the Hudson River below the Palisades."

(NOTE:—The illustrations are lent to ST. NICHOLAS by the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.)

RING AND GRAVEL NESTS FOR FISH

BLACK bass in their natural home in the lake build nests for themselves and their young by



A BASS AND THE GRAVEL NEST.

The edge of the ring holding the gravel is seen at the bottom of the illustration.

sweeping stones bare of sand. By the alternate use of head and tail a saucer-shaped nest is made.

The officials of the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, D. C., build nests for their fish by putting gravel and pebbles within a galvanized-iron ring. The coarser material is placed near the outside, thus making, as our young folks might almost imagine, a "soft and cozy" center of the fine gravel and sand.

The accompanying illustration shows hundreds of tiny bass in such a nest, with the mother hovering in the water, on guard, a few inches above the numerous family.

THE SECRETARY-BIRD

ONE of the most interesting birds, in both appearance and habits, is the secretary-bird from the dry and open parts of central and southern Africa. The male is fully four feet high, the greater part of that length "being contributed by his neck and legs." The general color is ashy-gray, the breast white, the wings, thighs, and abdomen black. The middle tail-feathers nearly reach the ground, and on each side of the head are two long black tufts which give the bird its popular name of secretary, because, in the days when quill pens were used, writers were in the habit of carrying them stuck over their ears.

The bird's food consists of snakes, rats, lizards, and other living animals, which it kills with its



THE SECRETARY-BIRD.

So named "because, in the days when quill pens were used, writers were in the habit of carrying them stuck over their ears."

feet, and swallows whole, unless too big, when the beak tears them to pieces. When ready to kill, the bird lifts either leg as may be convenient, and brings down the foot in a terrific blow like that of a great hammer, usually striking the victim on the head. If the first blow fails to kill, the bird follows it with others in rapid succession.

When the dead animal is too big to be swallowed whole, the bird, seizing the head in his beak, holds the body down under his foot and stretches and pulls it until its flexibility pleases him, when he swallows it, generally head first.

Secretary-birds are usually found in pairs, each pair "having a certain hunting-ground which they defend fiercely against intrusion by

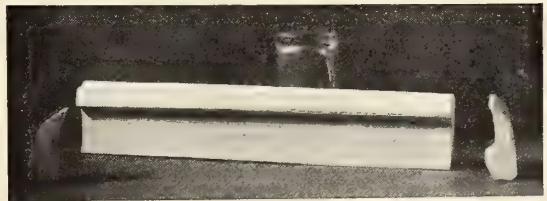


THE SECRETARY-BIRD KILLING A SNAKE BY RAPID BLOWS WITH ITS FOOT.

their neighbors." The nests are very large. They are built of sticks, and are generally placed in a dense thicket or in a small tree. The two eggs are bluish white.

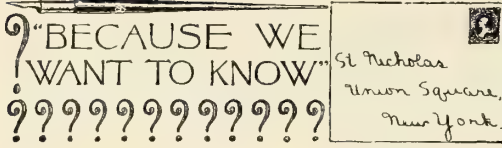
A NATURAL MOLDING

A WIND-STORM twisted and splintered about fifteen feet in length of a large beech-tree, which was then cut down. After there was sawed off from the bottom of the trunk a block to be split for stove-wood, a smooth, straight piece about eighteen inches in length, resembling in a remarkable way a piece of machine-made molding, slipped out without splitting. The small pieces show how very nearly alike were both ends of this piece, which was never touched by a tool of any kind except by a large saw to cut off the block, and a hand-saw to remove the ends of the long piece found within the block. The entire piece is



THE NATURAL MOLDING.

clear, smooth, and finely grained. This interesting object was found and photographed by A. R. Tucker of Shiloh, Ohio.



THE MOON IN THE EARTH'S SHADOW

BREVARD, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why the eclipse of the moon looked more like a veil than a dark shadow?

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH BRUNOT.

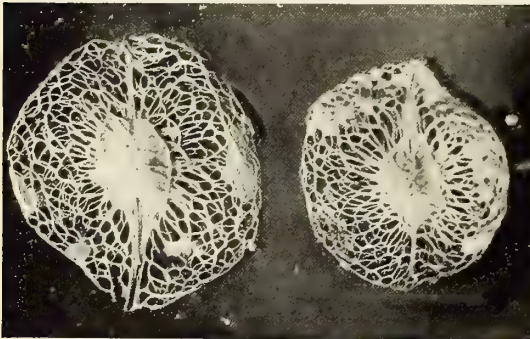
We are able to see the moon during its total eclipse because the sun's light is bent or refracted around the edge of the earth and falls on the moon. The earth's atmosphere absorbs all the colors, except the red, that together form white light. For this reason the light that then falls on the moon is red, and gives it the dull copper hue of the total eclipse, and makes it look "more like a veil than a dark shadow." The absorption of the other colors by the earth's atmosphere makes the sun and moon appear red when rising or setting.—S. A. MITCHELL.

SEEDS WITH NET-LIKE WINGS

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking through a park I found some of the inclosed specimens under what looked to me like poplar-trees. As I am interested in nature study, I should like very much to know what these delicate patches of nature's needlework are. If you could tell me I would be

Your most grateful reader,
FREDERICK SCHNITZER.



THE NETWORK WINGED SEEDS OF THE HOP-TREE.

These are the network winged seeds of a shrub or small tree known as the "hop-tree" (*Ptelea trifoliata*). These seeds are of so unusual form that they are not generally recognized as seeds.

PECULIAR TRAITS OF BEECH-TREES

TALLADEGA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our yard is a large beech-tree. In the spring the leaves on one limb came out at least two weeks before those on the other limbs. The other leaves are coming all right now, but they are at least two weeks behind. This limb gets no more sun than the other limbs; it grows toward the west.

Can you tell me why the leaves on this limb should come out before any of the others have started?

Yours truly,
WILLIAM W. LADD (age 7).

"The branch is probably a 'sport' (which is the botanical term used to refer to unusual behavior in growing). Beech branches are known to 'sport' in their respects. Thus, all of our copper and red beeches are known to have come from red sporting branches of the ordinary green (European) beech, and there is no apparent reason why a single branch cannot sport in the character of early unfolding of the leaves as well as red color of leaves.

"But the fundamental cause of sports we do not know. It is some deep-seated alteration in the constitution of the protoplasm (life-material) in certain buds (and seeds), whereby all the leaves or other altered parts thenceforward have a new character which can be propagated by suitable methods."

HOW HE STORED MORE NUTS

MALONE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My pet squirrel had been storing away nuts all of October, till one day we saw that there was not room for him in his nest. He went in with a nut and had to back out with it. Then he brought out all his uncracked nuts and shelled them one by one, and carried them back to his nest. Then he had room to go to bed. I think he was very clever.

Yours truly,
KARL S. FULLER.

This seems very much like reasoning. It surely was intelligence.

THE TORPEDO-FISH

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me about the torpedo-fish in the "Nature and Science" department? I should like to know about them.

REEVES STARRIS.

The torpedo-fish, known to scientists as the *Torpedo electricus*, are the electric catfish of the Nile. They can give an electric shock similar to that of an electric Leyden jar. This is useful to the fish in stunning prey and in confounding their enemies. This shock, like any other electricity, may be conducted through a metallic substance, and is often unpleasant, though not dangerous. It is conveyed through an iron spear or knife, so that the person holding either of these implements may receive a shock when it comes in contact with the fish.

THE STRAIGHT STICK SEEMS BENT

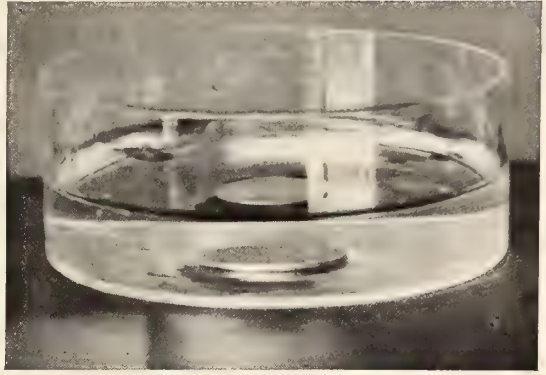
TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When a straight stick is put into a bucket of water it immediately looks bent or broken. Why is this?

Your appreciative reader,

DORIS L. HUESTIS.

When light passes from one medium to another, as, for example, from glass or water to air, or from air to glass or water, the rays of light change their course, thus making them seem



ONE COIN APPEARS AS TWO.

kind than those of refraction, for upon them are based most optical instruments, including the telescope, microscope, camera, and eye-glasses. Refraction applies also to the structure of the eye.

It will be not only instructive but entertaining to perform the experiments suggested by the ac-



THE STRAIGHT STICK SEEMS BROKEN BY THE EDGE OF THE GLASS AND BY THE WATER IN THE GLASS.

bent or broken. This may be demonstrated by various scientific experiments, but the fact that the rays are bent is not ordinarily noticed except when they come from the entire length of an object known to be straight or continuous, as, for example, a stick or a spoon partly in water and partly in air. The rays of light from the part of the stick or spoon in the water take a different direction from the part in air, giving the *appearance* of bending or breaking of the object at the place where air and water meet.

It is, of course, the light rays that are bent, and not the object. This bending or changing of the path of the light rays is called refraction. One of the most commonly observed examples of refraction is the apparent bending of an oar at the point where it enters the water.

If a coin is placed in a glass of water so that it may be viewed obliquely, two coins become visible—a small one through the surface of the water and an apparently larger (magnified) one through the side of the glass.

No optical principles are of more value to man-



THE SPOON HANDLE APPEARS BROKEN.

companying illustrations. These will also suggest other methods of effectively showing refraction.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

PUSSY'S WHEELS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

I wonder what you're thinking of, my darling little cat.
It may be meat, it may be cream, that makes you nice and fat ;
It may be all the fun you have in barn-loft warm and dry ;
It may be mice you try to catch as by their hole you lie.

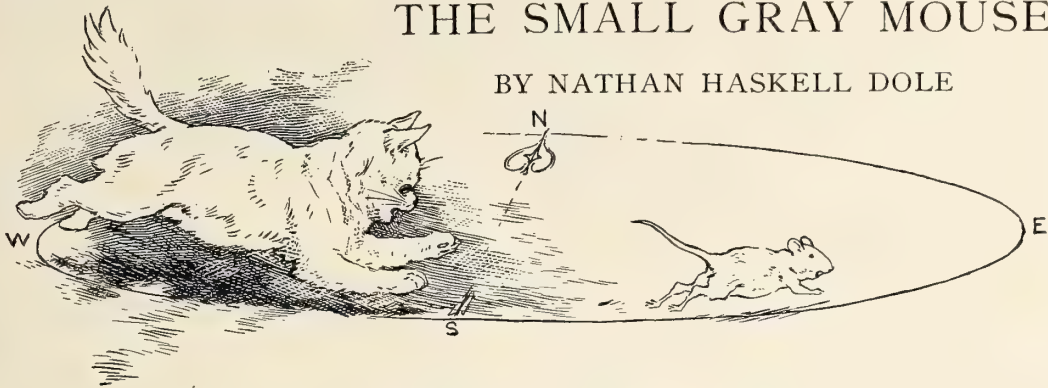
Perhaps you think of trees to climb, with birds that sing up there,
They always get away from you, although you creep with care.
Perhaps you think of warm, green grass, and basking in the sun,
Or of your ball, that slides so fast as after it you run.

I hope you think of me, sometimes, because I love you well ;
I hope you love me back again, although you cannot tell ;
And how I know you're thinking (it's a secret that I've found),
Is 'cause I hear, close to my ear, your thought-wheels going round.



THE SMALL GRAY MOUSE

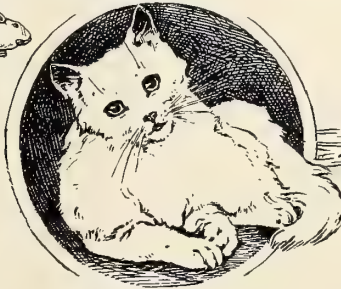
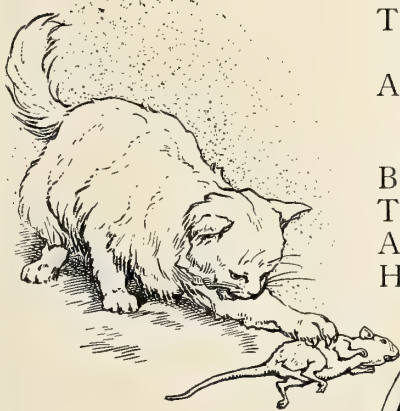
BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



The small gray Mouse ran East
 And the small gray Mouse ran West
 And could not tell in the least
 Which way was best.

The small gray Mouse ran North
 And the small gray Mouse ran South
 And scurried back and forth
 To escape the Kitten's dreadful teeth-lined mouth!

But Kitty thought it precious fun
 To see the panting Mousie run,
 And when it almost got away
 Her furry paw upon its back would lay.



But Kitty grew too vain and sure;
 She thought she had the Mouse secure;
 She turned her head; she shut her eyes;
 That was not wise,
 And ere she knew
 The gray Mouse up the chimney flew,
 Where dainty cats could not pursue.
 So she had nothing else to do
 But mew—oo—oo—!





It is, indeed, a goodly assortment of good things that we have the pleasure of printing this month. For our young prose-writers, verse-writers, artists, and photographers seem all to have been on their mettle, as if the freshness of the May-time had fairly breezed itself into their work. The springtide spirit of cheer and jollity strikes us at a glance in several of the lively "Scamper" pictures here published, and it shone out from a host of similar photographs for which, alas! the crowded pages of the League could not make room. And if the kindred spirit of mischief crept into several of the contributions, both in prose and verse,—so much the better! For their authors would not be American girls and boys if they did not possess and cherish a hearty, wholesome love of fun; it crops out pleasantly this month, as at every other season, and one young poet, with "Kindness" as her theme and Springtime as her inspiration, cleverly leads up to this whimsical conclusion:

"Teachers, let this verse I bring
Serve as a reminder;

When the green things start to spring,
Be a little kinder!"

The writers of prose, too, are not without a gift for impish turns, as witness the story, on pages 663 and 664, of a girl's experience with green paint—and how it "helped her greatly!"

But we must not let either the Spirit of Spring or the Spirit of Fun run away with us so far as to make us unmindful of the really fine quality of the serious contributions for this month. And yet it is needless to say more concerning them than this one word: that the League members may be trusted not to overlook the cleverness with which they are written or pictured, nor the beauty or the meaning they convey. Several of these bits of verse are genuine little poems; some of the portraits are excellent; and the little essays, both in spirit and expression, are altogether creditable to their young authors. Many other offerings that seemed equally deserving had to be omitted, for lack of space; but the names of their senders hold the leading place upon the Roll of Honor.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 135

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Gayrite Garner** (age 14), Topeka, Kansas.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Finley** (age 12), New York City, N. Y.; **Dorothy M. Rogers** (age 16), Gloucester, Mass.; **Anna Laura Porter** (age 16), Ticonderoga, N. Y.; **Margaret Harms** (age 11), Chicago, Ill.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Howard Bennett** (age 16), Peoria, Ill.; **Louise Guernsey** (age 14), Montclair, N. J.; **Katharine D. Riggs** (age 11), Wallingford, Conn.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Margaret Brate** (age 14), Albany, N. Y.; **Gwen Blenkinsop** (age 15), Warwick, Eng.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Adelina Longaker** (age 15), East Aurora, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret Richmond** (age 13), Providence, R. I.; **Elizabeth Cains** (age 11), Montreal, Can.; **Elizabeth Adsit** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Mary W. Chapin** (age 14), St. Paul, Minn.; **Emma Katherine Anderson** (age 12), Marietta, Ga.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Ruth Austin** (age 14), Hamilton, Ohio; **Eloise B. Koch** (age 14), St. Louis, Mo.



"A SCAMPER." BY MARGARET RICHMOND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A SCAMPER." BY DOROTHY OAK, AGE 16.

KINDNESS

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

KINDNESS is e'er a seed of loving thought,
 Deep planted in a heart that joy has sought.
 It blooms a flower, opening to all
 Its fragrance; cheering hearts where shadows fall.
 A balm 't will prove, as fresh as day's first dew,
 And then 't will blossom, bloom, and live for you.



"A SCAMPER." BY ADELINA LONGAKER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY GAYRITE GARNER (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

THE past summer has been an experience in my life that I shall never forget. We had moved from town and all modern conveniences to a place in the suburbs where there were no conveniences whatever. This brought many distasteful tasks to all of us, and I thought at first that I was going to be very unhappy, but Mother said we must try to make the best of things and be cheerful.

When I saw how hard she was trying to be cheerful, Brother and I determined that we would do our share at least, and many were the clippings of humorous selections saved up to read or tell while doing our unpleasant work.

Being thus cheered by one another, we began to see



"A SCAMPER." BY ELIZABETH CAINS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

the sunny side of things, and what a pleasure it really was to live in the country. We soon began the study of nature, learning many interesting things about plant life, and the beautiful song-birds about us, in which our St. NICHOLAS proved to be our best friend.

Each day we grew to love the country more and more, and now since Mother and Brother have regained their health, and we are to return to town once more, it will be with many regrets that I shall leave the dear old place.



"A SCAMPER." BY ELIZABETH ADSIT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

I know now that, had I allowed my discontented feeling to continue, I would never have known the happiness that comes from trying to make the best of things.



"SCAMPER!" BY AUGUSTUS SBARBORO, AGE 12.

KINDNESS

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

'T WAS on a happy feast-day in "the merry month of May,"
An old and grizzled beggar hobbled down the broad highway.
He stopped before the castle gate
And felt a cold, hard sovereign's weight,
"For kindness," said the guard sedate, "is ordered for to-day."

The princess, in the castle hall, let fall a furtive tear;
"Oh, how I hate to feast indoors, in the springtide o' the year!"
And then she lifted up her head,
And swiftly down the stair she sped.
"I 'll get some bread and cheese," she said, "and run away from here."

The beggar met the princess beside a streamlet's bed.
Though hungry from her wanderings, she shared with him her bread.
"Do take this little bit of cheese
And now these few ripe berries, please,
This wreath of flowers, and these, and these; 't is all I have," she said.

Said the beggar: "Little maiden, in all this wide, fair land
You 're the first to offer kindness, first to cheer and understand."
He did not know to whom he spoke,
He thought she came of humble folk,
But with a reverent voice that broke, he knelt and kissed her hand.

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY LOIS W. KELLOGG (AGE 12)

THIS experience is not hard for me to name, for it happened to me very recently. It was my trip abroad.

My trip abroad! those three words arouse to memory so many fascinating and interesting things! things to dream about only in the quiet, dreamy moments, and other times keep tucked away in the securest part of one's memory all through one's life.

London — Paris — Florence!
how they do start you day-dreaming!

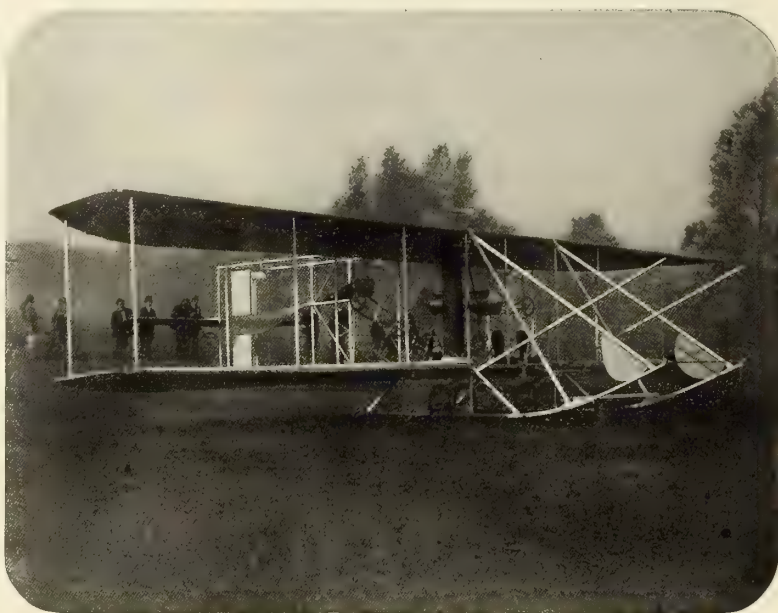
Certainly it was all very delightful, and it is not hard to tell, either, why it has been of so much use to me, for it has helped me in so many different ways, and keeps doing so all the time, while perhaps I am unconscious of it.

My experiences in the art galleries have opened a little further to me the doors of beauty and art. The visiting of old historic buildings and scenes has made history far more interesting, and the stories which I have read of Europe explain themselves better.

The Tower of London was, I think, the most fascinating to me, and a good many thrills went up and down my "imagination column" when I looked upon the very steps on which the poor kings and queens of old walked up, carrying their precious heads upon their shoulders perhaps for the

last hour of their lives. Even bigger thrills came when I saw the very block they laid their poor necks upon and the very ax which separated those unfortunate necks from their heads.

The room in which the little princes were smothered was there, too, and up in the top of a tower were the



"READY FOR A SCAMPER." BY ALLAN LOEB, AGE 14.

initials of the life-weary Jane Grey and also the scaffold on which, after long years of misery, she was beheaded.

Considering that history has long been my favorite subject, this experience has been a great help to me.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY MARGARET

OSBORNE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF MOST USE TO ME

BY ELIZABETH FINLEY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I THINK the most useful experience in my life was when I was taken ill and was kept in bed for at least six months.

This may sound queer, but I will tell you why I think so.

In the first place, it taught me to be patient; to think less of myself and more of others, and to be kinder and gentler.

Then it also taught me what a lovely mother I had and how ready she was to do anything and everything possible for me, how she pitied and sympathized with me, and never wearied of my complaints, but was always trying to relieve me.

I cannot say that all these good traits have remained with me, but I am sure that that time has helped me greatly.

For, ever since, when I am inclined to speak harshly or be impatient, I can generally control myself in time, though not as often as I would like to.

KINDNESS

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

KINDNESS is like a tiny seed

That 's buried out of sight,
Which, warmed and fostered by the earth,
Escapes its prison tight—
Bursts open wide its dreary shell,
And rises to the light.

Kindness is like a stately ship

Whose pilot knows before
The course which he intends to hold,
And, though the billows roar,
The ship glides swiftly o'er the waves,
And finds the other shore.

Kindness is like the rosy dawn,

Which, faint at first, and slow,
Crowns but the tips of distant trees,
Yet ever spreads. And lo!
It radiates till all the earth
Is bathed in golden glow.

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY DOROTHY M. ROGERS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I AM rather young to have had any very important experiences, but when I was about five or six years old I had one that helped me greatly for a little while.

At about this age I had the bad habit of leaving home without permission, and on one of these unsanctioned



"A PORTRAIT." BY DORA GUY, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

expeditions I found a can about a third full of green paint. With this I proceeded to artistically (?) decorate the rocks and trees. I had to use a stick, and the paint dripped off of it as I transferred it from the can

to the tree or rock. As I did not see any on my dress, I supposed that the paint had not dripped on me and no one would be the wiser.

But!—when I reached home my mother met me at the door and said, in as severe a tone as she ever used toward me:

"What have you been doing? How did you get green paint on your shoe?"

I looked down at my shoes, and, sure enough, on the left shoe was a telltale spot of green paint.

I cannot remember my answer, and the punishment I will not dwell on, although it was not very severe.

Monday I had to go to school with the evidence of Saturday's mischief on me.

Every morning we had to exchange our shoes for moccasins to take gymnastic exercises, and I had always had trouble in telling the right shoe from the left when we replaced them; but now I could easily tell, as the green spot was on the left shoe, so my experience with paint had helped me quite a little.

waste paper, and when I came to copy the answer on the good sheet, I copied another number by mistake. That mistake counted ten from my paper and caused



"A PORTRAIT." BY LYDIA GARDNER, AGE 15.

me to be one of the "failures." Next year I was very careful and did not make this mistake, and I passed the examination.

Another mistake I have made for the last few months is in my ST. NICHOLAS contributions. I have been hasty and have written on both sides of the paper, causing my name to stare at me from the "Roll of the Careless," which is not very pleasant.

I intend to take more time in the future and "profit



"A PORTRAIT." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A PORTRAIT." BY MARION C. WALKER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY ANNA LAURA PORTER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE experience in my life which has been the greatest help to me is the mistakes I so often make. Some people may think this queer, but I do not when I think it over. When you make a mistake and find it out later, you strive not to make it again. The following are illustrations of my mistakes:

In regents' examination one year I was hurrying to get an example in arithmetic done before time was called to hand it in. I did the example on a sheet of

by my mistakes." I think it is the best way to get help, especially when you are a school-girl or are striving for a prize in ST. NICHOLAS (with only a year and a few months before you are eighteen!).

NATURE'S KINDNESS

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

In autumn, when the wintry days begin,
When Jack Frost paints the leaves a burning gold,
Dame Nature hears the sadly murmuring lin,
And kindly covers it with ice to hold
And shield it from the cold.

In winter, when the woodland ferns are black,
When all the flowers are dead which once could
charm,
Dame Nature sees the biting frost's attack,
And kindly guards the ground from every harm
With snow, a blanket warm.

In spring, when fresh green leaves begin to grow,
When cherry-trees are decked in bridal white,
Dame Nature melts the ice and sheltering snow;
And brook and ground rejoice in sunshine bright,
Dame Nature's kindly light.

KINDNESS

BY MARIAN STABLER (AGE 14)

TIME for school? Oh, what a bore!
I don't feel like going!
What's the use in learning more,
When the leaves are showing?

School's all right when winds are all
Bringing snow or showers;
Now the joyous bird-songs call
From a world of flowers.

Teachers, let this verse I bring
Serve as a reminder;
When the green things start to spring,
Be a little kinder!

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN
OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY ESTELLE SPIVEY (AGE 16)

EXPERIENCE is the best of teachers, and every little experience has a lesson wrapped up somewhere in the folds.

In a small city one does not see the misery and suffering of the poor as one does in the large ones. There is nothing of that kind to see as one walks along the streets. One has to go far on the very edge of town to even get a glimpse of the horrible want and misery in this world. That is what I did last Christmas.

It is customary for our Sunday-school class to send a Christmas box to some needy family, and this year three other girls and myself were to deliver it. How awful it seemed way out there on that cold December day! The Christmas spirit was nowhere,—nothing but the cold gray of the unpainted houses loomed gloomily before us. We stopped at a little house of two rooms, which were so tiny that when we four were added to the seven living there, there was barely room in which to turn around. "How can people exist in such a place!" was my first thought upon entering. The mother, with her six children clinging to her (the oldest was only ten), looked so tired and worn out that we opened the box for her. And, as the girls pulled out one thing after another, I stood back, watching

that mother's face. How it shone and beamed at the sight of each little thing!

How happy we were, when we started for home, to know we had done some good! That experience gave me a glimpse into the life of the needy, and taught me to be considerate of others besides my own every-day associates and friends.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY GWEN BLENKINSOP, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

KINDNESS

BY LOUISE GUERNSEY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day I was so naughty,
I pulled our pussy's tail,
And put him in the bath-tub
To see if he would sail!

That night I had a dreadful dream.
A fairy came to me,
And took me flying through the air,
Away off to the sea.

And there I saw, beside me,
A tiny little boat.
The fairy put me in it,
And soon I was afloat.

The big waves rocked and tossed me.
I cried, and cried, and cried,
And when I tried to hold and cling
I found my hands were tied.

And then I heard a solemn voice
Beside me, and it said:
"I guess I've taught you kindness;
Now you may go to bed."

And when I woke, and thought of all
That I had seen and heard,
I went and hugged our pussy till
He purred, and purred, and purred!

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

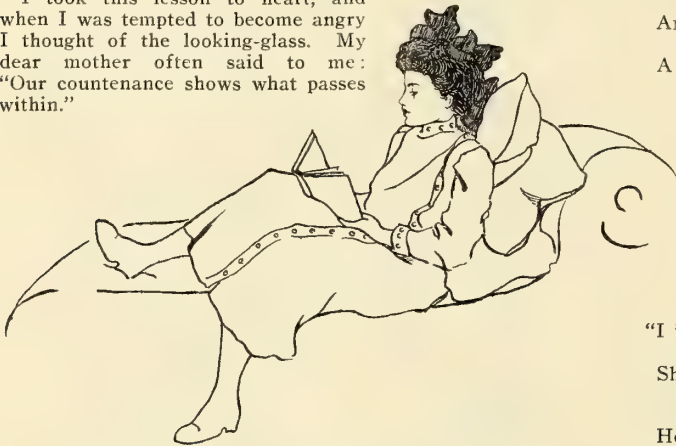
BY ELLEN MARNELL (AGE 15)

THIS happened to me about five years ago. I had a very hasty and passionate temper. My mother endeavored in vain to correct this disposition, which seemed rather to increase in impetuosity.

One day I was sitting at my work, when my little brother came running in, and accidentally upset my work-box. At the sight of its contents rolling over the floor, I rose from my seat, transported with anger. At this moment, my mother, who had seen my anger rise, stepped behind me and held a looking-glass before my face. I started with fright at the sight of my distorted countenance. My eyes sparkled with fury, the veins in my forehead were swollen, and my whole countenance seemed on fire. My anger ceased, and I burst out crying.

"Do you see now," said my mother, "how frightful a thing anger is, and how hideous it makes the human face? If you continue to indulge this passion, that terrible expression which frightened you so, just now, will soon become fixed on your face, which will lose every good feature."

I took this lesson to heart, and when I was tempted to become angry I thought of the looking-glass. My dear mother often said to me: "Our countenance shows what passes within."



"A PORTRAIT." BY MARGARET K. TURNBULL, AGE 14.

WHAT EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST HELP TO ME

BY MARGARET HARMS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

IT happened in the year of 1909, on Christmas Eve. I had been wishing for quite a lot of books, and was disappointed by finding none on the Christmas table, but instead a paper-covered magazine. This was the ST. NICHOLAS. I never had heard of it and did not know what it was like. My disappointment was great. I could not keep from crying. My father explained to me, saying that it was equal to twelve books—one book each month; that I would, after a little while, love it. I was naughty and did not listen. My father, who had felt he was giving me a great pleasure with this present, at last lost his patience and sent me to bed. Upstairs, while I was thinking of what I had done, floated in the Christmas hymns which were being sung below by my brothers and sisters, and I regretted that I had spoiled the Christmas. The next morning, as soon as I got up, I went to my father to apologize for what I had done. After breakfast I read the ST. NICHOLAS,

and it did not take very long to get interested, and I felt my great error doubly. To-day I must confess that I could not live without the ST. NICHOLAS.

From that time I decided to investigate things before judging them. I am sure that this experience has helped me more than any other so far in my life.

KINDNESS

BY KATHARINE D. RIGGS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

LET us strive, while yet we may,
To scatter kindness along the way.
It cheers the weary, comforts the sore,
And shows us the way to heaven's door.

Kindness makes this old world brighter,
Kindness makes all loads seem lighter,
Kindness makes the sky look bluer,
And kindness makes all friends feel truer.

KINDNESS

BY ANNA B. STEARNS (AGE 15)

AN editor, out walking once,
Did notice with surprise
A maiden gazing at a brook,
With longing in her eyes.

He kindly asked her what it was
She seemed to wish for so;
She handed him a poem, and said:
"It is n't good, I know;

"But how I'd like to write poems well—
If that could only be!"
He read her verses, then replied:
"Your poem seems good to me—

"I'll take it with me, if you wish,
And publish it for you."
She thanked him, smiled, and said: "It seems
Too joyful to be true!"

Her poem was greatly praised, and now
She writes no more with fear—
Just one kind deed gave courage new.
(I trust the moral's clear.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1	PROSE, 2	
Ruth Starr	William Washburn	Mary Gale Clark
Betty A. Weston	Dora Marcoux	Clara Lieber
Doris Rosalind	Clara K. Goldman	
Wilder	Aaron J. Ezickson	VERSE, 1
Ethel Gunn	Pearl Lukens	Winifred Ward
Evelyn Pullen	Ethel Rose	Elizabeth Dale
Beryl M. Siebert	Van Steenberg	Warner
Georgianna Smith	Timothy E. Holden	Martha Zeiger
Elizabeth Stanley	Hazel Conors	Helen E. Dougherty
Daskam	Barbara Schurman	Mildred Roberts
Gladys L. Pollock	Mary Daboll	Ruth Hoag
Irene Ivins	Rebecca Hubbard	Katharine T.
Irene Atwood	Wilder	Sharpless
Mary Swift Rupert	Eugenia A. Lee	Florence Gallagher
Mary Fraim	Desdemona Stott	Elsie Stybr
Emice G. Hussey	Marie Louise Kellogg	Anna Ruggles
Lucile Struller	Melba Lu Gar Moore	Stella Green
Mittie Clark	Louise M. Lieber	Audra Bickel
Margaret E. Beakes	Edith Levy	Gwendolyn V. Steel
		Alice Lovell

Lois Donovan
Miriam F. Carpenter
Helen Page
Marian Thanhouser
Doris F. Halman

VERSE, 2

Waldemar O.
Doeschner
Mildred Calvert
William Collins

Oliver M. Smith
Laura F. Willis
Delia L. Ross
Virginia Wood
Jennie Edith Everden
Elizabeth Harding
Marjory Bates
Lois Wright

DRAWINGS, 2

Ethel M. Shearer

Emma Anderson
Helena Stevens
Jeanette M. Shrum
Margaret Schaffler
Adelaide Bowen
Agnes Abbot
Marion G. Travis
Miriam Sipple
Robert Cockburn, Jr.
Lily A. Lewis
Marjorie Williams



"A MAY TAIL-PIECE. BY MARION KELLY WHELOCK, AGE 15.

Violet Michaels
Banny Stewart
McLean
Adela F. Fitts
McLean Young
Jennie Kramer
Rose Schwartz
Walter Griffiths
Elizabeth Townsend
Adele Palton
Mary Mathes
Elizabeth Muller
Alice Trimble
Dorothy Dawson
Donald C. Dorian
Calista P. Eliot

DRAWINGS, 1

Charlotte Tongas
Mary Ruddy Clifford
May Baker
Etta Carrington
Brown
Guiliana Antinori
Helen D. Baker
Helen F. Morgan
Theresa R. Robbins
Jean Hopkins
Margaret Etter
Knight
Harriet S. Crane
Jean Dorchester
Harry R. Till
Mary Louise Jackson
Dorothy Hughes
Isabel B. Huston
Minna H. Besser
Marian Blynn

Esther N. Perkins
Winifred Almy
Sara F. Miel
Harold Schwartz
William E. Fay
Laura E. Hill
Gladys Wright
Mary Horne
Julia M. Herget
Bertha Titus
Otto Svedal
Nettie Mae Stackhouse
Malcolm McGhie
Lily King Westervelt
Beryl Morse
Katharine H.
Seligman

Aline M. Crook
Genevieve K. Hamlin
J. Mildred Austin
Bessie Esersky
Edith Ballinger Price
Marjorie Eastlake
Fanny A. Fleuret
William H. Trefry
E. Theodore Nelson
Mary Flaherty
James B. Ganly
Margaret F. Foster
Ida E. Kahan
Romayne Milliken
Eva Cohen
Morton M. Schorr
Ruth Metzger
Reeves Harris
Lydia Douglass
Jameson
Stella Evelyn Grier

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Harriet McLaughlin
Lillian Bacon
Stephen Wheatland
Jackson Vanderlogort
Theresa Eleanor
Metcalf
Margaret Eichelberger
Dorothy Roediger

PUZZLES, 1

R. Kenneth Everson
Dorothy Wilcox
Carl A. Giese
E. Adelaide Hahn
Theodore H. Ames
Helen Beach
S. Bremer
Louisa G. Wells
Elizabeth R.
Bunnington
Louise Josephi
Ruth K. Gaylord
Duane R. Everson
Anne A. Perrine
Malcolm B. Carroll

PUZZLES, 2

Louise M. Ross
Philip Nichols
Tom Ewing
Margaret P. Spaulding
Edward Williams
Isador Rooten
Elliot Roty

NO AGE. Kenneth Southwick, Dolores Ingres, Elizabeth Winston.
WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Louise Moore, Lillian Arra.

PROSE NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Mary Elizabeth Van Fossen, Edith Thorne Dart.

IN COLOR. Florence Bartram.

IN PENCIL. Emelia Cavagione.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 139

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 139 will close **May 10** (for foreign members **May 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In Sunshine," or "Sunny Days."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Camp-fire Story," or "A Camp-fire Sketch."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Ready for the Start."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Useful in Summer," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **September**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

LATE. Ruth K. Benton, Elizabeth Stevens, Arnulf Ueland, Christian Benneche, Dorothy Miller, Peter Turchon, Harrison B. McCreary.
NO ADDRESS, OR INCOMPLETE. Marion Hanne, Helen C. Webster, John Hilzinger, Leila Howard Burden.

WRONG SUBJECT. Joseph Sawyers, Marion O. Henckell.

NOT INDORSED. Jack Sans, Margaret Graham.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It gives us pleasure to bring to the attention of all ST. NICHOLAS young folk an admirable project which has recently been organized,—for the purchase and preservation of "Orchard House," the old home of Louisa M. Alcott in Concord, Massachusetts. The plan is fully outlined in the following copy of a circular issued by the Concord Woman's Club, which has undertaken to raise a fund sufficient to buy the Alcott house.

The enterprise will appeal strongly to every girl reader of our magazine, and to her mother as well, for we are sure that three generations, at least, of American girls have been ardent lovers of Miss Alcott's famous books. The parents of to-day will remember, too, that several of her later stories first appeared as serials in ST. NICHOLAS. Indeed, within the first fifteen years of this magazine's issue, Miss Alcott contributed to its pages no less than four year-long serials and twenty short stories.

The project, therefore, has an especial claim upon ST. NICHOLAS readers, and we earnestly hope that their generous response to the appeal of the Concord Woman's Club may aid, in large measure, in bringing to the Memorial the success which it deserves.

A LOUISA M. ALCOTT MEMORIAL

THE "Orchard House," formerly the home of Louisa M. Alcott in Concord, Massachusetts, stands to-day unoccupied and in bad condition, its closed doors and boarded windows causing great disappointment to many visitors.

The Concord Woman's Club, through the interest

and generosity of one of its members, has recently been given an opportunity to purchase this house at a reasonable figure, for the purpose of opening it to visitors and maintaining it as a permanent memorial to Miss Alcott. In this house "Little Women" was written, and little paintings and sketches by "Amy" may still be seen upon the woodwork in some of the rooms.

The house is almost unchanged in its general features, but now so desolate it is a pathetic sight to every one who has loved Louisa Alcott's stories and the characters she created. These stories and characters have given many hours of pleasure and had a great and wholesome influence on almost every girl who has lived in the last forty years, and it is believed that many people the country over will be interested to contribute toward the preservation of this Alcott home.

The house and sufficient land about it can be bought and put in order for \$8000. If this sum can be raised the house will be repaired and placed in the charge of a permanent organization which will maintain it as an Alcott Memorial.

The Concord Woman's Club appeals to all lovers of Miss Alcott to help by contributions, large or small. Contributions may be sent to Henry F. Smith, Jr., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Massachusetts.

MRS. HENRY C. ROLFE, *President,*
Concord (Massachusetts) Woman's Club.

MRS. RAPHAEL M. HOYLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

OLIVE W. RANDALL.—The African explorer Henry M. Stanley died in London, England, May 10, 1904. His funeral services were held at Westminster Abbey, May 17, and he was buried on that date in the village churchyard of Pirbright, in Surrey.

THE LETTER-BOX

I. LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF "THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE"

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The time has come for me to step aside and leave room for others to win the prizes. How I hate to do it! Although I wish the followers every success, I would like to linger for a while before the gate closes behind me, but, alas! I must let it clang and bolt, leaving me to turn my face onward.

I have felt the thrill of receiving both the silver and gold badges, but unfortunately the cash prize was beyond me; but from that I have "Learned to Live," learned to bear disappointments. It may be a good thing, for I will strive the harder in the life which comes after eighteen.

I suppose I simply *must* say good-by, but first I want to wish you great success and a long life.

Your devoted ex-member,

LORRAINE RANSOM.

SEWANEE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is with sincere regret that I resign from active work in the League, owing to my having now reached the age limit. In the course of my membership I have had the extreme good fortune to have won both gold and silver badges and two cash

prizes. You cannot realize how these have spurred me on in my work and helped me to win certain scholastic honors. I shall still read with interest the contributions of fellow-members, and it is with renewed regret that I bid you farewell. With best wishes, too,

Sincerely yours,

ROGER D. WOLCOTT.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The gold badge reached me safely, and I am very proud of it. It was a very great surprise to me. One afternoon I came in from gymnasium work and happened to pick up one of the local papers which was lying on a chair. As the paper was folded, the first heading that caught my eye was, "Northampton Girl Wins a Prize." I was moderately interested, and wondered vaguely if it were any one I knew. Then when I read a little farther down the column and saw my own name, I literally "could not believe my eyes," and thought it must be a mistake. But I knew that the composition was my own. Just as I had persuaded myself that I had really won the *gold badge*, my small brother came down the stairs, and before he knew what had happened to him, I had pounced upon him and waltzed him around the room.

Before Father was really inside the door, I had

pushed the paper into his hands and pointed out that wonderful heading. Mother was not at home, but Father telephoned her. It was a good deal of a rumpus, but, you see, I had never won a gold badge before.

The badge itself is a perfect beauty, and I thank you heartily for it. I sincerely hope that my composition deserved this recognition. Washington has always been my historical ideal and it was not difficult to write about him.

Thanking you again, I am

Yours sincerely, HELEN ROSS.

CASCADE LOCKS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My ninth birthday, on October 18, was about the happiest I have had yet. But the thing that I enjoyed most (and I count it as a present) was to have my name on the Roll of Honor. My mother used to take your magazine, and all but two are at my grandmother's house. She sent to know which number it was in. I was so happy to think it was the first time! Yesterday while walking on the gravel walk I came across a beautiful agate. It was quite clear, and my brother Sam ground the dull part on an emery-wheel in the play-room up-stairs. I very much like your nice magazine, and whenever I want reading-matter I get my copies of ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours very truly,

JESSIE M. THOMPSON.

WESTWARD HO, NORTH DEVON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was most delighted to get your beautiful badge, which arrived quite safely. It is so nice to be now an "Honor Member," and my badge is admired by every one.

To be a Gold-badge winner has always been the dream of my life, and now it is realized, I shall have to get another and still higher aim.

I have been competing for nearly three years in your competitions, and hope to do so for two years more, and then—! But eighteen is a sad and gloomy age to League members!

Thanking you again ever so much for your most welcome and treasured honor, with all good wishes for the future prosperity of ST. NICHOLAS, I remain

Ever your interested reader,

DOROTHY DAWSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was greatly surprised and equally delighted on seeing my picture published on one of your pages. I had not yet bought you for November, and was in a public place glancing through you, when I gave a start, for there at the head of the League was printed my drawing and a statement to the effect that I had or was awarded a silver badge for its merit. Last month I had my name mentioned in the Roll of Honor No. 2, and to jump over No. 1 and receive a silver badge is an honor indeed.

I received my prize a few days ago, and I think it is beautiful. Although the design is similar to the button, the badge looks better. It now occupies an honorable and conspicuous place on my jacket, and I frequently glance at it while I write this letter. In my future drawings I will try to do better and mayhap win a gold badge, and I also hope that you will be equally satisfied in my succeeding drawings.

The first six drawings I sent met with no response, and I became discouraged, but I determined to keep on until I could make one good enough to be published, and having met with success, I hope it will not leave me.

Your interested reader,

HARRY TILL.

II. LETTERS FROM OTHER READERS

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the third year I have taken you, but I never have written to you before, so I thought I would to-day. I thought it would be nice to tell you about going to a friend's at the foot of Mount Lowe, Los Angeles County, California. They have two girls: one is ten, her name is Dorothy; the other is four, and her name is Barbara. They have eleven oaks on their place; they call the place 'Leven Oaks. One of them is larger than the rest; it's near the house. My brother, who is six, and Barbara sit in a seat that is made in the trunk of the oak, while Dorothy and I climb in it.

There is a cañon near the house. The island of Santa Catalina, sixty miles away, can be seen on clear days.

Every Saturday night they throw a strong searchlight from the top of Mount Lowe. One night they threw the light into their kitchen and frightened Barbara and Dorothy.

Next winter when the snow is on Mount Lowe we are all going to the top for the day.

I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade at school.

Hoping I will always remain

Your loving reader,

JESSICA NOBLE.

CULEBRA, CANAL ZONE, PANAMA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've just been down here a few months, but still I'm longing for the States. Nevertheless there are a good many interesting things, of which I will tell you a few.

The canal is just about a hundred yards from the back of our house, so of course I've been down in it. It's particularly interesting to see the steam-shovels pick up the dirt and put it in dirt-carts; they are awfully big and seem almost human the way they work.

Yesterday I went out riding on one of the mountain trails with Papa; sometimes it was so steep we had to lead the horses. A friend of mine said she had seen a panther and her four cubs on one of these trails, but they did n't seem to notice her.

I hope to be able to get a League prize by photographing a boa-constrictor. Several have been seen near here.

Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE E. BROWN (age 11).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I liked the February number so much that I am going to get a subscription for you for this year. The two stories I like best are "The Forest Castaways" and "Team-Mates."

When my father and mother were young they were readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Every Saturday after you came my mother's eldest brother would read you while his other brother and sister and cousins listened. The first time Mother read "Jack and Jill," by Louisa M. Alcott, was in ST. NICHOLAS as a serial story.

I am going to belong to your League and try to win a silver or a gold badge if I can.

From your interested reader,

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN (age 9).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week we had such an interesting trip to Mount Vernon that I thought I would write to you and tell you about it.

In what is called the family kitchen is an enormous

fireplace with all sorts of old-fashioned utensils they used in those days in it.

We went all through the house itself, seeing all the rooms, including the room in which George Washington died, also the one in which Martha Washington died. In the down-stairs hall is the key of the Bastille that Lafayette gave to Washington. It is about six inches in length.

We saw both George and Martha Washington's tombs inside a vault. It is said that after the door, which is made of iron bars, was locked, the key was thrown into the Potomac River to prevent any one from going in.

I have taken you for many years, and think and know you are the best young folks' magazine ever published.

Your loving reader, EMMA S. DUNBAR (age 12).

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was just wondering what I would do this year without you, when my dear Aunt Ella wrote that she had taken you again for me. She has given me lots of presents, but you are the nicest and best of all. I should n't like to miss a single copy.

Your loving reader,

MARJORIE NOBLE (age 10).

A CORRECTION

By an oversight, ST. NICHOLAS made quite a mistake in printing with the poem "The Longfellow House at Portland," on page 412 of the March number, a picture of the house in Portland which was the poet's birth-place, but which is not the widely known "Longfellow house" of his native city. It seems that the real residence of the Longfellow family was the house which is pictured below, as the accompanying letter will explain.

PORTLAND, ME.

DEAR EDITOR: In the March number of ST. NICHOLAS (page 412) a poem and a drawing have come together, one may say, under somewhat false pretenses.

It is true that the poet Longfellow was born in the house of which an illustration is given—but not in the least true that he studied or grew up or wrote there.

All of Longfellow's life in Portland, with the exception of a very brief period (a month or two) after his birth, was passed in the house shown in the accompanying picture. The upper left-hand corner room was the one occupied by him as a man during his yearly visits to Portland. It was *here* that he wrote the "Rainy Day," and it is here that the table and chair of the poem stand. The house was occupied until a recent date by one of his sisters, who in her will left it to the Maine Historical Society. It is open to the public and visited by thousands of people every summer.

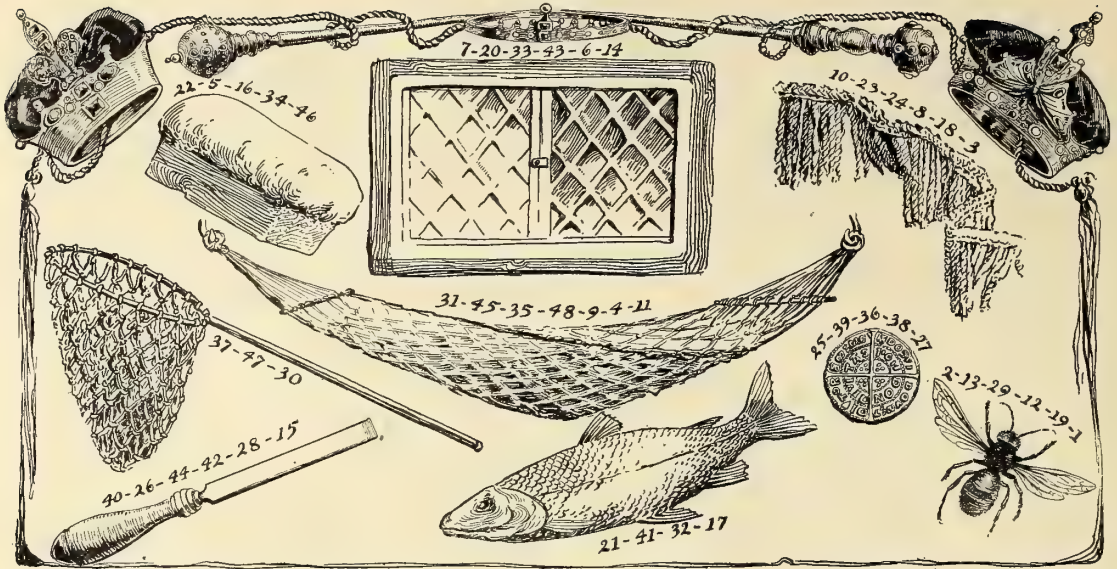
It seems just to the readers of the charming little poem in your March number that attention should be called to the house where Longfellow really did live and grow up—and write "of sun and rain" and sit "in the twilight dim."

Very sincerely,

HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.



"THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE" AT PORTLAND.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-eight letters, is a quotation from John B. Gough.

A HAT PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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I. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To shape. 2. A Greek letter. 3. Belonging to a certain beautiful wild animal. 4. A small heron. 5. Endures.

II. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Holds out. 2. Concerning. 3. A Moslem student of sacred law. 4. A teacher. 5. Luminous bodies.

III. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lisp. 2. Possesses. 3. Used for lighting. 4. A scout. 5. In lisp.

IV. MIDDLE DIAMOND: 1. In lisp. 2. Consumed. 3. Distinguished performers. 4. A period of time. 5. In lisp.

V. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lisp. 2. A single point. 3. A fragment. 4. Part of the head. 5. In lisp.

MARY W. CHAPIN.

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. AN ethereal fluid that supplied the place of blood in the veins of the gods. 2. A small job. 3. One of the books of the Bible. 4. A mountain nymph. 5. Prepared. II. 1. Sudden fear. 2. A place of contest. 3. At no time. 4. Sluggish. 5. A bill of fare.

S. S. AND MARJORIE WINROD (League Members).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

1. DOUBLY behead to accost, and leave apparel. 2. Doubly behead gloomy, and leave a part of the head. 3. Doubly behead to emphasize, and leave a coin. 4.

Doubly behead to keep tally, and leave crude minerals. 5. Doubly behead to flow, and leave twenty quires. 6. Doubly behead to frighten, and leave an inlet of water from the sea. 7. Doubly behead limit, and leave a movable habitation. 8. Doubly behead to swallow, and leave a colored fluid. 9. Doubly behead to destroy, and leave an unctuous substance. 10. Doubly behead a tendon, and leave modern. 11. Doubly behead burdened, and leave a lair. 12. Doubly behead a step, and leave tune. 13. Doubly behead a sluggish stream, and leave a pronoun.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the words remaining will spell two words often heard nowadays.

L. H. M.

CONNECTED SQUARE AND DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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O O O * * * O O O
O O O O * * * O O O O
O O O * * * O O O
O . . . . O
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I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In novelty. 2. To place. 3. Couples. 4. Instruction. 5. Test. 6. The sun. 7. In novelty.

II. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In novelty. 2. To lease. 3. Clear. 4. Cravat. 5. An inscription. 6. To perish. 7. In novelty.

III. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In novelty. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. A cord with a noose. 4. To request. 5. In novelty.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In novelty. 2. A unit. 3. Applause. 4. Sense of melody. 5. In novelty.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. The sun. 2. A number. 3. To give leave.

EMMA KATHERINE ANDERSON.



The Favorite at May Parties

Time to hand in answers is up May 10. Prizes awarded in July number.

Several of the members of the St. Nicholas League have asked for another King's Move Puzzle Competition. We have not had one since August, 1909. Here is one. It is easy. There are twenty-seven prizes of one dollar each.

A	L	D	M	I	U	G	A	B	C	L	L	I	G
T	S	O	N	O	S	T	R	O	P	Y	E	T	A
Y	M	G	I	K	A	O	R	G	R	I	T	S	F
R	C	A	L	V	L	C	T	A	P	N	U	A	E
H	I	N	O	R	I	F	M	T	E	T	B	T	Y
Y	E	A	I	Y	A	C	K	R	Y	S	A	R	A
N	C	R	L	P	S	O	E	A	O	L	S	K	Z
A	M	U	S	O	T	R	L	O	C	R	E	A	O
P	D	O	T	E	A	E	M	H	S	K	X	E	R
N	C	E	L	P	O	R	S	I	L	P	L	S	Y
A	N	Y	L	O	W	I	E	M	A	U	M	A	T
Y	F	R	U	E	N	A	C	D	R	D	A	F	E
F	I	T	N	J	R	G	L	M	E	H	L	O	U
L	M	E	C	A	T	X	E	S	D	N	O	P	R



RULES:

Begin anywhere. Move to any square touching at sides or corners. Spell out all the letters, finding double letters *twice*.

There are at least twenty-four names of advertised articles or advertisers.

Every name or article must be spelled in full.

Mere common names will not do. There must be special names or special combinations

describing an advertised article. Thus, from B in the top line you can spell "BOATS"; but that will not count.

Find all the answers you can, number each, and put them in alphabetical order.

The best solvers will be sure to find many names not seen by the composer of the puzzle.

Here are the rules and regulations:—

This month there are Twenty-seven Prizes of One Dollar each.

(See also page 8.)

TEN



DAYS

The Art of Being Certain

The successful man doesn't guess—he knows because he takes the trouble to find out.

When he is a bit "out of fix" he says, "Something may be wrong with my food."

Then he proceeds to know by a ten days' trial—leaving off greasy meats, pasty, sticky and starchy half-cooked cereals, white bread and pastry, and adopting a plain, nourishing diet.

Many men who really know use the following breakfast: Some fruit, a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream, soft-boiled eggs, some nice crisp toast, and a cup of Postum—nothing more.

The result is certain gain toward health.

"There's a Reason"

Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages of

Grape-Nuts

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

1. **This competition is open to everybody.**
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (113).
3. Send answers before May 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.
4. Do not inclose requests for League badges

or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 113, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 111

The Judges were swamped with letters received in answer to our March Competition—so many good letters that the Judges had a hard time choosing the winners. Finally prizes were awarded mainly on the basis of originality and easy style of writing. You tried too hard: your letters sounded a little forced and often you simply used the expressions which were contained in the advertisements.

We are very proud of the ability which the St. Nicholas boys and girls have shown all along in these advertising competitions, because of the original and clever ideas which they produced. When you are answering these competitions get the idea from the advertisement and say it in your own way.

Here's the list of winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

John Ketcham, age 14, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Dorothy M. Rogers, age 16, Massachusetts.

Elliott Weld Brown, age 13, Massachusetts.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

James M. Crosby, Jr., age 10, Michigan.

Dorothy Watt, age 13, Illinois.

Elizabeth A. Bishop, age 17, Minnesota.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Catherine F. Urell, age 11, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth McPherson, age 13, Kentucky.

Charlotte Skinner, age 11, New York.

Wm. Alfred Rose, age 10, Tennessee.

Jane Vaughan, age 10, Illinois.

Thelma Stillson, age 12, Michigan.

Emma Cooper, age 14, Illinois.

Lucile E. Baldwin, age 16, Virginia.

Henry F. Padgham, Jr., age 8, Oregon.

Wm. L. Anderson, Jr., age 12, New York.

(See also page 6.)

1847 ROGERS BROS.



**X S
TRIPLE**

FANEUIL
PATTERN

This famous trade mark on spoons, forks, etc.,
guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate.



*"Silver Plate
that Wears"*

Send for catalogue "E-5"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK CHICAGO MERIDEN, CONN. SAN FRANCISCO



**“Yes Ma’m,
we sell
quantities
of**



Post Toasties

—they’re fine with cream and sugar.”

CRISP — FLAVOURY — DISTINCTIVE

“The Memory Lingers”

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine is the gelatine grandmother used—and the gelatine used by the famous chefs and French cooks to-day. It's been good for 80 years.

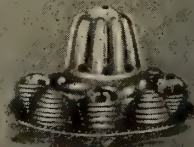
COX'S

INSTANT POWDERED
Gelatine



Cox's is concentrated food. It makes soups rich and sauces tempting. It can be used with milk. This makes it invaluable food for children, invalids and elderly folks.

Cox's makes desserts that are nourishing without being too rich, heavy and "stuffing." Desserts that everybody likes and that suit everybody. You should know more about it.



When buying, always look for the famous checker-board box.

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery—205 ways of using Cox's Gelatine—mailed free for the asking.

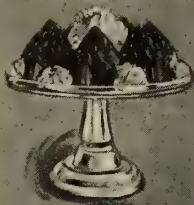


THE COX GELATINE COMPANY

U. S. Distributors for
J. & G. COX, Ltd.,
Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dept. F

100 Hudson Street
New York



Rich Delicate Flavor

Maillard's



The
Best
Cocoa
of them
All.

MAILLARD'S COCOA

The most delicious gratifying food drink known. Made ready as soon as the water boils. Helps invalids back to health.

MAILLARD'S VANILLA CHOCOLATE

A dainty confection, and a delicious beverage flavored with real vanilla. Warranted purity, and 60 years' superiority.

At
Leading
Dealers.

Sample can free on request.



Cooks Quickly

'Ralston' is a convenient food; cooks in less than 15 minutes. Saves fuel. A nourishing, body-building, delicious health food, full of the nutriment of whole wheat. A 15c package, when cooked, makes 50 saucers.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour

makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it too.



Ralston

HEALTH
BREAKFAST FOOD



DO you know a dessert can be dainty and light—easy to make—and yet have most wholesome and nourishing qualities? *Real* desserts are made with Kingsford's Corn Starch—Blanc Mange, Charlottes, Custards, Puddings. You forget how good they can be unless you use Kingsford's—the pure corn starch.

Ordinary corn starch can be made in a few days. It takes as many weeks to produce Kingsford's. The cost is the same. The results are very different. Insist on

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

IN THE OLD FAMILIAR PACKAGE

Blanc Mange.—Put into a saucepan three-quarters cup Kingsford's Corn Starch, add pinch salt and four tablespoons granulated sugar, moisten with one-quarter cup cold milk, then add two and one-quarter cups boiling milk. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with one teaspoonful vanilla extract, allow to boil up, mixing well, then pour into a wetted mould.

Send for Cook Book D—168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *It's free*—just send your name on a postcard.

T. KINGSFORD & SON National Starch Company, Successors **OSWEGO, N. Y.**





To be healthy and vigorous, children need the freedom of movement promoted by the

Velvet Grip

[RUBBER BUTTON]
HOSE SUPPORTER
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



It is desirable because it is *right* in every way.
Keeps the stockings neat and unwrinkled.
Easily managed by small fingers.
Sample Pair, Children's size (state age) 16c. postpaid.
Look for the *Moulded Rubber Button* and "Velvet Grip" stamped on the loop.
Sold by Dealers Everywhere.
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, U. S. A.



Trade Mark

Buy a cake of your favorite toilet soap, and then buy a cake of

Mennen's (Borated) Skin Soap

Put the two on your dresser use them alternately and in a week you will know which you prefer and why Mennen's is constantly growing in favor.

At all druggists, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents postpaid. Sample for 4 cent stamp.
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.




The Racycle

IT'S ALL IN THE CRANK HANGER

RACYCLES hold undisputed rank as the *easiest* riding wheels. They climb hills with *least* effort, because of the *evenly balanced* crank hanger—an exclusive Racycle feature. This hanger has 27.9% less pressure on the crank bearings than required in propelling any ordinary bicycle. All 1911 Racycle Crank Hangers are indestructible. They have *Solid Tool Steel Crank Shafts* and heavy tool steel cones, giving a perfect bearing surface.

Guaranteed For Three Years

"Ray" Juveniles fill the bill for youngsters. Pacemaker and Rideabout Models are equipped, without extra charge, with our Musselman Armless Coaster Brake—smallest, simplest, lightest and strongest brake made.

1911 Catalog, Pamphlet "The Three Reasons", explaining \$10,000 Cash Prize Problem, Racycle Watch Charm and booklet—"The Major's Story" all mailed for 2c stamp. Sent FREE if you mention Bicycle Dealer in your town.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
36 Grand Ave. Middletown, O. U. S. A.

The World's Best Bicycle





*Comes out
a ribbon
lies flat
on the
brush*

If the first taste of a dentifrice is a good taste, the regular care of the teeth will be an easy habit to form



So delicious in flavor that children use it eagerly and faithfully. So lastingly antiseptic that it not only destroys decay-germs at the time of use, but also keeps the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that checks germ growth.

“Good Teeth—Good Health”

is not a mere catch phrase, but a scientific fact and should be a watchword for every mother. Begin now to teach your children the use of this deliciously efficient Dental Cream.

Trial Tube sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO., Department 60, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

HOW TO BEGIN

ONE of the most frequent questions to reach the Editor of the Stamp Page is, "What is the best way to start a stamp collection?" Our advertisers all have for sale what are known in the trade as "packets." These are really small collections of stamps, varying in quantity and quality so as to suit every purse. It is always well to begin a collection with one of these. The more costly the packet, the larger and better the selection is. On the other hand, one can get a dealer's list of what are known as "non-duplicating packets," and by systematically buying the entire list get in instalments a variety of stamps too large to be indulged in as a single purchase. These packets vary in price from a nickel or a dime up to hundreds of dollars. Some of our advertisers also furnish what are known as "Collectors' Outfits." These comprise albums, packets of various kinds, hinges, catalogues, perforation gages, water-mark detectors, and indeed all the needed paraphernalia of the fad. The cost, of course, varies materially with the quality of the different combinations. The beginner is rather bewildered by all these terms, but as he studies his stamps, as he learns to sort them into countries and issues, he will grow into the need of the various appliances. One of the most important things for him to get is a copy of the current edition of the Standard Catalogue. This gives him not only the prices of the different stamps, but has illustrations of the designs. Such cuts are of especial value to the novice in countries like Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Servia, where the inscription in Slavonic type indicates little at first to the stamp student. After he has sorted out a number of packets he will find that he likes this or that country best; or that he would like to complete this or that set. He will know what he wants, and cease to be a "beginner."

"TOO LATE" STAMPS

ABOUT the middle of the year 1855 there was issued in Victoria the only "too late" stamp ever issued by a British colony. The stamps of Trinidad which are found canceled or surcharged "too late" were never officially authorized. They are probably the result of an accidental use of the wrong hand stamp in canceling letters upon which a "too late" fee had been paid. The Victoria stamp is a thing of beauty when in fine condition. It bears the head of Queen Victoria, as do most of the stamps of the colony. The body of the stamp is in deep lilac crossed by two bands of green. The upper band bears the words "Too Late," while the lower has the value or fee, "Sixpence." The resemblance of this stamp to the registration stamp of Victoria suggests the hand of the same artist, and indeed the two stamps were designed and engraved by the same person.

The "too late" stamp represented a tax or fee in addition to regular postage upon such letters as were received too late for the regular mail. In all large maritime cities much mail is sent on outgoing vessels. In early stamp periods a fast sailing-packet, or in fact any sailing-vessel, was often charged with the carrying of the mails. The heavy

regular mail to go by vessel or steamer on any specified day was sorted and despatched in wagons from the post-office some hours before the scheduled time of sailing. A light supplementary mail was afterward sent by special messenger. This mail consisted of such letters as arrived after the regular mail had closed, but were of sufficient importance to warrant the sender in the payment of a "too late" fee, which in Victoria was fixed at sixpence. This supplementary mail was kept open until within a short time of the sailing hour, the time depending upon the distance between the post-office and the dock of the vessel.

Although no regular stamp for this purpose has ever been issued by the United States, the practice of extra fees is in use. In New York City supplementary mails are usually kept open until about half an hour before the departure of the steamer, but in some cases two hours are needed to reach the vessel's dock. Instead of charging a fixed fee for this special service between post-office and boat, all letters so carried must pay double rate of postage; that is, a letter to England must pay four cents instead of two cents, a letter to Italy ten cents instead of five cents. The same style of cancellation is used on both regular and supplementary mail. The Colombian Republic is the nation most prolific in issuing "too late" stamps.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

CL. G., of Minneapolis, inquires about "too late" stamps. His query deserves a more lengthy reply than can be incorporated in these answers. A letter sent to him by the Editor was returned because of insufficient address. It is well always to inclose a self-addressed envelop. Many questions are not of sufficient general interest to be answered in this department; but all are answered direct to the inquirer when the address renders it possible. ¶ The portrait upon Belgian stamps is of King Leopold; upon Portuguese, King Manuel; upon Spanish, King Alfonso; upon Venezuela, usually General Bolivar; upon German, a conventional head typifying Germania; upon Sicilian, Ferdinand II, otherwise known as King Bomba. Of this last, an interesting story is told that the king refused to have the stamps canceled and his portrait defaced. He changed his mind when the effect of such action upon his treasury was explained to him. But he devised the peculiar ornamental three-sided contraption which could cancel the stamp yet leave the beauty of the royal face unmarred. ¶ There are several ways to detect water-marks. Get a sheet of japanned tin such as is used for tintypes. Place the stamp face downward upon the black side of the tin, and drop a little benzine upon it. The water-mark will usually appear prominently. There are on sale by our advertisers small glass cups with a black bottom. These hold a sufficient quantity of benzine, and are very useful as water-mark detectors. They sometimes cast a shadow, however, which is confusing. Again, there is to be had from all stamp-dealers a shallow glass receptacle which casts no shadow. With this the benzine is used, as with the tin plate above mentioned.



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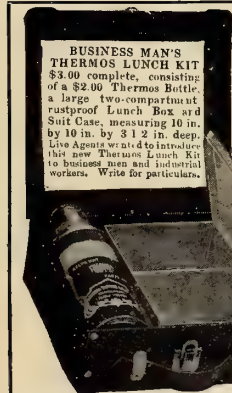
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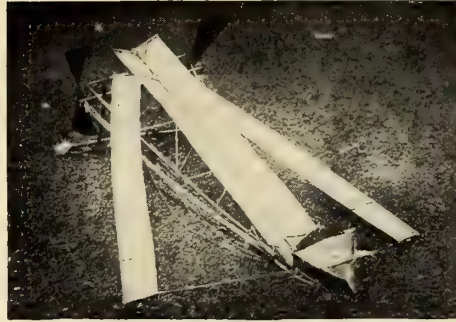
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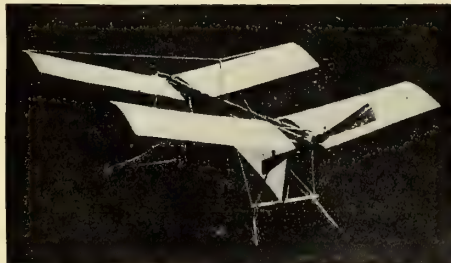
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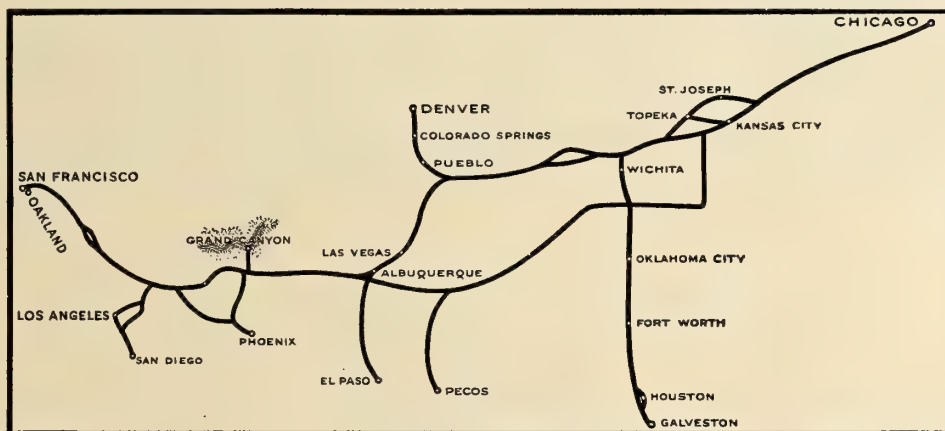
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THE JUNE NUMBER

ST. NICHOLAS

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

JUNE, 1911

No. 8

BETTY AND THE BEAR

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

"MEASURE juice and add one pound of sugar to each pint. Boil from five to eight minutes. Put a few drops on a piece of ice, and if the jelly separates slightly from the water, it is boiled enough."

"There—I 've done all that," said Betty, "and if the ice test is sure, this jelly will certainly jell."

"Skim a second time, and put in tumblers"—that 's easy enough. Oh, if this currant jelly turns out anything like as good as Aunt Sarah's, won't I be a proud girl when Mother comes home! It 'll be the best surprise I ever gave her, to have the jelly-making off her hands for the season. I believe it 's going to more than fill all the tumblers—dear me! what else can I use? Oh, well, these yellow bowls in the dresser will turn it out all right, and so will these old cups without any handles."

Betty rinsed them out, washed them in spite of their evident cleanliness, and poured the last of the jelly into them with her capable seventeen-year-old hands. Grandmother Forsyth had had just such hands, the family traditions ran, and had been able to do anything with them, from embroidering on India muslin to upholstering the parlor furniture. Betty had her grandmother's name, too, and the little locket and chain that Grandmother Forsyth had worn as a girl was around her neck, though hidden somewhat by the comprehensive cooking-apron that covered her from head to foot. With her curly brown hair and her big hazel eyes, Betty looked, in that enveloping apron, like a little girl, not old enough to be attempting currant jelly. But that is where

appearances were deceptive. Betty, all by herself, had been keeping house for two weeks, while her mother was away at Aunt Sarah's, and had made a brilliant success of it. "Harry and Esther have n't even had a cold," she reflected, with pride, as she looked at her array of tumblers, lucent in the sun, "and Father says my rolls are as good as Mother's. I 'd better not be too proud, though, or my jelly won't jell!" She stirred around the little kitchen, cleaning up, and getting things in order; for Harry and Esther would be home from school soon for lunch, with youthful appetites.

Suddenly she heard a queer noise from the front porch—a tremendously heavy step, it seemed, and then a rattling of the screen door. She went out into the entry to see what it could be—and stood transfixed. In the heart of a city suburb and civilization, at noon, there stood a bear—a real, live bear, looking in at her, and prying cautiously at the wire door with nose and paw. It looked to Betty the very largest bear she had ever seen, but she did not hesitate a moment. The screen door was bolted with a light bolt that might break. Betty ran forward, closed the inner door, and locked it. That would hold. But suppose the bear tried the windows? Could it really *be* a bear? Betty went tiptoe into the parlor and peeped out to see if it were not a hallucination. No—there was the bear, large, brown, shapeless, terrifying. He had concluded that he could not get in that way, and was now moving inquiringly toward the windows. Nothing but a little glass and wire were there to keep him out, for the out-

side shutters were fastened back, and Betty dared not reach out to fasten them in.

The bear looked at Betty. Betty looked at the bear. In the animal's little red eyes there really seemed no active ill nature. Betty tried to remember all she had ever read about bears. Perhaps he was trying to get in, in order to get something to eat. Bears liked sweet things—here a great light burst on Betty's mind, and she turned and ran to the kitchen, snatched up a bowl of still warm and liquid jelly, poured it into the long-handled dipper, rushed back into the parlor, lifted the window farthest from the bear a little, and pushed out the dipper. The bear snuffed, shuffled nearer, eyed the dipper curiously, tried the jelly with his nose like a dog, and began to lap it greedily, his little eyes closing with delight. Aunt Sarah's recipe suited his taste to a T.

A porch chair, with a stout wooden seat, was nearly underneath the window, at one side. Betty cautiously and slowly lowered the dipper so that it rested on the seat, and then left the bear to enjoy it, while she went back and emptied two more bowls into a long-handled saucepan. Opening the parlor window gingerly again, she poked this, too, under Bruin's nose, and left it on the chair, for him to gobble in at his ease. Then she rushed to the telephone, and called up the police station. "Is the chief of police there?" she asked.

"He 's out. Who 's calling?"

"1608 Washington Street, Betty Forsyth. Please send a policeman right away. There 's a large bear on our front porch, and—"

"What?"

"A large bear! A *bear*. B-e-a-r," spelled Betty, desperately.

"Did you say a bear, miss? Why, it must be a dog—a big dog. It can't be a bear!" The policeman's voice sounded stolidly incredulous.

"But it *is* a bear, and he 's eating all my currant jelly! Please, please send a policeman right away!" cried Betty.

"All right, miss."

The policeman at the station desk hung up the receiver and whistled softly to himself.

"The dog-catcher 's what she wants. Just scared out of her head with one of them Great Danes, most likely. Hello!" as the telephone rang again. "Yes, this is the police station. No, the chief 's out. *Bear*—looking for a bear? (Great Scott, has this town gone raving crazy?) Oh—yes—you 're the Zoo, are you? Well, your bear is sitting up this very minute at 1608 Washington Street, eating currant jelly. There 's a young lady there scared considerable. Yes—I 'm sending her two policemen. You 'd better get the park guard to go over, too. It 's a big bear,

is n't it? She said so. Oh, it 's Buster, is it? Well, well, I would n't care to have Buster come up on my front porch when I was n't expecting him. Yes—I 'll hurry up the policemen, and tell them to take ropes and not to shoot unless they have to. So long."

Meanwhile Betty was hastily removing more currant jelly to the parlor. The bear was grunting amiably over his pans, and licking them clean. While he was thus peacefully occupied with one, Betty gently put out another. Then she sped back to the telephone, and called up the school. Harry and Esther must not come home to meet the bear. But alas! they had both started; and Betty went back to the parlor, to find that they, and a group of fascinated street boys, were now pressing against the fence, open-eyed, watching the proceedings on the porch.

"Don't come any nearer!" called Betty, from the window where the bear was not. "Run away, both of you. The bear might hurt you before you could get away!"

"Sho!" said one of the street boys. "We 've fastened the gate. He can't get out 'less he climbs over. And he ain't goin' to move so long as you give him more jelly. I know him—he 's ole Buster, out of the Zoo, and he 's an awful cross bear when he gets mad. Better keep feedin' him."

At this juncture the two policemen appeared on bicycles. "Hi! look at the ropes! Goin' to lasso ole Buster!" cried the boys, dancing in glee. By this time a crowd had collected as if by magic, and the two policemen, entering the gate, were cheered on by a dozen excited advisers.

"Go right in, and tie him. He 's eating so fast he 'll never notice." "Throw the lasso from the next porch!" "Make a barricade of chairs so 's he can't get away!"

But the policemen lingered outside the gate. Buster looked extremely large. His temper was known to be uncertain. Neither of them was an expert with the lasso, and neither of them cared to tie a rope around the bear's neck with his own hands. It is hard to say what would have been done if the park guard had not arrived just at this moment. He took one look at the situation, opened the gate, walked in, and hurried past the porch round to the kitchen. The bear hardly noticed him, having just commenced his sixth bowl of jelly.

The guard knocked at the kitchen door, and Betty opened it in a trice. "Got anything that 'll hold enough jelly to get Buster all the way back to the Zoo?" said the young man. "Something that 'll hold about a quart, with a handle?"

Betty took down a deep, long-handled double boiler from the hook above the sink.



"WHILE HE WAS THUS PEACEFULLY OCCUPIED WITH ONE, BETTY GENTLY PUT OUT ANOTHER."

"That 'll do," said the guard. "Fill it full—my, it 's a shame to waste good jelly on Buster, but the Zoo 'll pay for it." He started off round the house, and halted by the side of the porch, holding the boiler out toward the still unsatisfied Buster, who turned, sniffed, and started toward the luscious lure. The park guard let him take one gulp, then made for the gate, and the bear fol-

guard slowed down permanently, and marched in with the boiler held behind him and Buster following like a dog, lapping out of it, and so absorbed that he was led in this fashion into his cage, and the door securely closed on him. Aunt Sarah's jelly had shown itself equal to its reputation before it even had time to jell.

As for Betty, she cleaned up the porch, got



"IT WAS AN EXCITING SCENE, AND IT KEPT UP ALL THE WAY TO THE ZOO."

lowed instantly. The crowd scattered like chaff, and out into the middle of the road went man and bear, at ever-increasing speed. The policemen jumped on their bicycles and followed; the crowd ran behind. It was an exciting scene, and it kept up all the way to the Zoo. Occasionally Buster pressed the guard too close, and then he was given a taste of jelly and another record dash made before he could get into his stride again. Finally, when the chase had enlivened three streets, the Boulevard, and the park entrance, the

lunch for Harry and Esther, and counted up and covered her remaining jelly-tumblers with trembling fingers. There were only one dozen left—Buster had taken the rest. That evening a well-satisfied bear curled up snugly in his den; and a proud father held forth to the neighbors who crowded the porch, on how his daughter Betty, like her Grandmother Forsyth before her, was equal to anything, even escaped bears; while the jelly, jelled to perfection, became the witness, for the rest of the year, to this true story.

MAKING GOOD AND MAKING BETTER

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

IF we should make a new dictionary to-day we would have to put in it the verb "to make good," which ten years ago was scarcely known. We should describe it as meaning to live up to our promises or the hopes of our friends, to prove ourselves, to bring things to pass—in a word, to be true to what seems to be in us. We must then put beside our definition certain clippings from the daily papers telling how in such and such a year this governor or mayor or railroad president made good or did not make good.

Certainly it is interesting to notice how widely this new word has come into use, and how closely it expresses something that we all vaguely feel but could not express before. In olden days if a father sent his son out into the world he said some such word to him as this, "We expect you to make a success, John," or, "We look for you to be a great man, John." But now a father is much more apt to use simpler speech and just say, "John, we expect you to make good." If success and greatness should come, all very well; but the main thing is to make good.

Undoubtedly this is a real step forward, and if discouraged and solemn-faced people tell us the world is growing worse, I, for one, believe we can give them this phrase, this new verb, to compare with the older ones and be sure of making them smile again, if they are honest in their judgment, and if they, too, are trying to make good. Somehow the verb carries its own conviction with it. It rings true. The moment we stop to think about it we say at once: "Certainly, to make good, to make every job a good job, to make the world good, to make ourselves good, to make others good,—indeed, in a great big general sense, just to make good everywhere and all the time seems the one thing worth doing." The fact appears to be beyond dispute. And if we want to find some old uses of this word we can do so. It is found in one of the oldest books in the world, called Genesis, where, in picturing the process of making our world, the simple statement is given that the Creator beheld all that he had made, and, "behold, it was very good." Here it is, our very verb! The world was good because it was really a part of the Power that made it.

Perhaps this is too theological, yet really it is very simple. It merely means that no one can make good unless he puts himself into the thing he is doing. If it is play, then we must put ourselves into our play, and if it is work we must

put ourselves into our work. You see here is the whole point; what we do makes little difference, but how we do it lasts forever. While Robert Louis Stevenson will be remembered because of his books, he will far longer be remembered because he wrote these books nearly always in illness and pain, yet always with a cheerful spirit.

Of course we could all give many rules about making good, and they might be more or less helpful. Such old honest words as industry, diligence, honor, carefulness, attention, regularity, and a host of others never lose their meaning; but I want to ask you to go a step farther with me, taking these things for granted.

The step I want you to take is this: there is something better than to make good, and that is to make better. The world is a constantly improving world; it has not simply remained good. We can see this if we recall how naturally we say, "This is the finest sunset, or cloud effect, or most glorious full moon I ever saw." Of course this is not altogether true; but there is a greater truth underneath, namely, that in nature there is something so determined to make good that she *seems* to us to be doing better than before. To make good is not enough.

The same thing is seen in other places. No President ever went to Washington but that he honestly believed he could in some respects do better than the President before him, not merely keep what had been done. And each President is right in thinking this, for in this business of making better each of us has something to contribute that no one else possesses. For ordinary people it is a great encouragement to remember that, no matter how many great ones precede us, there is still a way for us first to make good, and then to make better; the way is just to give ourselves to the thing we are doing. Our self is a brand-new thing; no one else ever had it before. A boy who learns his lessons because of a sense of duty only may, indeed, make good, so far as marks are concerned, but the secret of education comes only to the one who studies because he has learned to thoroughly enjoy it. The first makes good, the second makes better. And the second alone gets the fun out of the game of securing knowledge.

The more I think of it the more I believe that it is impossible to make good without making better. For we've got to move forward. We need not be in a nervous fit all the time about it,

but just plainly and quietly and sincerely go on making good better, so that we shall unconsciously progress. When you fail in a lesson you can never just exactly try it over again. If a team loses at foot-ball it can never play that particular game over again. But life is kinder to us. Almost every day we have duties to do that we failed in yesterday; a kindness or a privilege

comes our way that we neglected last week. Here is our chance. We can make better.

So if you and I should make a dictionary we must include in it these two new verbs. You remember that Sir Walter Scott as he lay dying said to Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear." If we are to fulfil this we must say: "Be a better man, for that 's the only way to make good."



"Gather ye rosebuds while
ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."

Robert Herrick

FAMOUS PICTURES

SECOND PAPER—PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

DON BALTASAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK

By Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez of the Spanish School
(Born 1599, died 1660)

DON BALTASAR, son of Philip IV, was seven when this portrait was painted. His father, the King of Spain, rejoiced greatly in the boy, and Velasquez painted his portrait many times. The one given here is the most famous.

"The motive is simple. The boy gallops past at an angle which brings him into the happiest relation to his mount. His attitude is the natural one for the pupil of the best horsemen in Europe. His look and gesture express just the proper degree of pride and delight. Through all this Velasquez has worked for simplicity. . . . The mane and tail of the pony, the boy's rich costume, his flying scarf, and the splendid browns, blues, and greens of the landscape background make up a decorative whole as rich as any Titian," says one critic.

Certain of the great painters are famous for having made advances in the art of painting over all artists who lived before them; one in drawing, another in composition, and others in other directions.

Velasquez was one of the men who made a great advance, and it was chiefly by what is called breadth and simplicity that he gained over previous painters.

He is called "the painters' painter," that is, the painter whom painters admire. They study his work and his methods, and it has an abiding influence on the best work of to-day.

Let us be sure we understand what we mean by breadth in painting. Every one who writes of Velasquez speaks of this feature in his work. It seems to be the difference between putting every little detail into a picture and giving the essential facts by a few strokes of the brush. In other words, it was his ability to omit details and thus simplify his manner of painting.

Velasquez with the broad strokes of his large brushes could give the real character of the person he was painting better than any picture full of small details could portray it.

He did not acquire this great power all at once, for his early pictures do not show it; but he got it through long years of practice and discovery, and only perfected it in his later years. Like many hard things, it "looks easy." A difficult

feat performed gracefully and simply looks easy enough until we try it.

The work of this great master, who could get the likeness of a face with only a few prominent strokes showing, looks as though it had been done carelessly in a few minutes. But we find all the truth there. A lesser artist would make only a senseless blur with such bold work. The lesser artist would need to work out each bit of drawing and point of light before he could learn to simplify like this.

Now such a painting, thus carefully and minutely done, may look true and right to us when we are very near to it. But step back across the room and it will appear flat. It will not "carry" far. That is why the artist in the studio should have room to see his canvas from a distance while he is working at it. He will thus be more likely to avoid the small things and paint so that it may show the effect farther off.

When an artist can paint in the broad, simple manner and yet in his picture tell you just what he wants to express, we may conclude that he has a real mastery of his subject and that what he has done with apparent carelessness he has really done from greater knowledge.

Breadth has an even wider meaning than the one we have described; that is, it applies also to the conception of the picture and the grouping of the masses of light and dark into simple and broad effects.

There is another thing for which Velasquez is noted. He did not use bright colors. He preferred dull ones, but he so skilfully brought out the slighter differences in colors and tones that he produced wonderful harmonies.

Another writer remarks that Velasquez thought it worthier to paint perfectly what the eye sees than to try to paint the vision which the aspiring soul imagines.

From this we may gather that he was more of a realist than an idealist. So are many great painters. While Velasquez's work may not inspire our thoughts as much as that of some others, it is most wonderful in the manner in which it is done and is truly immortal painting.

In looking at this picture notice that the general shape of the space occupied by the horse and rider is that of a pyramid. It is a principle in art that regularity of structure is an element of beauty. This is called symmetry. If something

departs from this on one side of a picture, it should be balanced on the other side. Symmetry and balance are words you will often hear in relation to pictures. The picture should not show this *too* plainly, however. If it is too evident, it

noble blood and stood well among their equals. Velasquez worked in the studio of Francisco de Herrera from the time he was thirteen until he was nineteen, when he married the daughter of Pacheco, a painter, who was one of his teachers.

Not until he was twenty-four did any other important event come into his life. At that time a friend, at the suggestion of a powerful minister of state, invited him to Madrid.

Velasquez was here commissioned to paint Don Ferdinand, the king's brother, and later King Philip himself.

How little did they think at court that the portraits which were painted by Velasquez would be about the only thing that would be heard of the king in future ages! Velasquez made the king famous.

For forty years, excepting two intervals, he continued to make numerous portraits of him and of the royal household. The king became a judge of things artistic, admired the painter, and accorded him as much friendship and regard as court etiquette would allow.

We are not sure that Velasquez entirely enjoyed his life at court; but he had a fine studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and an allowance of money.

In 1628 he paid a nine months' visit to Rubens. This was an important event to him, for one strong artist always has an influence over another's work. In 1630 he

made his first visit to Italy, where, in Venice, he made a close study of the paintings by Titian and Tintoretto. Later he stayed some time at Rome.

After returning from Italy he spent nearly twenty years in uninterrupted employment at the court. We may think that his life was not eventful. It was not, except for progress in his art, but this was the great thing to him. Velasquez left a record of many helpful acts. He befriended Murillo in times of need, obtained free-



DON BALTASAR CARLOS (DETAIL). BY VELASQUEZ.
• Madrid Museum.

spoils the very effect sought. The "art which conceals art" must be brought into play.

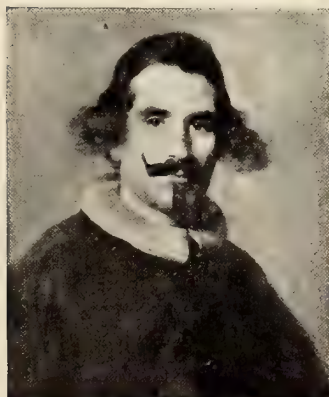
It must *appear* to be balanced, however, and if a picture looks wrong, think whether it violates these principles of symmetry. This will often help you to judge a picture.

ANECDOTES AND LIFE OF VELASQUEZ

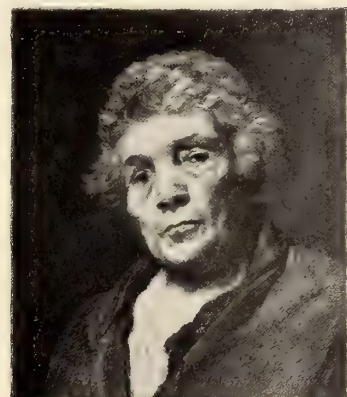
VELASQUEZ was born in Seville in 1599, in the same year as Van Dyck. His parents were of



LAS MENINAS (THE MAIDS OF HONOR). ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THE WORLD.



VELASQUEZ'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. "THE SURRENDER OF BRED A."



ÆSOP.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF PICTURES BY VELASQUEZ.

dom for his own slave, and showed a spirit of helpfulness throughout his life. We like to read how he was always willing to assist his fellow-artists and even his enemies and rivals.

For nearly two hundred years after his death

traveler is beset by them. The climate promotes idleness, and the children, with their merry ways and good-natured pranks, are hard to refuse.

They often live all day upon a crust of bread, and for a penny can buy fish or fruit enough to make a luxurious repast. They live often in the poorest kind of a cellar or even in doorways. A boy will sometimes spend all his savings to keep a roof over the head of his mother or motherless sister, content himself to sleep wherever night overtakes him.

Besides begging, they are always ready to do a good turn or run an errand. They are a fascinating lot and merry, as we see in the picture. Usually they do not have beautiful faces, but they are happy and good-natured, and their little bodies and limbs are well rounded and modeled on the curves of beauty.

Murillo sketched boys like these for years. Doubtless they made up a good part of the paintings he made and sold for a song in the public market-place, when he was still very poor, himself.

Among those bright-eyed, nut-brown boys and girls, he found subjects far better fitted for his canvas than the pale royal children whom Velasquez painted at court. Murillo did not care much for the life that Velasquez led at court, and later refused the offer to go there to paint. He has been called, by one admirer of his famous work, "the court painter of the poor."



"THE BEGGAR BOYS" OR "THE MELON EATERS." BY MURILLO.

little was thought of his work; but when other artists began to see how greatly he had painted, his pictures became popular and world-renowned.

He was deeply interested in children, and he has been called the supreme painter of child life.

THE BEGGAR BOYS

By Bartolomé Estéban Murillo of the Spanish School
(Born 1617, died 1682)

SOUTHERN EUROPE, with its warm, enervating climate, is noted for its numerous beggars. The

ANECDOTES OF MURILLO

MURILLO was born in Seville and spent most of his life there. His parents both died when he was about eleven years old, and he was soon after apprenticed to his uncle, Juan del Castillo, who was a painter of no great fame.

We do not know much of his boyhood years, but it is probable that he was not very well cared for. When he was twenty-three his uncle moved



CHILDREN OF THE SHELL.
Prado Gallery, Madrid.



A SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.



ST. JOSEPH AND CHILD.



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF PICTURES BY MURILLO.

to Cadiz, and for two years after this he was in needy circumstances. It was the custom in those times to hold a fair or market in Seville each week, and besides the fruit, vegetables, and other articles common to such places, the poorer artists used to set up their easels and offer their wares for sale.

There were many artists in those days, and so many more pictures were painted than could be sold at good prices that even some of the better painters came to the fairs. They used to bring their brushes and colors so that they might alter their pictures or even paint them to order. This was the school where the future great man learned many of his lessons. Here, no doubt, he learned to love to paint the little beggar boys whose pictures appear so true to life. These urchins swarmed the streets of Seville, and as painted by Murillo their happy and dirty faces have a charm for all.

There was at about this time a fellow-pupil of Murillo's, Pedro de Moya, who joined the army, and, while away, gave up the pursuit of arms and went to London to study under Van Dyck. When he returned to Seville in about two years he brought back copies of several of Van Dyck's paintings and some others that he had admired. Murillo at once saw the superiority of the new manner of painting and longed to go where he might improve himself. No artist is ever satisfied with his work. He is always looking for improvement and longs ardently for any opportunity for study and instruction.

Murillo determined to make his way to better things. It is related that he said nothing to any one of this intention, but bought some linen and painted several very bright canvases of various popular subjects which he thought would sell readily, in order to get money enough to start on his journey.

Murillo set off on foot and arrived first at Madrid, though it was his ultimate intention to go to Rome, where he might see the greatest art of the day. He had an object in going to Madrid, for there dwelt Velasquez, the great master of Spanish painting, then court painter to Philip IV, and in the height of his power and popularity. Velasquez received Murillo kindly, liked his appearance and the answers he gave, and offered to take him into his own studio. Murillo accordingly became a resident of Madrid and stayed there for several years.

From time to time Velasquez would be absent, perhaps with the king, and always upon his return he was astonished at the progress Murillo

had made. Finally Velasquez suggested that Murillo proceed to Rome, and promised him letters to great folk. But by that time Murillo had changed his mind and did not wish to go away from Spain. Instead of going to Rome, he returned to Seville in 1645.

Soon after, he received a commission to paint a series of life-size pictures for a small convent. It was not a coveted commission, for there was little pay. However, it gave Murillo an opportunity to show what he could do. The next three years saw him at work upon these paintings. The pictures were a great success, Murillo's reputation was established, and from that time on he could not keep up with his orders.

The work which he did showed the influence of his master Velasquez and of the Van Dycks he had studied and copied, but it did not look like the work of either of them nor like that of any of the others he had studied. He had developed a peculiarity—a style of his own, which all who saw admired.

With his success his resources grew and he prospered. He was admitted to the best society of Seville, married a wealthy and noble wife, and soon became a power in the art world. Indeed, he became the head of the Seville school of painting. As a school it did not make great progress at the time. Murillo's attempt to form a great academy was not very successful. He was of a gentle nature and attracted every one to his person, but he was not an organizer.

It is said that some of his works were seen by King Charles II, who wished him to visit England, and tried to bring it about. But Murillo did not covet a position at court. There are people who prefer being themselves in quiet and retirement to being obliged to give up their best impulses and talents for the sake of riches and fame. Perhaps Murillo was one of these. At any rate, the incident will throw light upon his character.

Certain it is that he loved Seville better than any other place, and, aside from his stay in Madrid, he never left it but once, and then only to execute a commission to paint four pictures at Cadiz.

Late in life he met with a fall from a scaffold, and thereafter never did active work. It is said he used to sit for hours in front of a large picture that he loved, painted a century before he was born.

When he felt that he was dying he sent for a notary to make his will; but he did not even live to finish it, so quietly and stealthily came the last messenger.



by
Margaret Lelle
Houston

SOMETIMES I wake in the deep, dark night,
And the thunder roars outside,
A spatter of rain puts out the stars,
And I cover up close and hide.
"You can't get *me*—oh, you can't get *me*,
Though you beat on the window-pane,
But I wonder what—oh, I wonder what
I've left outside in the rain!"

Oh, Rose Ma Belle was the loveliest doll!
Her hair was as long as mine,
Her lashes were gold as the jonquil buds,
And her eyes had the starriest shine!

She was dressed like a bride, though she had n't a groom,
But that was a small affair;
She'd a dress as white as a lily in bloom
And a long white veil in her hair.

And I took her to sit in the orchard grass
For the birds and the bees to see,
And I showed her the hole where the Gooches live
In the side of the old plum-tree.
Then Daddy *honked* in the lane outside—
(Oh, this is so hard to tell!)
And I laid her down—and I went for a ride—
My sweet little Rose Ma Belle!

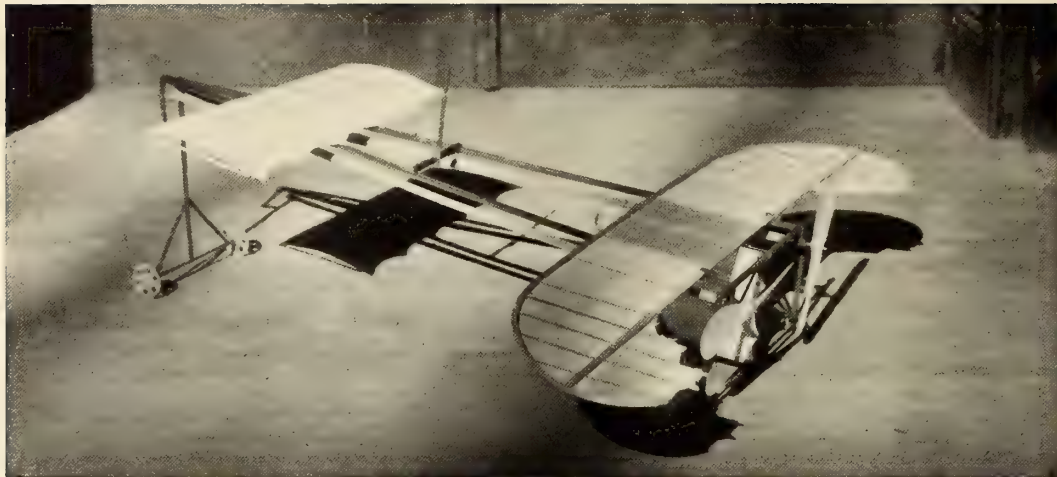


And oh—and oh—in the deep, dark night
I woke, and I heard the rain!
Splash and *patter* and *swish* it fell
On the roof and the window-pane.
And I snuggled down in my warm white bed
(For the rain just sang as it fell),
Then, all of a sudden, I raised my head
And I thought about Rose Ma Belle!

Out in the dark and the pouring rain,
Lonely and dressed so thin!
And I ran and stood by the window-pane
And howled till the folks came in.
And Mother said to me: "Go and look
In your own little wickery chair!"
And I pattered quick to the play-room door—
And Rose Ma Belle was there!

And I hugged my mother for bringing her in,
And I hugged my Rose Ma Belle,
And I hugged my daddy and all the rest,
And I laughed till my heart got well.
But always now in the deep, dark night,
When it beats on the window-pane,
I cover up close and I wonder what
I've left outside in the rain!





AN EFFICIENT MODEL, SHOWING EXCELLENT CONSTRUCTION. DESIGNED BY JOHN CARESI.

MODEL AÉROPLANES OF 1911

SECOND PAPER

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes"

THE USE OF METAL IN CONSTRUCTION

A MODEL aëroplane suffers more wear and tear than the regular passenger-carrying craft. One can never tell how they will negotiate a landing, and a swift volplane to earth may mean a serious catastrophe. In the search for more durable materials, which has gone very far afield, many interesting discoveries have been made. Aluminium, in the form of tubes, sheeting, and wire, is common. A still better metal for our purpose is magnalium, which is but a trifle heavier than aluminium and considerably stronger. The most successful models built abroad are made almost entirely of one or the other of these metals.

Aëroplane propellers of metal weigh no more than wood and are likely to prove much more durable. Procure a thin sheet of aluminium, or, if this cannot be had, a smooth piece of tin will do. It must, however, be heavy enough to hold its shape. The design of the propeller may be laid out on the tin and the metal trimmed away. To make an eight-inch propeller, draw a rectangle eight inches in length and two inches broad, and draw a line joining the middle of the short sides. Draw two vertical lines half an inch on either side of the center lines, and a quarter of an inch above and below the center, forming a small inner rectangle. Now, from a point on the bisecting line, one inch from either end, draw two semicircles. Next connect the top

of one of these circles with the center of the rectangle, and draw another line from the point below to the center of the rectangle. Repeat the diagram on the other end of the rectangle, reversing the curve as indicated in Fig. A.

In cutting out the design, allow the straight sections running to the sides of the larger rectangle to remain. They will be needed to hold the central piece in position. This consists of a block of wood measuring one inch by half an inch, and one quarter of an inch in thickness. The strips at the center should be bent tightly over the corners, overlapped, and nailed firmly down with brads. Next, at the center, punch a small hole, and drill through the block a shaft large enough to hold the axle of the propeller, which is then firmly embedded in it. One great advantage of the metal propeller is the fact that you may readily alter its pitch.

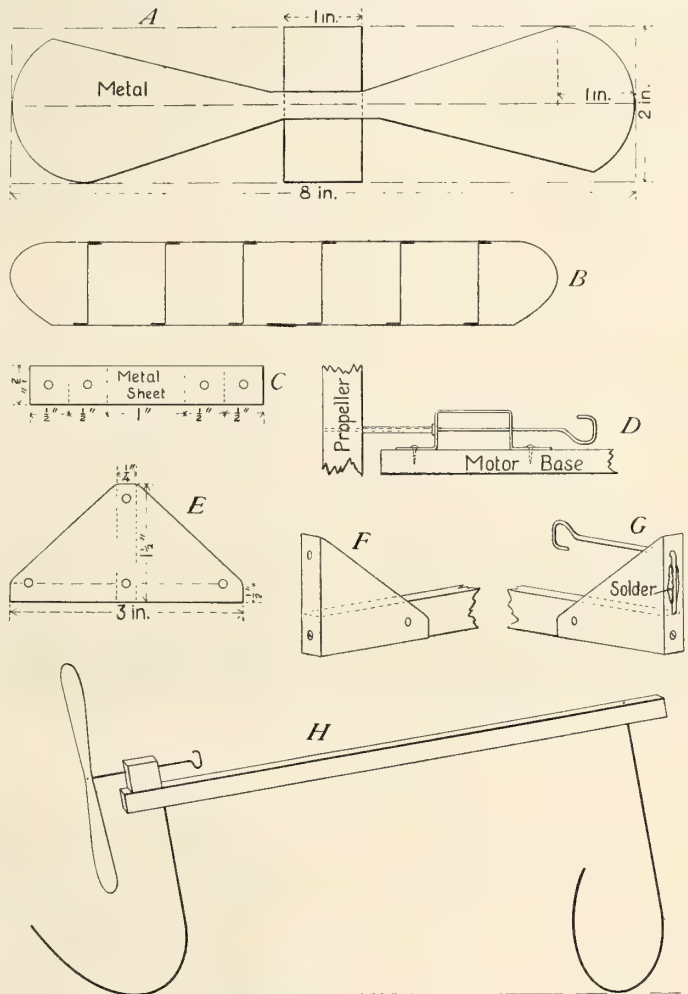
An ingenious motor anchorage of metal construction has been hit upon by the builders of model aëroplanes in France. We are all familiar with the difficulty of raising the hook, holding the rubber bands high enough above the main frame, or fusilarge, to be perfectly free. Instead of attaching a wooden block, the French boys bend a piece of tin, or some such metal, very simply into a support for the hook. You will need a sheet of metal heavy enough to withstand the full force of the motor when wound up. The tin used in cans, as a rule, is not heavy enough.

For each support you will need a rectangle of tin or metal three by one and a half inches. (See Fig. E.) Parallel to the longer base, draw a line one quarter of an inch above. From the center erect a long rectangle one quarter of an inch wide, extending to the opposite side. Now connect the ends of the line above the base with the points at which the upright rectangle intersects the top line, round off the edges neatly, and cut away this triangle. Four holes should be cut or punched in the tin as indicated in the drawing, each one eighth of an inch wide. Now bend the tin on the two upright lines until the two sides are parallel. This support is fitted to the end of a motor base and secured by nails through the three holes at the base covering the wood (Fig. F). The end of the hook which holds the rubber strands of the motor should be passed through the opening at the end, bent over, and fastened into position with a drop or two of solder. Such a support adds practically nothing to the weight of the frame, and anchors the motor rigidly. (See Fig. G.)

A very simple and efficient support for the propeller-shaft may be made of metal to correspond to the motor anchorage. Procure a sheet of heavy tin—a piece of sheet aluminium is still better—half an inch in width and three inches in length. Now mark off half an inch, one inch, two inches, and two and a half inches, and bend over the ends at right angles as illustrated in Figures C and D. This support may be nailed or screwed rigidly to the end of the motor base, and a hole for the shaft of the propeller drilled through the two uprights. The propeller must be mounted so that the blades will, of course, be free of the base. The size of the support may be altered to suit the frame. In case you are using a heavy propeller, a two-inch blade, the metal must be heavy enough to resist the pull of the propeller.

Excellent results are being obtained in England with planes built up entirely of wire. If aluminium wire is used, the weight of the wings is considerably cut down, but even ordinary wire will be found lighter than wood. For a plane thirty inches in width, or thereabouts, the wire used should be at least one eighth of an inch in

diameter, and should be soft enough to bend easily and hold its position. It will be found a good plan to plot out the exact shape of your plane on a sheet of paper, and then bend the wire over this outline. The ends may be fastened together readily by binding tightly with fine wire, such as florists use, and touching the joint with



SHOWING USES OF METAL IN MODEL AËROPLANES.

A, a metal propeller. B, a wire frame for a plane. C, D, E, F, G, a metal motor anchorage. H, a metal skid.

solder. Be careful, of course, to keep the joint smooth. The cross-ribs of these metal frames may also be made of wire. Bend the ends at right angles and attach to the inner sides of the plane with fine wire, and touch all the joints with solder. (See Fig. B.)

There are several advantages in the metal planes. It is a very simple matter to flex the plane by bending the cross-ribs and the ends upward to the desired curve, much easier than when

working with wood. Such a frame will stand almost any amount of knocking about without injury. A swift volplane to earth, which would smash any ordinary wooden frame to smithereens, would have little effect on a metal plane. Such frames, again, are very easy to cover. It will be found a good plan to sew the cloth to one edge, draw tightly across, and sew fast to the opposite side, while a few stitches around the metal cross-ribs will give it any curve you desire. A metal frame makes it possible to experiment with various curves. It is an easy matter to bend the ribs up or down and alter the



A WELL-PROPORTIONED MODEL, CAPABLE OF LONG FLIGHTS.

and attractive frames are now constructed in which not only the main frame is made of metal tubing, but the crosspiece supporting the propellers, and the braces as well, are of the same material. The new metal magnalium has been used successfully for this purpose. In England the motor base is sometimes made of metal tubing one inch in diameter, and the rubber motor is passed through the tube itself.

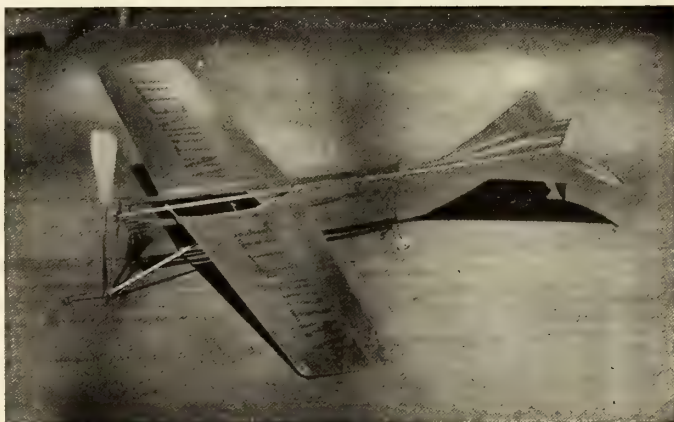
Such a frame may be made readily by one who has had no experience in tinsmithing or metal-work. The metal frames are sometimes constructed by driving wooden blocks into the ends of the tubes and letting them project half an inch or more. The plug may be cut off flush, and the cross-piece fastened by driving stout nails through the cross-tube into the plug of the main tube. A convenient brace may be constructed by cutting the tubes to the proper



PERCY PIERCE, WINNER OF THE DISTANCE RECORD.

line of the plane in many ways, as may be desired. Small stability or guiding planes may be made of a sheet of metal, although such construction is not advisable for the main plane. When your front or entering plane is the smaller one, it is possible to turn it into a very efficient motor anchorage. The plane should be cut from a sheet of aluminium, preferably. Fasten this securely to the front of your motor base with nails, tying it into position. The wires of the hooks holding the ends of the motors may be passed through the holes cut at the back of the rear edge of the plane and bent over. Of course it is very simple to anchor double motors, or even multiple motors, in this way.

In a previous paper it was suggested that the motor base be made of tubes of aluminium. The idea has been carried further,



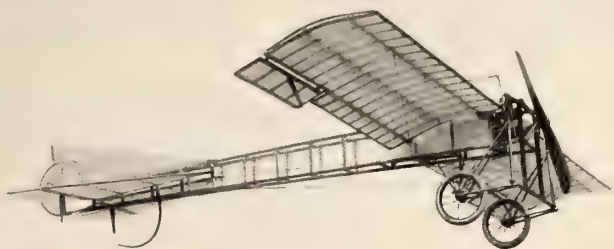
A FRENCH MODEL BUILT OF ALUMINIUM.

size. Fasten the ends and pass the rivet through both tubes at the point of intersection, and screw

the nut down firmly on the opposite side. Such a frame is practically indestructible. There is one possible drawback, however, in the tendency of the metal to bend if the rubber motor pulls too strongly. Once bent, it is difficult to get back into shape. This tendency may be overcome when twin propellers are used, by winding alternately, giving one propeller one hundred turns and the other propeller one hundred turns, then the first another hundred, and so on until the motor is wound up.

The metal skid fills a long-felt want among the builders of model aéroplanes. Any light wire is especially well adapted to the purpose. A piece of wire one eighth of an inch in diameter weighs practically nothing, being less than the reed or

imitated with flexible wire. With such a support the model aéroplane builder will watch his



ONE OF THE BEST MODELS OF THE YEAR. BUILT BY JOHN CARESI.



AN EXCELLENT MODEL, SHOWING CAREFUL ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

cane used. It is easy to work and holds its shape very well, and, at any rate, can be readily bent back to its original form. Almost any of the designs made of reed or cane may be successfully

model make the most violent landings with a clear mind, and no anxiety whatever.

During the past year metal wheels to assist in rising have been practically abandoned. Such models were very attractive to the eye and often closely resembled the original man-carrying machines, but their weight has been found to be prohibitive. Miniature wheels even, with delicate ball-bearing adjustments, often serve to retard the rise of the model. To-day practically all the successful models rise from skids constructed of reed or cane. The friction of these strips on the smooth floor is very small—not appreciably more than that of ball-bearing wheels, while their weight is very trifling. The same is true of a wire bent into the shape of runners. The form of these skids may be considerably varied to suit the needs of the model.

THE JOLLY TREE

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

IF you never have planted a Jolly Tree,

Don't wait for an Arbor Day,
But take a bit of advice from me,
And do it without delay.

It starts from a little, smiley seed,
And quick as a flash 't will sprout;
And when you have tasted the fruit, indeed,
You never will be without.

As soon as the smiley seed is in,
At once it begins to grow;
And the dear little giggly-buds begin
Their gay little heads to show.

And truly amazing it is to see,
How in less than a wink and a half,
A giggly-bud can grow to be,
The jolliest kind of a laugh!

The fruit is a cure-all, doctors say—
The very thing for the blues;
And when 't is applied in the proper way,
Is good for a bump or bruise.
Plain bread and butter, a treat will be,
With Jolly sauce on the tray.
Oh, come, let us plant a Jolly Tree,
Nor wait for an Arbor Day.

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER XV

MOLLY TAKES A HAND

"How do you do?" returned Cal, walking toward her with unflattering deliberation. "I thought you could n't come."

"I know, but I feared you'd feel so badly about it," she laughed, "that I just made them let me. Are n't you terribly glad to see me?"

"Yes," answered Cal, without much enthusiasm. "How did you manage it?"

"Oh, I just kept at it. Aunt Lydia was on my side, and she told Aunt Matilda that she 'guessed you would n't eat me if I was to come over here.' I've been calling on Mrs. Linn. She's a dear, is n't she?"

"Er—yes." He was looking at the racket with strange fascination, and Molly, following his glance, smiled brightly and held it out for his inspection.

"I bought it this morning. Is it a good one?"

"I think so. I don't know much about tennis-rackets. Ned can tell you. He will be here in a moment; the others too. Did you—do you want to play to-day?"

"Yes, if it is n't too late. I've been here a long time, but I suppose you have all been playing foot-ball."

"Yes, we had a pretty stiff practice, and I calculate we're rather too tired to—"

But at this moment the others came around the corner, Hoop arm in arm with Sandy, and Spud, scowling ferociously and evincing a desire to escape. If Cal expected evidences of embarrassment on the part of the girl, he was disappointed. She only smiled interestedly.

"You'll have to introduce them to me, Cal," she whispered.

Cal had never done such a thing in his life, but he managed to get through the task in some manner. Spud, claiming the privilege of former acquaintance, helped him out.

"And this," said Spud, finally, "is Mr. Hooper, who has eagerly volunteered to teach you tennis, Miss—er—Curtis, while here in the background, modest youth that he is, hides Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker is our foot-ball guide and wishes me to offer his services in explaining that game to you."

Hoop growled something under his breath that did n't sound especially flattering to Spud, but "Clara" walked up and shook hands very nicely.

Molly bowed and said, "How do you do?" or shook hands and said, "I'm very glad to meet you," at each presentation, and the boys, grinning, seated themselves on the steps and frankly looked her over. She did n't seem very formidable with her pink cheeks and blue eyes, and it was difficult to realize that she figuratively held their welfare in the small hands that gripped her tennis-racket.

"I suppose," she said to Sandy, "that Cal has told you that I want so much to learn to play tennis? He said he did n't play very well, but that he thought one of you would find time to show me a little about it. Do you mind my coming over here?"

Sandy proved traitor on the spot.

"Not at all," he declared heartily. "Any of us will be glad to play with you. I suppose it's a bit dull over there with just the—with just your aunts."

Spud snickered, and Sandy frowned at him.

"Awfully!" agreed Molly. "I thought it was very nice of Cal to want me to come over here. And I'm glad you don't mind."

"We don't mind at all," said Spud. "We're delighted. I think there's time for a lesson now if you start right away. You'd better get your racket and some balls, Hoop."

"I'm tired," muttered Hoop, casting mutinous eyes around the group.

"Miss Curtis understands that," said Ned. "She'll forgive you if you're not at your best, I'm sure."

But Molly was viewing Hoop doubtfully.

"I'm afraid he does n't want to," she said, turning to Sandy. "I'll come over some other time."

"I'll give you a lesson myself," declared Sandy, jumping up. "Find my racket for me, will you, 'Clara'? And bring some balls out."

"Why do you call him 'Clara'?" asked Molly, as the boy hurried inside on his errand.

"Because his name's Claire," answered Dutch. "What a funny name for a boy! And what's your nickname?"

"Dutch."

Molly laughed and went round the group, nodding her head at each in turn.

"Spud."

"Just Ned."

"Sandy."

"The Fungus."

"Hooper."

"He means Hoop."

"And you are Cal," she said, reaching that youth.

"Short for Calamity," explained Spud, gravely.

"Is n't he clever?" sneered Hoop, still resentful.

afterward secretly rather fancied himself as a wit. "My name," she announced, "is Molly. And I think you 'd better call me that, if we are going to be friends."

"Clara" returned with the racket, and Molly and Sandy proceeded to the tennis-court, the



"SANDY WAS CHASING BALLS ON ALL SIDES OF THE COURT."

"Lightning is cold molasses beside me," answered Spud, affably. "That 's where I get my name, you know," he added, turning to Molly. "Ex-spud-itious."

The boys groaned, but Molly laughed appreciatively.

"I suppose," she said, "I 'll get you all terribly mixed up at first, and I hope you won't mind."

"We never mind," declared Dutch, quite flip-pantly for him, and received his reward from Molly in the shape of a smile, and for some time

others politely electing to watch from a distance, so as not to embarrass the novice.

"She 's a funny one," observed The Fungus. "If we are going to be friends!—eh? She knows mighty well we don't dare to be anything else."

"She 's a good sort," said Spud. "And we might as well make up our minds to enjoy what they call feminine society after this. Did you see Sandy fall for her on the spot?"

"Conceited idiot!" growled Hoop. "And look at him now. I hope he falls into the net and—and—"

"Remarks of that sort from you, Hoop, are sadly out of place," said Spud, helpfully. "You are a—a renegade."

"That 's all right. I did n't agree to give her tennis lessons."

"Do I really have to take her to watch football?" asked "Clara."

"Of course you do," Dutch said severely. "Don't you *want* to?"

"I suppose so," answered the boy.

"It seems to me," observed The Fungus, "that our Diplomat is n't strictly attending to his job. Are you—diplomattin', Ned?"

"Yea, verily. Diplomacy is brain-work. I 'm thinking."

"I don't see why we gave the job to you, then," muttered Hoop. "What we ought to do is to find where she keeps that pillow-case and go over and nab it."

"Huh," Dutch grunted, "I 'd like to see any one go prowling around where Miss Matilda would catch him."

"Pshaw! what 's the good of bothering about that old pillow-case?" asked Spud, impatiently. "Miss Curtis is n't going to be mean. She 's just having a little fun with us. Look at Sandy, fellows; is n't he having one grand good time?"

Sandy was toiling valiantly, chasing balls on all sides of the court. Molly's efforts were ludicrous and pathetic, and for a time she could n't get it into her little head that there was any method in the game besides batting the balls back and forth. The supper-bell brought welcome relief to her instructor, although he made believe that he simply hated the thought of stopping.

"You did finely!" he declared, as they returned to the porch. "All you need is a few more lessons."

"That 's silly," answered Molly, promptly. "I know very well that I was just as stupid as stupid can be! I 'm going to buy one of those little blue books with the rules in them the first thing in the morning. Then I 'll know what it 's all about. Thank you very much for teaching me. Good night."

"Good night," said Sandy, and "Good night" called the others. And Molly, her racket tucked under her arm, took her departure. Sandy subsided on the top step and said "Whew!" very expressively. The rest observed him, all smiling.

"How now, brave squire of dames?" asked Spud.

"Some one else has got to take her next time," responded Sandy, with decision. He glanced at Hoop. But that youth was looking the other way and whistling softly.

"Beautiful sunset, Hoop," murmured Spud. Hoop scowled, and said: "Let 's draw lots for it."

"We will," said Sandy, "after supper."

They did. He and Spud arranged the slips of paper, and in some remarkable fashion the fatal slip fell to Hoop's portion.

"That is n't fair!" he objected. "You fellows fixed 'em!"

But they were very stern with him, and in the end he accepted the duty with all grace. There were three more lessons that week, and Hoop officiated at two of them, the other being given by Spud. Strangely enough, Hoop, after the first time, became interested in the task, and was quite loath to relinquish in Spud's favor when the third lesson was due. "Clara's" duties began on Wednesday. On that afternoon he took Molly in charge and escorted her to the foot-ball field, where she occasioned not a little interest on the part of the candidates. It was something new and novel to have a girl in the audience at practice, and I fancy some of the boys worked harder than usual, in the hope of distinguishing themselves and so winning a glance of approval from Miss Molly. "Clara" was very patient and instructive. A few weeks before he had had very little foot-ball knowledge himself, but he had watched and studied with enthusiasm and was now a very capable instructor. Molly had never seen the game played before, and, while she objected to it at first as being much too rough, it was n't long before she was an ardent champion of the game and of the House Team. "Clara" lent her his rule book, and she studied it diligently during the next week. Some of the questions she asked were a trifle disconcerting; such as, "Why don't they have the field smaller, so they won't have so far to go to make a touch-down?" or, "Would it count anything if they *threw* the ball over the bar instead of kicking it?"

She listened eagerly to all the foot-ball discussions on the steps of West House, and declared on Friday that if House did n't beat Hall she 'd never speak to any of them again. That threat must have nerved the House Team to desperation, for on the next afternoon it battled valiantly against Hall and managed to hold its opponent scoreless through thirty-five of the forty minutes of playing-time, and had begun to count on a tied game, at least, when a miserable fumble by The Fungus on the Hall's forty-yard line turned the fortunes of the day. It was Pete Grow himself who leaked through the House line, gathered up the ball, and, protected by hastily formed interference, romped over the line with it for the only score of the game. They failed at goal, and a few minutes later House trailed off the field, in a melancholy line, to the tune of 5-0.

House was heartbroken. To have kept Hall at bay through thirty-five minutes of the fiercest sort of battling and then to lose on a fluke was the hardest sort of luck. The Fungus felt the disgrace keenly and looked forlorn and tragic enough to melt a heart of stone. After the first miserable ten minutes succeeding the game, his

cheerfully. "We 've just got 'to get busy this week and get together. It must n't happen next time, fellows. We 've got to develop team-play in the next five days, or they 'll wipe up the sod with us. After all, we had them at a standstill until that pesky fumble."

"Clara" and Molly went back to West House



"THERE YOU HAVE IT, THEN; THE PIPPIN CLUB!" SAID NED." (SEE PAGE 698)

team-mates set themselves generously to work to cheer him up.

"Your fault, nothing!" scoffed big, good-hearted Westlake, the House center. "Why, any one of us ought to have got that ball. What if you did fumble it? We all do that. The trouble was that the rest of us were n't quick enough to make it safe."

"That 's right," said Ned, sadly. "I ought to have had it myself. That chap, Pete Grow, though, was through like a streak."

"Well," said Dutch, "it 's up to me. When you come right down to facts, I ought never to have let Grow through."

"Never mind whose fault it was," said Brooks,

silent and sad. But by the time they had reached the porch and Molly had established herself in her accustomed place with her slim back against a pillar, the silence gave place to regrets and discussion. Molly was inclined to be indignant with the Hall.

"They ought n't to have taken advantage of Fungus's mistake," she declared. "I don't think that was very—very sportsmanlike, do you?"

But "Clara" pointed out to her that ethically Hall had not transgressed. "Fumbling 's part of the game," he said, "and you 've got to take advantage of everything, Molly. We played a pretty good game, after all, I think."

"We played a wonderful game!" she assented

stoutly. "Why, we just put it all over the Hall at first!"

"Clara" smiled at the phrase she used.

"Anyhow, I know we can do better the next time. The trouble to-day was that we could n't get near enough to Hall's goal to try a drop-kick or placement."

"How near would we have to get?" asked Molly.

"Oh, about thirty yards, I guess. M'Crae's a dandy from the thirty-yard line."

"Was n't Spud splendid?" she asked. "He just threw those Hall men about like—like straws!"

"Spud's a dandy end," "Clara" agreed. "He played all around Smith. I do wish, though, we might have won. Now we've got to get both the other games."

"And we will, too," said Molly, her eyes flashing. "You just wait and see!"

The others came dejectedly home, and until supper-time they threshed out the day's battle over and over again, Molly taking a fair share in the debate. The general tone was pessimistic, but Molly refused to entertain the thought of ultimate defeat for a moment.

"You've just *got* to win the next two games!" she declared. "And you're going to, are n't you, Sandy?" But she had selected the wrong person in Sandy. He shook his head discouragedly.

"I'm afraid not," he answered. "They've got team-play, Molly, and we play every man for himself."

"Oh, you and your team-play!" scoffed Spud. "Why can't we *learn* team-play as well as they can? You wait until next Saturday."

"Well, I'm through," muttered The Fungus, miserably. "Brooksie will put in Folsom on Monday."

"Folsom!" jeered Dutch. "Folsom can't begin to play your game; nor Westlake, either. Don't you be so sore, old man. You could n't help it."

"Of course I could have helped it, only—well, if Brooksie keeps me on, it won't happen again. After this, I'll just dig my nails into the ball!"

"Could n't you have explained to them that you did n't mean to drop that ball?" asked Molly, earnestly. "That it was just a—a mistake, Fungus?"

The laughter that this question produced cleared the atmosphere not a little, and by the time the bell had rung West House was a good deal more cheerful and much hungrier.

"Is n't she a wonder?" laughed Spud, as they went into the dining-room. "Asking if Fungus could n't have *explained* that it was a *mistake*!"

"She's a mighty nice kid," said Dutch.

"She yelled herself hoarse for our team this afternoon," said Cal. "Did n't you see her, Hoop?"

"Yes, and once she was jumping up and down like an Indian. She's the most enthusiastic friend we've got."

"The Obnoxious Niece," murmured Spud.

"Obnoxious nothing!" objected Sandy, indignantly. "She's all right!"

And West House agreed to a man.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PIPPIN CLUB IS FORMED

THE next afternoon, a warm Sunday, a strange thing happened. West House in full force filed out of the gate, along the road, and in through the entrance to the Curtis place. The invitation had been delivered by Molly after church at noon, with Miss Matilda standing watchfully by, and Miss Lydia beaming and nodding over her shoulder. It was a momentous event, for nothing of the sort had ever happened before in the history of West House. The boys had attired themselves in their Sunday best and were a very meek and well-behaving group as they mounted the porch and rang the bell. Spud pretended to be the victim of a vast and overwhelming terror, and grasped Sandy's hand convulsively when they heard the bell jangle inside.

"I would I were away," he muttered. "Ah, woe is me!"

To their relief, it was Molly herself, Molly in a stiffly starched muslin dress, who opened the door to them. They filed decorously in, deposited their hats and caps on the marble table in the hall, and right-wheeled into the parlor. There they seated themselves in a circle about the room, and felt very awkward and uncomfortable. Molly did her best to set her guests at ease, but the task was a difficult one. The assemblage was like her dress, very stiff and starchy. They discussed morning service, the weather, Spud's new necktie, and the pictures on the walls, and just when things did seem to be thawing out the least little bit, there was the sound of footfalls on the stairs, and instantly the guests froze into silence.

Entered Miss Matilda, followed by Miss Lydia. The guests rose as one man, painfully polite and serious. Miss Matilda motioned them back to their seats. Down they sat with a unanimity that suggested previous rehearsals. Miss Matilda announced that she was glad to see them, and Sandy murmured,—well, nobody ever knew what he murmured. But the tone was quite correct, and the murmur served the purpose. Miss Lydia, plainly embarrassed, smoothed her black silk gown over her knees and smiled. Conversation proceeded in fits and starts. It was like a trolley-car in a crowded street. Just when they thought

it was nicely started with a clear track ahead, it stopped with a bump. Then, after a dismal silence, off it started again with a jerk. Miss Matilda, Molly, Sandy, and Spud were the principal conversationalists. Molly supplied subjects, Miss Matilda frowned them aside, Sandy rescued them, and Spud babbled. Babbled is the only word for Spud's efforts. He babbled of the weather and the dust in the streets and Mrs. Linn's tonsillitis,—a mild attack of no importance save as a subject for discourse,—and finally of Molly's tennis. The others looked on in evident and often open-mouthed admiration and awe. Strangely enough, it was Spud's last babble that cleared the conversational track for several blocks, so to speak.

"Well, I 'm glad she 's doing nicely at it," said Miss Matilda, with a sniff, "though I don't see why she wants to learn it. In my day young girls did n't race around hitting rubber balls with snow-shoes!"

"It 's—it 's a very pleasant game," suggested Spud, vastly encouraged by his success, "and quite—er—popular nowadays, ma'am."

"Popular! I dare say; 'most anything that 's silly enough is popular these days, it seems. When I was a girl sewing and embroidery, yes, and plain cooking, were popular."

"Yes 'm."

"Well, I don't say but what this tennis may be good for Molly. I guess anything that will keep her nose out of books for a while will be beneficial. And it 's very kind of you young gentlemen to teach her the game."

"Not at all, Miss Curtis," protested Sandy.

"I say it is," responded Miss Matilda, firmly. "Boys don't usually like to have girls about them. I told Molly that when she first asked me to let her go over to your house. She said you were different." Miss Matilda smiled briefly. "Maybe you are. My experience with boys makes me convinced that they 're all pretty much alike. I have n't anything especial against them, though they 'most usually have dirty shoes"—eight pairs of feet crept under eight chairs—"and are noisy. And sometimes they don't pay much attention to the eighth commandment." Rapid glances exchanged between her hearers. Dutch was plainly striving to recall which commandment was which. Miss Matilda arose in her majesty.

"Come, Lydia," she said.

Miss Lydia obeyed, casting a final embarrassed smile over the circle. At the door Miss Matilda paused. "I hope you will come again," she said quite graciously. "It will be pleasant for my niece. We shall be glad to see you at any time."

Exit Miss Matilda and Miss Lydia.

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Spud drew a long breath that seemed to come from his shoes and glanced about him.

"Did anybody speak?" he inquired. Molly giggled softly. The footsteps of the Misses Curtis died away up-stairs.

"I guess," said Sandy, looking around for confirmation, "that we 'll have to be going back now."

"Yes," said Hoop and The Fungus in a breath.

"Oh, please!" exclaimed Molly. "Let 's go to the shed. It 's dandy out there; and there are lots of apples."

"Well—" began Sandy, hesitatingly. But Molly had already jumped up, and was leading the way. The boys seized their caps from the table and followed her down the steps and around the side of the house. At Molly's command the sliding door was pushed back, and a fervid aroma of apples met them.

"Now let 's bring some of those boxes over here by the door," she said, "and sit down. Two of you can have the wheelbarrow."

Presently they were all seated, Spud and Cal on an empty barrel which creaked ominously whenever they stirred, but not before Molly had led the way to the best apples and they had supplied themselves therewith.

"I 'm awfully fond of apples," she announced from her seat on a soap-box by the door. "Are n't you?" she addressed Sandy.

"Yes," he answered, "and these are dandies; are n't they, Ned?"

"Great!" Ned agreed, with gusto. "I don't believe we ever knew about these."

There was a moment of deep silence. Then Molly threw back her head with a peal of laughter, and the boys, looking silly and sheepish, finally joined in. So far the incident of the mid-night adventure in the orchard had not been mentioned between them. But now Spud said:

"That was a great joke you played on us that night, Molly."

"Were you awfully angry when Cal told you?" she asked.

"No. Only Sandy. He was rather peeved."

"I?" said Sandy, in surprise. "Not at all." He frowned at Spud, but that irrepressible young gentleman went on.

"Perhaps you don't know, Molly," he said, "that Ned was appointed a committee of one to—"

"Silence, Spud!" growled Ned.

"To get that pillow-case back. Ned 's our Diplomat. Whenever he is extra nice to you, you must be very careful. That 's his diplomacy. He 's after that pillow-case that we left under the apple-tree, when we stole—into the orchard."

"Oh, I 'm not afraid," answered Molly, with a gay smile. "No one knows where it is, you see."

"I do," said Cal, proudly. "I know where it is."
 "Where?" asked Spud. But Molly gave a cry of alarm.

"Don't tell him, Cal! Don't you dare!"

"I guess it would n't do him much good if I did," said Cal. "He could n't get it."

"N-no, I suppose not. Perhaps some day, if you 're all just awfully nice to me, I 'll give it back to you."

"Tell us about it," said Ned. "How did you rig yourself up that night?"

So Molly recounted her adventures, and by leaning forward they could see the rain-spout that she had clambered up and down by. Viewing it was, however, disastrous to Spud and Cal, for an empty barrel set on its side is at best an uncertain seat, and now when they both leaned forward the barrel "took it into its head," as Spud explained, to lean backward, with a readily imagined result.

After they had picked themselves up, while the rest laughed heartlessly, Molly went on with her story.

"Of course," said Sandy, when she had finished, "you have a perfect right to keep the pillow-case, Molly—"

"Right of capture," interpolated The Fungus.

"But if your aunts ever found it and told Dr. Webster, we 'd be in a bad mess. So don't you think you 'd better—er—better—"

"No, I don't," laughed Molly. "And you don't need to worry, Sandy, one bit. It 's in a perfectly safe place and locked up. And just as long as you 're nice to me, and do everything I want you to, it will stay there!"

Spud groaned. "She has us in her power, fellows."

"Yes, I have," Molly exulted laughingly. "And I shall make you do anything I wish!"

"Well, don't wish too much," said Hoop.

"I hope," inquired Spud, concernedly, "that our friend Mr. Hooper is properly attentive, Molly? If he does n't do what you want him to, let us know, and we 'll make him. And 'Clara,' too, is he quite satisfactory?"

"'Clara' is perfectly dear," answered Molly,

(To be continued.)

"and so is Hoop." Hoop tried to look bored, but was quite evidently pleased. "So you all are," she concluded, beaming about her.

"We thank you," said Ned, laying his hand on his waistcoat in the vicinity of his heart. "Any little thing that we can do for you—"

"I shall never believe in you again, Ned," said Molly, sadly, "after what Spud told me. Whenever you say anything nice, I shall think that you are after that pillow-case."

"In that case—" began Ned, but he was drowned by a chorus of groans. "I shall sneak another apple," he finished.

"Sneak one for me, too," said Hoop. "Where do these apples grow, Molly?" he asked carelessly. Molly lifted her eyebrows.

"I know, but I sha'n't tell you," she answered. "If I did, you might all come over here after some and get caught."

"No; I was just thinking about next year," Hoop assured her. "We never make more than one raid a year."

"You will please," Spud admonished Cal, "not throw your cores on the club-house floor. Toss them out on the gravel. They look much better there."

"Oh, let 's call this a club!" cried Molly, eagerly.

"Right," Ned agreed. "The Wood-shed Club."

"The Apple Club would be better," suggested "Clara."

"No; let me see," Sandy frowned thoughtfully. "What kind of apples are these we 've been eating, Molly?"

"Newtown Pippins," answered Molly.

"There you have it, then; the Pippin Club!" said Ned.

"Dandy!" said The Fungus. "We 're the Nine Pippins."

"And we 'll meet here every Sunday afternoon," cried Molly, clapping her hands. "And this shall be our club-house!"

"Um," observed Ned, doubtfully, "won't it be a bit coolish in winter?"

"The house committee," said Spud, "must look into the matter of heating the club-house. Steam would do."

"CANARY-BIRD"

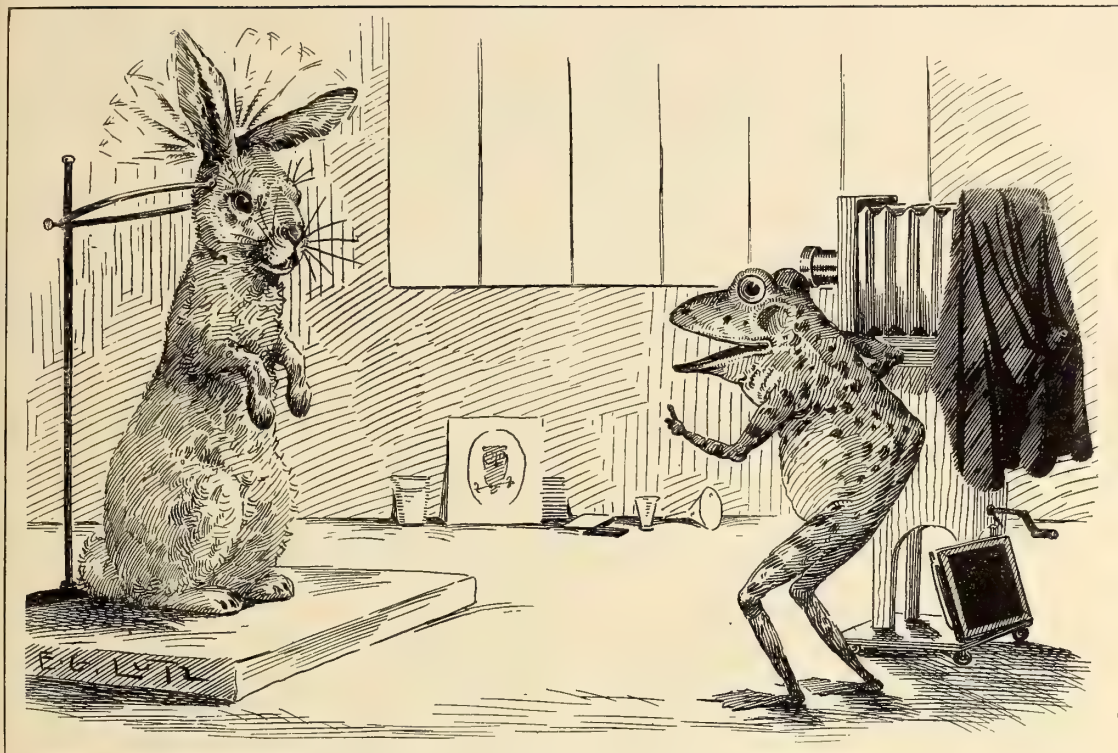
"I 'M studying French, canary-bird!

Will you speak French to me?"

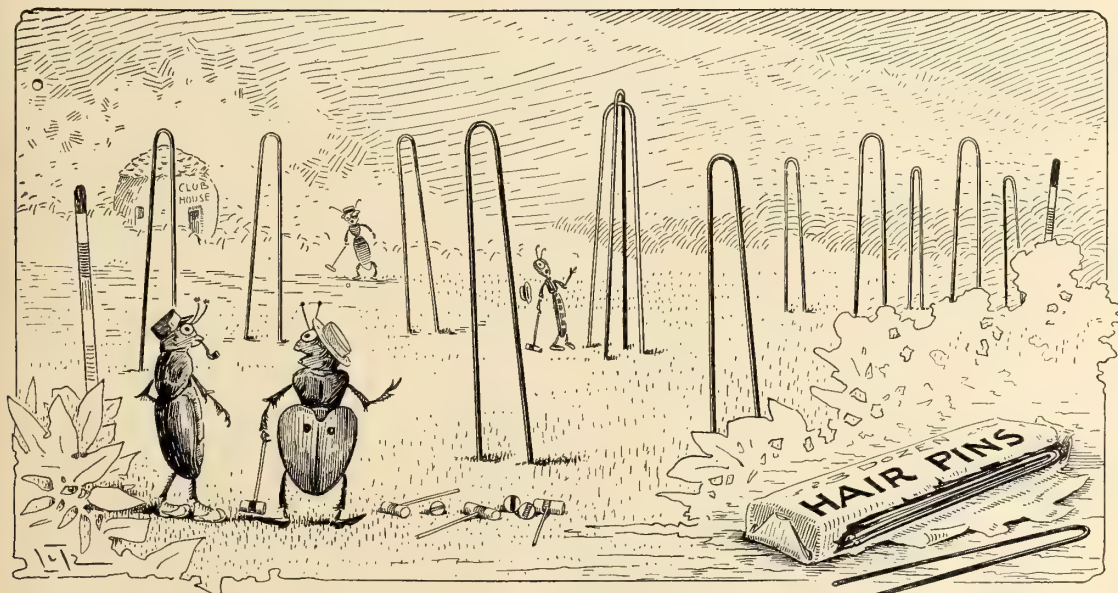
Canary cocked his yellow head,

And answered: "Oui, oui, oui."

Clara Odell Lyon.



"PARDON ME, MR. RABBIT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOUR PICTURE IF YOU KEEP ON WIGGLING YOUR NOSE AND WAGGING YOUR EARS!"



"THIS IS THE QUEEREST-LOOKING CROQUET-GROUND I EVER SAW—WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE FUNNY WICKETS?"



NATURE GIANTS THAT MAN HAS CONQUERED

BY RAYMOND PERRY
GIANT NO. 5—ELECTRICITY

Of all the nature giants that man has conquered, Electricity is the most mysterious and interesting. Lightning is Electricity revealing himself in nature, as though he were calling to man, "See, I am all about you, anxious to be used; come and take me!"

And so he has been impatiently calling to man from the most ancient times, but has always been misunderstood and neglected until lately. Electricity is a big, noisy giant at large, and badly spoiled, for he wants lots of coaxing and petting; but treat him rightly and he settles down to his work as amiably as you please. You can hear him humming to himself in the big dynamo power-house, where he sends out the currents that drive the trolley-cars, and those that light the streets and houses through innumerable arc and incandescent lamps. Every American boy may feel proud that America has always led the world in the subjugation of Electricity. Franklin's experiments opened up the possibilities, and other Americans have been developing them ever since. Morse invented the telegraph and Bell the telephone, and their use has brought the people of the earth closer together. By taking advantage of the invisible lines of electric conductors in the air—the ether, rarer even than the air itself—we have been enabled to telephone and telegraph without wires. Already hundreds of lives have been saved through messages sent from or to ships at sea. When the boys of to-day are grown-ups they will probably look back upon the present as but the beginning of the wonders promised to humanity by the giant Electricity.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



Is n't it queer, when you say to a toe:
"Wiggle!", why, straightway it wiggles, you know!
Is n't it queer, when you wish it, your feet,
Onward will carry you, right down the street!
Is n't it queer, when you 'd open your hand,
Open it flies! Can your palm understand?

Is n't it queer that you scarce have to think
Ere things are obeying you, quick as a wink!
Is n't it queer that by night as by day
Your breath "keeps on breathing," your heart beats away!
Is n't it queer?

 We read columns, I ween,
On "wireless" and "fireless" and "flying-machine";
But when you consider, now, is n't it true,
The marvelous marvel of marvels is *you!*

THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER X

THE BOYS' GRIT IS TESTED

HARDEN had drawn his hatchet. The brute, still planted on Wenham's back, gave a warning hiss. Taking careful aim, Harden drove the blade down straight through the thick skull. With a final dig of his claws, the animal rolled over into the snow.

Harden sprang to Wenham's shoulders and lifted his head.

"Bob! Bob!" he cried; "are you badly hurt?"

Wenham raised his pale face.

"Help me to my feet," he groaned.

Harden freed him from the snow-shoes, and, supporting him, helped him scramble up. But, with a cry of pain, the boy fell back again.

"He bit into my leg," he exclaimed. "What was it?"

"A wildcat, Bob. But he 's a dead one now."

Wenham turned so that he could see the animal. With lips drawn back from its teeth, it was an ugly sight even when slain. Wenham looked into Harden's frightened face and smiled.

"Guess we had better have left the traps in the trunk, eh, Phil?" he said.

The snow beneath Wenham was stained red.

Looking closer, Harden saw that below the knee two streams of blood were gushing from deep cuts where the cat had fixed his teeth. Harden snatched his handkerchief from his pocket and, binding it above the knee, twisted it tight with a stout stick. He then hastily examined Wenham's back. Through the torn clothes he saw a dozen long scratches, but none of them seemed deep. When he had finished he raised Wenham again to his feet.

"Steady, old man," he cautioned, as the latter toppled. "We 've got to make the camp before dark. You must clench your teeth and bear the pain."

"All right, Phil," Bob answered firmly.

Harden readjusted the snow-shoes, and, keeping by his chum's side, gave him what aid he could. But this was not much, because in the deep snow he had all he could do to make his own way.

So the two began the tedious, painful journey back. It was a long, agonizing struggle, but Wenham never uttered another groan, though frequently he was forced to rest. Harden, studying his chum's pale face and the convulsive twitching of the back muscles, marveled at the grit of the boy expressed through those pale blue eyes. He

himself did more groaning and complaining than his wounded friend.

It was quite dark before they came within sight of the cabin, but Harden gave a shout of joy as through the windows he caught the reflected light of a brightly burning fire. Bill had evidently returned. He was now as welcome a guest as this morning he had seemed unwelcome. It was almost like getting home to have another waiting for them. As they reached the clearing, Harden shouted. He received no response and hurried on, now half carrying Wenham. Again he shouted, but it was not until he reached the threshold that Bill came out. At first the latter did not see that anything was wrong.

"I was beginning to get worried about you boys," he said gently. "Where you been?"

"Here—help me with Wenham. He 's hurt."

"Hurt?"

Bill strode forward, and, seeing the pale face, put his arms beneath Wenham's body and carried him in as though he had been a child. The kitchen fire was burning, the table set, and from the oven came the smell of cooking biscuit. He placed Wenham in a chair and turned to Harden.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"A wildcat jumped on his back. He 's badly scratched."

"Good Lord, sonny! Let 's see."

He stripped Wenham to the skin, gently soaking off the clotted undershirt with water, and examined the wounds.

"Is there an old sheet in the house?" he demanded.

"In the trunk," answered Harden, running for it.

As carefully as a nurse could do it, Bill washed the wounds clean and then swathed the boy's body in bandages. Then he turned to the leg and washed this out with still more care. It had stopped bleeding. He bandaged this, and then, picking Wenham up again in his arms, carried him, protesting, into the next room, where he tucked him into bed.

"You 'll stay there for a day or two, my boy," he said. "Lucky you got out of that scrape as well as you did."

Worn to a thread with the pain and fatigue, Wenham closed his eyes.

"Sleep if you can, boy," counseled Bill. "I guess you won't want any supper."

He returned to the kitchen with Harden.

"Do you think he 's badly hurt?" asked the latter.

"Not if the wounds don't get poisoned."

"And if they do?"

"Let 's not look for trouble before it comes," suggested Bill. "You seem near all in yourself."

"I 'm tired," groaned Harden, sinking into a chair.

"Well, you sit right where you are, and as soon 's you get some grub, turn in."

Harden was too tired even to eat, but Bill hung over him and insisted. He waited on him and refused to allow him to take a step. When the boy could eat no more, he led him to the bunk, half undressed him, and tucked him into bed as tenderly as he had Wenham.

But Harden could not sleep. He tossed about for half an hour, and then thought of the kite which he had forgotten to take in. He jumped out of bed and, wrapping himself in a blanket, hurried into the kitchen. Bill was just finishing washing the dishes. He looked up in surprise.

"What ails you now?" he demanded.

"The kite! I forgot it."

"Oh, I meant to tell you—the thing broke loose."

"Broke loose?" gasped Harden.

"Yes," nodded Bill. "Most of the string was left."

"But there has n't been any wind!"

Bill crossed the room and picked up the tangled skein of string.

"Here 's what 's left," he said simply.

Harden took it. In a dazed fashion he ran it through his hand. He reached the end which had been tied to the kite and caught his breath. Then he glanced up at Bill.

"You 'd better get back to bed," advised the latter.

Harden turned and, without a word, found his way back to the bunk. The string had not been broken; it had been cut.

CHAPTER XI

THE CASTAWAYS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS DAY

HARDEN did not dare to tell even Wenham what he had instantly suspected from the fact that the kite-string had been cut. But his own thoughts had worked to a conclusion so obvious that he now only wondered why it had not occurred to him before. Clearly the man had cut the string because he was afraid the kite might attract the searchers here. There was just one man who could be afraid of escaping from the dangers of the woods, and that was Manson, the bank robber. The sweat started to Harden's brow as he saw how perfectly everything fitted in to this theory. The man had not dared to ask for food and had stolen it; he had haunted the cabin for several days, finding out just who was here before he finally asked for shelter; he had refused to tell about himself, had contrived the ruse to secure

the revolver, had jumped away from the camera, and had at length cut the kite-string. There could be no doubt of it: they were shut up here with a desperado who had robbed a bank, escaped from prison, and finally baffled the sheriff and his whole posse.

Harden slept but little that night. He awoke a dozen times in the throes of terrifying nightmares. But whenever he rose up from his pillow to stare about, he saw Bill stretched out before the fire, sleeping as soundly as any ordinary man.

Toward morning he slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion, and this time when he awoke he actually found the stranger at Wenham's side, bending over him. He leaped from the bed with a scream of terror. Bill turned.

"What's the trouble, sonny?" he asked. "Night-mare?"

Harden drew back in confusion. Bill had a basin of hot water by his side and was bathing Wenham's wounds.

"Yes," faltered Harden; "I guess it was."

"Better dress and have your breakfast. I've had mine. You slept late."

"How are you, Bob?" Harden asked anxiously.

"All right, only a bit stiff. Bill, here, is a great doctor."

Harden, abashed, hurried into his clothes. When he went out into the kitchen he found that Bill had opened a can of beans, warmed them up, and made a pan of hot corn-cake. It made a delicious breakfast, which not even his present worried condition could spoil. While he was eating he considered the advisability of making a new kite. He concluded that on the whole it would be unwise. Bill undoubtedly would cut it down. If he did and Harden protested, this might force an issue which would be dangerous. Much the wiser course, he determined, was not to show what he suspected and let things run along as they were. He would keep a sharp watch on the man and await developments.

Wenham spent that day in bed, while Bill and Harden fished. During those four or five hours they stood by the ice-holes, Harden found it difficult to think of this man as a desperado. Had it not been for all the evidence, it would have been impossible. But Harden noted that there was not a minute when the man did not nervously sweep the lake with his eyes. He appeared to be ever on guard. He questioned the boy more particularly about his life at home and at school, and while Harden at first answered abruptly and reluctantly, he soon warmed up in spite of himself.

Harden told with more detail of his own home, of how he had been sick last summer, of his re-

turn to school and his failure to make any of the athletic teams, and finally of his father and his work, and of how the latter happened to bring the two of them into the woods.

"Dad and I have always been sort of chums," concluded Harden, glancing wistfully across the snow-covered lake, "so I know that he's just tearing himself all to pieces trying to find us. It seems sort of hard that there's nothing I can do to help him."

Bill looked up from his fish-line.

"I s'pose long's you get out all right in the end—" he ventured.

"It is n't Dad alone," Harden interrupted; "there's Mother and Frances. Of course Mother won't suspect anything until it comes time for us to get home as we planned. But then—well, I suppose she'll cry her eyes out. All women do."

"Women are queer that way," answered Bill.

"You said you did n't have a mother?"

"No. She's gone. They killed her."

"Killed her?" exclaimed Harden.

For an instant the man's face took on so terrifying an expression that Harden recoiled. Deep furrows scarred the forehead over the nose; the lips receded like those of an angry dog. He looked that moment like the desperado of the newspaper. But in a second this expression had vanished, and the man turned his eyes back again to the dark ice-filled hole at his feet.

"But what did they do to her?" persisted Harden.

"Why—they kept me away from her, just as the woods are keeping you away."

"How could they do that?"

"They can do anything when there's a million of them against you. What can one man do against a million?"

Bill relapsed into silence, and Harden did not venture to press him further, but the conversation left him feeling more comfortable. It was difficult to believe that a man who talked this way was altogether bad.

Bill was the first to speak again.

"To-morrow's Christmas, is n't it?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Harden.

"I've kept track of the days on a stick. Still I did n't know but what I'd missed my reckoning."

"No, it's Christmas all right—as far as the day goes."

Bill was thoughtful a moment. When he spoke it was with a new note of tenderness in his voice.

"I kind of thought that Bob, there, was a bit homesick this morning. What d'you say if we plan up a sort of celebration for to-morrow?"

"A celebration? What do you mean by that?"

"I suppose Christmas is Christmas everywhere, is n't it? Even in here."

"Yes, it 's everywhere, but we have n't got much to celebrate with."

Bill smiled.

"There 's Christmas trees enough, anyway."

"Yes. But all we 've got to hang on them is icicles."

"Well, s'posin' we don't have nothing on it—just a tree; s'posin' we get some holly and evergreen—there 's plenty of that here—and put it around the room; and s'posin' I make a whackin' good dinner of real baked beans and perhaps a tart or two—don't you think it would sort of cheer him up?"

Harden stared in surprise.

"Why," he gasped, "why—yes it would!"

"You see, it 's different when a fellow 's lying on his back, with time to think. He 's got nerve all right, but it takes more than nerve to lie helpless and think of home."

"Bill," exclaimed Harden, heartily, "we 'll do it! We won't let him know anything about it until we bring him into the kitchen. He 'll be able to walk a little by to-morrow, won't he?"

"If he is n't, we 'll carry him," declared Bill.

Luck seemed against them to-day, for they fished until dark without a bite. Reeling in their lines, they returned to the cabin and had supper, after which Harden rolled in and slept soundly till morning. In fact, he did not awake until he heard Bill's voice calling a cheery "Merry Christmas, boys!"

"Merry Christmas!" Harden shouted back. "Merry Christmas, Bob!" he called to his chum.

"Christmas!" groaned the latter.

"How do you feel this morning, anyhow?" inquired Harden.

"Oh, I don't feel so bad, only—is this really Christmas?"

"Sure as you 're born," answered Harden.

"I 'd like to get up," pleaded Wenham.

"Maybe you can this afternoon. Bill and I have got our hands full now. We 're going to do a little house-cleaning to-day. You lie still and see if you can work up an appetite."

"What for?"

"Christmas dinner."

"I 'm not very hungry," sighed Wenham, "but when you talk of a Christmas dinner and I think of the things at home—gee! it makes my mouth water."

Harden left him and went out into the kitchen. Bill already had the beans in the oven and the kitchen stove red-hot. He drew Harden one side and spoke in a low whisper.

"Boy," he said, "I 'm going to leave you to cut

the tree and gather the holly and stuff. I 'm going to see if I can't get a bird—for him."

"A bird?"

"I 've seen a lot of partridges just over the knoll, and if I work careful I think I can pot one. His appetite is a little cranky."

"Glory! that *would* be a surprise!"

"You watch the beans. Keep the fire going and keep the pot filled up with water."

"All right, Bill. Good luck to you."

It was a busy morning for Harden, and he found it difficult to conceal from Wenham the real meaning of all that activity in the kitchen. He had his pick of a thousand Christmas trees, and chose a beauty which just reached to the top of the kitchen. He dragged this back and then returned for his holly and evergreen. He brought in half a dozen armfuls and piled them in a corner. He decided to wait for Bill before beginning the actual decorating, so that the latter could have his share in it. It was a singular fact that from the time he rose in the morning until he went to bed that night he never once associated Bill with Manson. He forgot the newspaper article, forgot the face at the window, forgot the kite-string. The convict had vanished utterly. It was just Bill who was doing all these things, and Bill was nothing but a big, good-hearted man—just a comrade. Whether this was due to the spirit of Christmas which Bill had brought into the cabin, or to something still more subtle, there was no need of inquiring. The past counted for nothing with the spirit in which they undertook this day.

It was afternoon before Bill returned and excitedly held up before Harden's eyes a partridge as plump as any corn-fed chicken.

"I was almost afraid I would n't get one after all," chuckled Bill. "I lay in the snow two hours for this one."

"You look half frozen," said Harden. "You 'd better dry your clothes, first of all."

"Can't stop," answered Bill. "It will take some time to get this bird dressed and cooked."

"But you don't want to get cold."

"A man *could* n't get cold on Christmas Day, you know."

He caught sight of the tree and the evergreens.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "You 'd better set up the tree and get the stuff around."

"I thought I 'd wait for you."

Bill's face brightened.

"Say, that was good of you. But I 'm better as a cook than an artist. You go ahead."

He went into the next room to see Wenham and found him a bit restless.

"Cheer up, boy," he encouraged him. "How 's

your appetite for canned beans and cold biscuit to-day? Can you do justice to 'em?"

"They are having roast chicken at home," Wenham answered sadly.

"Roast chicken?" exclaimed Bill. "You don't think you'd really care for that, now,—do you?"

In the meanwhile Phil had been working like a beaver in the other room, had festooned the windows with the evergreen and scattered what was left over the wooden kitchen table until it looked as though covered with a fine green tablecloth. With Bill's help he fastened the tree to the floor in one corner. Even without ornamentation it was wonderful how like a Christmas tree it looked. It did not take much imagination to supply the candles and other gay trappings.

But Bill had not yet finished his cooking. He made up a dozen tarts of flour and shortening, which he filled with what was left of the jam. And finally he made a sheet of hot johnny-cake. In the meanwhile the beans were cooked and the partridge done to a turn. He took it out, covered it with a few holly leaves, and placed it at Wenham's seat at the table. It was a titbit fit for a king. When all was ready, the two went in to get Wenham.

"Think you can walk as far as the kitchen?" inquired Bill.

"Anything for a change," answered Wenham.

With the help of Harden upon one side of him and Bill on the other, he managed to make the distance, though with considerable pain. But when he caught sight of the table, the pain vanished, though he felt a queer straining at his throat.

"What 's this?" he stammered.

"Just a little celebration—in honor of the day," answered Bill.

Wenham's eyes roamed all around the room and rested at

last upon the partridge. "And that?" he inquired.

"We like to suit our guests," chuckled Bill.

"That 's the nearest we could come to chicken."

"My, it looks good! And it was mighty good of you to get it."

"It 'll help take the stiffness out of your bones," said Bill. "Sit down and let 's see you tackle it."



"BILL CARRIED HIM IN, AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN A CHILD."

"Don't!" groaned Wenham. "I don't care what I have. I don't want anything."

With a suppressed chuckle, Bill returned to his work. It did not take him long to pluck and dress the partridge. He then garnished it with a dozen small strips of salt pork, and placing it on its back in a pan, shoved it into the oven.

Wenham was anxious to share the bird, but the other two refused to take a bite of it.

"I 'd rather have beans, anyway," said Bill.

"Me too," agreed Harden.

If this was n't much of a dinner to tell about, it was a pretty good dinner to taste. Wenham

stick some six feet long. Harden watched him curiously for a minute and then asked: "What's that?"

"A piece of ash as I 've had drying for a month," answered Bill. "I picked it up when I was out to-day."

"What for? Why do you want it?"

"'Cause I shot all three of my cartridges when I was out for that partridge."

"But what are you going to do with the stick?" persisted Harden.

"I 'm going to make a bow," answered Bill, slowly.

"Why, that 's a fine idea!" exclaimed Harden. "I don't see why I did n't think of it long ago."

"I thought of it long ago," answered Bill, "but I did n't have no string."

"The fish-line 's just the thing," put in Harden.

Bill nodded and went on silently whittling. But mention of the line again brought Harden's thoughts back to the suspicions aroused by the severed kite-string. He could n't escape his first conclusions, and yet Bill's conduct of yesterday and to-day belied them. It did n't seem possible that a really bad man would sacrifice so important a means of defense as his only three cartridges if he intended any harm. Yet, on the other hand, he had been willing to destroy their signal, with the possible result of keeping them in here until spring. Moreover, even if he had shot away his ammunition with the most kindly intentions in the world, he had accomplished one object: he had disarmed Harden himself. The latter began

to look askance at the bow. That, in strong hands, was a powerful weapon.

When Bill spoke again, he puzzled Harden still further.

"The boy there," he said, nodding toward the bunk, "ought to have fresh meat, and I 'm goin' to see if I can't get it for him with this."



"MY, BUT IT LOOKS GOOD!" SAID WENHAM."

did n't have the appetite of the other two, but he managed to eat most of the partridge, while both Harden and Bill fairly gorged.

They put Wenham in bed again after dinner. Then Harden went out to fix his smudge fire for the night. When he came back Bill was seated in front of the open fire, whittling away at a round

(To be continued.)



A CYCLONIC SLIDE—A HARD TASK FOR THE UMPIRE.*

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

THIRD PAPER—BASE-RUNNING

BY C. H. CLAUDY*



BATTING, as we have seen, is half the offense in the battle of base-ball; base-running is the other half. For no matter how many hits are made, if the runner runs so carelessly that he is put out before he gets home, the hits them-

selves count for nothing in the final score. And while it is highly important to make hits, it is folly to depend only on hits for the making of runs, and to ignore that part of the art of ball-playing which turns a few hits into many runs.

But before you can do any base-running, you must get on first base—no matter how. The rules permit a runner making first to overrun the base as far as he will in a straight line and return to it, but do not apply in this way to any other base, which is the reason why sliding is seldom necessary at first and often required at other bases. The slide makes a quick stop possible, and the quick stop is necessary at second and third, but not at first base.

Once on first base, and you become a base-runner in the true sense of the word. You now have several things to do, and all at once.

Not only must you be prepared to advance to second base on the crack of the bat of the man who follows you in the batting order—you must be ready to "steal" second at the first opportunity,

to play the "hit and run" on a signal, and at the same time you must watch that you are not "picked off" at first by an alert pitcher, catcher, and first baseman, that you are not the victim of the "hidden-ball" trick, and all the while you must aid the batsman by worrying the pitcher as much as possible, by keeping as long a lead from the base as you can with safety, and drawing as many throws from the pitcher as possible, to tire his arm and distract his attention from the batsman as much as you can.

Only practice will show you how far you can "lead" off the base with the prospects of getting back before the ball gets there when they try to "nip" you. And you can do it much better and farther with some pitchers than with others. Left-handed pitchers are, as a rule, harder to "take a lead from" than right-handers, because they can appear to be going to pitch to the batter when they are actually going to throw to first base—much more easily than can right-handers.

All good pitchers will try to "hold you to the base" by frequent throws to the baseman, which will make you scamper back—perhaps slide back—to the bag. But the instant the ball is returned to the pitcher, you should take your lead again. The more often he has to throw to first, the better for you and the batsman, since every throw distracts his attention from the batter. Moreover, he will have to pitch quickly, and the less time he has to devote to his "motion," the harder it is for him to pitch accurately.

And *watch the ball!* The hidden-ball trick is

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CAUGHT OFF SECOND BASE.

an example of the importance of watching it. You have a lead from first. The pitcher throws to first, and you make a headlong or feet-first slide for the bag. The first baseman gathers the ball in his mit, and makes a throwing motion with his right hand, but retains the ball in his mit. You, on the ground, feel the motion of his arm, or see it, dimly, out of the corner of your eye. You think the ball has been returned to the pitcher, and get up and dust yourself off. While doing this, you may step a foot off the bag. "Bang!" and that ball is in your ribs. "Out!"



JUST BEATING THE BALL!

says the umpire—the fans laugh at you, your side scolds you, and the other side chuckles! It is a good plan to stay right where you are, on the bag, until you see the ball in the pitcher's hands.

Even old ball-players are fooled with the hidden-ball trick once in a while. Perhaps the most remarkable example of the trick occurred in a game between the "Giants" and "Cubs" in 1910. All base-ball fans know of the "Merkle incident,"

which will be described at length in these columns later. For the present, suffice it to say that Merkle, of New York, failed to touch second base in a most important game in 1909, and was called out when Evers, of Chicago, got the ball and claimed a force-out. The decision made the game a tie, and when it was played off, New York lost it, and, by its loss, the pennant. Just a year later, to the day, in a game with New York, Evers got to first base on a pass, and took his usual dancing lead. The pitcher threw to drive him back to base. Evers slid to the bag, safely enough. Merkle went through the time-worn motion of throwing, holding the ball all the while. Evers got up, shook himself, took his foot from the bag, and—Merkle touched him with the ball, with what satisfaction may be imagined! The umpire saw the play; joy among the fans! It was n't much of a revenge, from Merkle's standpoint, but the chaffing Evers, the cleverest of players, received for thus being "shown up" must have been balm to Merkle's heart!

The length of your lead from first is governed, too, by the fact of there being a man "on the paths" ahead of you. If there is a man on second while you are on first, the first baseman will play deep or wide—away from his bag. The "play," when it is made, will in all probability be at second or third base. All the defense will try to "get" the leading man, instead of you. Consequently you can play with a much greater lead than when the first baseman is on the bag. But you cannot afford to relax your watchfulness. And here is where the first-base coacher is so handy, for you can watch him and learn where

the first baseman is, much more easily than you can watch the baseman.

When you take a lead from second base, the same principles apply. The second baseman and short-stop will neither play close to the bag nor on it, as the first baseman does with only one man "on the paths," and that man on his sack. A pitcher cannot turn completely round and throw to second base to catch a runner off the bag, without giving considerable warning of his intentions. So he won't do it unless you have a big lead. While on first base, you have only the pitcher and catcher to watch—the man with the ball. To see whether or not you are to be "nipped" on second base, you must watch both short-stop and second baseman, pitcher and catcher. Just because of your long lead, the pitcher will try to get you by a trick. He will get a signal from somewhere; short-stop or second baseman will run swiftly into the bag; the pitcher will whirl and send the ball almost without looking, and, if you have been "caught napping," you will find the ball waiting for you in the hands of a laughing player whom you thought fifty feet away! So watch the baseman, the short-stop, the third-base coacher, and the pitcher, when you take a long lead for third.

And don't forget that little, seldom-needed, but

that it does n't hit your legs. Jump over it, wait for it to go by, do anything, but don't let it touch you. But once the ball is by you,—forget it. Put



CATCHER ON THE ALERT TO PREVENT BASE-STEALING.

your head down and *run!* Don't try to see where the ball has gone, unless it is a fly. Depend on the coachers. They are there for that purpose. The fraction of a second it takes you to look over your shoulder for the ball may mean the difference between "safe" and out. And don't run on high flies more than half-way—be *sure* the fly is n't going to be caught before you tear round the bases, unless, of course, there are two out, when it makes no difference, since, if the ball is caught, the side is out, and if it is n't caught, you may score if you can beat the ball. Hence, with two out, *run*, whether the ball is a fly or a grounder.

When you run more than one base at a time, you must remember that the fraction of a second which you may lose or gain, *en route*, by any calculation, speed, skill, or the lack of them, means the difference between good and "bonehead" base-running. The mere matter of turning the bag, that is, rounding the corner, may have a vital importance.

Stretching a one-base hit into a two-bagger, or a two-bagger into three, running wild on the bases, in other words, is spectacular, and frequently good base-ball. In this game, as in every other athletic game, daring, courage, and nerve often suc-

ceed. The very unexpectedness of the attempt to get an extra base, even where it looks foolhardy, will often insure success. But there are



SLIDING TO BASE—RUNNER SAFE.

vital rule of base-ball, "A base-runner struck with a batted ball is out." Watch the ball when it is hit. If it's a grounder crossing your path, see

times when spectacular base-ball, even if successful, is foolish. For instance, what good is it to make second base, by a hair, on a *single*, when there are two out, in the ninth inning, and a big score against you? In such circumstances, the *only* thing which can help is a batting rally, and if the next man "at bat" is going to start the rally, you are just as well off on first as on second. And, by stretching your single into a double, you run a great risk of being, yourself, the third "out," and thus nipping all chances for a rally!



SLIDING TO BASE—HEAD FIRST.

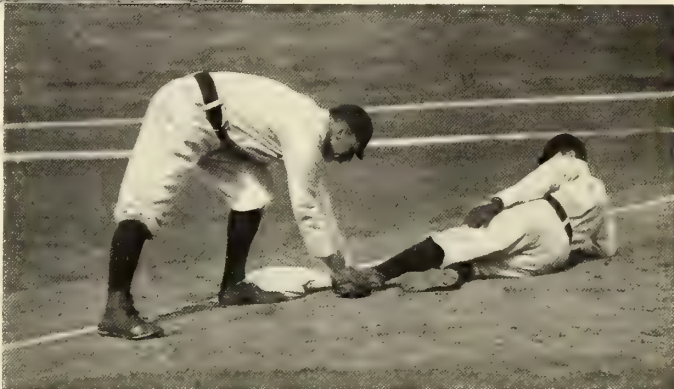
But, if the score were tied, or you were only one or two runs behind, that is a time to play the spectacular game—to run the extra base—to take instant advantage of every careless move. "Ty" Cobb, the famous Detroit right-fielder, the most spectacular base-runner in either League, frequently gets put out, taking chances. But, much more frequently, he "makes good" with his long chances, and turns scratches into singles, singles into doubles, and doubles into triples and home runs by his bold playing.

An instance when daring base-running succeeded by its unexpectedness was presented in the second game of the World's series of 1910 between the Champion Chicago "Cubs" and the Champion Philadelphia Athletics. The "Cubs" had scored and were ahead up to the third inning—strange to say, the Athletics were encouraged by being scored upon, since they had well noted throughout the year that whenever Coombs, who was pitching that day, was scored upon early in the contest, he invariably won. In the third inning, the Athletics had Thomas on third, Lord on first, and two out. Collins, the whirlwind second baseman of the Athletics, was at bat. He sent a sharp line-drive just inside third base, and reached second base. Thomas, of course, scored.

Every one expected Lord, who had come from first base, to stop on third, as the ball was already on its way to Steinfeldt, Chicago's third baseman, from the out-field. But Lord kept right on, full-tilt, for the plate. "Steiny," taken by surprise, made a desperate effort to touch Lord, and—dropped the ball! Lord scored, and the Athletics were not headed thereafter in that game!

The question of stealing bases—which is the best part of the art of base-running, and the most spectacular feature of the game—is one to be considered from more than one point of view.

The average young ball-player, if you ask him when he should steal a base, will probably answer, "Any time you get a chance!" But unless he qualified the "any" time with the words "good chance," he would be wrong. "Inside ball" teaches players that base-stealing must be considered with reference to the score, to the number of innings yet to be played, the number of men out at the time, and the batting order. For instance, with a



SLIDING TO BASE—FEET FIRST. (SEE PAGE 713.)

man on first and third, the temptation for the man on first to steal second is very strong. He knows he can take a big lead, because the first baseman will be playing for the batter, and not for him. He knows that if he can draw a throw from the catcher to second base at a time when the man on third has a good lead toward home, and make the bag, the man on third will probably be successful in stealing home, making the play a double steal. But suppose two men are out? Then if the stealer from first base is caught, the side is out, and the run does not count. If it is the eighth or ninth inning, and a run is needed to tie the score or win the game, and the batter is weak, then the attempt to steal



CAUGHT BETWEEN THIRD BASE AND HOME.

second with two out, and a man on third, may be justifiable, since the situation is acute. But if the batter is strong, then it may be unwise to risk the steal, because you know all the attention will be directed to getting *you*, coming in to second, and it is at least possible that the man at bat will make a hit, scoring the man on third.

But with less than two out, the man on first should always try to steal with a man on third, for then the attention of the defense will be largely directed to the man on third base, and your chances of getting second base are good. If they try to put *you* out at second, the man on third is almost sure to score; if they hold *him* to *his* bag, *you* are almost certain to be safe at second! The defense to this play will be taken

up later, but, in considering it now as an offensive play and part of good base-running, always remember to think of the number of men who are out, the probabilities of the man at the bat making a hit—which includes his previous performance against the opposing pitcher—the score, and whether the situation is normal, desperate, or just balanced between, and govern your actions accordingly.

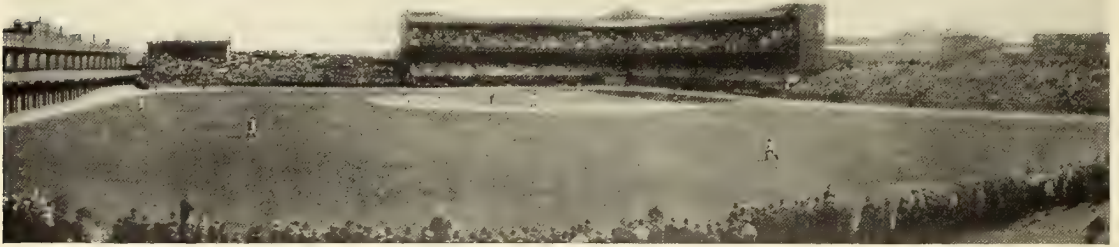
The base-runner who gets on first and just waits to be “batted round” the circuit is playing very safe, but very poor base-ball. The standard play, with no score, and a man on first, is a sacrifice hit—if you can steal second, the sacrifice will put you on third instead, with but one man out! And if one man is out, and you are on



THE “FALLAWAY” SLIDE.

first, and no one else is "on," how important to steal second, so that your side's situation is no worse than if you had been sacrificed to second! If two are out, you simply *must* steal second, unless heavy hitters follow you, whose prospects are good for a hit, otherwise it is almost certain the side will be retired without a score. If the score is heavily against you near the end of the game, a stolen base or so is of little value; it takes heavy hitting and lots of it to make up that lead you are struggling against. If the lead is but one or two runs, however, then your case is des-

stealing second, for several reasons—the shorter distance from catcher to third baseman compared with the distance from catcher to second base being one. To offset this is the larger lead you can take from second base. It will largely depend on where the third baseman is playing, whether or not you can try to steal third. If he is playing in for a bunt, you have a better chance than if he is playing deep, since, if playing in, he cannot as well see you coming nor get back to the bag to take the throw from the catcher as quickly as he can see and run in when playing



THE NATIONAL LEAGUE BASE-BALL GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA.

perate but full of hope, and a certain recklessness and chance-taking is indicated on the paths.

How important a steal of second may be is shown by the record of the fourth game in the World's series for 1910. Sheckard, the hard-hitting, fast-running left-fielder of the Chicago "Cubs," drew a base on balls, and while Schulte, of Chicago, was busily engaged in striking out, Sheckard stole second base cleanly. Of course the crowd went crazy. But they had something better to get crazy about the next minute, for Sheckard scored on Hofman's single. In other words, a score resulted from a pass and a lone hit, *because* Sheckard stole second. The next two men were out in short order. Had Sheckard not stolen that base, but waited for Hofman's single to advance him to second, he would have died there, and the inning been without a score. As the final score was four to three, in favor of Chicago, on that one stolen base the winning of the game depended. Had that run not been made, the contest might have had to go many extra innings, instead of the one extra it did go, and while the result might have been the same—it might have been different! In which case the humiliation for Chicago of the Athletics' winning four straight games in a World's Championship would have happened!

Do you imagine the Chicago fans approved of Sheckard? Well, rather.

Stealing third is less often accomplished than

deep. On the other hand, the score and the innings and the number of men out must be considered in stealing third, just as in stealing second, only if two are out, it makes less difference whether you steal third or not than it would if you were on first and wanted second. You can probably score from second, if you are fast, on any real hit—and you cannot score from third on a "third out" anyhow.

Stealing home is a fascinating play. It has two variations—one the "squeeze" play, which will be taken up later, and the other, the straight steal of home. It may be accomplished at times when a pitcher takes a long "wind-up"—it may be when a passed ball or a wild pitch allows you to gain the plate, or it may be by sheer speed and nerve, surprising the catcher so that you slide right into his feet even while he has the ball, before he thinks to touch you. But it is a risky play, and is for either a very desperate situation indeed, as when two are out, and it is certain the batter will strike out, or when you are so far in the lead you can afford to take chances.

Stealing any base is often done on slow catchers by watching them and seeing when they throw back the ball to the pitcher slowly or carelessly. The steal then becomes a "delayed steal"—you have delayed it until the catcher is off his guard. Another form of "delayed steal" which not infrequently succeeds is that accomplished by taking a big lead from first, on a run, stopping short

just for an instant, drawing the throw from the catcher to first, and then diving for second! It is then a race between you and the second baseman or short-stop—the first baseman cannot throw the ball until some one is on the second bag to take the throw, and unless both first baseman and man covering the second bag work like clockwork, the chances are you can slide into second safely.

Double steals are what their name implies—a stealing of two bases at once. Of course, when the man ahead of you steals, it is folly for you not to do so also, since they cannot put you both out at once, unless by the finest kind of a double play. This applies to the double steal of a second and third, and not second and home, since, as previously described, the stealing of second with third occupied may be permitted by the defense rather than risking the man on third making a score with the double steal.

Triple steals are so rare in major League baseball that less than half a dozen have ever been made! The Philadelphia Nationals made one in 1910 against Cincinnati, and players talk of it yet. It was in the first inning. Grant was on third, Magee on second, and "Kitty" Bransfield on first. Fromme was pitching for Cincinnati, and he had an unusually long wind-up. Grant had hesitated for an instant, on his running lead for home, two or three times, and had scuttled back to third when Fromme looked at him, ball under his chin. But the instant Fromme started the long wind-up, Grant ducked his head and ran, Magee started for third, and Bransfield for second. Fromme let the ball go, and McLean made a clean catch, but Grant slid right under the throw, scoring, and by the time McLean straightened up it was too late to catch either of the other runners. Other triple steals have been made by St. Louis against the Athletics in 1905, by the Athletics against Washington in 1908, and by Boston against the Athletics in 1909.

Triple steals are so rare for many reasons, one being their difficulty, another the fact that they are not tried with two men out; three men "on," and only one or none out, is not a common situation! A third reason is that the chance of making a two- or three-run inning of it, if a hit results, is always a hope when the bases are full, whereas a triple steal, if it fails, may mean the retiring of the side.

One of the most vital things to learn in the art of base-running is sliding—how to slide and when to slide. There are numerous slides: the feet-first slide, the head-first slide, the wide slide, the "hook" slide, et cetera.

The wide slide is usually taken head first. You

slide wide of second, and half-way past it, and reach out and grab the bag with your left hand. It is useful in this way: it makes it very hard for the baseman to find any portion of you to touch with the ball! The "hook" slide is similar in intent, but in it you come in feet first, and either sitting or lying down. The bag is caught with one outstretched foot instead of the hand.

Note well that you had best slide to the *right* and *outside* of the base when the ball comes from *within* the diamond, and to the *left* and *inside* the base when the ball comes from the *out-field*. In this way you come into the bag *behind* the man on the bag, and require him to turn around to touch you. It is just such little points that mean the tiny fraction of a second which spells the difference between safety and a walk to the bench.

As an indication of how hard it is to steal a base against a good team, and how much, therefore, in practice and patience in all departments, particularly in stealing, the art calls for, consider the records for 1910. In the National League, Bescher, of Cincinnati, led all the players with 70 stolen bases for the year. These he pilfered in 150 games, less than "half a base" per game. In the American League, Collins, of Philadelphia, purloined 81 bases in 153 games, a little more than "half a base" per game.

The Cincinnati "Reds," in the National League, as a team, had the greatest number of stolen bases to their credit for the year, 310 secured in 156 games, a fraction less than two bases per game. The New York "Highlanders" led in the American League with 284 stolen bases in 156 games. And because the chances of the expert stealer are so evenly balanced against the expert of defense, the stolen base is, and always will be, one of the charms of base-ball, always recognized as a great feat by the crowds, and appreciated by players as something hard to do.

One more point, and we are through with the elementary survey of the art of base-running—when caught between bases, stay alive as long as you can, particularly when you are not alone "on the paths." If there is a runner ahead of you, strive to draw the throws from the two men running you down, by dodging back and forth, in the hope that in the confusion he may score or at least advance a base. If he is behind you, strive to be caught, if caught you must be, at the farthest base you can, so that there is the less chance to make a double play on the other man, and so that he, too, may steal a base. And if there is no one on the paths, and you are caught, don't give up. Dodge. Duck. Turn. Twist. *Fight* for your base—for the same reason you "run everything out."

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS



THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

THIS Irish folk-song is a rare gem. There is great charm in the fairy subject, the words, and the melody. The arrangement is so easy that the younger boys and girls will enjoy playing it. Besides singing the song to the piano, be sure to learn it by heart and render it without an accompaniment. You remember that folk-songs were often sung in this way. Sing it just as a mother croons to her child.

Verses from the GAELIC

Slowly and quietly

ANCIENT AIR

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS

1. Sweet babe, a gold - en cra - dle holds thee,
2. Rest thee, babe, for soon thy slum - bers,

Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo. Soft the snow - white fleece en - folds thee,
Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo, Fly at the fair - y mu - sic num - bers.

REFRAIN

Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo. } In.. air - y bow'rs I
Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo.

watch thy sleep - ing, Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo, Where branch - ing trees to the

breeze are sweep - ing. Shu - heen sho, lu - lo lo, shu - heen sho.

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY

IRELAND also gives us this song. It is in striking contrast to "The Fairies' Lullaby," as you see. The melody and words of the first song are old, and those of "The Jolly Ploughboy" are comparatively modern. The latter pulses with the vital joy of youth and spring, the former breathes a charm exquisite and imaginative. The Lullaby is more of a girls' song, and this is especially suited to boys. The arrangement is not difficult, though written in four sharps. A number of boys should sing this song with fine effect. Render the verses as solos, and all join in the chorus.

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS

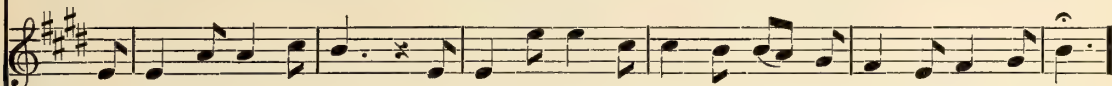
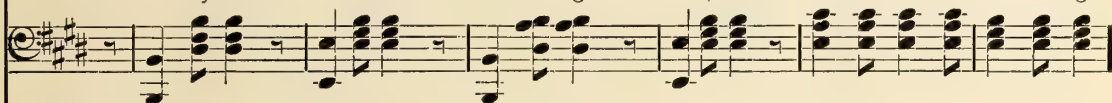
With vigor and jollity



1. As Jack the jol - ly plough-boy Was ploughing o'er his land,
2. For Jack's a jol - ly plough-boy Whose life is free from care,
3. I've heard of ma - ny won - ders That are in cit - ies seen,



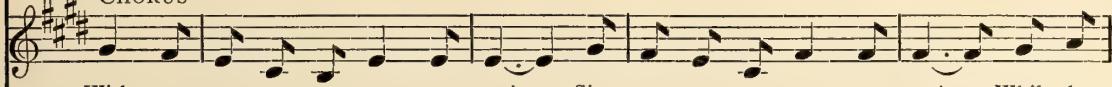
He cried un-to his hors - es And bold - ly bade them stand; Then down up-on his plough he sat
His heart, so light, re - joic - es To breathe the sweet spring air, The birds a-round are sing-ing now
And I my-self to Lim - 'rick Some months a-go have been, But tho' it is a wond'rous sight



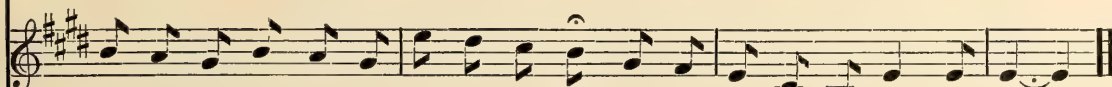
A mer - ry song to sing, And Jack he sang his song so sweet That all the val - leys ring,
Their songs of joy a - gain, So join-ing them with glad-some shout, He chants his clear re - frain,
The streets and folks to see, I'd rat - her live a plough-man's life A - mid the meadows free,



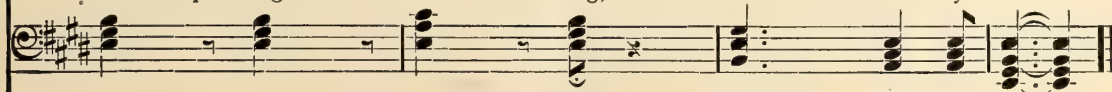
CHORUS



With a too - ra - nan nan - ty na!... Sing too - ra - nan nan - ty na!... While the



ech - oes pro-long The sweet notes of his song, And his too - ra - nan nan - ty na!...





MR. BUG IN HIS MONOPLANE—"THE DRAGON-FLY."

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST LESSON—AND A SECRET

It was late before they all retired that night. Edith was sleeping in a room adjoining Dorothy's. Mrs. Ward felt it was best for Dorothy to be alone. Her foot must still be protected. Any sudden jar or shock might mean a set-back, and she knew from experience that the two girls liked "to lark."

For a very mischievous pair they had often been. On one occasion Dorothy's father had heard, about midnight, the sound of silver rat-

tling and doors being quietly closed. He was sure there were burglars in the house. He had crept quietly down to listen at the pantry door, and then just as quietly crept back, to report to Mrs. Ward that Dorothy and Edith were evidently having a midnight supper.

Edith came tiptoeing into her chum's room at six o'clock the next morning. Dorothy was wide awake and had been watching for her.

"I'm just longing to hear all about the girls at school, Edith. Do tell me about them! Have they missed me?"

"Missed you, Dot? Indeed, they have—oh, so

much! Ernestine Love often gives me a scolding because I spend my spare time writing to you, but she generally ends by saying, 'If I had such a chum, I know I would do the same.' Ernestine is a fine girl, Dot. You know the French teacher, poor Mademoiselle Jaudry? I hardly believe she could stay at school if it was n't for Ernestine, who always, after class, if the girls have behaved thoughtlessly, calls them together and makes them pay a fine of twenty cents apiece. Then, with the money, she buys Mademoiselle some pretty flowers or a box of nice candies, and sends them to her with the 'compliments of the class!' Mademoiselle always says, 'Ma foi, ma foi!' She does n't understand at all why girls who behave so badly in recitation should be so good to her out of school hours.

"But, oh, Dot, it will be terribly hard to go back on Monday! I wish I could stay now!"

"I know, dear, and I do wish you could, but the time will pass quickly and the 15th of June will be here in a fortnight. Then we shall be together again. We are to—" Dorothy paused.

"Oh, I almost let the cat out of the bag!"

"What do you mean, Dot? *Please* tell me!"

"I can't, dear. I know a wonderful secret, but I learned it by mistake—it is really Father's and Mother's secret—so don't you try to 'pump' me, Miss Curiosity! Hal says I'm a perfect sieve when it comes to keeping secrets. He is all wrong about that. But this concerns you, Edith, and I'll tell you just this much—that as soon as you come home for the holidays, you are to know it, too."

There was a knock on the door just then. It was Nora, who had come to see if Dorothy needed her.

"I'm going to dress for breakfast this morning, Nora. This is to be my busy day. I have to teach my foot to walk and my hands to motor! There's no time to be lost. You may help me to dress now."

When Dorothy was ready, she called to her father: "Come and take a walk with me, Dad!"

Mr. Ward came hurriedly into the room, radiantly happy over the prospect of seeing his brave girl once more on her feet.

"I would love to take my first walk among the flowers, Daddy! Do you mind?"

Her father carried her down-stairs and out into the garden. Then he placed his arm around his daughter gently, and, for the first time in over five months, Dorothy put her foot to the ground and pressed the soft earth with it.

It was a very short walk. After a few steps she felt quite faint. But, as she pluckily said, when they went in, it was at least a good beginning.

"We will have John bring the car to the door, Dot, about ten. You can use your right foot, and take your first lesson in motoring."

Later, when Dorothy was helped into the car, it seemed to her that she would require several pairs of hands and feet, and certainly more than one head, to do all the things that were necessary to be done together.

"You see, dear," said her father, "first of all you must press down the clutch-lever with your foot, this way! Throw in your gear with your right hand, like this, and then draw up your foot slowly, allowing the clutch to engage. Keep your left hand on the steering-wheel, so. This is the brake. See? And if you lose control going down a steep hill, you must put on this emergency brake. That brings the car to a standstill very quickly."

"What a strange thing a motor is, Dad! Just think of all the power hidden inside it!"

When finally Dorothy began to put her first lesson into practice, she realized how great that power was. The car wanted to back when she meant it to go forward; to go forward when she meant it to go back; to move when it should have stood still; and, indeed, to do everything she did n't intend. But the wonderful throb that seemed to penetrate through it all expressed what the motor-car meant to her—new life. Soon her hands became more accustomed to the various motions. Both hands were in constant use. The great difficulty was that everything must be done so quickly. There was scarcely time to think, and certainly no time to change one's mind.

"If it is like this on our own driveway, Dad, what must it be on the open road—with all the other vehicles coming and going!"

That thought made Dorothy sober for a moment, but she cast it away and said to herself that what others had done, she, too, could do. And before long she felt quite at home at the wheel.

"I think, Dot, that you have used your brain and foot enough for one morning," said Mr. Ward. "This afternoon we will motor over to Mr. Lawton's and show him the new car. Come, my little motor-girl, you must rest awhile now, and Edith will read to you, I'm sure."

There had been a very enthusiastic group looking on—Aunt Alice, Mrs. Ward, Paul, Peggy, and John—as Dorothy took her first lesson, and John was the proudest of all, when she stopped the machine deftly just in front of the veranda.

MR. LAWTON, glancing out of his library window at three o'clock that afternoon, saw a beautiful

big motor coming up the road. As it drew near, he recognized his pupil of two days before, with Dorothy on the seat beside him, looking wonderfully well and happy.

"Great Cæsar!" said Mr. Lawton, as he went out to meet them. "What a stunner! How lovely that dark-blue color is! And you have a Gabriel!" He reached up and sounded the horn.

Every part of the machine had to be examined and the "new improvements" found, for, of course, the 1910 machine must be in several respects an improvement on that of 1909.

"How do you enjoy motoring, Miss Motor-Girl?"

"Oh, it's heavenly!" exclaimed Dorothy. "It's almost like flying. I feel like one of those sea-gulls that follow the ships."

"Wait until your first breakdown, my lady," said Mr. Lawton, laughing. "You will feel like a lame tortoise then, instead of a sea-gull. Under the machine somebody will have to go in search of the trouble."

"Oh, John must do all that, Mr. Lawton!"

"But supposing John is n't with you—what then?"

"I'll have to wait until some fairy prince comes along and helps me out of the difficulty," said Dorothy.

"Well, we'll hope for no accidents, ever, or of any sort. How about a trip somewhere? Can't you bring your family party and be my guests for supper to-morrow evening? I'll take my car, too. There's a dear little inn called the 'Bird in the Bush,' where we often go. It's about an hour or so from here."

"I wonder if it would be too far for you, Dot?" said her father.

"Oh, no, Dad! Dr. Swan told me to live in the open air, and the motion of the car is so restful!"

"Then we'll accept with pleasure. It will be a real 'joy-ride,'" said Mr. Ward.

"Won't you come for a little ride with us now, Mr. Lawton?" asked Dorothy. "This is the second section of the first trip, and you remember your promise. Dad, ask Mr. Lawton to take the wheel, please."

"Yes, jump in, Lawton, and give us your verdict," said Mr. Ward.

They went up and down the pretty streets, and their friend pronounced the car "a winner."

"There is not a jar, Ward. The motion is perfect. Here is a new road-map I got yesterday for you, Dorothy. When we are riding to-morrow, follow the route on your map. It's a great help. Sometimes you will get off the right road, but by keeping close to your map, you will soon find out where you made your mistake."

Dorothy was delighted with the gift. They had great fun that evening studying out its various routes. It was somewhat like a Chinese puzzle at first, but for that very reason all the more interesting to Dorothy and her father, who bent their heads together over it with tireless zest until bedtime.

The motor-girl awakened next morning to her chum's cheery call:

"It's a perfect day for our ride, Dot! We are simply the two happiest girls on earth—aren't we?"

"Yes—and do you know, Edith, the whole world seems changed since the motor came? Just think how much of our country we shall be able to see! The Stennet girls told me that they spent all their summer holidays last year touring. Does n't that sound fine? And this year Aunt Alice and Uncle Paul have taken a house at Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, for the summer, and we are to be close to the sea," said Dorothy.

"How lovely!" was all that Edith said, but she spoke softly, and there was a wistful look on her face. She was thinking that when Dorothy would go to Jamestown it would mean another separation. You see, she did not know the secret!

CHAPTER IV

AN ADVENTURE—AND ANOTHER SECRET

ARTHUR and Mrs. Mortimer came to lunch. They were going in the motor with the others. Paul and Peggy preferred remaining at home. Paul had a little workshop of his own. He had inherited his father's inventive gift and was always "sperimenting," as he proudly declared. Mr. Ward encouraged him in this and took a real interest in all his "speriments." Paul's latest idea was a new kind of slot-machine, as the young inventor had lost several pennies by the failure of the one at the corner grocery to deliver what he had expected. At present most of his time was spent in the workshop, Peggy being his able assistant.

Promptly at half-past three the motor was at the door.

"Is there plenty of gasoline, John?" said Mr. Ward. "Well, then, we'll be off. Keep your eye on the children. We shall be back by eight o'clock."

Aunt Alice had been prevailed upon to go with them. All the ladies sat behind, in the tonneau, for Dorothy had asked Arthur to sit beside her father. She wanted to talk with Edith to-day.

"There is Mr. Lawton waiting for us at the gate. I see he has a full car, too," said Mr. Ward.

The guests were all introduced, and then Mr. Lawton made a suggestion for the trip.

"I think we had better take turns in leading, Ward. I will take the first fifteen minutes, wait until you catch up, then you must pass us and take the lead for a quarter of an hour. We find this the best plan with two machines—to keep from getting separated."

"What a good idea!" said Mr. Ward.

Each party waved to the other, and off they started. The fun had begun. Arthur was to follow the road-map, so that, when their turn came, they should be able to lead. Mr. Lawton had shown them the route before starting. They were soon out of the city streets and in the real country. Just as they turned a corner, they looked up and saw Mr. Lawton's machine waiting. "My, how time flies!" said Arthur. "Sure enough, the first fifteen minutes is up."

"This is good fun, Lawton. It is like the old game of 'I-spy,'" said Mr. Ward.

Then, with a word and another waving of hands, the new machine took the lead.

The season was late, and the country was in its freshest green. Dorothy's mother said she had never seen it so beautiful. The dogwood, both pink and white, was in full blossom. Now and then their road took them through lovely woods. Dorothy and Edith longed to get out and pick the spring blossoms which filled the air with their fragrance.

"Another fifteen minutes is up!" said Arthur.

It was now their turn to wait, but close behind them came Mr. Lawton, and, in a moment, passed them by.

Soon they were running beside a beautiful brook with here and there beds of pretty green water-cress. Then they passed several waterfalls, and finally an old mill came into view.

"By Jove, but that is pretty!" said Arthur. "This stream has undoubtedly been the power for that old mill. I'd like to have a picture of it."

They left the stream and began climbing quite a high hill.

"How splendidly the machine takes the up grade!" said Mr. Ward.

Mr. Lawton was waiting at the top.

"That 's the 'Bird in the Bush' we see in the distance," he said, pointing across the valley in front. "From here it looks very close, but it 's a good five miles off."

Once more Mr. Lawton passed them before they met again in front of the little inn. His party had all alighted.

"Did you ever see a quainter place? It looks like a doll's house. See those tiny doors! And these funny little window-panes!" said Dorothy.

Arthur helped the motor-girl into the house.

"Supper is ready!" said Mr. Lawton.

A sweet-faced country girl received them and showed them into the dining-room, where a delicious supper awaited them, the kind of supper hungry people enjoy.

"Not bad for a little country inn!" said Mr. Lawton. "Of course the motor appetite helps. Wherever you go now, you will find these delightful little inns. The motor is responsible for them."

He turned to Dorothy. "You should rest a few minutes, I think, dear."

He led her into the little front sitting-room and Edith put her on the sofa and drew up a chair beside her.

"Is n't it wonderful, Edith, how many kind people there are in the world? Mr. Lawton takes as much interest in our new happiness as we do."

"Your father is just like him, Dot. He is so good to every one."

On a small table standing close to the sofa upon which Dorothy was resting were several books. She opened one of them, and her eye caught the name, "George Washington."

"I wonder if that great man ever visited this little inn!" she said. "Do you know, Edith, that all this part of the country was marched over by Washington's troops?"

Dorothy began to read aloud, and very soon the two girls had become so absorbed in the book that they did not realize how time was passing, until the rest of the party came in and told them it was almost seven o'clock.

"We must be off now," said Mr. Lawton. "I like to leave a good margin for the unexpected. In automobiling, it 's the unexpected that always happens. We ought to be home by half-past eight. I 'll lead all the way, Ward. By following me, you will have no difficulty, and I 'll wait every fifteen minutes to let you catch up."

They started off in fine style, but they had not gone very far when a loud report, like a pistol-shot, sounded from the car in front. It startled everybody, for it came without warning. A moment later Mr. Lawton's car stopped.

"It 's a puncture!" he called to them. "Did n't I tell you it is always the unexpected that happens?"

Out of a box in front of his car, Mr. Lawton produced an old linen coat, a very dusty, dilapidated garment. Then he took from the tool-box a monkey-wrench and several other complicated-looking instruments. Arthur and Mr. Ward were both ready to help, and presently the three men commenced to "tinker." Dorothy watched them, in amused silence, and then began to sing:

"Oh, it 's merry, merry, merry, merry journeymen you are,
All in the tinkering line, sir!"

Everybody laughed, including the tinkers themselves. It was a good lesson for Arthur and Mr. Ward, and they were very much interested. The same thing might happen at any time to Dorothy's machine.

It took half an hour to repair the tire, and it was beginning to get dusk when they had finished. "We 'd better light the lights, I think. It will grow dark quickly, and we shall save another stop by lighting up now," said Mr. Lawton.

Soon they were ready to start. The sun had gone down some time before, and the afterglow was fading away. A sudden stillness seemed to pervade the whole landscape. But, in the car, Mrs. Ward, Aunt Alice, and Edith's mother were busy discussing rising prices. Dorothy was telling Edith of a new book she had just finished, and Arthur and Mr. Ward were deep in the mysteries and beauties of the machine. Arthur was learning all he could about its mechanism. So absorbed were they, one and all, that they had entirely lost sight of the party in front.

"There they go!" said Arthur, at last, as he caught sight of a light ahead. "We must catch up, or we shall lose them again." So Mr. Ward put on speed, and presently they were within a short distance of the leading car.

Since the first fifteen minutes after the tire had been repaired, when Mr. Lawton had waited to let them catch up, nobody had given a thought to the arrangement which had been made. Now they wondered if Mr. Lawton had forgotten about it. They were just beginning to realize that no familiar landmarks had yet come into view, when the automobile in front of them turned into a driveway and drew up in front of a stately house.

"What do you suppose Lawton is doing there? Can it be possible we have been following a strange machine? If so, where in the world are we? And where are the others?" said Mr. Ward.

He drove up to the house and came to a stop behind the other motor, jumped out, and rang the door-bell. A gentleman opened the door, and Mr. Ward at once explained to him his predicament.

"Come in, sir, and we will see what is the best thing to do. My name is Arnold, Geoffrey Arnold."

"And mine is Ward, Robert Ward."

"I know you well by reputation, sir. I'm glad to have this pleasure. You are some six miles out of your way, for you have been going due north instead of due east, as the other car went."

"Our good friends will be so worried. How to find or reach them is the problem," said Mr. Ward.

"Well, we must first telephone to Mr. Lawton's home and then to yours. That will help. Or—I have it! They would surely pass the toll-gate."

Mr. Arnold went to the telephone. He called up the toll-gate, and found that Mr. Lawton, who was well known there, had not yet gone by. Then he called up the two homes and gave the message that Mr. Ward and his party were on the way.

"Won't you all come in for a rest? Mrs. Arnold is not at home just now, but I can make you comfortable."

"Thank you very much, but I think we must hurry on," said Mr. Ward.

Mr. Arnold called to his chauffeur.

"Bring our machine and follow us, Stebbins," he said. "I will put you on the main road, Mr. Ward, and then you will have no difficulty."

"This has been our first adventure!" said Dorothy to Edith. "I would love it if it were not for the others. I know *they* are worrying about *us*."

Mr. Arnold got in beside Mr. Ward and directed him as they went along. First they turned to the right, then to the left, up one hill and down another, over a bridge and through dark woods. At last they came out on to the main road.

"From here on you will have smooth sailing," said Mr. Arnold. "Good night, everybody. I hope we shall all meet again soon. The next time you are motoring in this direction, do come in and see us."

With renewed thanks from Dorothy and her father, they separated, and this chance "adventure" was to mean more to them in the near future than any one of them dreamed.

At last home was sighted.

"It is just ten o'clock!" said Arthur.

Mr. Lawton was anxiously awaiting their arrival. He had been very much alarmed up to the time when he got the message at the toll-gate.

"I waited for you," he said, "for nearly half an hour. Then I felt sure something must be wrong, so we retraced our way to where we repaired the tire. Finding no sign of you, we felt sure you had taken a wrong turn, but, after trying several roads with no success, we decided to come on to the toll-gate and telephone home. At the toll-gate we got your message, and it was a great relief, I assure you."

"It was a splendid adventure, Mr. Lawton," said Dorothy, "only we were so dreadfully worried about you."

THAT night Mr. Ward found a little slip of paper pinned to his pillow. It read, in boyish spelling:

We have stoped work on the slot-machean for the presint. It is not quite practtickle yet. The trubble is, it dillivers more than one piece of gum at a time.

PAUL.

EDITH and Aunt Alice went off by the early train in the morning. The house seemed very lonely after they had gone.

"You must devote as much time as possible to your foot, Dorothy."

"Yes, Mother, I will. I do want it to be strong before Hal returns. This morning it was much less painful than yesterday."

"Hal will have my letter to-day, Dorothy, telling him of the motor. I'm afraid the news will unsettle him in his studies, but we simply *could n't* keep it from him."

Neither Dorothy nor her mother had reckoned upon Arthur. He had written Harold on Saturday, the day after the car arrived, telling him of Dorothy's great achievement. It had been an overwhelming surprise to the Yale junior. This is the letter Dorothy received the next day:

NEW HAVEN, May 30, 1910.

DEAREST SIS:

Geewhillikins, but it's great news that Arthur writes me! If any one else had written the letter, I should have said it was a joke. To think of your owning a really, truly motor! I felt like playing hooky and going home by next train. As it is, I have to square myself somehow with one of our professors. Arthur's letter put everything clean out of my head and made me cut one of my important recitations this morning. The prof. was "Johnny-on-the-spot." He got wise to it, and now little Harry will have to apologize and explainify, "all on account of Eliza"—which means you.

How am I to wait until June 20? Don't lose the motor before I get home. And keep out of the cops' way until you know the ropes.

Joking aside, I am no-end proud of you, Dot! There is no fellow in college who can claim such a sister. I'll show you this summer how much I think of you!

Your chum and proud brother,

HAL.

P.S. Tell Dad I'm working hard and expect to come out pretty near the top in my exams. Love to Mother, Paul, and Peggy.

"Dear old Hal! You're the best chum that anybody could have!" said Dorothy to herself.

The days passed much more quickly than she had expected, thanks to her beloved books. Of course a good deal of time was given to exercising her foot, and then, every afternoon, she would call for her father in the motor, and off they would go for a long ride. Edith came home on the 15th, having done so well in her studies that she was radiantly happy.

So the days sped by, and June 20 arrived at last. Hal was expected at noon. John was spending most of his time that morning in polishing the car. He was going to the station with

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Dorothy to meet her brother, and when he brought the motor to the door a little before twelve o'clock, he was dressed in all his regalia, goggles included. It was always difficult for



THE "FIRST WALK" IN THE GARDEN.

Dorothy to keep a straight face when John appeared thus arrayed, but she would not have hurt his feelings for the world.

They arrived at the station just as the train was coming in. From where Dorothy sat, she could see her brother's look of astonishment when John went forward to take his suitcase.

She heard his exclamation: "You *do* look 'classy,' John! You 're out of sight! Right up to date!"

The next moment he caught sight of Dorothy in the machine, and, his face beaming with joy, he hurried down the steps, rushed up to the car, and exclaimed:

"I take off my hat to you, dear old Dot! And 'M-o-t-o-r-g-i-r-l' spells Dor-o-thee!" It was a parody of a popular ditty they often sang, and Dorothy smiled proudly.



"SHE STOPPED THE MACHINE DEFTLY JUST IN FRONT OF THE VERANDA."

Then he sprang into the car and, putting his great strong arm around his sister, kissed her affectionately. And as the car moved off, he said:

"Golly, Dot! It 's a gorgeous machine! I

never expected a holiday like this! I suppose Dad is wild over it. And John! Well, search me if I 'd have known him! He 's twenty years younger. Just as I start to grow a mustache, John shaves his off."

"Why, Hal, you *have* a teeny little one, have n't you?"

"Little one, indeed! 'Teeny!' Pardon me, but to the faculty and students of Yale University it is known as a 'crack-a-jack.' It was so christened by some wiseacre, probably the Professor of good English. Had any accidents yet? Been arrested? What 's the speed, Dot?"

Dorothy put her hand up in front of her brother's mouth.

"If you 'll stop talking just one minute, I 'll try to answer some of your questions."

But Hal paid no heed and went on eagerly:

"How is Edith? Is she home yet? Is she as pretty as ever, Dot?"

"She is 'home' and prettier than ever, Hal, and we have made heaps of plans for the holidays. You and Arthur, Edith and I, are going to have lots of nice trips together in our motor. You see, it goes like the wind, for here we are, and there is dear little Mother waiting for us."

Hal had grown taller than ever and had broadened out in proportion. He was a fine-looking fellow, and his big brown eyes fairly danced with mischief. His mother idolized him, and no wonder, for, along with his slang and good spirits, he was really unselfish and thoughtful for others, and his home was to him the dearest place in the world. Mrs. Ward always wrote to him twice a week and Dorothy very often. Yet Hal was not satisfied. He wanted to know from day to day what every one was doing.

That afternoon the happy trio went over in the motor to get Mrs. Mortimer, Edith, and Arthur. They called for Mr. Ward, and off they sped for a long ride, coming home just in time for dinner. During the evening, while they were all together on the veranda, Dorothy's father said:

"Girls and boys, I have a little surprise for you, and I hope that the plans we have made for the summer will meet with your approval. Mrs. Mortimer has been invited to spend two months in England with her brother. Mother and I have persuaded her to accept the invitation,

as she needs the change. Of course her first thought was that she could not leave Arthur and Edith, but we soon disposed of those two 'obstacles.' We want the 'obstacles' to be our guests for August and September, and Aunt Alice has invited the whole party to Jamestown for August."

Dorothy and Edith fairly shouted with joy at the prospect of being together all summer.

"That 's bully!" said Hal, bursting into song with the well-known refrain, "What's the matter with Father? He's all right!" and adding, "Three cheers for Dad!"

Three rousing cheers responded.

"Three for Aunt Alice!" said Dorothy.

And Arthur, who had been a happy listener until now, said: "Three cheers for the motor-girl!" And those were the loudest of all.

Just at that moment an automobile turned in at the gate and stopped some distance from the house. A gentleman got out and came toward them. It was Mr. Lawton.

"I never heard such cheering!" was his greeting. "Whatever is the matter? I did n't dare bring my motor into this noisy crowd for fear you would bombard me and my car. It 's good to see you, Hal. My, how you have grown!"

He went over to Dorothy and took her hand in his.

"How is our little motor-girl to-night? Are you glad to have the big brother back?"

Mr. Lawton had to hear all about the summer plans.

"I don't wonder you were all cheering!" he said. "But I must not stop now. I came over really to see your father, Dot, on a little matter of business."

Mr. Ward walked down the avenue with his friend, and, much to everybody's surprise, the

two men got into Mr. Lawton's machine and rode around to the barn.

Presently, when Dorothy's father returned, his



"I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO YOU, DEAR OLD DOT!"

face was all aglow with smiles, as he exclaimed: "Now I have to bottle up another secret until to-morrow morning! If I have any more secrets to keep, I 'll burst!"

"Oh, tell us, please tell us!" everybody pleaded. "We cannot wait."

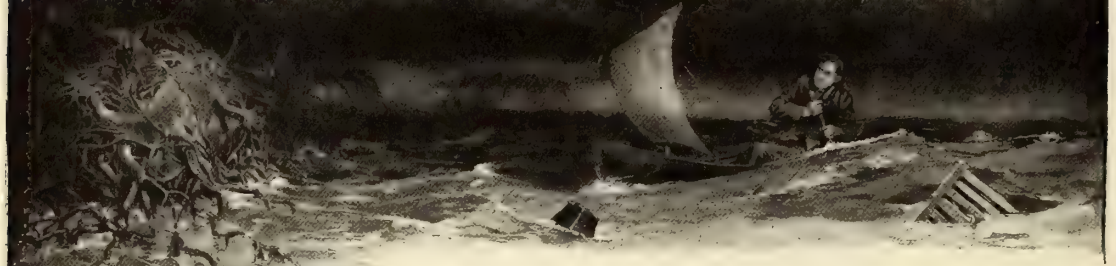
But not even Dorothy's persuasion had any effect.

"Not a word till to-morrow morning," said Mr. Ward, "so the sooner to bed and asleep, the sooner you all will know it!"

(To be continued.)

At War With the River

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK



FOR more than a week the Mississippi had been running high and furious, swollen by the heavy April rains and strewn with rafts of every kind of wreckage. Below Cairo it was a turbulent yellow sea, struggling hard to burst through tie-banked levees that were guarded day and night by anxious men.

Louis Buckner had been patrolling the water front of their own farm since dark, in a heavy rain and a high east wind. His father and his elder brother had stood guard during the day, and his own watch would last till midnight, as had been the system for the past week. It would remain so till the water began to go down, for the Buckner farm lay on the curve of the great bend below Memphis, and was exposed to the worst pressure the river could bring to bear.

Such spots are the danger points in the annual war with the river which involves every dweller in the Mississippi bottom. The river below Cairo runs in a course like a series of great S's, daily eating the hollows deeper, till in flood time it is likely to find a weak point and burst across the loop in a new channel. The result is a permanent change in the face of the country, and a permanent loss of land, and for this reason much of the shore is embanked with strong levees and closely watched at high water.

At the north the Buckner land adjoined the farm of their cousins, the Fishers—really their second cousins, and rather less related in character than in blood. The young men of the family, three of them, bore a reputation for recklessness, at times, and the Buckners had little to do with them; and though the two houses had always remained on friendly terms, they rarely met.

On the other side of the mile-wide river, on the Arkansas shore, lay the great Miller estate, reaching for three miles down the stream.

Lou had been drenched for two hours, but he tried to keep the lock of his shot-gun dry, partly for signaling and partly for a possible deadlier need. Crime, as well as accident, plays a part in the river war, and levees have been known to be cut intentionally. Sometimes it is the result of a standing quarrel; oftener it is the act of a reckless and desperate farmer who crosses the river and cuts through his opposite neighbor's levee to relieve the pressure on his own.

Along Lou's half-mile beat the battering of the flood seemed fairly to shake the solid levee underfoot. It was inky dark, the rain fell in torrents, and Lou thought with terror of the effect of still another day's downpour. In the darkness the river was an appalling chaos, heard and felt but not seen as it tore at its imprisoning banks.

Looking over toward Arkansas, Lou imagined he caught a glimpse of lights on the Miller shore. Senator Miller must be anxious about his levee, and in his heart Lou half wished that the river would burst across the big estate and spare his own small one. The Senator could stand the loss easily; and there was no friendship between the two sides of the river. The ill feeling dated from the great Civil War of 1861-65, when the Miller house had been a center for Union sympathizers, and two Buckners had fallen in battle, as members of Tennessee regiments. The almost dead quarrel had recently been revived by a disastrous lawsuit which Lou's father had waged with the Senator over a drove of hogs.

Lou paused to look after the safety of his canoe, chained to the trunk of a cypress, a light, slender "dugout" which he had made himself, and

then walked on to the northern end of his beat. Beyond him was the Fisher territory, ill-cultivated, for the Fisher boys were hunters, trappers, horse-traders—some said horse-thieves—rather than farmers.

It was quite to be expected that they might leave their shore unwatched that night, and Lou angrily decided that he would walk up and find what guard his cousins were keeping.

He had gone almost a quarter of a mile when he was reassured by seeing the shine of a lantern close to the water's edge. The Fishers were awake, then, and he walked nearer, the soft mud and the storm stilling his approach.

Two tall young men in streaming oilskins were in a large skiff tied to the shore in the shelter of a cypress thicket, while a third man was passing spades and picks to them from the land. Lou recognized his relatives, but as he came up on the other side of the thicket he caught a scrap of talk that made him stop.

"—let the water in on the Senator."

"Careful, you fool! it 'll go off."

"Safe enough. If we break it there, the river 'll make a cut off clean through to Point aux Pins."

"Well, what if it does? Miller kin stand it and we can't."

"Who 's that? Come out!" suddenly snapped Joe Fisher on the bank.

Lou, who had been trying to creep nearer in his alarm at this conversation, had to show himself. Startled faces greeted him, and he saw the light play on the wet nickel of a revolver.

"Oh, it's only Lou. Howdy, Lou!" said one of his cousins, in a tone of great relief.

"What are you-all going to do?" Lou asked, with a pretense of carelessness.

"Just something for your own good."

"We 're going to drop down-stream a little ways to look at the levee," said Joe. He gazed searchingly at Lou and said something aside.

"Oh, Lou 's all right," said his brother.

Joe hesitated. "Well, come along, then," he said, at last, and the boat, pulling four oars, shot out into the boiling river. After a few yards its lantern was extinguished.

Lou stood still, quivering with excitement at what he had heard and seen. He knew the river, he knew his cousins too well not to have grasped its meaning. The Miller levee was going to be cut that night, and the new outlet on the opposite shore would bring safety to his own.

But safety at such a price was horrible. It would be very well to see his enemy beaten in fair fight with the river, but he would not stand by in silence and see treachery added to the odds.

Lou shouted after the boat in the darkness, but there was no answer. It was men of his own blood who were going to do this outrage, and Lou felt that he would share the guilt if he failed to stop it.

He tried to disown responsibility. He could not warn them on the other side; there was no telegraph, no ferry, and he could never paddle his canoe fast enough to overtake the four oars that had so much start already. No honor, surely, could bind him to attempt such a crossing in a pine dugout, and besides he had his own levee to guard.

Lou walked hurriedly back to his own ground, trying not to feel like an accomplice. The river thundered at his feet, mingling with the howl from the wind-torn cypresses along the shore, but in Lou's heart a fiercer struggle was going on.

Suddenly he thought of the mast and sail he sometimes used. They were there, tied in the bottom of the canoe, and with that wind he would be driven across the river—barring an upset—faster than any oars could travel.

Lou balanced in agonized hesitation. He did not want to do it. It was as much as his life was worth—and to benefit Miller, of all men! Then it came upon him like a hammer stroke that he would never in his life feel free of guilt if this crime was committed without his having taken every risk to prevent it, and with a great gasp he ran at full speed back to the canoe, jerked the water out of her, and set up the mast.

He kneeled in the stern with the steering paddle. But the moment the chain was unhooked, the current snatched the canoe from the shore and sent it spinning dizzily round and round before Lou could loosen the single square sail.

Then, as the first gust struck the wet cloth, the craft heeled over within an inch of capsizing, hung there, beaten down by the gale for a moment, and then went off with a leap, ripping through the swirling yellow water.

The dark shore went instantly out of sight. Nothing was around him but the wild surge of the Mississippi, and the blackness and the rain. The wet sail, swelling stiff as a sheet of tin, drove the canoe ahead at terrific speed. Yellow froth flew over the bow in sheets and Lou lost his directions in the darkness, but he knew that he must hold her head diagonally against the current to compensate for the certain drift downward.

Black beside him a huge uprooted tree plunged past, wallowing down the current. It sent Lou's heart into his mouth, for he could not see such obstacles in time to steer clear of them. He would have to trust to luck, and he set his teeth hard, thrilling with the excitement of the race.

He thought that he must have passed his cousins' boat already; he fancied that he must be nearing the Arkansas shore. Really he could form no idea how far he had come; he seemed to be flying endlessly through a howling chaos of midnight and water. The canoe, driving half over the water and half through it, was half full, but Lou had neither hand free to bail her out.

The gunwale scraped past something with a

it. In a couple of strokes he ran into a tangle of branches, and, grasping these, he managed to haul himself out upon the trunk of a great tree—the floating object that had shipwrecked him.

The tree pitched and gyrated on the eddying current but it did not turn over, and Lou was fairly safe for the present. He wiped the water out of his eyes and took in the situation. He had failed in his hair-brained attempt, after all;



"HE WALKED NEARER, THE SOFT MUD AND THE STORM STILLING HIS APPROACH."

jar, then a monster object went staggering past, toppling over and over with terrific splashes. It appeared to be a house, probably some river-side cabin flooded from its foundations.

Again Lou wondered where he was. Far down-stream he could see a sort of luminous haze through the rain, and thought it must be the Arkansas shore.

As he was looking at it the canoe smashed into some solid body with such a shock that Lou was shot headlong overboard. Down he went before he could even catch his breath.

He went deep and came up choking and reaching blindly for some support. The canoe was gone, but he caught a glimpse of some vague dark mass a few yards away, and struck out for

he had lost a canoe and a shot-gun, and was drifting down the river with a better chance of reaching Louisiana than Arkansas.

He had been drifting for several minutes when he noticed the luminous haze again. It had grown larger, brighter; as he watched it, it increased to a great tower of light, shapeless through the rain mists, and a vague thunder came to his ears that was not the roar of the stream.

It was not the shore. It was a river steamer, fighting her way up against the current, and Lou began to calculate the chances of being picked up.

Would she pass within shouting distance? Quivering with chill, fatigue, hope, and fear, Lou watched her electric lights grow to distinctness. The threshing roar of her paddles rose louder;

he could see the rows of state-room windows. She was a hundred yards to leeward when Lou set up a yell.

The shining monster passed on at first, without paying any attention. But Lou kept up his anguished howls, and suddenly there was an answering toot from the whistle, the paddles slowed, the steamer veered toward him, and in another minute he was hauled over the low bow of the *City of Memphis*.

In that last minute Lou had devised a plan for fulfilling his mission after all.

"For mercy's sake, put me ashore at Senator Miller's landing!" he exclaimed to an officer who had come down to the lower deck to see the rescue.

"Not to-night. What's the hurry?" replied the man in uniform.

"They're going to break Miller's levee to-night."

The officer glanced sharply at Lou. "Who's going to break it? How do you know?"

"Never mind that. I know—and that's straight. I was trying to cross in a canoe to give them the word to look out, when I upset."

"In a canoe! You must be a nervy kid!" the officer exclaimed in astonishment. "But we can't touch at the landing to-night. The channel's changing every minute and we're running by guesswork as it is. Reckon you'll have to come on to Memphis with us."

"But I can't. The Senator'll pay you anything you ask if you'll put me ashore. It'll be worth \$10,000 to him—and to other men lower down too."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said the officer, after some thought. "We might set you ashore in a boat. I'll see the captain. But you're 'most two miles below Miller's landing now," he added, as he turned to go up-stairs.

Lou had no idea that the current had carried him down so far. Two miles!—and the steamer was making barely eight miles an hour. He leaned wearily over the side, watching the dark Arkansas shore, and wondering if he would reach it.

It was fifteen minutes later when a boat, rowed by a couple of muscular roustabouts, put him ashore at the plank wharf that was the private landing of the Miller estate. Here Lou had hoped to find some one on guard, but the place was deserted. It was nearly a mile up to the big house, and he judged it better to hurry up the river bank in the hope of meeting some guards.

The rain had slackened and the darkness seemed less intense. Lou was unfamiliar with

the ground, however, and he stumbled and blundered over rock piles and through muddy pools as he hastened up the river, keeping on the top of the embankment. He was in the bight of the great curve—a most likely place for the levee-cutters to attack—and he prayed vainly for a sight of the lanterns of Miller's men.

It was a lantern that he saw at last, a bright glow at the water's edge, and it stopped him short. As he paused, a match flared and went



"A VOLCANO OF FLAME SEEMED TO BURST IN HIS FACE."

out; then another. Then the lantern went out, too, and Lou heard the stamp of men getting into a boat.

Then he knew what it was, and ran impulsively forward. The boat was out of sight already, though he could still hear the rapid rattle of hurried oars from the darkness.

He peered about. The levee seemed uninjured. He was congratulating himself on being in time, when a volcano of flame seemed to burst in his face with a stunning concussion, and he was blown off his feet and hurled backward.

After one dazed instant he found himself lying, plastered with mud, at the bottom of the embankment. He crawled to his feet, unhurt, he thought, though his head swam and his eyes seemed scorched. Then he felt blood running

down his face and he turned suddenly sick and faint, but he forced himself to stagger to the water's edge.

He thought the levee must have been blown to pieces, but as he groped dizzily through thrown-up earth he discovered that, while the embankment had been much shaken, only a stream of a couple of feet in width was pouring through.

But this was widening every second and would be a furious crevasse in half an hour if not plugged, for at that point the low lands were actually below the river's high level. Lou scraped earth into the gap, to find it washed away as fast as he threw it in, and he looked about hastily for something more substantial.

He remembered that he had stumbled over a heap of sand-bags a little before he saw the lantern, and he ran back to find it. The stimulus of the danger gave him strength, and he hurried back with a fifty-pound sack and splashed it into the leak. He brought another, and was turning back for a third when he saw a light coming down the shore at furious speed, borne at the height of his head, and he heard the pounding of a horse's hoofs.

"Stop there, sir! What are you doing?" a resonant voice roared above the roar of the river, and the Senator, drenched, mud-splashed from hat to boots, with a gun across his saddle, almost rode him down. Far behind the horseman Lou saw a dozen more lanterns bobbing up and down as they came at a run.

The Senator reined in his plunging horse and lifted his lantern to look at Lou.

"You're one of the Buckners. Trying to cut the levee, were you? By Jove, it would serve you right if I shot you!"

Lou boiled with suppressed rage at this greet-

ing. "Shoot away!" he said, between his teeth, and turned savagely off into the darkness.

The Senator had him by the collar instantly.

"You don't escape so easily, you young scoundrel. Are you armed? Keep your hands up!"

Lou twisted himself around with his last atom of energy.

"No, I'm not armed," he flashed. "I've lost a good canoe and a twenty-dollar gun coming to put you on your guard, and so I've got nothing left. I did n't blow up your levee, and you'll never find out who did it. I'm no friend of yours, but I would n't stand to see your levee broken, and I crossed the river and got half drowned and blown up, and I plugged the break for you, and now you can shoot or send me to jail, whichever you like, and we'll call it square. Only I'd advise you to look after that break first, for the whole river'll be through it in about fifteen minutes."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Senator. "I did n't know—I'm sorry—here, hold up!" But Lou had collapsed in a heap at the horse's hoofs.

He drifted back to life an hour later, in the Miller house, where he remained for the next three days till his bruises were healed. The river became stationary that night; next day it began to fall, and the levees held fast on both shores.

Lou refused all the Senator's offers of financial reward, but he could not refuse a sailing canoe and a magnificent hammerless double-barrel shot-gun, the best that New Orleans could furnish, which the Senator brought over a month afterward to replace the ones he had lost.

This exchange of benefits ended the feud. Better acquaintance brought better feeling between the two families, and peace was made across the Mississippi.

NEARING VACATION

I CANNOT add forty and four to-day!
Geography's such a great bore to-day!
And history, oh, it does bother me so!
And grammar I *can't* study more to-day.

I wish that we did n't have school to-day,
For the weather is not a bit cool to-day;
I'd like to be out and just wander about,
Or take a good swim in the pool to-day.



Six Little Gardens



BY FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "Mary's Garden and How It Grows," etc.

LITTLE gardens are very easy to make. The paths must be wide enough to walk on and must lead where you want to go. Garden-beds may be any shape you wish, only remember that if you make a bed too broad, you will have difficulty in reaching across it. Here each diagram represents a garden-plot twelve feet square.

First mark out your garden by driving stakes at the corners of the beds and stretching string between. Mark it all out before you begin to dig, then you can see if the plan is just as you want it.

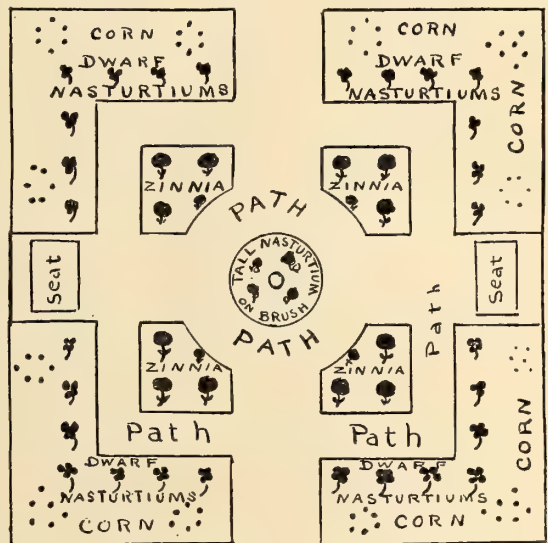
Have the garden in a sunny place if you can—there are many more flowers that will grow in the sunshine than in a partly shaded place, and planning the garden is much easier. The soil should be good. If it is n't, enrich it with old manure; one of the little gardens would need about two bushels.

Dig the beds deeply—two feet is none too deep, if you can compass it. Dig the manure well in, then with a rake make the beds smooth and level. Do not heap up flower-beds. They do not hold the moisture so well.

GARDEN I

Corn. Plant in hills three feet apart, putting five or six kernels in a hill. When these come

up, pull out the weaker ones, leaving three stalks. *Nasturtiums.* In front of the corn sow dwarf



GARDEN I. CORN, NASTURTIUMS, ZINNIA.

nasturtiums. Poke little holes three inches deep and two inches apart, and drop a seed in each hole. Press down the earth. When the plants are up, pull out intervening ones, leaving seed-

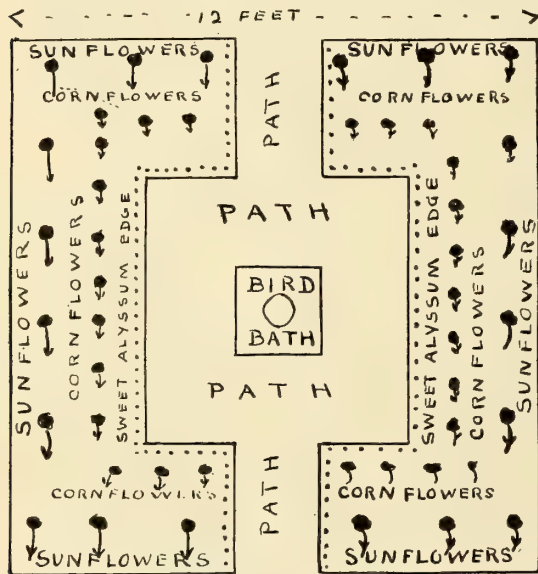
lings three inches apart. When these are grown taller, thin again, leaving the plants six inches apart. If you do not do this, the plant infants will quarrel about their food, and none will have enough to eat.

Zinnia. Sow these in rows anywhere you like, and when they are sturdy little plants, transplant to their proper places in the garden. They should be a foot apart. In this garden zinnias of buff or pale brown would be prettiest.

Center. Put in the center a piece of brush such as sweet-peas are grown on. In a circle around it plant six or seven seeds of tall nasturtium to climb over it.

GARDEN II

Sunflowers. Sow annual sunflowers in a row. Make a furrow and cover the seeds a quarter of



GARDEN 2. SUNFLOWERS, CORNFLOWERS, SWEET ALYSSUM.

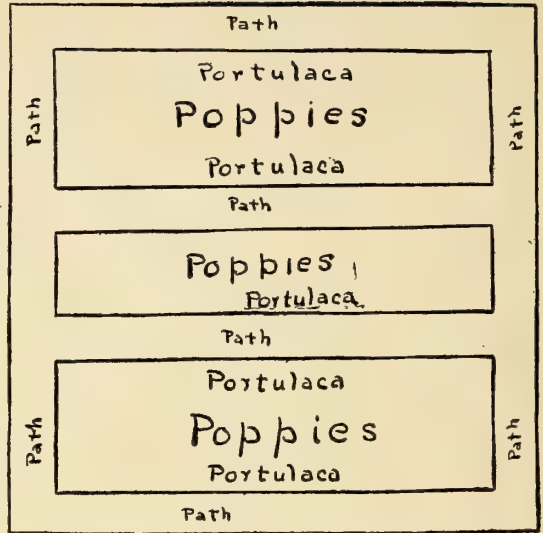
an inch deep. The plants should stand one or two feet apart.

Cornflowers. Sow in patches like this:



or in rows like this: Cover the little silvery shuttlecocks with a quarter of an inch of soil. Thin them if crowded. You cannot easily transplant cornflowers.

Sweet Alyssum. This makes a good edging. Sow in a row at the edge of the bed. Cover and press down. This flower you need n't thin.

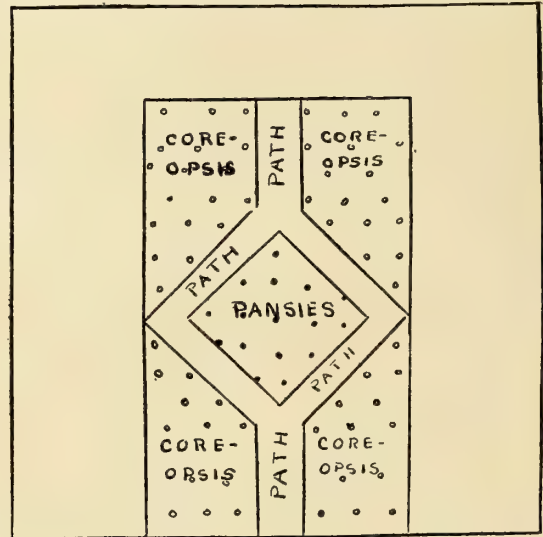


GARDEN 3. SHIRLEY POPPIES, PORTULACA.

A bird bath makes an exciting and interesting center to the garden.

GARDEN III. FOR VERY POOR SOIL

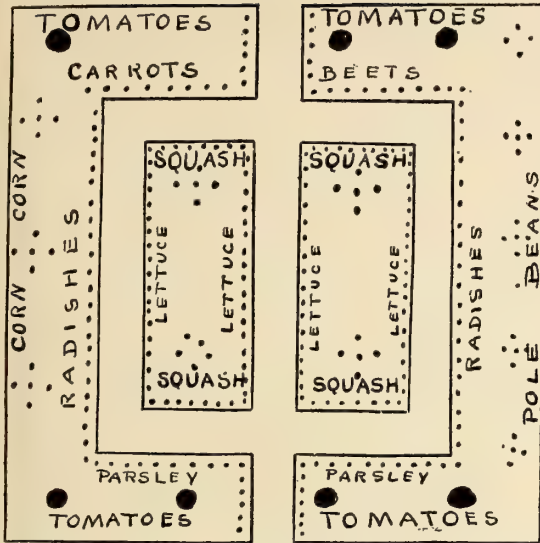
Shirley Poppies. When sowing poppies as late as June, sprinkle the seed, do not cover with soil, but just press down and water thoroughly. With late-sown poppies, the beds must have a light covering of grass clippings. When the seeds are



GARDEN 4. A PARTLY SHADED GARDEN.

up, this can be lifted off. It keeps the seedlings from being burned up by the hot sun.

Poppies can be sown as early as March, but it is not too late to sow them in the month of June.



GARDENS 5 AND 6. TWO LITTLE VEGETABLE-GARDENS.

Portulaca. When the poppies are five or six inches high, sow portulaca. This will bloom when the poppies are past. Nasturtiums and mignonette will also grow in very poor soil.

GARDEN IV. A PARTLY SHADED GARDEN

Pansies. Set out pansy plants about one foot apart. The soil for them should be rich. If you plant seed, it has to be done in March.

Coreopsis. Sow the coreopsis just as you sow cornflowers. For a very shady garden, transplant ferns from the woods. You can dig up little pines or cedars and plant them at the entrance of your garden and the corners of your flower-beds. This will not only give them a very dignified air, but makes a very pretty combination, pleasing to the eye.

V AND VI. TWO LITTLE VEGETABLE-GARDENS

Squash. Sow in hills five feet apart, five seeds in a hill. (Plant melons the same way.)

Tomato. Set out plants three feet apart.

Pole-beans. First plant the poles, setting them three feet apart. Then sow the beans one inch deep, six or seven about each pole.

Other vegetables go in rows. Draw a furrow, drop in the seeds, cover. Thin when the seedlings are up, just as you do flowers.

Lettuce. This makes a pretty edging. Sow Hanson's for a June-made garden. When the plants begin to crowd, take up the crowding ones and transplant them.

Always water after sowing seed, and after transplanting. Transplant on a cloudy day or late in the afternoon. Keep little plants moist.





AT THE BIRDVILLE MOTION-PICTURE SHOW.

MR. HORNED OWL: "Come on home. We can't see the pictures if they keep on throwing that glaring light on them all the time!"

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders"

CHAPTER IV

ON THE "INLAND ISLAND"

"It could n't be the sea?"

"Perhaps it is wind in trees."

In dense darkness the three boys were peering over the edge of the balloon basket, endeavoring to discover what it was had caught the anchor with a jolt that had awakened them. To their ears came a sougling which rose and fell like the wash of waves on a shore.

"We may have struck a new air-current and been carried north over the lakes. It's cold enough," said Dick, turning up his coat-collar.

"You might jump over," Lincoln suggested. "If there is water we'd hear you splash."

The basket lurched sharply, the sougling swelled up in greater volume, there was a rasping against the basket bottom, and the boys uttered a simultaneous cry of "Trees!"

"Look out for tipping!" warned Bob. "Hang on!"

There was a crash of boughs, the car leaped forward in a succession of wild bounds, and all in a twinkle branches whipped across their faces, the basket caught, toppled over, and from Bob came a shrill cry—a cry that shot downward, with a crackling of boughs. Dick and Lincoln, on the upper side of the basket, clung desperately; the car partially righted, and held; and in a panic of alarm they leaned over and shouted, "Bob! Bob!"

A sigh of relief greeted a response from directly beneath them. "I'm all right," Bob called. "A big limb caught me. And I say," he added hurriedly, "had n't you chaps better get out, too? Don't leave me! And you may not have another chance of landing."

"Come on, Linc," said Dick, promptly. "Here is a good-sized limb just below the corner. But we must be quick!"

Climbing over the side, Dick secured a hold on the limb, and loosened his hold on the basket.

At once the car began to strain upward. With a cry of "Catch me!" Lincoln plunged recklessly after him. Luckily he landed astride of the branch, Dick held him, and the next moment they felt the basket shoot skyward.

"Glory!" breathed Lincoln. "That was a narrow shave from going off by myself!"

"You are out all right?" called Bob.

"Yes; and the balloon has gone. We will try to come down to you. It appears to be a sort of pine," Dick added to Lincoln, as, cautiously feeling their way in the absolute darkness, they began working in toward the trunk of the tree. "And a whopper, from the feel."

"How far down are you, Bob?" Lincoln called. "Near the ground?"

"It 's so dark I can't tell, but the limb I am on, from its size, should not be far from the ground. The tree is a big one, though. I 've just reached the trunk, and can't put my arms around it."

Dick reached the end of the limb, and feeling, found the trunk almost as great in circumference as Bob reported it below.

"Too big to slide down," he announced to Lincoln. "We 'll have to work down from branch to branch."

This did not prove difficult, even in the darkness, and soon Bob's "Hold on! That 's my head," announced that they had reached him. A moment after the three were sitting side by side on a huge limb, just above which a second and smaller formed a convenient back-rest.

"I thought I was never going to stop falling," Bob was saying. "Then I landed sprawled out on the end of this, and managed to hang on. I have n't seen a light, or heard a sound, though. You chaps did n't see anything from higher up?"

"Not a glimmer. We appear to be in a big woods, from the noise of the wind. Perhaps one of the big pine forests of the Rockies—maybe the Canadian Rockies," said Lincoln, shivering. "It 's cold enough to think we had caught the Special North Wind Limited."

"Let us yell," said Dick. "It 's not likely we would strike another outfit like those rustlers."

Together the boys raised their voices in a shout. About them in the darkness rose a wild scurrying and fluttering, and cries of birds. The noise of the birds died away, and there returned an echo of their call as from a great distance. They repeated the shout, and again. At last they gave it up. Only the mocking echo and the calling of the frightened birds responded.

"I 'll go down and look round a bit," said Bob, who sat nearest the trunk.

"Be careful," warned the others.

Shifting back to the trunk, and feeling beneath, Bob found another limb. He was cautiously lowering himself, when from directly beneath rose a long-drawn howl. Bob scrambled back hastily. "A wolf!" he exclaimed. "I guess we 'd better wait for daylight."

The boys grasped the limb behind them more securely as the blood-chilling howl came up again. This time, however, it was some distance off, and presently with relief they heard it die away in the distance.

On the wolf's final disappearance the boys huddled closer together for mutual warmth, and prepared to await the dawn. Though cold, their position was not uncomfortable, with the limb behind them, and shortly, despite the fright the wolf had given them, all three began to drowse and nod.

It was from one of these sleeping-spells that Bob, with a start that almost threw him from the limb, suddenly discovered that dawn had broken. His startled move awakened the others.

Immediately all glanced below, to draw back with a gasp. They were some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and, with the exception of another branch below, the trunk of the tree was as bare as a flagpole. Clutching the friendly bough behind them, the three strangely landed travelers gazed at one another and about them in mute wonder.

The great tree in which they found themselves was a species of pine, and stretching on every hand as far as they could see in the yet subdued light was a vista of similar towering trunks, like a great private park. The ground, which was but little obstructed with undergrowth, was level, and carpeted with the brown pine-needles, and here and there patches of tall, wiry grass.

"Well, we are down again all right—only we 're not," observed Dick, grimly, again peering directly below.

"The 'Nots' have it," agreed Lincoln, craning forward. "Looks to me as though we were up here until we can grow wings—like three clipped crows. We could no more shin down that big trunk than down the side of a house."

"Two of us could n't clasp hands around it," declared Dick.

It was Bob this time who rose to the occasion. "I say, you chaps," he suddenly exclaimed, "you have leather belts too, have n't you? Could n't we make one big belt of the three, and go down the tree the way Australian gum-hunters climb? You have read of them, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know," cried Lincoln, immediately proceeding to unbuckle his belt. "Natives go after cocoanuts the same way. I 've seen pic-

tures of them. You get inside the belt, and lean out backward against it, and just sort of walk down—jerk yourself forward, and hitch the belt lower after each step."

The three belts were securely buckled in a string, and Dick threw it over the branch above, and tested it with his weight. It held safely, and he passed it to Bob. "Here you are; you go first, Bob."

"But, say, hold on," he interrupted. "How are we going to get the belt up again?"

"We might cut strips from our clothes, and make a cord—say from the linings of our coats," Dick suggested.

Lincoln brightened. "How are you chaps on the throw? I 'm supposed to be pretty good. I 've been playing behind the bat all summer, you know, and usually I can get the ball down to second in good shape. Suppose I go first, and see if I can't pitch it up? I 'll leave my coat, and if I fail, then you two can make a cord of the lining, and lower it."

Dick and Bob willingly agreed, and Lincoln proceeded to remove his shoes, dropping them below. Moving by Bob, he made his way to the lower limb, and with some difficulty succeeded in passing the strap about the main trunk just beneath. Following, Bob gave him his hand, and carefully Lincoln lowered himself, worked the belt up into the hollow of his back, braced his stockinged feet against the tree, and grasping the belt with either hand as near the trunk as possible, leaned outward against it. Cautiously then, while the others looked on anxiously, he moved one foot down a few inches. With a little jerk he threw himself slightly inward, allowed the belt to slacken and slip, tightened it, and moved the other foot—and he had started.

Despite the success of his first move, the operation was nerve-trying; but by keeping his eyes steadfastly on the rough bark before him, Lincoln gained confidence, and soon was descending almost at a slow walk. And finally a shout from the boys above greeted his safe arrival at the ground.

"It 's as easy as rolling off a log," he called back as he removed the strap from the tree.

The returning of the belt to Bob and Dick did not prove as easy as it had looked. Finally, however, by making one end of the strap into a ball, and swinging it, sling-like, by the other, Lincoln succeeded in throwing it within reach of Bob, who successfully followed him. A few minutes later Dick also was down.

"A pine forest sure enough," said Dick, as they sat on the soft carpet of needles, pulling on their shoes. "And as far as you can see."

"I wonder if the things were spilled from the balloon," he added. "We must look. I could eat about two hams and a half-dozen of corn right now. How many cobs did we have left?"

"Only three, I think. They would n't likely have been thrown from the ballast-bag, though, unless the bag was torn off," said Bob.

"But where do you suppose we are? That is the main— Oh, look!"

It was a streak of brilliant scarlet that flashed by within a yard of them.

"A bird! Yes, but a bright-colored bird like that would n't be found in the North this time of year! And there is another—red and green, like a little parrot! Boys!" exclaimed Lincoln, beneath his breath, "I 'll wager we are somewhere down in Mexico or Lower California!"

Other brilliantly plumaged birds followed the first, and for several minutes the boys watched them silently.

"Well," remarked Bob, at length, "it looks a jolly long ways from Toronto—but I fancy you are right. Birds like those would hardly go far north, even in summer; and this is September."

Dick turned again to the lacing of his shoes. "Anyhow, wherever we are, we are here," he remarked philosophically; "and there don't seem to be any rustlers about. That 's a comfort. We might be worse off."

The light was now rapidly brightening, and as the boys got to their feet, Bob pointed to a magnificent spar of pine far above them, whose tip was bathed in a golden glow.

"Sun 's up," he said.

"Now let us scout round, and see what the old balloon has left us," suggested Lincoln.

"Would n't it be well to arm ourselves with something first?" interposed Bob. "We don't know what animals may be prowling about, besides that stray wolf. And, I say," he went on, a touch of alarm in his voice, "might there not be Indians?"

Dick and Lincoln were inclined to laugh at this. "The real adventure, scalping-Indian days are over, Bob," declared the former, confidently. Nevertheless they followed Bob's example, and set off armed each with a stout cudgel.

The boys had not gone far, after separating a few yards, when a shout from Lincoln announced that he had found the ham. At the same time Dick came upon the shattered wreck of the pail. Its various parts were only held together by the bail and upper hoop, and Dick kicked it aside. There was no trace of the bag of flour or the corn, however, and at length the boys gave up the search and came together again.

"Whither, now?" inquired Lincoln. "East? by

the sun on the tree-tops? That would keep us going in one direction, at any rate."

As, the others agreeing, they set off, Dick again spied the broken pail, and on second thought secured it. "We might be able to get it together at a pinch if we needed it," he explained.

With the sun now occasionally breaking through the trees, the chill gone from the air, and with birds flashing and singing about them, and no sign of wild animals or Indians, the boys went forward, chatting cheerfully.

For seemingly a mile the park-like aspect of the magnificent pine forest continued. Then at some distance, the full glare of the sunlight appeared, and the boys quickened their steps.

As they neared the apparent clearing a mystified silence fell upon them. Breaking into a run, they burst through a final screening thicket of scrubby oak, and halted in amazement too great for words.

At their feet yawned a precipice of hundreds of feet. Below and beyond, clear to the horizon, stretched a titanic wilderness of broken hills—a brown, sun-baked sea of gigantic ridges, shattered and tossed, and rent and crisscrossed with cañons and ravines.

Blankly the three boys turned upon one another, speechless, and again looked below.

At the bottom of the depths, directly beneath, was a white, rushing stream. Across the dizzy void the roar of its waters came up to them but faintly. Groups of trees which looked like nodding weeds bordered the thread-like torrent here and there. Toward one of these groups Bob pointed, and broke the silence with, "Palms. We are South sure enough."

"Let 's go down to that point," suggested Lincoln, indicating a jut of the plateau a short distance south. They reached it, and gazed north along a sheer, blank wall as far as they could see. To the south a half-mile distant the plateau apparently swung abruptly to the west.

"Suppose it should be like this all the way round," said Dick, voicing the thought that had occurred to all.

"It *would* be a fix!" Lincoln cast his eyes out over the sea of peaks and ridges before them. "It would mean we had been dumped down on a regular mountain 'island.'"

"And were regular—*Crusoes of the air*!" said Bob, beneath his breath. "That would be a go, would n't it! And if the wall is as steep all the way round, we would be here for a while, I fancy. Even if we had the balloon flying-rope it would n't reach half-way down. Let us go on around and find out if it is an 'island.'"

Despite their anxiety, what with the sun shin-

ing brightly, gorgeously colored birds flitting and singing about them, and squirrels calling and chattering, the three boys, as they continued along the precipice, soon regained something of their accustomed spirits, and discussed with a less excited interest the possibility of their being really marooned on this novel "inland island."

"After all, it would only be what we have sometimes wished for," Lincoln declared, summing up. "The only difference would be that we had in mind an island in the ocean. So we would n't have much right to kick. And we are sure to get down sooner or later."

"After that, though, would be the getting out," added Bob, indicating the seemingly endless miles of chaotic wilderness beyond the cañon at their feet. "That 'll be no picnic."

Somewhat subdued by this thought, the boys reached the corner of the plateau, and confronted the same inhospitable vista stretching unbroken to the hazy southern sky-line.

"It 's *half* an island, at any rate," observed Lincoln, as they turned west and headed for a bare, rocky promontory a mile distant.

They rounded the point, and Lincoln added to the remark somewhat grimly. "Now three quarters of an island," he said. Westward, and as far north as they could again see, appeared the wilderness of ridges, cañons, and mountains.

Foaming about the base of the promontory from the north was a second rocky stream; and far south the boys saw that it joined the torrent skirting the plateau on the east, the larger river then swinging away southeast.

Continuing, the boys followed the precipice edge some distance in a northwesterly direction, then due north.

It was just beyond this point, where the ground dipped in a considerable depression, that they caught the sound of falling water. Running forward, they found a small brook trickling over the cliff. Dropping to their hands, they tasted the water, and, to their delight, found it sweet and cool. With spirits renewed by this valuable discovery, the boys drank freely, and performed refreshing ablutions with the aid of their handkerchiefs.

"Look here—cones, too," said Lincoln, gaily, raking at his disordered hair with a large pinecone. "Everything provided free. There! How is my hair, Bob?"

"Worse. Now try a bunch of pine-needles for a tooth-brush."

"Say, there must be a hill at the head of this stream," Dick interrupted, pointing to an opening in the trees above them. "See the tops of those pines? They are smaller and must be on an ele-

vation. Perhaps we could get a good view up there."

Bob, who had been looking intently to the north, again turned in that direction. "It looks to me as though there was an east-and-west break in the 'island' down here," he said. "Suppose we go that far first, and find out. If it is a cross-cañon, then we are on an 'island' sure enough. On account of the trees we probably could n't tell that from the hill."

Dick and Lincoln readily agreed, and still carrying the ham and shattered pail, the boys continued northward. A mile distant they brought up on the brink of a chasm some fifty feet across, running in a broken line to the east. Anxiously they turned and followed it, and a good mile farther once more halted. On one hand was the eastern mouth of the cañon, on the other the sunlit wilderness of mountains that had first greeted them.

They were indeed isolated on a "mountain island."

"Well, we have our old-time wish," said Lincoln, dolefully. "We are marooned, sure enough. And perhaps to stay till they get airship lines started. We could never get down the face of this wall, or across the ravine to the main plateau. A monkey could n't."

Once more, by a determined effort, however, all assumed as cheerful an air as possible, and, on Dick's suggestion, again headed south, to discover what could be seen from the hill he had located from the brook. Nearing the corner of the plateau, they turned in amid the trees, and soon found themselves before an abrupt rocky hill whose crest rose some distance above the surrounding pines. With some difficulty they ascended, and halted panting on a smooth, table-like top. Just below on every hand was a floor of dark pine foliage. Beyond, east, south, and west, was the barren brown prospect of broken mountains.

They turned north. Far distant, but clearly discernible, the belt of brown again appeared. The plateau beyond the northern ravine also was an "island."

With this discovery disappeared the boys' last hope, and a gloomy silence fell, during which they turned from one another, blinking furtively.

Once again they determinedly threw off the moment's depression. "We can be thankful we landed safely, anyhow," remarked Bob.

"And we have n't been scalped, or devoured by wild beasts—yet," Lincoln observed, in grimly struggling humor.

"And, better yet, we have a whole ham. Let us go down and make a fire and cook some of it,"

Dick suggested. "That will give us something better to think of."

They set off down the western slope of the hill, and a short distance from its base brought up at the source of the little spring. Dick threw the broken pail to the ground beneath a magnificent towering pine, and thrust his fingers into his vest pockets. - A look of consternation came into his face. Hurriedly he fumbled through other pockets. The cause was quickly communicated to Bob and Lincoln, and hastily they went through their clothes, with the same alarming result. None of them had a match!

"That's jolly bad, is n't it now?" said Bob, disgustedly.

"Let us see just what we have got," Dick suggested, and dropping to the ground, he proceeded to empty his pockets before him. Lincoln and Bob did likewise.

The search resulted in the production of three pocket-knives, two lead-pencils, a fountain-pen, a latch-key and chain, six pins, an American nickel, three Canadian coppers and a ten-cent piece, an English penny and sixpence, a notebook, three handkerchiefs, and a few dollars.

"Huh! What am I offered for the lot?" Lincoln demanded quizzically. "Say, though—could n't we start a fire by knocking two knives together? People used to do something like that."

"Try it," agreed Dick—"with yours and Bob's."

Bob, who had been quietly thinking, interrupted: "I saw what was called a 'fire-bow' at the British Museum once. I noticed it particularly, and I believe I could make one."

He glanced about, the others following with quickened interest. A clump of dwarf oak at the base of the hill caught his eye. "That would do for a bow; a small, straight limb of it. What for a bowstring?"

"How about shoe-laces?" Dick asked. "But what is the thing like? How does it work?"

"Simple enough. At least, it looked simple enough. There are two flat pieces of wood, one to lay on the ground and one to hold in the hand, and a sort of top, or spindle, to go in between, fitting into little bored holes. You wind the bowstring around the top once or twice, then saw the bow backward and forward, and the top spins so rapidly it begins to burn at the bottom. You put some dry wood-dust round it, and that catches the sparks, and you blow them into a flame."

"Bully!" exclaimed Dick, springing to his feet and catching up his knife. "I'll get the bow."

"I'll find a broken pine limb, or something, for the boards," said Lincoln, following.

Some yards distant Lincoln picked up a smooth,

dry pine stick of about an inch in diameter. "Here is what you are looking for, for the spindle, Bob," he called back cheerfully. "Catch!"



"LINCOLN SOON WAS DESCENDING ALMOST AT A SLOW WALK."

When Dick returned, snipping the leaves from a four-foot rod, Bob was smoothing down the points of what looked like a large pencil sharpened at both ends and six inches in length. Lincoln had not yet reappeared.

"There," said Bob, eyeing his work. "That ought to do. Now for the string. You might give me one of your shoe-laces, too, Dick."

As Bob and Dick were knotting three laces

together, Lincoln hove in sight, under his arm the butt of a splintered pine limb that he was dragging along.

"Will this do?" he asked. "It 's good and dry."

"Can't you break off that split end?"

"That is what I intend doing. Here is your dry wood-dust. I dug it out of the heart of an old tree the lightning had smashed."

"Right-O," said Bob, feeling it. "Just the stuff. Here, on my handkerchief."

By whirling the butt of the limb against a rock, Lincoln soon had secured several flat, board-like splinters, and returned with them. "Now, let us see the trick, Heap Big Fire Chief," he demanded gaily.

With the point of his knife Bob gimleted shallow holes in the two pieces of pine, placed one on the ground, held the other over it, and fitted the spindle in between. "You hold this upper piece, please, Lincoln," he requested. "Now up a minute till I wind the string round the top—all right: Now, Dick, you put some wood-dust round the lower point, and get down close and keep it there, and be ready to blow when the sparks come."

Breathlessly the three amateur fire-makers adjusted themselves, and, seated cross-legged squarely before the spindle, Bob began slowly sawing the bow backward and forward. The spindle turned smoothly, and rapidly he increased the motion, until soon the top was only a formless whirl.

For several minutes there was no noticeable result. Then suddenly Dick uttered a shout that almost blew the dust away. A tiny stream of blue smoke was rising about the spinning point. Faster Bob whirled the bow, the column of smoke increased, and finally a gleam broke through the little heap of yellow dust, and with a second suppressed shout Dick began softly blowing. Dropping the bow and removing the spindle, Bob began adding some fine, dry shavings he had prepared. And a few minutes later the three boys were gazing triumphantly at a crackling and rapidly growing fire.

"If we had done this while camping out near home, we 'd have thought we were having all kinds of fun, would n't we?" said Lincoln.

"It is rather jolly as it is, I think," affirmed Bob. "And now for the ham. But I say, how are we going to cook ham on an open fire?"

Dick sprang up. "I 'll look after that. I 've often cooked bacon, camping out in Muskoka. You fellows be cutting off some slices." So saying, Dick hastened off again to the oak thicket, to return with three green forked rods.

"Here you are—Bob, Linc. Now rake some coals clear of the smoke," he directed, squatting

down and setting the example, "and jab the fork through the ham twice—so. Then it does n't curl all up. And watch that it does n't catch fire from the drip."

"M-m-m!" mumbled Lincoln and Bob, as the ham began to sputter and crackle, sending forth a fragrant odor. With difficulty the three hungry boys restrained themselves until the meat was fairly done; then, though it was so hot that

This fact was beginning to come home to the others, despite their hunger; and presently all turned to the little brook to slake their thirst.

"You 'll really have to do better, cook," declared Lincoln, making a wry mouth. "You will have us all pickled."

"Get me something to boil it in, then," responded Dick. "Can you do that?"

"I will—as soon as I can think up a way of making an iron kettle out of an old hat, or something. Bob, why did n't you have the sense to steal—I beg your pardon, buy—a pot instead of a pail? They would have sold it at the same price."

Dick, who also was bending over the water, sat up with an ejaculation. "By hookey, I believe I could!" Starting to his feet, he hastened back to the tree by the fire, and began examining the broken pail. When the others joined him he was fitting the staves together.

"If I can fix this up I can boil that ham in no time," he said. "And I believe I can. It 's not broken, you see; just knocked apart."

"But, man, you could n't boil water in a wooden pail!" Lincoln exclaimed. "You 'd lose both the pail and ham, unless you are a magician."

"Well, I 'm that, then—an Indian magician. It is an Indian trick. No, I won't tell you till it 's ready. You fellows can help, though, by finding a dozen or so good hard stones about as large as your fists."

Mystified, Bob and Lincoln set off to comply, making for the foot of the hill.

Approaching a rocky projection of the slope, the two boys discovered the dark

mouth of what apparently was a cave. Going forward, they dropped to their knees and peered into it.

The next moment, with a cry of terror, they were rushing back toward Dick, and racing after them was a large gray wolf.

(To be continued.)



"FINALLY A GLEAM BROKE THROUGH THE LITTLE HEAP OF YELLOW DUST."

it burned their fingers, they began devouring it hungrily. "It 's fit for a king," murmured Bob.

"You 're wrong—for a president," Lincoln corrected between mouthfuls.

"Well, anyhow," Bob admitted a moment after, "it 's most bally salty. There 's no denying that."

PIPPA AND PETRONELLA

BY ELIZABETH TALBOT LUKE

AND this is how the miracle happened:

Little Petronella lived in the Italian quarter which borders Washington Square. She had n't always lived there. Away back in her memory, pretty hazy, to be sure, was a vision of soft, sunny blue skies, and a green hillside where, among the trees, one always heard the soft note of the birds—a country where one never was cold, a country

often, for she was a brave little maid, and tried all she could to be in every way useful to the dear father and mother, who always spoke to her kindly in their soft Southern tongue.

It had been a hard winter. People seemed too busy to stop and buy Pietro's apples and oranges, no matter how he made the red apples shine, or how beautifully he piled the golden fruit in his



"DOWN HE TUMBLED, IN A GREAT FRIGHT, DIRECTLY INTO PETRONELLA'S LAP!"

where the little fingers never were blue, a dear, lazy, sweet country, very different from where Petronella now lived. Now, alas! there were many days when the sun did n't shine at all, days when the cold bit the tiny fingers and toes, days when it seemed very hard for the good father Pietro and the dear mother Catrina to have even bread enough to fill all the little hungry mouths—a country where there were only small dark rooms to live in, and no beautiful sunny fields; and sometimes a great, big sob seemed to come in Petronella's throat. But this did not happen

cart; and pennies came in slowly. Then the lady for whom Catrina did housework went away suddenly, and there was no one who wanted her for many weeks. And then the tiny baby was very, very ill and cried a great deal, and poor little Petronella could n't hush him, no matter how many weary hours she patted and sang to him.

Some days, too, the fire almost did n't burn at all. On those days Petronella used to start out bravely in the cold in her battered shoes, trudging through the snow to try and find a few sticks in the streets, or gain them as gifts from the kindly

men who were busily at work upon buildings that seemed to reach the sky.

Things were a little better now, for the snow had gone, and in the square, where Petronella used to take the baby when the sun shone, the grass was growing green, and the buds were swelling on the trees, and, wonder of wonders, on some days there was even the song of a bird!

Petronella used to sit on a bench and shut her eyes and try to bring back the happy dream of the home in Italy, and she used to think if only she could have one of those dear birds for her very own, to sing to her, and peep at her out of his bright eyes, that nothing could be so beautiful.

One day when the sun was doing his bravest, and the air was soft, and the leaves were just showing the most lovely green, Petronella wrapped up the little white baby and took him to her favorite seat on the bench under a big tree near the sparkling fountain. She did n't pay the least attention to the hundreds of other children, or to the noisy drays, or big motor-buses piled high on top with gaily dressed women and children, who always seemed to be swallowed up in a wonderful, mysterious world far away. She just watched the little birds dipping in and out, taking a bath in the fountain, and listened to their noisy chatter as they made friends with one another. She forgot all the world beside.

The sun rose high, and the day grew warm, and before she knew it the tired eyes closed, and both Petronella and the baby fell fast asleep.

And now the great miracle happened! High up in the tree was the nest of a mother robin who came every year from the South to build her home and rear her small brood. To-day she was having a great to-do to make her lazy young birdlings learn to fly. She was fussing about and scolding as mother birds will, when, all of a sudden, one tiny nestling who really could n't yet fly was pushed out of the warm nest by a big brother, and down he tumbled, in a great fright, directly into Petronella's lap! Such a soft, downy, trembling little thing! And such a chirping and crying, and such vain flutterings of the wings, which were of no use at all! Petronella opened her eyes from her dream. What did she see but just the very dream come true! And she almost dropped the baby in her great surprise.

Mother Robin was in a terrible fright, and flew about in a most distracted way, and the baby robin himself thought his last hour had come. Little did either of them know into what a happy life he had tumbled, and, as for Petronella, she was so happy that she almost lost her breath.

Now what to do with this wonderful treasure was the first question! And Petronella sat per-

fectly motionless for the next few minutes while the baby robin recovered a little from his fright. Then she ventured to whisper soft, loving words to him, and finally she even touched his downy feathers with one of her slender fingers. People do not always give birds credit for knowing very much, but this robin soon understood that Petronella was his friend, and the wings ceased to flutter so piteously, and the breath came less gaspingly, and the bright eyes began to take note of the new and strange surroundings. Mother Robin, meanwhile, was in great distress all the time, but, poor thing, what could she do? And what could Petronella do to help her? There was no use in trying to put her birdling back in the warm nest, and to abandon him on the grass was clearly out of the question.

Plainly there was nothing left but to take him and the baby home, and how to manage both was a puzzle.

Finally the gay handkerchief around Petronella's neck was brought into service, and soon Master Robin swung in his new hammock, while the odd little trio made the best of their way south, across the square, home.

One can imagine the exclamations of Catrina and Pietro, and the consultations, and the wonder and the interest of them all. Finally one of Pietro's orange-boxes was brought out and filled with the soft tissue-paper which is always wrapped around the fruit, and the dear robin was placed carefully inside, and the box put in a corner on a shelf where once in a while a sunbeam filtered in.

Then came the question of breakfast, for we all know what hungry mouths robins have! Pietro ran out to a neighbor's yard and soon brought back a big, fat worm, and Petronella got some fresh water in a tiny broken cup, and after much persuasion and coaxing, and infinite patience, her efforts were rewarded, and Master Robin condescended to have a bite and a sup.

I cannot begin to tell you of all the joys that came with that one tiny bird. Of how he grew, day by day, to love his little mistress, and of how she loved him. Of how the dark days were now always full of sunshine. Of how the baby forgot to cry and be fretful when he heard the cheerful chirp of Pippa, as they called him. Then after a time came a day when, with a joyful cry, Pippa found he could use his wings, and he flew all about the small room, and at last burst into such a flood of song that it almost seemed that their Italy had come back to them. From that day a new intelligence seemed to come to Pippa, and the moment he heard Petronella's step upon the stairs, he would flutter his wings and fly to the door, and

light on her shoulder, and chirp, and talk, and tell her how he loved her, as well as a bird knew how. When she was having her breakfast, Master Robin would hop all about the plate, picking up a crumb, now and then stopping to cock his head at one side, as much as to say, "Well, how do you like it?" Then away he would fly across the room to Baby, and perch on his finger, perhaps, and sing the most beautiful morning song you ever heard. There was hardly a happier family in all New York, and so April and early May passed. Then the warm days began to come, and the room sometimes grew close and breathless. Pippa seemed to droop a little, and his song was n't quite as joyous as it had been. That made Petronella sad, and unbidden thoughts came into her mind which she tried in vain to put aside.

As the days passed these thoughts became more

could to make them happy. So Petronella knew that Pippa should be with the other robins high up in the green trees, singing in the golden sunshine. It was perhaps the hardest thing she had ever done in her life, so hard that she could n't even speak of it to Catrina or to Pietro, nor could she even whisper it to Baby. Baby was always such a comfort, for he could n't answer a word, but just looked at her lovingly out of his soft brown eyes.

The next morning, very, very early, Petronella rose softly, so as not to disturb the others, and stole out of the house, Pippa nestled close to her heart, loosely tied in the bright handkerchief. It was so early that nearly all the world was asleep, and the square was almost deserted. Pippa wondered what it all meant, but, after a sleepy chirp, cuddled down soft and warm, and together they



"PIPPA WOULD LIGHT ON HER SHOULDER, AND CHIRP, AND TALK."

and more insistent, and finally she knew, way down in her heart, that she could no longer keep for her own, in that dark room, the little bird whom God intended to live out in the open, under the blue sky. She had read at school all about the birds, and a beautiful lady had been there one day and had told all the children how they should be very kind to all the birds and do what they

went across the square to the fountain, where Petronella sat down upon the same bench and under the same tree from which first had come her treasure. She looked up through the green branches, wondering if by any chance the mother bird was still there. But no, the nest was deserted, and all the birds in the square were either noisily taking their baths in the fountain, or

preening their feathers after their dip. Now the moment had come, the moment so long dreaded, when she must give up her treasure. Could she do it? Petronella wondered and sat very still. It was an exquisite May morning, the dew shone on the grass like diamonds, and the world was just opening its sleepy eyes as the sun began to throw great golden beams across the house-tops. It was an hour which all through her life she would never forget, but at last peace came to her heart, and a great joy, to think that she could give to her darling all the wonder of this glorious spring-time. Slowly she untied the kerchief, and Pippa looked up at her inquiringly.

The kerchief was all untied now,—the ends hung loosely over Petronella's lap. Pippa at first hardly seemed to know what all this sudden and beautiful vision meant, and he flew up to Petronella's shoulder and cocked his pretty head in the sun, while he talked to her as he always did. Suddenly it came to him what his heritage was, and, with a beautiful song in his tiny throat, up, up he

flew beyond even the tall buildings, up into the blue heaven, until he was only a speck in the sky.

Then poor Petronella, her courage all gone, threw herself down on the green turf, and sobbed and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was, after all, just a poor little Italian child, and the light of her life had gone out. But not for always—indeed, no—for the love, the kindness, and the courage in that little human heart bore rich fruit.

In after years whenever the beautiful Signora Petronella went to the schools in Little Italy, there was n't a child there who did not come crowding about her to hear all about the birds, and about how to be kind, how to be brave, how to be loving—to learn with us, every one, that "not a sparrow falleth," but the dear Lord careth for us.

And so the miracle happened, which, after all, was n't a miracle at all—only the old and beautiful truth which is, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



"THE PICTURE-BOOK."

DRAWN BY HARRIET REPPLIER BOYD.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

GET ABOARD!

It is not only by railway or steamer that we make our voyages and learn to know strange places and new cities. If it were, many of us would know precious little of the world outside the particular spot where we must live most of our lives. In fact, the major part of our travels, so far as most of us are concerned, is carried on within the covers of a book. As its pages turn, we fare forth on voyages exciting or romantic or lovely; we live in countries strange and distant, and understand without difficulty their alien tongues; we suffer hardships that do not harm us; we pass untouched through deadly swamps reeking with fever and alive with poisonous reptiles; we safely cross deserts playing their dangerous game of mirage, where men's bones reveal what their tongues can never tell, and we climb mountains upon whose peaks lies the eternal snow and down whose slopes thunder avalanches—yes, we do all this, without fatigue or fear.

Is it not wonderful to think of! Sitting here within the four walls of our room, whose windows look out on the familiar street or road or garden, sitting quietly in our favorite chair, looking just as we always look to any one who might chance to glance our way; and yet we may be staggering along the slippery deck of a ship with Melville's "White Jacket," one of a crew of rough men whose whole lives have been passed upon the ocean, hunting whales. The ship shivers under the impact of the waves, and the shout of the lookout at the masthead, "There she blo-o-ws,"

can hardly be heard above the creaking of the cordage and the rush of wind and water. The scud is flying low across the sky, and the men shout as they struggle with the icy tackle, making ready for the pursuit. The gray, angry water curls into little ripples of foam, the blood sings in the veins, the wet wind slaps the salt into the men's faces. White Jacket lumbers up in his absurd coat, the coat that gave him his nickname, the captain roars a furious command, and we gasp for breath—sitting very quiet in our favorite chair!

Or possibly you are pitching camp after the day's work with Stanley in Darkest Africa. The tropic night is damp and heavy, and as the brief twilight drops out of the sky the stars spring brilliantly into their places. From somewhere far away comes the long-drawn howl of a wild beast, and nearer, but outside the circle of light thrown by the fire, there are rustlings and crashings among the underbrush. A group of blacks bend over the baggage, sorting out the boxes, or else build up the fire, jabbering together in a low, monotonous murmur. The flames, mounting higher, throw queer shadows, and gleam on the black bodies, the quick-moving, shining eyes, or on a glass ring or bit of metal worn as ornament. Farther away a couple of white men are talking over some plans spread out on the ground before them, lighted by a torch that burns steadily enough in the still air. Behind them a clump of palms makes a fantastic background. There is a musky smell that strikes you sharply, and as the darkness deepens, the noises from the surrounding forest multiply, strange, weird noises. . . .

Where may you not go, what may you not see, once you are the captive of some book? Far into the purple and silver North you may travel with Kane or with Peary, watching with them, awed and amazed, the wonders of the aurora borealis, staring despairingly across the endless ice-fields, or accompanying them into the snow-hut whose tiny circle of warmth in that world of bitter cold is your sole shelter. The two large volumes that contain the records of Kane's last journey to the



arctic regions are among the most fascinating books ever published. He was a man of great charm as well as singular courage, and he makes you see and feel what he saw and felt.

A trip of quite another sort is the one Robert Louis Stevenson is ready to take you on, with his donkey, through the pleasant land of France, or a portion of it. Do you remember how those two started forth, and how shamelessly that small animal deceived her companion, with her trembling knees and distressed breathing?

What her pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg.

She was a little fraud, of course. A switch, with the advice of a big and much-amused peasant, improved matters considerably. But "Modestine" could never be described as at all speedy. Nevertheless, she and her master covered upward of one hundred and twenty miles in twelve days, going from little village to pretty town, from ancient church to quaint farm, over ridges and by streams, "jogging along on their six legs." R. L. S. assures us that when at last he parted from Modestine he wept. For though she had her faults, she was not without virtues, and she ate out of his hand in the most patient and win-

ning manner. We, too, can afford to drop a tear or so as we clamber aboard the coach—and close the book. Modestine is an unforgettable donkey.

Joaquin Miller mounts a horse and leads whoever wills on a glorious journey through the land of the Modocs, over the plains and mountains of the West. What a companion he makes, and how his enthusiasm for the wonderful scenery and the romantic incidents of the trip communicates itself to us! How vivid is each day of travel, how excellent are the stories Mr. Miller tells *en route*, and how joyous is his laugh! There is a world of interesting information in the book, which was made while the author was a young man, and it is the most delightful reading from cover to cover.

Another book that tells enchantingly of travellings in odd corners is a book of sketches by Charles Warren Stoddard, who ran off at an early age and made his way to the South Sea Islands. There he lived with the natives for some time, following their customs and becoming blood-brother to one of the chiefs. He had many curious adventures and grew to love the wild life and his savage friends. So that when I knew him, a year or so before he died, when he was an old man, his recollection of those days was still bright, and dearer to him than anything else that had happened since. You won't wonder as you read his account of it all. Nothing else quite like these sketches exists.

But it is not only the world we have about us that is made free to us by the power of a book. There are the make-believe places we should never have seen or heard of unless some one had written of them for us. You remember Keats's sonnet beginning:

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly States and Kingdoms seen;
Round many west'ring islands have I been
Which Bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

And have we not all traveled in such golden places? Airily constructed from the imagination, worlds, countries, fabled cities, magic islands existing only between the covers of a book.

There is the island of Prospero in "The Tempest," for instance. What a lovely spot, and how fit for so exquisite a creature as Miranda to grow up in! To be sure, Prospero, being a bit of a magician, caused things to happen rather oddly in this delectable island; and Ariel, full of mischief and up to all sorts of tricks, helped him out amazingly. But that only made the place more interesting. In the geography of imaginary places, Prospero's island cannot be left out.

Of course all of you have traveled with Gulli-

ver on his astonishing journeys, and reached the two countries where things were either so inconveniently large or so annoyingly small. And you have gone inside mountains with the old German stories, and learned to know the gnomes who dwell there and take care of the gold and silver. You may have been in the Rhine daughters' kingdom under the water, where the magic Rhine-gold glowed. And have you ever looked down through the waters of the lake where the city of Ys sleeps and heard the faint chiming of its bells?

Then there are the unforgetably amusing places where we may go with Alice, either climbing through the mirror over the mantelpiece or falling down the hole after the white rabbit. We could n't get along without these imaginary countries any more than we should like to have to get along without New York or China, according as to which side of the world we live on.

Jules Verne takes us into the center of the earth, showing us a number of interesting sights there, and also whirls us to the moon. And think of all the wonderful journeys waiting for us in the "Arabian Nights" and all the fairy tales. Why, one story will drop you down a well to find a meadow covered with flowers lovelier than any you ever even dreamed of, stretching away at your feet, where the brooks run milk and the trees grow buns; and another takes you through a little door in a hedge to a city where the houses are built of cake and candy and the people converse amiably with their garden-plants. And think of the enchanted forests you have wandered in and the pirate isles you know.

Some books let you into a land based upon this, but written to show what we could make of it by altering matters more or less. There is More's "Utopia," a book you will like to read some day; or parts of it, anyhow; and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," supposed to have been written in the future. H. G. Wells, in a story called "The Time Machine," takes us on a very remarkable journey. For his machine can travel in time as a motor can in space—running along through miles of years as the automobile runs through

miles of roads. All you have to do is to climb aboard and set the machine going. You can hurry along ahead of any amount of time you choose, stepping off in any century you please. The people in the book have some surprising adventures, as you may easily imagine, and see this world under a variety of conditions. The machine possessed the advantage of moving backward as well as forward. Fancy what trips you might have if only you could get your hands on such a machine!

Some books take you into a dreamland like and yet more thrilling than the wide-awake one. Such a book is Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetsen," and it is fascinating to read it and almost believe that you, too, will learn how to "dream true," and so walk into dreamland, to meet there the people you love, and to talk with them just as though you were all awake, and whether you are really miles apart or not.

On the whole, the travels you make in books give you as deep an enjoyment as those you make by boat or train. Many of them can only be made by book, either because the places have changed since the book was written, or because they never really existed. Even those journeys that you can make both ways give you something when you take the book passage that they cannot supply when you go the other way. You will find much not to be found in any book, of course. But some things you will not find—Stevenson, for instance, though you go each step along the road taken by him and his donkey.

When you feel that the town or house you live in is dull, therefore, board a book and make for foreign parts! If you are aching for adventure, what a goodly number of volumes there are that will take you on the high seas and to tropic isles crammed with thrilling possibilities! If you want quiet and peace, take Thoreau from the shelf and climb Katahdin or live beside Walden. If it is to Egypt or to Italy you would fare, shake out the pages of Hichens or Howells. Or rove through the English country on strange paths with George Borrow, or go to Spain with him. Or—but I see I have to disembark here myself,—for another month at least.



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

JEWELS ON SPIDER-WEBS



A SPIDER-WEB WITHOUT DEW.

ON dewy mornings a little careful observation will reveal many beautiful forms of dew that are commonly overlooked on various small objects.

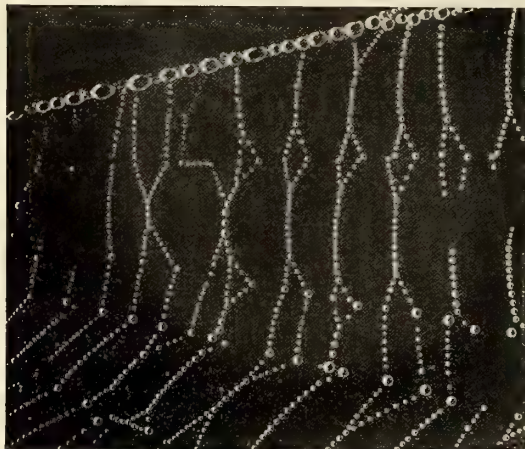


A SECTION OF WEB WITH DEWDROPS.

Nature seems often to put her most exquisite work in her smallest things. This is especially true of dew formations. To the observant eye the large drops of water in a gentle rain are seen to cling to many objects, as, for example, twigs,

wires, stretched cords, and clothes-lines. Much more dainty, yet of similar form, are the dew-drops on the finest parts of plants and leaves. Perhaps the smallest object on which these tiny, pearl-like formations may be observed is a thread of a spider-web. Here the drops are so small that they do not elongate, but keep a beautiful spherical form.

The web is so fragile, however, that it is difficult to photograph these drops. Mr. Wilson A. Bentley, who took the photographs here shown, sets up three panes of glass around the web and places another pane on top. This makes a temporary gallery in which there are no currents of air to shake the delicate web. To secure a black background he uses a large pail painted black on the inside, and placed behind the "box" of glass.



AN ARRANGEMENT OF DEWDROPS AND WEB SUGGESTING JEWELRY.

A box or pail thus blackened is in its effect better than a sheet of black cardboard or cloth, because the light sometimes strikes a black flat surface at such an angle that it photographs nearly white.

To secure a section of the dew-laden web, he bends a wire into a loop shaped like a tennis-racket, leaving one end to project as a handle, and smears the loop with Canada balsam or with some other sticky substance.

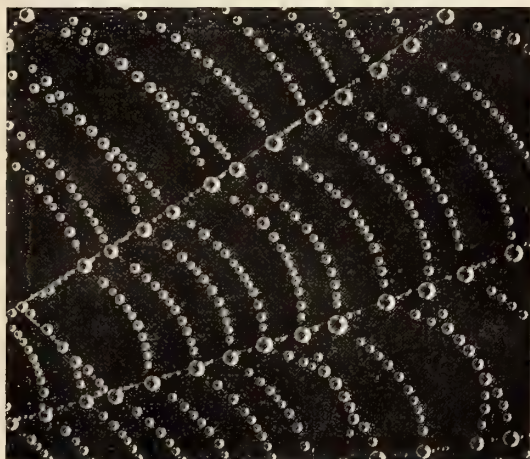
Find a web so suspended that you can place the wire loop beneath it. Then press gently up-

ward until you detach and secure the whole or a part of it on the wire. Thrust the stem of the loop to a sufficient depth into the ground within the glass gallery, and arrange it properly as to height and position.

Center and focus the object by moving the camera about on the ground or on a board laid on the ground. Place a cap on the lens. Spread the focusing-cloth from the camera to the edge of the glass inclosure. Now lift the cover from

ble resemblance to dolls' eyes—hence their common name.

Country children often use them for dolls' eyes by pushing them into proper places in the



A NEARER VIEW FOR BETTER DETAIL.



"DOLLS' EYES"—WHITE BANEERRY.

the glass inclosure, remove the cap, place the glass cover on again, and expose for from ten to fifty seconds or more, according to circumstances. It is best to use the lens well stopped down.

Many dew-laden objects may oftentimes be photographed in their natural position, without removal to the glass inclosure, provided the air is very still and the objects are so situated as to permit the placing of the blackened pail or other suitable background behind them. But when this is impossible, or when the breezes blow, they may be clipped off and placed within a wooden vise, or other firm holder, within the glass inclosure, and there photographed.

Dew photography should be a delightful pursuit the world over, on account of the great number of different forms of plants and other objects that each country affords, every one with its own charming way of collecting drops.

DOLLS' EYES THAT GROW IN THE WOODS

In the spring woods we seldom observe the short, fuzzy clusters of the white baneberry flowers, but in the autumn woods their fruit (oval, white, poisonous berries, with a dark purple spot on the end) are very noticeable. They bear a remarka-

face of the "rag baby." If the baby is black, the effect is startling. It is more than realistic, for it is suggestive of ludicrous horror on the part of the little "piccaninny." Please remember that you may handle these berries freely, but *do not eat them!* As already stated, they are *poisonous*.

A SHOE-SHAPED STONE

HERE is a photograph of a stone in the shape of a shoe or boot. It is about two feet long and fourteen inches high.

FRANK GRAFTON.

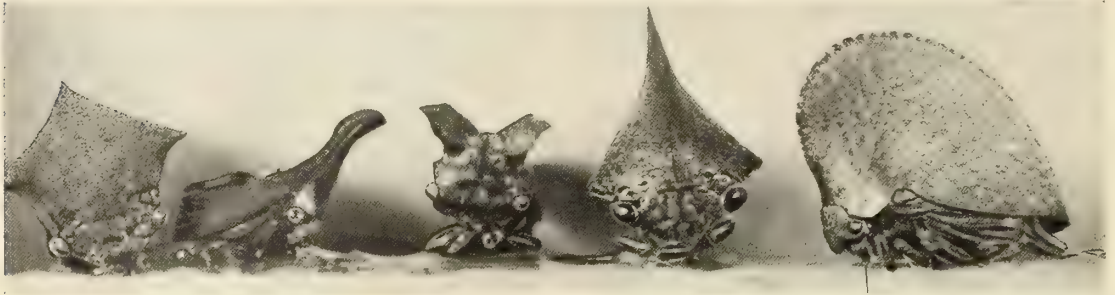


THE SHOE-SHAPED STONE.

LUDICROUS FORMS OF INSECTS

WHEN I first glanced at these photographs, which were sent to me by a friend, I thought that he had been carving odd-looking objects to amuse him-

could make a standing leap of about four hundred yards. They are abundant on the trees, bushes, and grass, especially of Brazil and of other warm countries. Their relatives in our own country



self, and that he had concluded to amuse me. But another look showed that they are greatly enlarged pictures of the insects known as tree-hoppers, because some of them can make such pro-

are peculiar in shape, but none are so strangely formed as are those of the tropics, in which the upper part of the body, the "prothorax," is so prominently developed, and takes so many fan-



digious leaps. They are half an inch or less in length, yet some of the relatives of those shown in the pictures can jump six feet. If a man, in proportion to his size, could spring like that, he

tastic shapes, that they become the queerest-looking insects which nature has produced.

It is supposed that the enlargement of the back is intended to give them some resemblance to



A SELECTION FROM THE MANY LUDICROUS FORMS OF TREE-HOPPER INSECTS.

certain parts of plants, such as thorns and galls. Their enemies, mistaking them for growths that are not good to eat, pass them by without attacking them. The hoppers themselves live among the leaves, and drink the juices of the plants.

In the summer, in the eastern part of the country, I often find one or more of the common forms of these misshapen little creatures walking on my window-sill.

The specimens are from the Children's Museum, Brooklyn, New York, and figures in the illustrations are magnified to a size six or seven times that of the originals.

AN AUTOMOBILE CAN PULL A LOCOMOTIVE

AN automobile dealer and a railroad engineer in Los Angeles got into an argument as to the pulling power of an automobile. To test the question, whether the automobile engine could pull a locomotive, a 30-horse-power car was attached by means of a strong rope to a 110-ton passenger locomotive. Several people got into the automobile to keep the wheels down firmly so that they might get a strong hold on the ground, and not slip. One man stood on the rope so it would not be slack even before the greatest strain. The automobile engine was started slowly, and when

the power was fully on, the big locomotive was pulled forward for about a hundred yards by the little motor, like a big elephant forced to move onward against its will by a little one. The accompanying illustration was sent to ST. NICHOLAS by the "Times" of Los Angeles.

A SWEET-POTATO DUCK

MR. C. H. CLAUDY has sent us the accompanying illustration of what at first glance appears to be



THE SWEET-POTATO THAT HAS THE FORM OF A DUCK.

a new species of duck, but in reality is a very good portrait of a sweet-potato. Its only connection with the bird is its suggestive resemblance.



AN AUTOMOBILE PULLING A LOCOMOTIVE.

A MAN SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR BY A KITE

LAST autumn, at the aviation meet in Boston, there was a remarkable demonstration by Samuel F. Perkins of the power of a kite to lift a man into mid-air.

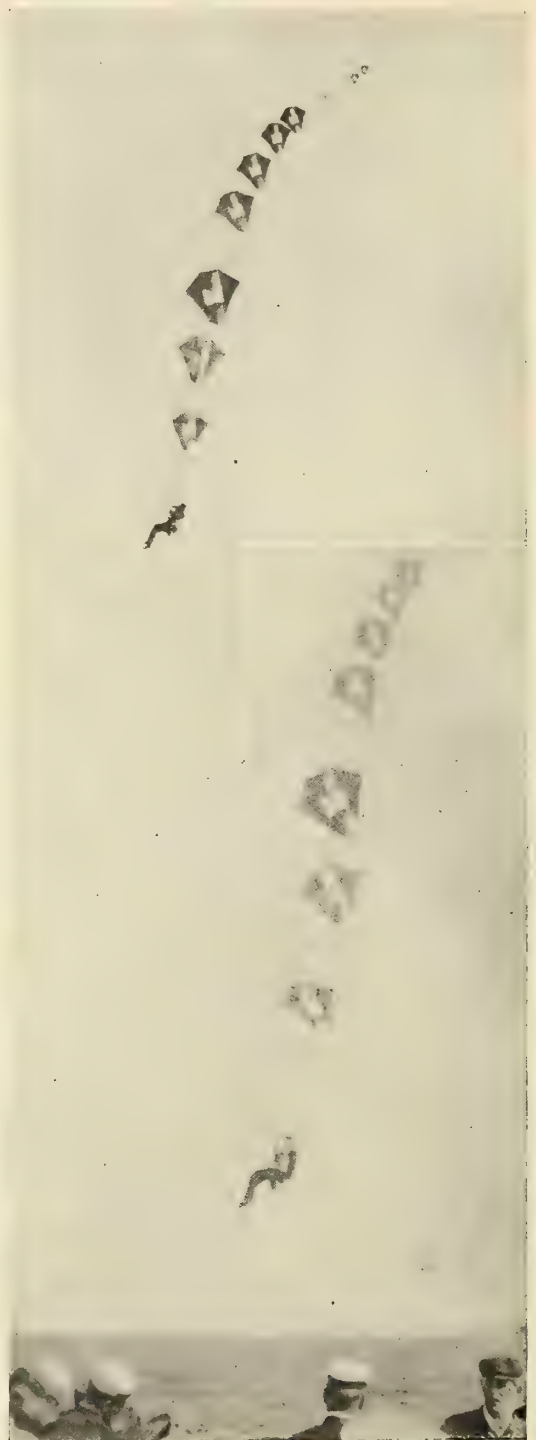
Captain Cody has been making similar demonstrations in England, but this is said to have been the first time that such an exhibition was made in this country. A series of large kites, connected together on a rope, raised Mr. Perkins two hundred feet or more into the air. Since that demonstration Mr. Perkins has met with a slight mishap, at an exhibition given in St. Louis, where he



SAMUEL F. PERKINS LIFTED BY A COMPOUND KITE.

fell for about seventy-five feet, due to the breaking of the rope that connected his several kites; but owing to his wide experience in ballooning, he was able to check the fall and was not seriously injured.

While Mr. Perkins's flight was for his own pleasure and for the gratification of the spectators, other persons are experimenting with a view toward some practical usefulness in a similar combination of kites, such as may possibly be employed in time of war to make observations of the enemy. Lieutenant Rogers of the United States Navy has been trying them at Santa Barbara, California, where a cluster of eleven kites



LIEUTENANT ROGERS LEAVING THE DECK,
AND HIGH IN THE AIR.

Photographs by courtesy of W. Irving Chambers, Captain U. S. N.,
Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

lifted him from the deck of the *Pennsylvania* for four hundred feet in the air, two hundred feet higher than Mr. Perkins. He was suspended in a sling, and although the seat must have been unsteady, he took several photographs, and sent signals and reports to the war-ship.

The first illustration, which is supplied to ST. NICHOLAS by the Boston "Globe," shows Mr. Perkins supported in the air by his cluster of box kites. The other two, from photographs loaned by the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., are of the experiments at Santa Barbara, California.

SHOOTING FROM AN AÉROPLANE

LIEUTENANT JACOB EARL FICKEL of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, Governor's Island, made his flight

Lieutenant Fickel writes to ST. NICHOLAS as follows:

Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss conceived the idea of firing a service-rifle from an aéroplane, and suggested to Major Samuel Reber, Signal Corps, that an army marksman be detailed to make the experiment. He sent me to Sheepshead Bay, and Mr. Curtiss took me on two short flights.

On the first of these only sighting and aiming were attempted. The result showed the practicability of "getting a bead" on an object on the ground. During the second flight one shot was fired, but owing to the fact that the machine was not directly over the target (an eight-inch bull's-eye on a four-foot strip of white cloth), and that there would be danger of a ricochet from the hard ground into the crowd if the rifle were fired at an angle, no attempt was made to hit the target. This was probably the first time that a rifle was fired from a moving aéroplane. The experiment showed conclusively that there is no danger that the recoil of a



LIEUTENANT FICKEL EXPERIMENTING IN SHOOTING FROM AN AÉROPLANE.

Copyright Underwood & Underwood, New York.

with Glenn Curtiss at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, on the afternoon of August 20, 1910. As shown in this novel photograph, the lieutenant carried a gun to test the practicability of using an army rifle in an aéroplane in the time of war.

full service-charge will affect the balance of the machine.

On September 11, 1910, the experiments were continued at the Harvard-Boston Meet. Here Mr. Curtiss gave me into the care of Mr. Willard, one of his pupils, who took me on four flights. We had four tar-

gets a hundred yards apart, each consisting of a thirteenth-inch bull's-eye on a four-foot strip of cloth.

On the first flight we were in the air for about a minute and a half. We fired one shot from a height of seventy-five feet, and missed. The breaking of the feed-pipe forced us to come down. After repairs we went up for another flight of about seven minutes. This time we fired five shots. Only the last, from a height of about two hundred and fifty feet, hit the target. The next flight lasted about eight minutes and included a short cross-country run. This time four shots were fired, of which two hit the target and the other two were close misses. The height was about two hundred feet. On the next flight we took a Savage automatic pistol and fired ten shots from a height of about two hundred feet. All were close misses.

The result of the experiments seems to indicate: (a) that the speed and the bobbing of the machine do not prevent accurate aiming; (b) that it is easy to load while in flight; (c) that the recoil does not affect the balance; (d) that practice and experience in estimating speed, wind, height, and distance are as necessary as when firing from the ground.

The experiments seem to call for a light machine-gun to fire a tracer bullet of about thirty caliber. The sight should be very simple and admit of rapid adjustment for speed, wind, and distance.

It is, of course, absurd to think that *aéroplanes* can be used in the near future as gun platforms for operations against an enemy on the ground. It is also highly improbable that they can be greatly damaged by gun-fire from the ground, provided they stay up for, say, three thousand feet.

In the wars of the immediate future, however, *aéroplanes* will be used on each side, and must be prepared for both offense and defense. And that is where the machine-gun on the *aéroplane* will find its place.

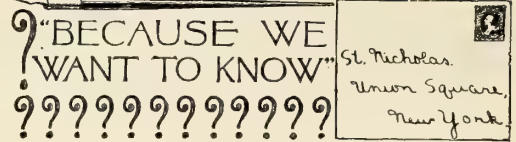
A NATURAL ARCH

At Reed City, Michigan, is a remarkable elm which forms a graceful arch above the road, enters the earth on the opposite side, extends



THE NATURAL TREE ARCH.

underground for about four feet, then emerges and grows straight upward as a fair-sized tree. This secondary trunk is shown at the extreme right of this photograph, sent by J. F. Elliott.



WHY YOUR QUESTION WAS NOT ANSWERED

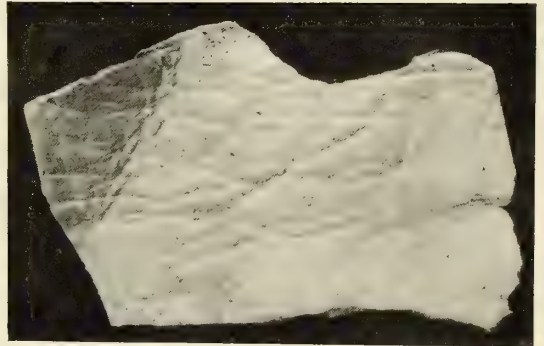
If you did not receive an answer to your question, it was probably for one of these two reasons:

1. It was not of sufficient general interest for publication, and you neglected to inclose the required stamped and self-addressed envelope for a personal reply by mail.
2. A letter to you was returned by the Post-office because you did not include street and house number in your address.

FUNGUS "ROOTS" LIKE CHAMOIS LEATHER

MANISTEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa was out walking when he noticed on a beech-wood railway-tie the accompanying



"LIKE CHAMOIS LEATHER."

fungus. Please tell me in "Nature and Science" what it is.

Your interested reader, ISABEL S. SMITH (age 9).

The specimen is what students of fungi (mycologists) call a mass of *mycelium*. This is to the fungus about the same as roots are to an ordinary plant, and it is about as difficult to identify a fungus from its mycelium as it would be to identify even an apple-tree from its roots alone. Still there are some roots so distinct and peculiar that the species can be determined by a knowledge of them, and with almost as much certainty as by an inspection of the fruit or of an entire plant. In this case the mycelium is so peculiar and so unlike that of most other fungi that, when taken in connection with its place of growth, it may, with considerable certainty, be referred to a mushroom whose botanical name is *Lentinus lepideus*, commonly known as the "scaly lentinus." The complete or fruiting part of the plant is about the size of the common mushroom, but is tougher, more distinctly scaly, has white or yellowish gills, and grows on wood. The mycelium of the common mushroom is more delicate and tender, and in the language of the florist, is called "spawn."—CHARLES H. PECK.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A PARTRIDGE AND HER YOUNG

BLUEHILL, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every one here in Bluehill has a well, and pumps the water into his house. We have a hot-air engine, and my father starts the pump every morning. One morning my little brother came in and asked me to go up to the well with him to see a big bird. I hurried there. It seemed that Father and my brother had seen a male ruffed grouse strutting around with a tiny young one. The birds had disappeared in some juniper bushes, so Father said we might go and scare them so that I could see them. As we approached, the male bird flew out of the bush and went evidently to the nest to warn the mother bird, for she immediately appeared within ten feet of us. She strutted around, clucking excitedly, on the other side of us. We saw at once that she was trying to draw our attention from the nest to herself, so we went back, and she flew off.

Hoping this is not too long,

Your interested reader,

SUSAN B. NEVIN.

After many meetings with ruffed grouse in the woods, I think that in this case the mother bird was the only parent seen, unless two old grouse appeared at the same moment, so active is the mother in her efforts to attract the attention of an enemy or an intruder. More than once I have surprised her with her brood, and have let her lead me off; then, running back to near the place of meeting, I have concealed myself, and in due time have heard the chicks called from their hiding-place, and seen them hastily led away by their clucking, watchful mother.



A YOUNG PARTRIDGE HIDING IN THE LEAVES.

Photograph by Verne Morton, Groton, New York.

VOL. XXXVIII.—95.

I once discovered a single chick, which I took home to photograph. An hour or more later—but not till he had several times escaped and given me lively skirmishes among the leaves—I returned him to the spot where I had found him.



THE MOTHER PARTRIDGE AND ONE YOUNG ONE.

There was his devoted mother patiently hunting for him, and never was there a more anxious "mother with one chick" than she.

But I must add a word of caution. Never walk about the place, however carefully, where you think a brood of these little chicks is hidden, hoping to find them. You will have your labor for your pain or, more likely, pain for your labor. For it is impossible to find them while they keep silently hidden among the leaves and the low herbage, where they are sure to remain until a distressed peeping calls your attention to one of the poor little fellows crushed and dying beneath your foot.—EDMUND J. SAWYER.

VERY "TOUGH" SOAP-BUBBLES

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly give us the receipt for making tough soap-bubbles? We tried glycerin and soap, but they did n't seem to work very well.

ELIZABETH BUFFINGTON, NINA LYNCH, DOROTHY BURD,
MURIEL SNOOK, AND LORNA McLEAN.

Use olive-oil soap (genuine white Castile). Cut in thin pieces and put in a bottle with about forty times as much water as soap. Let it stand for a day with repeated shakings. Then do not disturb it for several hours. Pour off the clear solution; if necessary, filter through flannel. Add a little glycerin, experimenting with a small portion of the soap solution. From one fourth to one half as much glycerin as soap solution will be about right. This mixture will produce strong bubbles.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



From a photograph of the painting by Ellen H. Baker, in the Detroit Museum of Art.

Copyright, 1907, by the Detroit Publishing Co.

"THE YOUNG ARTIST."

Do you know what an artist is? An artist is one who makes pictures. So the little girl you see here is a young artist, for she has drawn a picture on

her slate and is showing it to her baby sister. And here are some pictures and verses that tell about two other little artists.



"ELIZABETH."

The Way We Draw

By

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay



"ME."



THIS is the way Elizabeth draws!

Is n't it funny?

That's a girl, she says; and she says that *this*

Is our white bunny!

Elizabeth's four and goes to school.

She makes the letter

A all right, but her B's like this

And her C's no better —

She makes a house stand on its steps

Without a cellar,

And does n't attend to me at all

When I try to tell her

That houses *never* stand on steps

(Or almost never) —

She just goes on and makes a pig,

The queerest ever!

The only thing that she can draw

Is pumpkin faces;

And even then the noses go

In the wrongest places!

Now I *can* draw; but teacher says

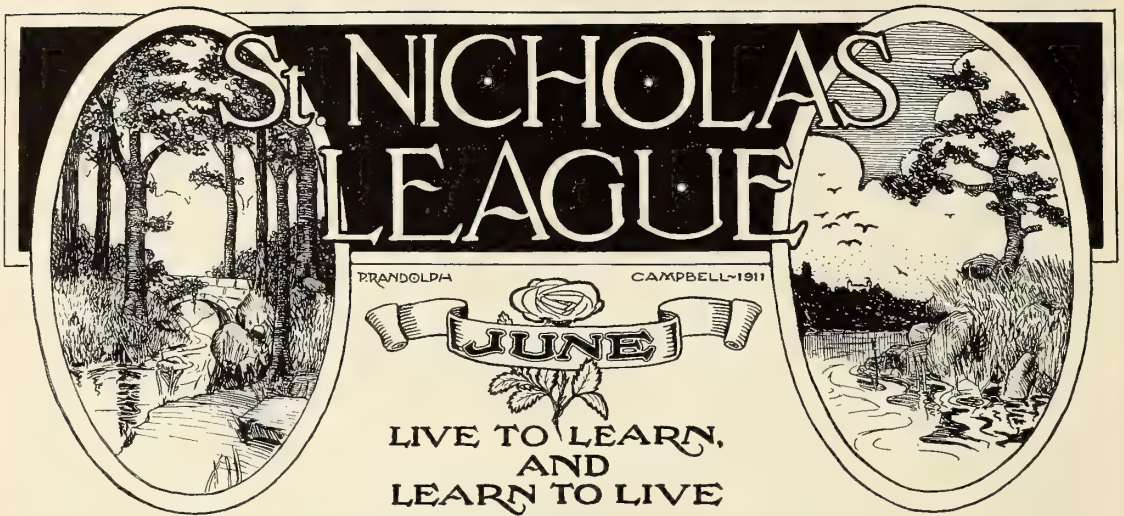
I should n't scold her.

Perhaps she'll draw as well as I do

When she is older!



MOON-LIGHT SCENE by ME



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY RANDOLPH CAMPBELL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE young wielders of the camera came to the fore again this month with a series of pictures, ingenious, musical, diverting, or charming, as the case might be—a delightful array of snap-shots illustrating the title, "At Full Speed." It was interesting to note that quite a number of the contestants were quick to see the significance of a waterfall, or a rushing stream, as illustrative of this title; and, besides many of lesser watercourses, there were several excellent views of our world-famous cataract, "Niagara." Two of these views are reproduced on the opposite page.

"A Winter Walk" and "A Twentieth Century Adventure" were subjects which yielded a good crop of stories and sketches by young writers of prose; and "June" proved an inspiration to those of a poetic turn. The "Sonnet" on page 759 by Dorothy Stockbridge deserves especial mention.

The young artists of the League acquitted themselves very well indeed, with the theme "A Quiet Hour." The Editor's only regret is that many offerings in prose, verse, and picture were unavoidably crowded out by lack of space. So, again our Roll of Honor stands for especial excellence.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 136

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Elwin B. White** (age 11), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; **Eleanor Baldwin** (age 13), Chestnut Hill, Mass.; **Bancroft W. Sitterly** (age 15), Madison, N. J.; **Millicent Carey** (age 12), Baltimore, Md.; **Rachel Lyman Field** (age 16), Springfield, Mass.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Dorothy Stockbridge** (age 14), New York City.

Silver badges, **Doris H. Ramsey** (age 15), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Elsie Louise Lustig** (age 12), Providence, R. I.; **Marie Louise Muriedas** (age 10), Territet, Switzerland.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Randolph Campbell** (age 16), Orange, N. J.; **Lucy F. Rogers** (age 12), Gloucester, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Leven C. Allen, Jr.** (age 16), San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Ogle Helmle** (age 16), Springfield, Ill.; **Vesta Farmer** (age 14), Springfield, Mo.; **Richard Sanford Ely** (age 12), Greenville, N. H.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Helen Allcutt Moulton** (age 14), New York City; **Helen L. Beach** (age 11), Terryville, Conn.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Wyllys Ames** (age 12), Montclair, N. J.; **Philip Franklin** (age 12), New York.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY RICHARD F. COX, AGE 12.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY HARRISON SAYEN, AGE 12.

JUNE

BY DORIS H. RAMSEY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

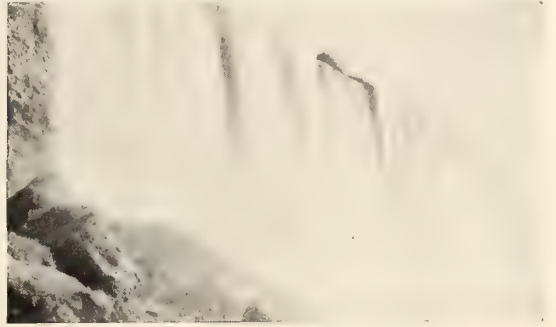
With flowing bridal garments,
And wreath of daisy chain,
Up the aisle of summer,
June walks with all her train.

Her gown of soft cerulean blue,
Adorned with chiffon white,
Is heaven, with its whitest clouds,
That swathes her form in light.

But when the eventide doth sink
Upon her tired breast,
Her gown is of the softest gray,
With brightest starlit crest.

Yea, how all months in humbler pose
Before the queen of all,
And don't begrudge dear June the throne,
For, aye, it soon must fall!

glimpse of a little ball of fur among the fern, which meant that bre'r rabbit was out on this cold morning.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY ARTHUR BLUE, AGE 17.

A few straggling quails were heard piping their shrill little notes as they flew overhead.

All these harmless little wood creatures were noticed by Don and he wanted to be after them, but I objected to harming God's innocent little folk when He had given the world such a bright, cheery morning to enjoy.

TO THE WHITE TRILLIUM—A FLOWER OF JUNE

BY ELSIE LOUISE LUSTIG (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, Trillium, so sweet and white,
You are so pretty and so bright;
You love a damp and shady spot,
With violet and forget-me-not.

With drooping head and downward look,
You love to watch the babbling brook;
You see in it a pretty star—
And that 's exactly what you are.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY VIOLET W. HOFF, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A WINTER WALK

BY ELWIN B. WHITE (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I AWOKE one morning in my little shanty to find the ground covered with snow. It had fallen rapidly during the night and was about six inches deep.

I dressed, ate a good breakfast, did some of the camp chores, and set about taking down my snow-shoes and preparing them for wintry weather. Soon I heard a short yelp which reminded me that Don, my pointer, had been left hungry. I gave him some bones and a few biscuits, then, pulling on my heavy overcoat and buckling the snow-shoes on my feet, we started out in the frosty morning air to pay the forest a visit.

Such a morning! There was a frosty nip to the air that gave life to everybody and everything. Don was so overjoyed at the prospect of a walk that he danced and capered about as if he was mad. Jack Frost was busy for fair! My nose and ears were victims of his teeth.

After a small stretch of smooth ground had been covered we entered the forest.

All the trees wore a new fur coat, pure white, and the pines and evergreens were laden with pearl. Every living creature seemed happy. Squirrels frisked among the branches, chattering because we trespassed on their property. Once in a while we caught an occasional



"AT FULL SPEED." BY DOROTHY OGLE HELMLE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY ELEANOR BALDWIN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was a glorious morning, just crisp and cool enough to be exhilarating. The hounds tugged impatiently at their leashes and yapped incessantly. At last we were off. The dogs soon came upon the scent and followed it well. My horse was a fine hunter, and he kept well in

advance of the rest. The dogs gained finely upon the fox. The foremost of them was within a few yards of him. I was urging my horse unmercifully. The fox rushed wildly out upon a narrow country road, when, alas! around the corner came an auto, honk, honk. The fox gave a leap, landed somewhere on the back of the car as it passed, and was out of sight around a curve in the road before I was on the spot.

The dogs were the most ludicrous sight I ever saw. For an instant they stood, panting, uncertain what to do. Then, with one consent, they turned and slunk off down the road, heads hanging, tails between their legs.

The other people arrived, breathless. I told them what had happened in a few cross words.

"Confound those autos," muttered my chum, fiercely.

We turned our horses and rode slowly homeward, and you never saw such a silent, disgruntled crowd as we were when we straggled back to the stables. But sly Reynard deserved his escape.



"A QUIET HOUR," BY LUCY F. ROGERS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY HELEN MACLEOD (AGE 16)

THE air holds a warm hush; the very birds seem to cease singing, as if they expect to greet a climax in their own realm. The flowers bloom serenely on, however, and the sky is a limpid sea of azure overhead. Oh, it is a day of days! A moment of moments!

A stir becomes noticeable on the roof of the front porch—a rustle of garments, as though a spirit is alighting in the world. Once more comes a hush, then a vibrant twang of tendons. What can it be? There is not a cloud in the sky. How can a storm be approaching? But again comes the rustle, and a steady patter of feet. Yet no rain is beginning to fall, and the sun shines on.

Suddenly a wild rush fills the air; there is a panic of flying color, of whirling limbs, and a loud shriek from some human animal. It is over; then, from the fallen debris, a figure ascends, and is seen no more. The flowers still bloom serenely, and the birds seem to have begun a new song. It was only little Johnnie, trying to use Mother's new umbrella for an aeroplane. He was a venturesome boy.



"AT FULL SPEED," BY LEVEN C. ALLEN, JR., AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

JUNE

BY DEBORAH A. IDTINGS (AGE 14)

JUNE is full of roses;	While he has to scribble
June is full of joy;	In his copy-book.
School is almost over	Soon the last day 's over;
For the little boy.	Books are put aside;
Air is full of bird songs;	Out the door he clatters,
Garden full of flowers;	Shouting for a ride.
Why is school kept open	June is full of roses;
Such a lot of hours?	June is full of joy;
Fish, just millions of 'em,	Vacation has just started
Waiting in the brook,	For the little boy.

JUNE

BY MARIE LOUISE MURIEDAS (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

I LOVE all the flowers, I love them well;
But the one I love best I cannot tell;
It is red, pink, or white.
Now guess it aright.



"AT FULL SPEED," BY OLIVE WAGNER, AGE 13.

It grows sometimes on bushes and oft on a vine,
And it grows at the very nicest time.
I am sure you have guessed it, or will do so soon,
My favorites are roses, and they grow in June!

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY VIRGINIA GOHN (AGE 13)

It was a beautiful summer afternoon when I heard a step on our bungalow porch. On looking up from a St. NICHOLAS, I recognized my friend Harold King. "Hello!" I said, jumping up, with an inward sigh at having to lay down my magazine.

Answering my salute, he asked, "Will you ride down to Young's for our mail?" "Young's" was three miles down the cañon, and I knew it would be a hot ride, but I answered: "Certainly, I'll be glad to."

I called to my mother, telling her I was going, then saddled my pony, and was galloping down the road in no time.

This soon became tiresome, and I slowed down to a walk.

On rounding a curve what was my surprise to come upon four of my uncle's horses for which he had been hunting several days.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY VESTA FARMER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

I feared if I went on they would go back into the timber. But I did, and got the mail.

When I returned they were still peacefully feeding, much to my joy.

Now came the trouble—catching them.

After a very hard chase I captured "Bob," the leader.

I now mounted, and, leading Bob, started for home, the others following.

All went well for some time. Then, what was that I heard? My face grew pale, for it was the honking of an automobile, and Bob is deathly afraid of these machines.

I drew rein, not knowing what to do for a moment. Then, as the dreaded noise came nearer, I dismounted and half dragged the horses to one side of the road.

On came the automobile. My heart stood still for one awful moment.

Then it was past, Bob had stopped lunging, and I continued on.

I arrived home safely and went to sleep with words of praise ringing in my ears.

Unexpectedly a simple errand had turned into an exciting incident—and one that was not likely to be easily forgotten.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY ROGER YONTZ, AGE 13.

IN JUNE

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

In June th' enraptured world breathes poetry;

The soaring poet brings to earth his lay;

And dreamful peace roams through the night and day;
And wild birds carol loud in ecstasy.

The year lies dreaming 'neath a kindly tree,

While June and Beauty, all supreme, hold sway.

Oh! hint of Eden that has passed away!

Oh! promise of the Paradise to be!

Pray stay with us! oh! linger yet awhile,

And stow your treasures here among the flow'rs.

I've waited all the year to see you smile,

And with you dream away the summer hours.

Now that you're here, oh! do not go too soon,

But fill a long, glad year with joy and June!

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY BANCROFT W. SITTERLY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE intercontinental aeroplane "Northern Light," her engines smashed and her wireless disabled, lay pitching and tossing on the huge storm-waves in the middle of the Atlantic. In total darkness the passengers were crowded in the cabin, for the electricity had failed. On the spray-swept bridge, the officers, having set off



"AT FULL SPEED." BY SYLVIA WARREN, AGE 14.

several rockets and wishing to save the remainder until a ship was sighted, searched the horizon with telescopes. The mutinous crew had already deserted with

IN JUNE

BY WALDEMAR DOESCHER (AGE 15)

When the fleecy clouds are sailing o'er the sunny azure skies,
And the warbling of the songsters on the scented zephyrs rise;
When across the summer breezes comes the sound of rustling trees,
And from all the meadow flowers comes the sound of droning bees,
Then it is I love to listen to the woodland's soothing croon,
In the happy, sunny, joyful month of June.

When the sparkling brooks are leaping down the verdant
mountain-side,
Now to flash in golden sunlight, now in somber woods to hide;
When the daisies nod in greeting as they kiss the balmy air,
And all Nature is rejoicing as she wears her dress so fair,
Then it is I love to wander from the morn till rising moon,
In the golden, sunny, fairest month of June.



"AT FULL SPEED." BY RICHARD SANFORD ELY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

all the boats but one hydroplane launch, lashed to the forebraces.

Suddenly with a shout the captain made out the lights of a passing freighter. He reached for a rocket, but found to his horror that all were soaking wet. The captain grasped the situation in an instant. "A torch, quick!" he shouted.

A flare was hastily lighted, but the ship kept steadily on her course. "She does n't see us!" groaned the captain, and then his eye fell upon the launch. "A volunteer," he cried, "to take the boat and bring help!"

The men hesitated. To venture out with one of the life-boats, even in that sea, was one thing; to do so in the frail, narrow hydroplane, another. At last the third officer stepped forward. "I will go," he said quietly.

The launch was lowered carefully into the angry sea, and he dropped upon the thwarts. The motor sputtered, and the boat shot away.

For a few minutes they watched it in the uncertain light of the flare, and then the darkness swallowed it. Down in the cabin the passengers sat, awaiting their fate. There were no cries, no panic; they just waited, mostly in silence. The little knot of officers strained their eyes toward the distant lights. And then against the black sky a rocket shot up, and burst in a golden shower. They were saved!



"AT FULL SPEED." BY MARY FRANCES HARTLEY, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HAROLD WADE, AGE 16.

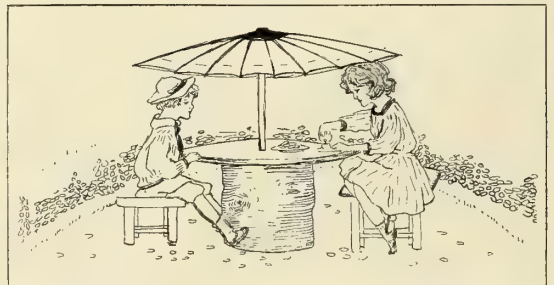
A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY MARY BONNET (AGE 12)

A FEW months ago Wright brothers' aeroplane, with one of their men, came from Dayton to Columbus, making the trip in a little over two hours.

It brought about two hundred pounds of silk for one of the Columbus stores. This was the first time merchandise had ever been transported in air.

The majority of people here were watching for the aeroplane, and when it was first seen it looked like a



"A QUIET HOUR." BY CARLOTTA SAWYER, AGE 14.

tiny speck up in the sky. Then all the bells in the city began to ring and the whistles to blow.

It was to land at the Driving Park, where about four thousand people had gathered to see it.

Before it came down it circled round and round like a bird. After it landed it went up a few more times, and took some people for a ride.

The silk was cut into pieces and sold for souvenirs.

The aeroplane was taken back to Dayton by train.

JUNE

BY MARY HORNE (AGE 16)

(Tommy speaks)

THUNDER turtles! there they go!
 All my books and things, you know—
 Wish 'em in the moon!
 Slam 'em on the closet floor,
 Leave 'em there and bang the door.
 Why? Oh, 'cause it 's June!

I 'll be there in just a bit.
 —Here 's the bat. Where is my mit?—
 Oh, I 'm comin' soon!
 I don't need a hat at all.
 Yep, we 're off to play base-ball.
 Why? Oh, 'cause it 's June!

Let 's go swimmin' in the pool,
 No, it ain't a bit too cool;
 Lots of time till noon.
 I was in the other day,
 An' it 's all right, anyway.
 Why? Oh, 'cause it 's June!

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURE

BY MILLICENT CAREY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I SUPPOSE nearly every one has heard something about Hubert Latham, the French aviator's flight over Baltimore. I am going to tell about that, for as I live in Baltimore, it seems like a true twentieth-century adventure to me.

It was at the time of the aviation meet, held just outside the city in one of the suburbs, that Latham announced that he was to fly over Baltimore. This was a feat that had never been accomplished before, and so every one looked forward to the time announced with great pleasure.

The day fixed on arrived and a very strong northeast gale was blowing. Every one thought that Latham would not attempt the flight, but at 11.35 A.M. he started from the aviation field and rose over the city. The wind was blowing so hard that his monoplane nearly upset three or four times, but it kept righting itself, until it soared on on the face of the wind.

All the public-school children were let out (and sad to relate, I do not go to public school), and we all came out, took one skimpy look, and then we hustled back ingloriously to our lessons, when we might have been looking at this bird-like airship which went up one time as high as five thousand feet.

I wish that some such man would fly over Baltimore every day.

A WINTER WALK

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

As soon as the little country school closed, late that winter afternoon, I hastened out-of-doors and started toward home. How beautiful it was out there with the rosy glow of sunset on the pure, glistening snow. The branches of the trees reared white arms toward the sky, and the effect of the feathery sprays against the pale yellow of the eastern sky was more wonderful than gorgeous foliage. Far off, the irregular outlines of the mountains rose, while above, faintly glimmering, hung the thin, delicate, new moon. All on one side of the

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road stretched fields of untrodden snow; they seemed to sweep in undulations, not unlike the waves of the sea. The only sound was the wind stirring among the branches of the pines; they seemed to be murmuring or talking in their long winter sleep.

A feeling of awe came over me, such as I had never experienced before. I felt how great and wonderful the world was, and what a small place I held in it. Overhead the stars shone faintly, and the near-by pines waved their great branches majestically to and fro. Just across the road ran the brook, a merry, laughing,



"A QUIET HOUR." BY DORA GUY, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

shallow brook, which was my constant companion in the summer days. Now, however, its merry chatter was ceased; it was covered with ice and snow. From behind a fallen tree a wild rabbit sprang across my path. "Poor little thing," I thought, "he misses the brook too!"

At last the road made a sharp turn, and there, over the snow, shone out the lights of home. How cheerful they looked streaming across the fields. Then I realized that the best part of my magical winter walk was coming home.

JUNE

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

A MURMUR enchanting that flies thro' the air,
 A perfume of roses and posies so fair;
 A still starry night-time caressing and cool,
 A tinkle that 's heard from the brook, rill, and pool;
 One great perfect harmony, sweetly in tune,
 Is life, when the world sings together, "T is June."

JUNE

BY KATHARINE BALDERSTON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

When June has stirred, and opened gracious eyes
Upon the earth, and cast abroad her flowers;
When she has kindled in the summer skies
The lamp that burns her incense through the hours;
It seems that such a lavish sacrifice
On June's high altars, in such bounteous showers,
Proves Nature's prodigality not wise,
Wasting her substance on her favorite's dowers.
Yet when has prudent Nature e'er been found
In error? Every month brings gifts as rare
As June's, and when the cycle rolls around
The next year's June will be as sweet and fair.
All joy, all life, does Nature give, and more,
And, giving, serves but to increase her store.

Rebecca Johnson
Emilie J. Daggett
Elise Hatt
Mildred Collins
Catherine Haydon
Jones
Marion L. Smith
Edith M. Levy
Louise Lieber
Olive Chase
John T. Rodgers
G. Elizabeth Fisher
Virginia Bliss
Dorothy H. De Witt
Dorothy Miller
Elizabeth Talley
Louise S. May
Catherine Wilkinson
Helen Henderson
Leon F. Hoffman
Isabel C. Blum
Rachel E. Fox
John R. Leslie
Ophelia H. Perkins

VERSE, 1

Brace T. Simonds
Elizabeth Zerrahn
Nora R. McIntosh
Thérèse McDonnell
B. H. W. Cresswell
Winifred Ward
Helen F. Dun
Anna B. Stearns
Doris F. Halman
Doris L. Huestis
Rose Safran
Grace Noerr Sherburne
Alison M. Kingsbury
Dorothy Stabler
Grace Lustig
Frances Margaret
Bradshaw
Louise Thompson
Ethel C. Litchfield
Marian Thannhouser
Glenn Bruce
Beryl M. Siegbert
Ellen Crosby Burke
Doris Rosalind Wicker
Margaret Milne Beck
Anna Ruggles
William Washburn
Carroll Thompson
Rose M. Davis
Hattie A. Tuckerman
Howard Motts
N. D. Hagan
Eunice G. Hussey
Barry John Nash
Rolf Humphries
Anita Lynch
Elizabeth Johnston
Frances L. Caverhill
Henry M. Gardiner
Rosamond S.
Crompton
Pauline Nichthausen

Vera Mason
Irma A. Hill
Dorothy Klenke
Annette G. Merritt
Gwendolyn V. Steel
Rose Schwartz
Eunice Gray
Beatrice H. M. Parvis
Miriam F. Carpenter
Gertrude H.
Ressmeyer
Alice Phelps Rider
Elizabeth Haerle
Florence Bartram
Clifton Furnas
Alice Rood
Helen M. Northrop
Ruth S. Strong
Ermina Carry
Estelle G. Colomb
Louella Franklin Still
Louise Eaton
Ruth Gamel
Margaret Raabe
John T. Russell
Dorothy Milne
Beatrice Marks
Mary Mathes

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret A. Foster
Dorothy Mae Hopkins
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Frances Vandercook
Gertrude Hall
Katharyn C. Yates
Harry Till
Mary Jane Lynch
Margaret Reeve
Marian Walter
Margaret Dzment
Muriel G. Read
Bodil Hornemann
Helena Jameson
Jeanette Reid
Marion Kelly
Wheelock
Harriet M. Balcom
Barbara Carper
Rosemary Howard
Robinson
Lois Wright
Ethel M. Sparks
Glady's Wright
Florence L. Bentz
Helen B. Keen
Rosalie S. Schmuckler
Rosella M. Hartmann
Ruth Emerson

VERSE, 2

Agnes Herbert Smith
Jane Adams Struller
Edith Sloan
Florence N. Weinstein
Ruth H. Bugbee
Emma Krebs
Angela Richmond
Marion F. Hayden
Lillian Wollitz
Herbert McEwen
Delia Arnstun
Florence Gallagher
Dorothy Pillsbury



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HAROLD L. VAN DOREN, AGE 15.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Adelina Longaker
Mary Lee Thurman
Mary Dendy
Helen Priscilla Upham
Frances Wilkinson
Elizabeth D. Macy
John A. Chapman
Alice Trimble
Elizabeth W. Reynolds
Mary Swift Rupert
Josephine Sturgis
Bertha Hirschberg
Odette Burguires
James Doyle
Elizabeth Page James
Cecil Macy
Margaret E. Beakes
Mildred A. Botsford
Frank Stuermer
Betty A. Weston
Elsie Stuart
Archibald Oboler
Dorothy W. Lord
Dorothy Buell
Dorothy Deming
Ethel Kent
Ruth Rachel Cook
Mabel Norelius
Helen E. Le Baron
Kathryn E. Roberts
Helen MacDemott
Carolyn Weiss
Asa Bushnell
Helmi Niemi
Anna Dorothy Bruns
Muriel W. Avery
Helen Stearns
Cecilia Brewster

Harriet Lockwood
Katherine Merriam
Mignon Rosine
Clifford
Margaret Roper
Knowlton
Alan Kempner
Lucile Hart
Agnes Nolan
Betty Llewellyn

Louise Katherine Ross
Elizabeth Jennings
Arthur Gormley
Florence Babette
Barrett

PROSE, 2

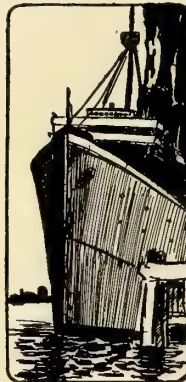
Paul H. Demaree
Hattie M. Wulke
Alice Carey
Virginia Dill
Mary S. Hattie
H. G. Flood
Charlotte Bartlett
Priscilla Robinson
Anna Laura Porter
Elizabeth W. Gates
Marjorie Henderson
Alexander D.
Reinheimer
Helen Dawley
Dorothy Dunn
Louise M. Anawalt
Dorothy M. Rogers
Franklin Rich Clark
Muriel Irving
Genevieve Clendenin
Rebekah B. Hoffman
Jacques Souhami
Ruth Hinman
Adele Patton
Katharine N. Davis
Doris Gardner
Helen Baranoff

Alma Krebs
Rebecca H. Wilder
Marie Merriman
Frances Elizabeth
Cavanah
Edith Stevens
Eleanore Maule
Ruth J. Henika

Le Roy Rioux
Anna Cornell
Arthur N. Wilson
Doris Knight
Martha H. Richardson
Arminie Shields
Dorothy Peters
Dorothy Tilton

Eleanor M. Sickels
Margaret E. Rood
Abraham Sarish
Edna Schaner
Ruth Burlingame
William Patsch
Marianne Brown
Selma Brenner

Elizabeth Gibson
Elizabeth M. Stockton
Helen Hendrie
Julia M. Herget
Forest Hopping
Margaret Brate
John B. Matthew
Elizabeth Harding



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY EDITH M. TUTTLE, AGE 14.

Margaret P. Spaulding
Charlotte Tougas
Mae Walker

DRAWINGS, 2

Helen Finlay Dun
Mary Ruddy Clifford
Mary Stewart Sheffield
Frances Wright
King Rogers
Ruth Seymour
Marguerite Pearson
Hester B. Curtis

Helen D. Baker
Bessie Colomb
Adele Leonora
Quanchi
Ruth Metzger
Frances D. Grebel
Beatrice E. Shaw
Ora E. Tyrivier
Edna Buck
Margaret K. Turnbull
Marion Bullwinkle
Margaret Johnstone
Bertha Titus
Dorothy Greene

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Elizabeth Van Sant
Dorothea Kluge
Arthur Nethercot
Ruth Hoyt
Margaret F. Wilson
Harry Perley
Donald B. Hill
Rosalind Goldstein
Dorothy Rankin
Marguerite Seville
Roberta McClenahan
Mary Bell Higgins

NO ADDRESS. Thos. McConnell, Anne Sheldon, Philip D. Morrison, Evelyn H. Weil, Esther Ward.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL AND ON BOTH SIDES. Lyman D. James, Henry H. Chamber, Pearl E. Oberle, Florence A. Priest, Minnie Margolius, Minna Feibleman.

PROSE NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Melba L. Moore, Hobart G. Erwin.

WRONG SUBJECT. Samuel Natanson, John C. Cole, Bessie Edwards.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 140

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 140 will close **June 10** (for foreign members **June 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Drifting."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Home Again."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Down on the Farm."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "One of My Chums," or a Heading or Tail-piece for **October**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A QUIET (?) HOUR." BY HARRY J. BURDEN, AGE 17.

Beatrice Wineland
Pearl Gridley
Fannie Ruley
Eda Fentzlauff
Dorothy Hughes
Selma F. Snyder
Elise Garceau
Arderly De Fonds
Henrietta H. Henning
Roberta Teuer
John V. P. Newlin
James Sinclair
Catherine Horner
Louisa Pauline
Bancroft
Dorothy E. Bridge
Lily King Westervelt
Jessie E. Alison
Jessica Howard
Robinson
Ethel Andrews
William McE.
Simpson
Elizabeth R. Terry
Laura E. Hill
Marion Anthony
Eva Cohen
Elsie L. Richter
Zelina de M. Comegys
Katharine H. Seligman
John Hilzingen
Winifred Sides
Emma Truden
Dorothy West
Dorothy Brown
Doris Catterall
Ellen Johnson

Gertrude Caroline
Burger
Mildred Davenport
Morris Rothenstein
Mildred Roberts
Beryl Morse
Cesarine A. Craig
Carol Ryrice

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Robert L. Fisher
Margaret E. Hoffman
Margaret Fries
Alexander Scott
Louise Durant
Edward C. Durant
Benjamin Lichtenstein
Margaret Van Haagan
Marion Hanne
Ruth Freas
Frances K. Holder
Frank Jay Meyst, Jr.
Clyde N. Kemery
Stephen Wheatland
Valerie Davenport
Douglas Simpson
Dwight Foster
Francis B. Foster
Dorothy Foltz
Victor Knauth
Felix Knauth
Marie N. Agassiz
Herbert Fraut
Fanny Juda
Hildegarde
Diechmann

PUZZLES, 1

E. Adelaide Hahn
Duncan Scarborough
Malcolm B. Carroll
Lucile A. Watson
Carl Albin Giese
Joyce Maples
Rush B. Johnson
Edna L. Wanamaker
Gladys Bernstein
Ruth K. Gaylord
Katharine Skinner
Emile Kostal
Mildred Bolles
Stanley D. Dodge
Harriet Henry
Dorothy Brockway
Florence N. Davis
Marjorie H. Gibbons
Donald O. Nelson
Louisa G. Wells
Elwyn B. White
Hannah Ruley
Margaret Billingham

PUZZLES, 2

Dorothea Kerr
Alice E. Stott
Robert S. Trowbridge
Elaine Kennard
Farwell G. Bemis
Jessica B. Noble
William W. Smith
Harriot A. Parsons
Margaret M. Hill

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

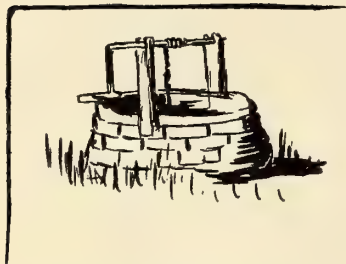
A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NOT INDORSED. Lester Sweeney, Dorothy M. Robathan, Constance Arbaugh, A. J. McGaw, Martha H. Comer, Lucile Davis, Benjamin Dishoroon, Pharos Felker, Phillip Schneider, Elizabeth Mills, Gladys Woodin, Lindsay Moore.

LATE. Dorothy Clement, Henry Haller, Peter Turchon, Margaret Ager, Elsie G. Hun, Kathryn M. Turner, Lily A. Lewis, Mary K. Pope, Bodil Hornemann, Mary S. Fitzgerald, Marion M. Casey, Elizabeth La Boyteaux, Laura Barker, Kitty Marsland, Beryl Margetson, Wilmont Benn, Anne Finlay, Julian R. Gribble, Frank Albrecht, Eleanor Mathews, Joseph Greenberg.

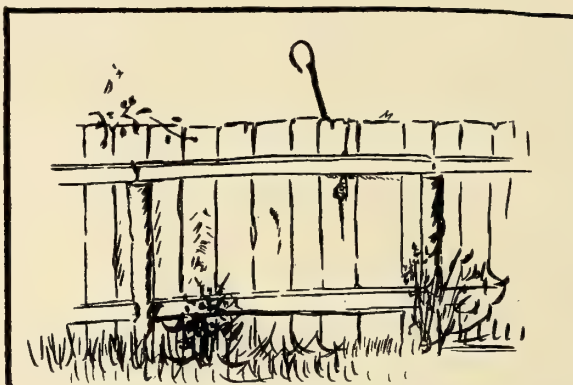
NO AGE. Fred Lowell, Louis M. Wersba, Alfred Redfield, George Noble, Lillian Martin, George H. Bowley, Jr., Elizabeth Campbell, Margaret Pennewell, Julius Gottlieb, Everett Lins.

THE LAZY ARTIST



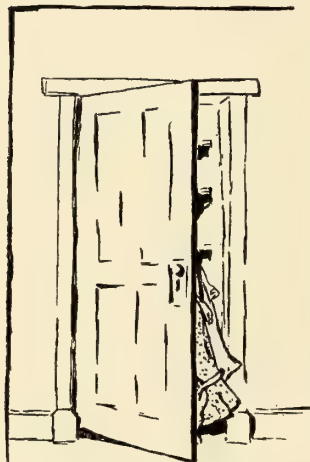
DING DONG DELL, PUSSY'S IN
THE WELL.

The lazy artist was asked to draw some pictures illustrating "Mother Goose" rhymes, and he started with "Pussy in the Well." But he got so tired by the time he finished the well, he had to leave Pussy down at the bottom—he was really too fatigued to bring her up.



BO-PEEP—LOOKING FOR HER SHEEP.

And when he tried to draw "Little Bo-Peep," looking for her sheep, he got tired again, and could n't get her over the fence, so there she is, on the other side, looking for her sheep—through a knot-hole.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT
TO THE CUPBOARD.

When he tried "Old Mother Hubbard," he scarcely got her in the cupboard before he keeled over—exhausted. And her dog will surely starve before he gets her out again.



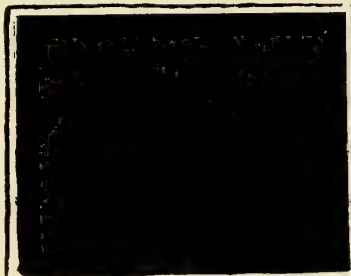
LITTLE BOY BLUE—UNDER THE HAYSTACK, FAST ASLEEP.

"Little Boy Blue" also made him tired—very tired. Just as he finished drawing the two little feet, fatigue overcame the artist, and to save time, he covered Little Boy Blue with a pile of hay!



JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL.

As for "Jack and Jill"—he managed to get the hill drawn, and then gave up—utterly worn out. "Jack and Jill" never came down.



CINDERELLA—DOWN CELLAR WITHOUT
A CANDLE, LOOKING FOR A PUMPKIN.

But when he saw "Cinderella" disappear in this dark cellar, he became so frightened that he could n't draw at all, and there he left her—all alone in the dark, as you can see.

THE LETTER-BOX

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you for eleven years, and my father took you when you began. I read all your stories and like them very much. We have our ST. NICHOLASES bound, and I have read all of them through again and again.

I want to tell you what good times we have where we go in the summer, Southwest Harbor, Maine. We have been there every summer of my life.

We go up in July on the *Belfast* or *Camden*, which goes from Boston to Rockland. We get to Rockland at four o'clock in the morning and change boats. When we get to the Southwest Harbor wharf, we see all our friends who have come to meet us. Then we find our own sail-boat or rowboat at the float, and go across the harbor to our hotel.

All summer we row, sail, swim, drive, walk through the woods, climb mountains, play tennis, and go on picnics.

One summer my father took a lot of my sister's friends, my brother, and me to the top of one of the smallest mountains, where we camped out. We had a great bonfire which kept us warm. At about four o'clock we got up and saw the sunrise.

I enjoy reading the Letter-Box very much.

At school I take French, German, Latin, Greek, English, and algebra. I am going to Smith College in two years.

Hoping for your future success, I am your devoted reader,

MARY SHANNON WEBSTER, 2d.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you for three months and expect to take you a long time. The public library, which is not far away, contains all the volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I have read all of them. I read "The Crimson Sweater" and "Tom, Dick, and Harriet" in the old numbers, and I thought they were fine. I think "Team-Mates" is fine so far.

Last winter my father and mother brought home to me from down in Mobile an alligator four months old. I named it "Rex." One morning in some mysterious way the alligator got out of its box on a table and crawled into the drawer, which was open a little way. Some one closed the drawer, not knowing Rex was there. My little brother heard him croaking and found him in the drawer. In about ten minutes it died. I felt very sorry.

With best wishes from an interested reader,

HELEN F. ALDRICH (age 13).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For seven years I have taken you, and Mother took you too when she was a little girl. I am an English girl, and this is the first time I have ever come to America. I have nine step brothers and sisters in England, but only Mother and I came to America. We are staying at the Plaza Hotel in New York City.

I have met several girls in New York, and though many of them are the same age as I am, they dress as if they were eighteen. They seldom stand up when a lady comes into the room, which is one of the first things an English girl is taught.

I think New York is a beautiful city, for there is so much sunlight. No New Yorker ever seems surprised at the beautiful weather.

All of us children live in a big house about forty miles

from London, in Kent. We none of us go to school, but have a governess, and a tutor who comes from London three times a week.

I have a horse which I have called "St. Nicholas" after you. While I am away my brother George takes care of him for me.

With best wishes for the magazine,

Yours,

CECILY HOWE (age 14).

MUNICH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not had a good magazine since I left home, and I was so glad to find you at the American Church. My papa took you for ten years and had you all bound in leather. It is very funny here in Germany; when you go into a bedroom you will see a great big feather down quilt only as big as a mattress. The men here all wear feathers in their hats; it looks very funny too. I go to a German school where there are about four hundred pupils, among them twelve Americans. It is very funny to hear them all talking at once. I am afraid I have written a very long letter. I am, as ever,

Your devoted reader,

ROBERTA JENNINGS (age 12).

SENDAI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you quite a while. We now live in Sendai, but will move to a town in the mountains named Wakamatsu, which in Japanese means "young pines," from *wakai*, young, and *matsu*, pines. Within half a mile away from our new home will be a castle in ruins. In 1868, this was the center of a revolution against the emperor. A company of nineteen boys, called "Byakkotai," which means "White Tiger Company," alone opposed him in the end of the war. The mikado's soldiers planted cannon on the near-by mountains, and soon the castle was in flames. The nineteen boys, when they saw that all was lost, went to a hill and committed suicide. One of the boys was found by a peasant woman and lived. He is our next-door neighbor now. I will stop, or my letter will be too long.

Your interested reader,

GEORGE NOSS (age 12).

SANDY, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read in the Letter-Box about the trips and vacations of the many children who write to you.

I am only twenty-five miles from my home in Portland, but I find much to interest me.

We are in the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, on a bluff which is five hundred feet above the valley of the Sandy River. When you look down into the valley you see cleared land on which are farms and millions of pointed fir-trees. Through this valley runs the noisy Sandy River. In the distance may be seen snow-covered Mount Hood. It is thirty-five miles away, but looks very near.

Around our cottage are many funny little chipmunks and the dearest gray squirrel you ever saw, his tail is so big and bushy. There are many pretty little sparrows, bluebirds, and woodpeckers.

A farmer that lives near has one hundred and forty Angora goats and twenty-five sheep. He has a pet goat that he raised on a bottle, and now the goat would n't think of leaving its master to go with the rest of the goats. It follows him around like a dog. This farmer has a dog "Foxy," and the goat and Foxy are great friends.

Early in the morning, when we get up and look out, we see all the goats standing around. They seem to think we are quite a curiosity. During different parts of the day the horses, cows, and sheep come around and observe us.

Your sincere friend,
DORRIS ELISABETH PADGHAM (age 12).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For seven years you have come to us monthly, and we hope that you will long continue to do so. Each number seems better than its predecessor; the last three have interested us particularly.

We think that the serials by Ralph Henry Barbour are fine!

Last winter we thought that we would motor from New York to Washington. It was late in November and very cold. There was snow on the ground, and the farther we went the deeper it grew. After a while the automobile stuck fast in a drift, and it took quite a time to get it out. After this the car got stuck four more times, and we spent most of the day trying to extricate it. At last, just as the sun was setting, the motor stopped in an unusually deep drift. It was useless to try to dig it out, and so we gave up the attempt, and, as we were fortunately near a small railroad station, took a train to Baltimore.

Your hearty well-wishers,
G. and A. RATHBONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and look forward to your coming very much. My favorite story in you is "The League of the Signet-Ring."

I have not got any pets, but my little brother, who is three years old, has been finding and losing cats all spring.

I have no sisters and only one brother, and though he cannot read and does not like to be read to, he enjoys you very much. Your interested reader,

ANNA RIMINGTON (age 11).

We give space, with pleasure, in this month's Letter-Box, to these clever verses, written by a member of the St. Nich-

olas League, to the subject "Learning," assigned for the Verse Competition in the April number. By some mischance the copy sent us at that time went astray in the mails and failed to reach us.

"LEARNING"

BY ISABEL WESTCOTT HARPER (AGE 13)

I

'T is my last voyage, and the great sails are set,
Loosed to the northwest blast. 'T is the last time.
My roving now must cease, and my sad heart
Must beat no more to the sonorous rhyme
Of the sad sea.

II

Why was I ever born to this desire?
Is it a test, a lesson out of school?
And must my sad heart now forget the sea?
You answer, "Yes, it is the painful rule—
Forget the sea."

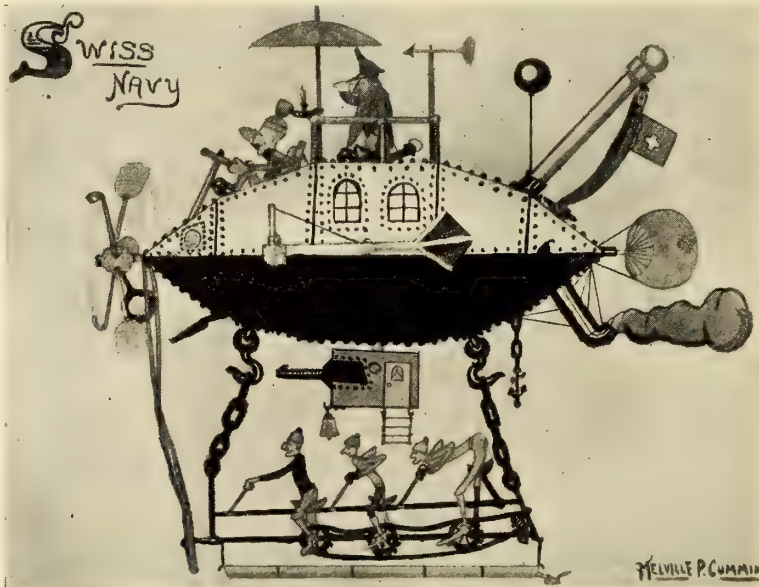
III

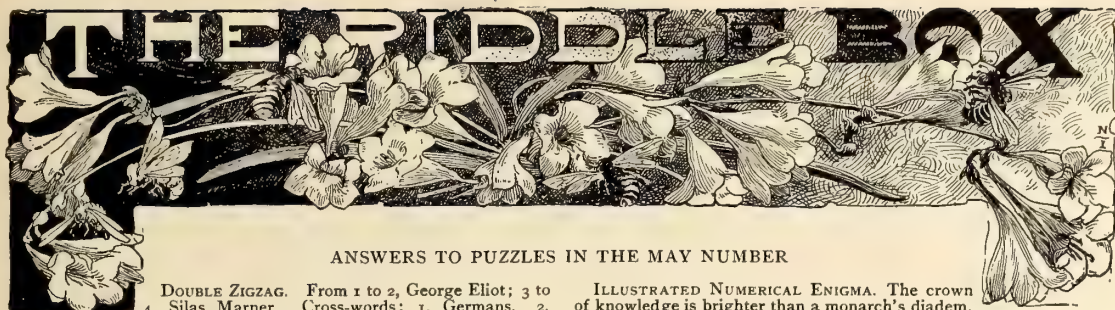
The sails are set, and I am under way,
Bound I know not whither nor care I where.
I seek no gold nor pearls of countless worth,
But search the jewel called Patience hidden there
In the deep sea.

IV

My ship rides on across the dreary waste,
And casts aside the jets of sparkling spray;
The sun sinks where the sky and water meet;
The night-breeze rises, and it seems to say,
"Learn to forget!"

A HUMOROUS young artist, formerly a member of the St. Nicholas League, sends us this clever drawing of "The Swiss Navy."





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, George Eliot; 3 to 4, Silas Marner. Cross-words: 1. Germans. 2. Georgia. 3. Ordinal. 4. Orphean. 5. Geysers. 6. Perfume. 7. Echidna. 8. Slavery. 9. Ingrain. 10. Lounger. 11. Trapper.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

LAMP PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Electric lights. 1. Fee. 2. Elk. 3. Cheat. 4. Chicken. 5. Electoral. 6. Melioration. 7. Dereliction. 8. Ice. 9. Dolor. 10. Chide. 11. Night. 12. Aha. 13. Platter. 14. Treasures.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Decoration Day. 1. Ad-dress. 2. Dr-ear. 3. Ac-cent. 4. Sc-ore. 5. St-ream. 6. Al-arm. 7. Ex-tent. 8. Dr-ink. 9. Sp-oil. 10. Si-new. 11. La-den. 12. St-air. 13. Ba-you.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from "Marcapan"—Peter and Paul—Judith Ames Marsland—Marjorie Roby—Frank Black—Philip Franklin—Frances McIver—Wyllys Ames—Helen M. Tyler.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from D. C. Allen, 2—W. Beardsley, 3—E. Delahoussaye, 4—S. Hazard, 4—Bella Smith, 6—N. Harris, 2—Frederick W. Van Horne, 8—Lothrop Bartlett, 10—Katherine Murphy, 11—Marion L. Ringer, 9—Agnes L. Thomson, 11—Alan Dudley Bush, 8—Ferris Neave, 5—E. T. Luyties, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. Leve—E. L. Stickney—A. Valentine—R. L. Bridgeman—G. H. Smith—J. Frantz—J. Sullenger.

COMBINATION PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

* 1 . 8 .
* * 7 . .
* . * 5 9
* . 2 * 3
* 6 4 . *

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A flower. 2. A missile weapon. 3. Showery. 4. Visionary. 5. Vapor.

The initials spell the name of a son of Hecuba; the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, spell the name of a king of Troy; the letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 5 spell the name of a beautiful woman associated with the place named by the letters 6 to 9.

HELEN ALLCUTT MOULTON.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A USEFUL substance. 2. Singly. 3. Garden reptiles. 4. To invest. 5. To set again.

OLIVE M. TYLER (League Member).

ZIGZAG AND ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. These letters will spell the name of the emperor who adopted the labarum as his standard; the eighth row of letters, reading straight down, will spell the name of his father.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Freedom from change. 2. One who moderates. 3. An alkaloid found in opium. 4.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. The crown of knowledge is brighter than a monarch's diadem.

A HAT PUZZLE. I. 1. Model. 2. Omega. 3. Deers. 4. Egret. 5. Lasts. II. 1. Lasts. 2. About. 3. Softa. 4. Tutor. 5. Stars. III. 1. L. 2. Has. 3. Lamps. 4. Spy. 5. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stars. 4. Era. 5. S. V. 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Scrap. 4. Ear. 5. P.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Ichor. 2. Chore. 3. Hosea. 4. Oread. 5. Ready. II. 1. Panic. 2. Arena. 3. Never. 4. Inert. 5. Carte.

CONNECTED SQUARE AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Put. 3. Pairs. 4. Tuition. 5. Trial. 6. Sol. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Let. 3. Lucid. 4. Necktie. 5. Title. 6. Die. 7. E. III. 1. L. 2. Baa. 3. Lasso. 4. Ask. 5. O. IV. 1. E. 2. Ace. 3. Eclat. 4. Ear. 5. T. V. 1. Sol. 2. One. 3. Let.

To make firm. 5. A Scottish jail. 6. A strong flavoring for candy. 7. Careless. 8. To ascribe. 9. Very tiny swimming creatures, found in lakes and ponds. 10. Being of one mind. 11. To disconcert.

EMILE KOSTAL (Honor Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-three letters and form a quotation from Thompson.

My 27—36—8—43—22 is a child's attendant. My 13—40—9 is crafty. My 5—2—33—16—24—35 is a rocky cave. My 19—10—29—14—25—30 is a stream flowing through a flood-gate. My 41—12—20—6 is a protection for the face. My 28—3—18—38—32 is search. My 34—11—23—42 is beautiful. My 1—17—37—4—39 is a number. My 31—7—21—26—15 was a famous lawgiver.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

I . . . 3
. * . * .
* . . * .
. * . * .
* . . * .
. * . * .
* . . * .
. 2 . 4 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Harmony. 2. To guide through dangers. 3. A slow-moving mollusk. 4. The final result. 5. Material used for calking the seams of ships. 6. Restraints. 7. A Jewish title of respect. 8. A low, cushioned sofa.

Zigzags, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a great river.

DOROTHY WILCOX (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a jolly season and another row of letters will spell what many hope to do in June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Indistinct. 2. A weapon. 3. A fissure. 4. Combined. 5. Part of a tree. 6. Senseless. 7. Frequently. 8. A relation.

JOYCE MAPLES (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC



IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the twelve objects are rightly named and the words written one below another in the order numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous patriot who was killed at Bunker Hill.

CHARADE

My *first* 's a vain, deluding show;
My *next* may be a myth, you know;
Emblem of trinity, my *whole*,
Dear to each loyal Irish soul.

MARGARET BABBITT.

FINAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a famous queen.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Having moderate heat. 2. A character in "David Copperfield." 3. To scorch. 4.

Latin for "I conquered." 5. Suffrage. 6. A very small quantity. 7. A dangerous animal. 8. A ditch. 9. A city of Nevada. 10. Sages of the East. 11. To curb. 12. Anything very small. 13. Warmth. 14. A market. 15. Ratio.

DOROTHY BROCKWAY (League Member).

FLOWER DIAGONAL



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fear. 2. To issue. 3. Doubt. 4. Denial. 5. To intimidate.

Diagonal, a flower.

CORNELIA CLARK (League Member).

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEYS

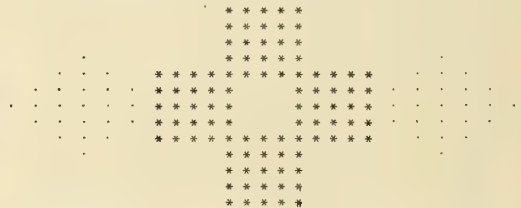
THE problem is to change one given word to another, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Journey from *Rome* to *Nice* in three steps. Answer: Rome, rime, rice, Nice.

1. Journey from Suez to Cuba in four steps.
2. Journey from Peru to Nome in six steps.
3. Journey from the Don River to the Dee in two steps.
4. Journey from Lima to Cork in six steps.
5. Journey from Bonn to Kent in seven steps.
6. Journey from Bern to Para in four steps.
7. Journey from Kobe to Hull in six steps.
8. Journey from Dover to Tunis in six steps.

CARL ALBIN GIESE (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To rage. 2. A number. 3. A wind instrument. 4. To do over again. 5. Five sixths of a wise and faithful guide.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. My lady. 2. Sun-dried brick. 3. A giver. 4. Habitation. 5. Lakes.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The path described by a heavenly body. 2. To extend. 3. To sew slightly. 4. The stress of voice on an accented syllable. 5. A pronoun.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A jet. 2. A kind of tea. 3. An imperial Russian order. 4. Colophony. 5. Certain years of one's life.

V. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In cathedral. 2. To sprout. 3. A premium given for a loan. 4. A number. 5. An old form of "darest." 6. Placed. 7. In cathedral.

VI. 1. In cathedral. 2. The highest note in the scale of Guido. 3. To decree. 4. Springy. 5. A player. 6. One half of a noisy speech. 7. In cathedral.

HELEN L. BEACH.



WATCH THE MAP
The X shows where Polly and Peter are now. Next month they will be in Berlin.

Polly and Peter Ponds

have arrived in Paris on their trip around the world. One day they went down to watch the airships fly around the Eiffel Tower. On their way back to the hotel they heard a loud yelp of distress. Looking out into the boulevard they saw that a cute little French poodle had fallen from a passing auto.

Polly at once ran and picked him up.

"Peter," she cried, "he's sprained his foot. Where's that little sample bottle of Pond's Extract you always have in your pocket?"

"Here it is," he replied, "soak his foot with it *good*."


In no time at all the little dog's whining stopped. Peter was glad he had the bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

which his mother asked him to carry, and all of you boys and girls can have a bottle just like it if you will write to,

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
78 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream
—Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.



POSTUM

That Way
to Comfort

If you have been hurt on
Coffee Lane.

“There’s a Reason”

FOR

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Say, Boys!

I am going to write you a letter. I will make a drawing to go with it, showing me at my desk.

Isn't it great to have it summer again, so we can use our wheels, play ball and go in swimming? I have spent lots of time on my collection of stamps, base ball and college cards, and such things, but the summer with outdoor sport for me every time. I have been reading a lot of old copies of the St. Nicholas lately. The stories they have now are pretty good but the old ones interest me, too,—those my pa read when he was a boy.



What do they make in your town? Meriden is great for silver; they sometimes call it "The Silver City." I bet your ma has heard of "1847 Rogers Bros." silver; it has been made ever since my grandpa was a boy. It is a dreadful big factory now, and they make millions of spoons, forks and knives every year. Do you ever read regular advertisements?—not like this letter—but regular ones? These spoons have been advertised for years and years.

Say, do you see the Ladies' Home Journal, Delineator, Designer, Housewife, and such? You want to look at the "1847 Girl" shown on the colored page when it comes out in June. Perhaps you saw her on the back cover of the Youth's Companion along in April. Isn't she a dandy, and she is real, too; I have seen her photo

If you will ask your ma what kind of silver you use (probably it is this kind) I will try and get the "1847 Rogers" people to send you some post-cards with a colored picture of "The 1847 Girl" on them.

I do like to eat with nice, shiny silver, don't you? If your sister is going to get married this June, or your chum's sister, or any of the rest of them, a Chest of Silver would make a great present if it was made in our town

Let me hear from you soon Address, G. S. Box 846, Meriden, Ct.

P.S.—My letter is so long, I had to copy it on my typewriter to get it in.

P. P. S.—Next time, I shall write a letter to the girls, or ask my sister to do it.

P. P. P. S.—Perhaps you won't know what I have been writing about, so the Company is going to print an advertisement under this.

1847 ROGERS BROS.



X S TRIPLE

VINTAGE
PATTERN

This famous trade mark on spoons, forks, etc., guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate.



*"Silver Plate
that Wears"*

Send for catalogue "F 5."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK CHICAGO

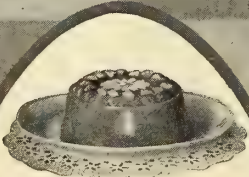
MERIDEN, CONN.

SAN FRANCISCO

THE
1847
GIRL

COX'S

INSTANT
POWDERED
GELATINE



RHUBARB MOLD.

(5 to 7 persons)—1½ ozs. (3 heaping tablespoonfuls) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, 2 lb. cut rhubarb, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 6 ozs. (6 tablespoonfuls) sugar, 1½ pints (3 cups) water. Whites 2 eggs. Few blanched almonds. Dissolve the Gelatine in one cupful of the water. Stew the rhubarb to a pulp in the rest of the water; add sugar, lemon and Gelatine, and stir over the fire until dissolved. Remove from the fire and add the whites of eggs beaten stiffly. Pour into a mold that has been decorated with the almonds. When set, turn out and serve with custard sauce.

ONE of the tempting new dishes you can make with Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine. Not only desserts but real food dishes, healthful and nourishing.

Cox's is the gelatine used by best chefs and by knowing housewives for 80 years. Pure, smooth and rich. Dissolves instantly, no soaking. See the 205 recipes in Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery.

Write for your free copy.

COX GELATINE CO.

Dept. F, 100 Hudson Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

(American Distributors
for J. & G. Cox, Ltd.,
Edinburgh)



Rich Delicate Flavor

Maillard's

The
Best
Cocoa
of them
All.



**MAILLARD'S
COCOA**
is displacing coffee and tea at thousands of American breakfast tables. Housewives realize how much more nourishing it is.

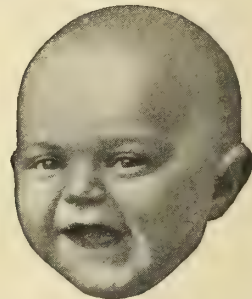
**MAILLARD'S
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE**
is the basis of a most delightful beverage. It is rich in real food value. A household necessity for 60 years.

At
Leading
Dealers.

Sample Can Maillard's Cocoa Free on Request

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum
FOR MINE



For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
Relieves all Skin Irritations

Sample Box for 4c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



Trade-Mark



When the boy or girl comes home from school hungry, about the easiest and best thing the mother can "set out" is a bowl of

Post Toasties

and Cream

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of pearly white Indian Corn toasted to a delicate brown —

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



The illustration shows a box of Post Toasties cereal. The box features the brand name 'Post Toasties' in a stylized font. Below the name is a small illustration of a family (a man, a woman, and two children) sitting around a table, enjoying the cereal. The box also includes the text 'A Compound of Indian Corn, Sugar and Salt' and 'Postum Cereal Co., Limited'.

Time to hand in answers is up June 10. Prizes awarded in August number.

For the 114th Competition we propose a little trip among the names of ST. NICHOLAS Advertisers. Here is a list containing twenty names, in column.

You may take a letter from each line, going downward, and try to spell out a sentence *twenty letters* long, *taking one letter* from each line.

The prizes will be awarded for the best sentences.

They may relate to anything you like, but should seem to read naturally.

You may send in as many sentences as you can find.

Peter's Milk Chocolate.

Chiclets.

Velvet Grip.

Ivory Soap.

Ralston's Breakfast Food.

LePage's Liquid Glue.

Maillard's Cocoa.

Baker's Chocolate.

Southern Pacific.

Cox's Gelatine.

Jell-O.

Mennen's Talcum Powder.

Grape-Nuts.

Pond's Extract.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

Libby's Evaporated Milk.

Postum.

Gold Medal Flour.

Northern Pacific.

Kodak.

Here is a sentence that can be made to show how it is done :

Let your children Kodak.

Here is another :

There is but one Sapolio.

But we are sure our puzzlers can make better than either of these. Can't you ?

Here are the rules and regulations :

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (114).

3. Submit answers by June 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 114, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 12.)



The Birthday Party.

Nan is six years old. Mamma and Bobbie are giving her a party. And what a dinner Mamma has prepared! Just now she is serving a Jell-O course, and there is no mistaking the children's approval. They all like

JELL-O

because it is delicious and beautiful. It is so pure, wholesome and nutritious that it is better for them than any other kind of dessert.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. Simply add boiling water and let cool.

Seven delicious flavors: Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Peach, Cherry and Chocolate.

All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

The beautiful new Jell-O Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who ask for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 112.

Good for you! The letters and plans that came in furnishing new ideas for one of the oldest advertisers in ST. NICHOLAS show that you boys and girls are very wide awake.

One of the prize-winners also suggested a plan for a new competition which will be used later. Do not hesitate to write any time when you have an idea—what you think may help more than you know. Write about anything—any time.

Prize-Winners, Advertising Competition No. 112:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Marjorie Moran, age 13, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Robert E. Sherwood, age 14, New York.

Winifred C. Hamilton, age 19, Wisconsin.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Ruth Thompson, age 18, Pennsylvania.

Edward J. McNally, New York.

Cornelia Hatmaker, age 14, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Sarah Roody, age 11, New York.

Miss Edith Peters, Massachusetts.

Harold Benjamin, Michigan.

Laura Gildersleeve, age 13, New York.

Chas. J. Samson, age 13, New York.

Velona B. Pilcher, age 16, California.

Adelina Longaker, age 15, New York.

Joseph Smith, age 11, Illinois.

Minnie Spooner, age 10, Maryland.

John Speakwell, age 18, Oklahoma.

(See also page 10.)



To be healthy and vigorous, children need the freedom of movement promoted by the

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[RUBBER BUTTON]

HOSE SUPPORTER

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.


It is desirable because it is *right* in everyway.
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Easily managed by small fingers.

Sample Pair, Children's size (state age) 16c. postpaid.

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The *Racycle* Best
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Pacemaker and Rideabout Models are equipped, without extra charge, with our Muselman Armless Coaster Brake—smallest simplest, lightest and strongest brake made.

1911 Catalog, Pamphlet—"The Three Reasons" explaining \$10,000 Cash Prize Problem, Racycle Watch Charm and booklet—"The Major's Story"—all mailed for 2c stamp. Sent FREE if you name Bicycle dealer in your town.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
35 Grand Ave., Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.

IT'S ALL IN THE CRANK HANGER

The Indian Strawberry Moon— The Marquette Moon Blossom Season

WHOO-AH! whoo-ah, fellows!—This is the scout call, the same as used by the old Indians.—It means “Come here, boys, I want to tell you something.” Listen!

According to the Buckskin Calendar, June is Marquette’s Moon. Of course you know that Father Marquette was born in June and discovered the Mississippi River in June. Although a “Black Gown” (priest), he was a great scout; a bully wilderness man. He hit the unexplored trails of the Northwest wilderness, and by hardship and privation placed his name along with Nicholas Perrot, Duluth, La Salle, Joliet, and Tonty, and thus won a place in our Buckskin Calendar. But, gee whiz! You should have seen the guns they carried in those days! clumsy old flint and firelocks that could not even hold a candle to the long rifles with which George Washington, Boone, Kenton, and the old Buckskin men won fame.

If one of you boys had appeared at Marquette’s camp with an up-to-date Remington-U. M. C. 22 Repeater loaded with Remington-U. M. C. cartridges and fired it, you would have caused dismay among both the Whites and the Indians. The

Whites would have devoutly crossed themselves, as protection against witchcraft, and the Indians, after their first surprise, would have partially closed their right hands with the cushion of their thumbs resting against the first three finger-tips, holding their hands about eighteen inches in front of their necks, with the back of the hand out and the edge pointing upward, then suddenly extended all of the fingers a number of times in succession, which is sign language for “gun shoot many times.” Next they would have held their right hands in front of their foreheads with their first and second fingers separated and pointing upward, and moved their hands upward with a twisting motion, which is “Big Medicine.”

But in this age of amazing flying-machines, miraculous Remington-U. M. C. cartridges and Remington-U. M. C. guns only excite our admiration. The Remington-U. M. C. 22 is no toy gun, but is one to delight the soul of any boy with good red blood in his neck.

Next Moon we will tell you more about the Buckskin Calendar, scouts, and the Remington-U. M. C. 22.

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UNION SQUARE

NEW YORK

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OLD DESIGNS

UNDOUBTEDLY no other country has so clean a philatelic record as Bavaria. During all of her stamp-issuing period there have been no speculative issues and no surcharges. Moreover, the same design is in use in 1911 that was inaugurated in 1867. There have been slight alterations due to a change in currency from the kreuzer to the pfennig, but that is all. Also there have been but few changes in either water-mark or perforation. Forty-four years is a long time for a country to preserve intact the design of all the stamps in its series,—a philatelic history of which Bavaria may be justly proud. But the change has now come; stamps of Bavaria will not longer be printed by the expensive embossing process. They are now surface printed like most other stamps; are on toned water-marked paper, and bear the portrait of the Regent. The head is in profile, and takes up a large portion of the stamp, which appears square rather than octagonal. The stamps of the lower pfennig values are smaller in size than the higher values and of a different perforation, but in both the head is turned to the left. In order to more readily distinguish the mark and pfennig values, the mark stamp is still larger in size; the head decorated with a huntsman's cap, and turned to the right. The characteristic feature of this cap is its ornamental feather, properly worn on the left side. But in order that the profile may be to the right and the feather still show, the artist has placed the cockade on the right of the cap. This is considered very unsportsmanlike, and has caused much adverse comment. Why he did not have the pfennig head, without cap, to the right, and the mark head, with cap, to the left, no one seems to know. This series of stamps is called a Jubilee issue, on account of its appearing so nearly on the ninetieth birthday of the Regent. We understand, however, that it is to be a permanent issue, and one which promises to be very popular with collectors.

While New South Wales has no such philatelic record as Bavaria, yet to it belongs the credit of having the stamp design longest in use. The familiar design of the fivepenny Queen's head in octagonal frame was first issued in 1853, as an imperforate stamp. Although all other values suffered changes in design, the fivepenny remained the same as long as a stamp of that value was issued,—about fifty years.

Another stamp of familiar design, now approaching the mature age of forty years, is the little one quarter centimos of Spain, originally issued about 1872. Not only is this an old stamp and a small stamp, but it is also a very cheap one. It is issued in sheets of four hundred, the value of a sheet being one peseta; something less than twenty cents.

SHADES

THE question is often asked in various forms, "Would you advise a beginner to collect shades of the common stamps of the United States?" Our answer always is, "Most decidedly, yes." Indeed, not only the stamps of the United States, but of all other countries as well. The reason for this answer

is twofold. In the first place, one should collect stamps not only for pleasure, but also for mental discipline and education. One of the most important things which can be gained from stamp-collecting is the habit of keen observation. The ability to recognize differences becomes a most useful asset to every boy in his maturer business life. One who has trained his eye to detect variations in his stamps can the more readily learn to grade cotton goods or to classify wool. Whatever a boy's future occupation may be, mercantile or professional, this acquired habit will be useful. And there is no better practice than the study of shades. Secondly, just in the line of stamp-collecting, it is always well to gather in all possible shades. These are liable to enhance in value. Look over the old issues and see the prices which rare shades bring. The three-cent scarlet of 1862 is priced \$90; yet Mr. J. W. Scott loves to tell of how he saw one on a letter from New Orleans, sent \$3 to the postmaster there, and got back a sheet of one hundred stamps. Another \$3 was sent and a second sheet came back, but alas! no longer scarlet. A certain prominent collector tells how he saved the shades of stamps in 1870-'79, and when the differences between the National, Continental, and American papers were discovered and catalogued, he had all but one of them as differences in shade. Some of the shades of 1898-'99 are now being catalogued and are already scarce. There is a young man in Providence, Rhode Island, who has the use of an automobile. He has for a long time made it a practice to stop at every post-office he passes, little or big, and buy a block of stamps, four or more, especially of the one- and two-cent values. Such blocks as are different from what he already has, become a part of his collection, while the others are used for postage. As a result of his patience and perseverance he has a wonderful collection of shades,—one which is not only beautiful but exceedingly interesting.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE letters C. C. in the water-mark on British Colonial stamps signify Crown Colonies; the letters C. A., Crown Agents. The letters on India stamps, O. H. M. S., signify On His (formerly Her) Majesty's Service. On Egyptian officials these letters are O. H. H. S., On His Highness's Service. ¶ Mr. P. P. of Austin, Texas, inquires about the value of certain canceled Austrian stamps. These Jubilee stamps are in demand, being very popular with collectors. Of course our advertisers must buy in order that they have something to sell, but we would not be able to say what they would pay for them. Why not write direct to one or more of them? ¶ One of the earliest known carriers or postmen was Tobias Hobson. He lived in the seventeenth century. The poet Milton wrote several letters on the death of the old carrier. The expression "Hobson's choice" was one result of his eccentricities. He kept a livery-stable, and although there might be many horses inside, he obliged his customers to always take the one nearest the door. In this way all of his horses were ridden equally, and each customer was served as chance fell.

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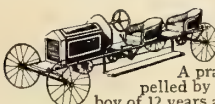
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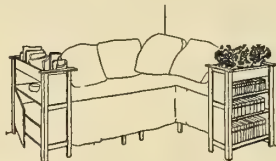
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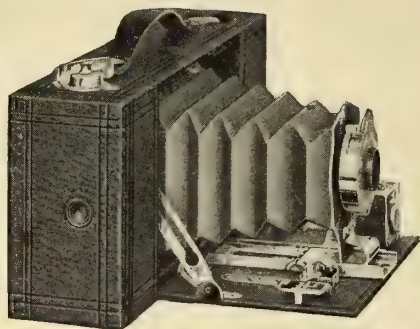
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BROWNIES

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THE BOYHOOD OF KING GEORGE V

JULY, 1911

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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Dear Sister:—

Last month, my brother wrote a letter to the boys and you can see it if you will look in the June St. Nicholas. He said he was going to write a letter to the girls, too, or ask me to do it. Now, he says I have got to do it. I don't like being bossed by a boy, anyway by my own brother, would you?

Isn't it nice to be so near to vacation time? Where do you go in the summer? I spend my vacation on a farm in Massachusetts, where we have great times, playing in the brook, trying to catch fish and running through the lots looking for berries. Then in July we have great sport helping get in the hay.

Up in our attic on the farm there are a lot of old St. Nicholas, -that pa and ma used to read, -and when the magazines don't come often enough I read some of the old ones, which seem just as good.

Our home is in Meriden, -the "Silver City," where "1847 Rogers Bros." spoons and forks are made. I wonder if your silver is the same kind? If it is, I am sure it is good, because it has been made in Meriden for an awful long time, even when my grandpa was a boy.

Do you play with dolls now? I do, stormy days and when it is too hot to go out. The folks that make "1847 Rogers Bros." silver have a picture of a girl, -anyway they call her a girl, although she looks as old as ma, -and my grandma says she looks just the same as the girls did when she was young. Well, what I started to say is that this girl makes a pretty doll if you like to sew and fix up clothes like it for your doll. You will find her picture in their advertisement in some of the papers your ma takes, such as Ladies' Home Journal, Delineator, Housewife and such. If you can't find her and you will let me know, I will ask the "1847 Rogers" people to send you some post-cards with her picture on them.

I don't suppose you often read letters addressed to boys, but if you get time just look in the June St. Nicholas and read my brother's letter and let me know what you think of it.

Let me hear from you soon. L. S., Box 846, Meriden, Conn.

P. S. -My brother has drawn my picture shown here, and is going to copy this letter for me on his typewriter.

P. P. S. -If any of your folks are going to buy new silver, ask them to buy the kind made in our town. It is advertised at the bottom of this page.



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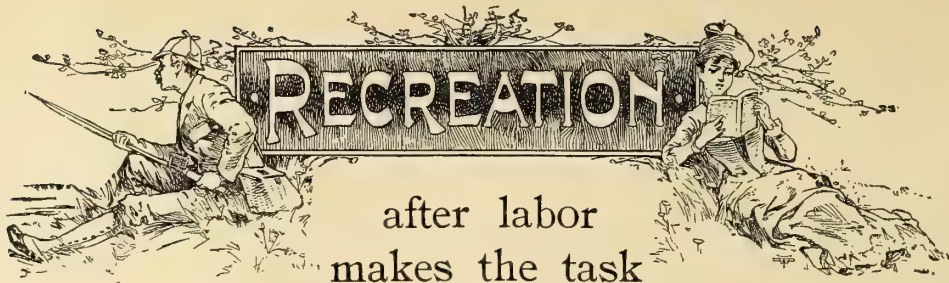
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BUT NOW HE SCORNS THE RAGING MAIN AND RIDES UPON THE AIR!

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

JULY, 1911

No. 9

"THE LIGHT OF FRIENDSHIP"

BY ANNE SPOTTSWOOD YOUNG

"CARLOTTA! Carlotta Ellis! oh, where are you? There's news; good, glorious news!"

Into her chum's room Bessie Atwood swept like a March breeze, eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow. Carlotta was evidently quite used to hearing exaggerations from Bessie, for she only smiled indulgently at the blithe, laughing girl, and asked: "What now, pray? A fudge-party? Or another check from home to tempt you into further extravagance?"

"No, no! Nothing ordinary at all, Carlotta. Put your books down and come over to the window-seat. You won't be so calm when you hear what I have to tell you. Now, sit still, and listen to me, and hold your head very high, Miss Carlotta Ellis!" Bessie bowed low with elaborate mock respect, eyes dancing mischievously.

"Silly!" said Carlotta, endearingly. "Out with the news. My curiosity is thoroughly excited."

"And it may well be, too," declared Bessie, "for I am bowing to the president of the senior class!"

"What!" said Carlotta, the soft color coming and going in her cheeks. "You're fooling!"

"I'm not! I'm not!" cried Bessie, dancing about the room in glee. "We've just had a meeting and elected you unanimously. Nobody else had a single vote, not even me, in spite of my imminent fitness for the office. No, I *don't* mean *imminent*, either!" as Carlotta laughed out in amusement. "I mean imminent, so there! I'm always just going to be something impor-

tant, and never get there. But you—well, are n't you glad? Why don't you say something?"

"Say something, Chatterbox!" exclaimed Carlotta. "How can anybody say anything when you have the floor? Besides, I am struck dumb almost. How in the world did you—"

"Oh, you were put in because of your absolute unfitness for the office. But far be it from your best friend, Carlotta, to give you away, so you need n't cry out, 'Et tu Brute,' to me!"

"Bessie—*please!*"

"Well, then, to be serious; it was because of your high standing these four years, the scholarships and all that, and because every girl feels you have been such a help to all of us, and—well, they just love you 'to death,' anyway, Carlotta. You've practically been president all along, only we never elected you because none of us wanted to hurt Alice. When her health finally broke down entirely last month, and she had to go home, we—but what's the use of explaining? Why did n't you come to the meeting?"

"You did not tell me a word about it," began Carlotta, but nothing stopped Bessie's avalanche of words.

"The most important meeting of the year, too," she continued, "and the only one you have skipped, and—oh, dear me, here come the rest of the girls!"

In they trooped, bubbling over with congratulations and merriment. "The finest class ever graduated," Bessie declared, looking them over

approvingly. Clearly the news had overwhelmed Carlotta. She was pushed unresisting from one to another with gibes and teasing and caresses.

"Really, I never dreamed of such a thing," she stammered at last, almost on the verge of tears. "How did it ever happen?"

Bessie, as usual, became spokesman.

"Well," she said, "it has really been you, Carlotta, who has held this class together from the beginning, and kept us 'in' with the faculty. Oh, yes, you have, too," as Carlotta tried to protest. "You 've saved us from making all kinds of blunders, and you have carefully led us up through all the ills of childhood,—teething, whooping-cough, measles." Bessie sprang upon the couch-seat, declaiming dramatically, and in an instant the room was a babel of voices and laughter.

"It is easy to see why you were chosen valedictorian," commented Carlotta, as Bessie was dragged off her perilous perch by her riotous mates. Quiet soon reigned, however, as one plan after another came up for discussion regarding commencement festivities. Eleanor Wilson at length rebelled at the businesslike conversation.

"Nobody has said a word yet about dresses," she wailed. "And that 's the most important of all to me, for I 'm not bright like the rest of you."

"It 's a poor class that can't afford one beauty, Eleanor," said Carlotta, rumpling Eleanor's sunny hair teasingly.

"Just think how near I came to 'flunking' in French," added Eleanor, lugubriously. "The very first thing I do the day we graduate—"

"*Are* graduated," prompted Bessie. "I must insist upon proper English, even if your French is at fault."

"I was going to say, when I was so rudely interrupted," repeated Eleanor, with mock dignity, "that the day we *are* graduated, I am going to forget every word of French I ever learned."

"What an awful task, deary," murmured Bessie; "I fear for your health."

Bessie successfully dodged a sofa-pillow, aimed by no uncertain hand, and Eleanor's remonstrances following this good-natured thrust from her room-mate were immediately drowned by the sound of the warning gong, bidding the students prepare for dinner. The girls scattered as if by magic, Bessie carrying Eleanor off with the comforting and half-apologetic words, "I 'll talk dresses to you half the night, if you will faithfully promise to let me go to sleep before three A.M."

Carlotta, the center of the gayest of groups but a moment before, now found herself alone in the room which she shared with no one, owing to its

diminutive size. Gay laughter and fragments of happy conversation floated back to her through the long corridors. Then one door after another was closed, and the halls were silent. Carlotta walked over to her dressing-table and took a long look at herself in the mirror. Eleanor's laughing words about commencement dresses had suddenly gone straight to her heart, leaving their mark in a dull ache which she could not banish.

"I have n't a single suitable thing to wear," she said to her reflection in the mirror. "I 've nothing white left but a linen skirt and a few plain shirt-waists. And they can't spare another penny at home, I know that. It 's foolish to care, and it does n't really make any difference." The image in the glass tried to smile, but the effort was a complete failure. Big tears welled up into Carlotta's eyes. She shook them impatiently away.

"It seems a shame to care about clothes when the girls love me so much. But I could speak better, I could forget myself, I could *be* myself, if I only felt that I looked all right. And people *will* notice and comment, they always do. I know how it would have been last year if the president had not looked as she did. She was such a credit to her class, too. Oh, I don't believe I can carry it off! I don't believe I can! It *does* make a difference! It does *matter* how you look!"

All the little heartaches of the past three years now overwhelmed Carlotta suddenly. She turned away from the mirror, finding poor comfort in the worried face that looked out at her from the glass, and sank in a disconsolate heap on the bed.

"I have n't cared so very much until now," she sobbed. "Every one in the school knew and understood, and all the girls cared for me. But *now*, to be president! I shall have to meet every one, and there will be hundreds of strangers. Commencement is the biggest thing of the year, and the prettiest. Oh, I wish they had n't asked me, then I would not be noticed so much. I can't stand it any more! I just can't! I can't!"

The door opened softly, and Bessie stood on the threshold. She looked in amazement at the recumbent figure of her friend on the bed, heard the smothered sobs, and made a quick movement to go to her. Then she turned and walked slowly back to her own room, with clouded, troubled face.

"I 'll warrant I know what 's the matter," she said to herself. "I thought of it weeks ago. Dear old Carlotta, everything spoiled for her because of *that*!"

Four years before our story opens, when Carlotta Ellis first entered Everett, everything that her girlish heart could wish had been heaped

upon her. She was the only child of indulgent parents, almost every wish was anticipated, and, likewise, her popularity at school had been assured from the first day she entered. Her influence, far removed from prudishness, yet always for the good, made her a favorite alike with teachers and pupils. "She takes to books like a duck to water," was Bessie Atwood's first comment on her, and, yet, on the other hand, no



"CARLOTTA TOOK A LONG LOOK IN THE MIRROR."

fudge-party was complete, no hayride, no dance in the "gym," no merriment of any kind, without Carlotta. She seemed to thrive on spoiling, furthermore, and the senior year at Everett found her more of a general favorite than ever.

Yes, her first year at Everett had been one of almost unalloyed happiness for Carlotta. Then came the trouble at home. Carlotta, unfamiliar with business ways, was still a little vague in her own mind as to just how it had all happened. She knew that her father's dearest friend, Colonel Elliott, whom she had known and loved from babyhood, had been in serious financial trouble. She knew, also, that her father,

firmly believing, as did Colonel Elliott himself, that the difficulty was but temporary, had stood back of his friend. But the crash, which both tried so hard to avert, came with stunning force. Not only Colonel Elliott's fortune was swept away, but—what was worse to him—his friend paid the penalty of his loyalty, and in an alarmingly short time found himself in the most straitened of circumstances. The pretty Ellis home was given up at once, and the expenses of the household reduced to the utmost. The colonel, distressed over the double calamity, left immediately for the far West, to look after the only property now remaining to him, filled with plans for retrieving at least a part of his lost wealth.

But this outlook held little hope, for the western property up to this time had been yielding anything but a good income, and was regarded as practically worthless. It had been impossible even to sell it, but as it was all the colonel now possessed in the world, he had departed at once to see what could be done.

Carlotta's father bravely began again, and for three years had struggled to maintain his family in some kind of comfort. The daughter had at once begged to leave school, but her work had won for her a scholarship each year that paid her tuition, and, therefore, her parents had insisted upon her finishing the course at Everett. The difference in her expenses had been sharp and cruelly sudden. Carlotta's allowance, cut down to about one fifth of the usual amount, forced her to learn at once the very difficult art of "turning nothing into something." She had a plentiful wardrobe to start with, fortunately, wore her clothes "with a certain air," as Bessie declared, was deft with her needle, made light of her troubles, and up to the senior year had managed, as she herself would have said, "to get through somehow." The fact that both father and mother at home were burdened with difficulties far beyond the vexations of a school-girl's life, had encouraged Carlotta to bear her own worries with a light heart. The last year, however, had been a real trial. Carlotta had had nothing new for months, almost everything dainty and pretty was long past "turning," or "mending," or "fixing over." "Making bricks without straw" proved to be a strenuous task, and the situation seemed decidedly hopeless. Fortunately for Carlotta, the senior cap and gown were worn almost constantly by the members of her class. They were both pretty and becoming, and the gown hid many defects and solved many a problem for the harassed girl. A letter from Carlotta's mother in which a heartache could be traced as deep, if not deeper, than her own, had arrived on the

very day that the new president was notified of her election to office. Carlotta knew every word of it by heart, and it only made matters the more hopeless to recall its loving sentences. Her mother had written:

DEAR CHILD: I know so well how insistently commencement calls for the many things which you need. I have tried in every way to think of a plan whereby I might send you at least one pretty gown, but there is not an extra penny to spare, and, as you know, I have already used every scrap left over from better days. Try not to care too much, but, oh, I know how you will care, and I am so sorry! We have had no word from Colonel Elliott for a long time. Poor, dear fellow, he is on our minds constantly. His last letter was so self-condemning and distressed that it wrung our hearts. We have told him over and over that it was not his fault, and neither your father nor I can yet see how we could have done otherwise than stand by him. He had done so much for us, been such a loyal friend, and with us, Carlotta, as a family, it is "once a friend, always a friend." It makes my heart glad, little one, to see how bravely you have borne your troubles. Sometimes I fear it has been too hard, and that we should have allowed you to leave Everett as you wished, and so spared you the perplexities of these last school years and the daily self-denials that have been so burdensome. But always we have hoped for better times. We are too near to you, and too close in every way, to be deceived by your gay, laughing letters, and I have known all along just how hard the way has been for you. But, never fear, there will be brighter days. Already your father looks more cheerful. He has more heart in his work, and the business is slowly taking root again. Of course it is needless to add that we cannot go to commencement, but you will soon be coming to us. Dear, brave, little girl, what a blessing you are!

More words of comfort and cheer followed, and Carlotta had answered at once, in merry, loving strain, that she "did n't care a bit," and that she was "all over caring what people said, anyhow." Also, that among so many fluffs and ruffles her own plain garb would never be noticed by anybody.

"How glad I am that letter is mailed," Carlotta reflected, when, her cry over, she hurriedly began to prepare for dinner, rallying all her forces for the ordeal ahead of her, as was her custom. It would not be easy, she knew that.

She would not send home the news that she was to be president of her class, she finally decided, and she would keep her perplexity to herself. But even while she made her plans, a hundred incidents of other years came crowding to her mind, and the task seemed harder than ever.

For the office of class president was a difficult one in the senior year, a burden as well as an honor, and not every girl could fill it satisfactorily. The senior president, as each one at Everett well knew, was chosen for her social gifts and graces as well as for her scholarship and high standing generally. She must be ready to repre-

sent her class at every turn, to say and to do the right thing, to meet all distinguished visitors. Even the Governor of the State would attend commencement this year; he was acquainted with the principal, Miss Gray, and had already promised to be present. His coming, of course, meant that commencement, always a beautiful affair, would be more elaborate than ever. The girls would all be dressed beautifully, *simply and appropriately*, but beautifully, as Carlotta reflected a little bitterly. As it happened this year, the question of money was not a burden upon any of the graduates except Carlotta. New gowns for commencement were taken as a matter of course by one and all of the senior class except its president. But, by the time the dinner gong rang out its summoning call, Carlotta's mind was quite made up. At first, sobbing out her troubles, she had decided that she would not accept the honor thrust upon her, then, one after another, the loved faces of her mates came before her mental vision. They all understood the situation, there would be no questions asked as to what she would wear, they had chosen her because they cared for her. She could not, no, she would not, disappoint them. She would wear the plain little skirt and waist, and say nothing to any one. The girls must have wanted her, or they would not have asked her. Of that she was sure. She would make the sacrifice, carry off the situation to the best of her ability, and no one should ever guess how very hard it was. The die was cast, and, to Carlotta's relief, her friends at dinner that night apparently saw nothing to comment upon in her appearance save brilliantly flushed cheeks, and eyes that were more than ordinarily bright. It seemed to Carlotta in the days that followed that there was a peculiar tenderness in the attitude of all the members of the class toward her. But this she attributed to the near approach of separation, when a graduating class always clings closely together, as if striving to hold back each precious moment, in dread of the hour of parting.

As was characteristic of the new president, Carlotta, having once made her decision, straightway put her worries out of her mind as far as possible, and took up her duties as leader and director of the class. The time sped by merrily enough, and all went well till the very day that the commencement festivities began, when a cloud fell upon the graduating class. The girls were deep in preparations for the senior banquet and the dance that was to follow, just a week before commencement day itself, all gathered together in the big "gym," when Carlotta was summoned before the faculty as the class representative. She emerged from that ordeal pale

and anxious, and immediately went back to her comrades in the gymnasium, as she had promised, for all the girls had suspected that something was wrong, and were eager for news.

"What did they want?" was the question hurled at Carlotta from all sides.

"I know what it is," suggested one of the girls; "we can't have any boys at the senior dance. They are going to make us recall all our invitations." A series of wails followed this offhand guess at the difficulty.

"Oh, no, Carlotta!"

"Not that, Carlotta!"

Carlotta laughed in spite of her evident worry and perplexity.

"Of course it is n't that," she replied. "That was gone over long ago, and our invitations have been out for weeks. So set your minds at rest on that score."

Bessie, looking anxiously at her friend's pale face, did not keep up her usual run of chatter and nonsense. Clearly something serious must be the matter, or the president would not be so disturbed.

"Keep still, girls," she urged. "Don't you see Carlotta can't tell us what is the matter while there is so much confusion?"

The talk drifted into suppressed murmurs, and finally died away altogether. Carlotta gripped the edge of a chair near which she stood, and glanced from one face to another.

"It's just this way, girls," she said. "The faculty were all there, and they—they had our essays all spread out before them."

Twenty pairs of startled, wondering eyes met Carlotta's own. Evidently no one guessed what was coming, so far as the president herself could judge.

"Mine was *miserable*!" exclaimed Eleanor, tragically. "I did not know any more about Browning's place in the universe than—than a rabbit," she finished helplessly. "Do I have to write it over, Carlotta; *do I*?"

"I knew something was wrong with the climax of mine," murmured another voice; "I'm not even sure it had any!"

"Silence!" urged Bessie. "Listen to Carlotta. We *must* find out what the trouble is!"

"Oh, it's worse than any of those things," said Carlotta. "And I don't believe a word of it. There has been some dreadful mistake. There is n't a girl in the class who would do such a thing."

"Carlotta!" "What is it?" "What do they say?" "What is the matter?"

Carlotta held up her hand authoritatively, and again a breathless silence fell on the bevy of girls.

"I'll tell you and put you out of suspense at once. They say—" Carlotta hesitated, then went on bravely. "They say that one of us has copied her essay word for word. I denied that such a thing *could* happen. I told them over and over that I knew every girl in the class well, and that I was perfectly sure such a thing could n't be possible. Why, I know it! I'm sure!" Carlotta's voice choked. The quiet in the big gymnasium was oppressive. No one spoke. "And, then," continued the president, after a moment's struggle for composure, "I asked for proof, and Miss Gray read me part of the essay, and then she read me the—the other, and they were exactly alike. I could see that at once."

"What did you do?" gasped Eleanor, the first to recover after this announcement.

"I told them I did n't believe it. I said I would not believe it until the girl told me herself, and that even then I would not believe it!"

"Carlotta! You angel!"

Carlotta's eyes shone as she glanced from one eager face to another. These were her friends, and her mother had written, "once a friend, always a friend," and her words should be proven true once more in her, in Carlotta. There had been trouble in other years along this very line, as she knew, and this looked like the most positive evidence; and yet she felt no doubt in her own mind of any girl before her. The class felt instinctively that Carlotta was not trying to reassure herself, but was fully convinced of an error on the part of the faculty.

"Well, anyway, I'm sure Browning's place in the universe is unique and original with me, is n't it, Bessie?" drawled Eleanor.

"Yes, deary," replied Bessie, with the utmost seriousness; "I am quite positive he's never occupied that place before."

Bessie's gibing never seemed to have a crushing effect upon any one, and Eleanor's face was quite unclouded as she joined in the laughter and turned back to Carlotta with an urgent, "Go on; tell us the rest."

"Well," said Carlotta, "the faculty say that if the girl who copied her essay will go to them at once and confess, she will be allowed to graduate, but not to take part in any of the festivities. If she does not go at once to the faculty, then she will be sent home right away, and not given her diploma. Miss Gray says she is going to stamp this out once and for all. You know it has happened twice in other years."

"Well, Carlotta, tell us, what are you going to do?" said Bessie.

"I want to ask the entire class first if any one of you knows how such a mistake could occur?"

But only perplexed and troubled faces met Carlotta's own, and no one answered her question.

"You see," continued Carlotta, after a moment's pause, "they say the girl must confess at once or be sent home. But how can there be a confession when there is no fault?"

"Carlotta," asked Eleanor, suddenly, "do you know which girl it is they suspect?" The president shook her head.

"They don't know themselves yet," she answered. "They have not opened any of the sealed envelopes that accompanied the essays. They don't look at our names, you know, till the essays have been read and graded. I know which essay it is, but I don't know who wrote it. I think every girl but Eleanor has kept her subject a secret. Is n't that so?" A chorus of "Yes," greeted the question.

"Tell us the name of the essay," suggested two or three girls, but Carlotta shook her head.

"No," she said, "I have a better plan than that. I want all the class to come with me in a body before the faculty right this minute, and have it out. They are still in session in the chapel, waiting. Will you come? Does any one object?"

The suggestion met with prompt approval, the girls crowding about Carlotta, eager for the fray.

"Before we go," said one member of the class, "I want to say one thing, and that is, that we did n't make any mistake in choosing our president. To trust *all* of us in the face of such evidence is—well, it's *Carlotta*, that's all!"

Carlotta stretched out her hands toward her friends, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushed. A ringing cheer drowned her answer, but, after all, words were idle, and she wished to make no further statement. This cloud would lift, and the faculty would see for themselves that her judgment of the class was correct. Of that she was sure, and her heart was strangely light, as, with one accord, the seniors now made their way toward the chapel, keeping close together for courage. At the doorway of the chapel they hesitated until the principal, Miss Gray, looked up to nod permission to enter. The faculty were grouped about Miss Gray, talking as the students came in, but immediately they took their places again. Unconsciously the girls' eyes scanned the faces before them to find friends. There was Mademoiselle, looking harassed and troubled, and Professor Marvin, beamingly kind as ever, smiling at each girl in his usual genial and unperplexed manner.

"He'd like us all, no matter *what* happened," whispered Bessie. "Bless him!"

Miss Gray's face was absolutely unreadable. Long experience had taught her to meet girlish eyes unflinchingly, and tell nothing of her own

thoughts in the process. Miss Trevor, unbiased in her judgment, was evidently awaiting all facts in the case before making up her mind to any decision.

"She's working it all out like a problem in calculus," murmured Eleanor to her next-door neighbor. "Oh, look at Miss Marion, she's almost crying, the dear!"

"But look at Miss Stone, will you?" was the girl's reply. "Is n't she the iron ramrod, though?"

"Hush!" warned Eleanor, as the group of girls reached the array of desks where the faculty were seated, "Carlotta's speaking!"

"Miss Gray," Carlotta was saying, "we are all here, the whole class, and no one among us knows anything about the matter concerning which you just spoke to me. Each of us wants to hear the title of the essay in question, and we all want to see what—what the faculty consider proof, please."

Bessie, close at Carlotta's side, gave her friend's hand a surreptitious squeeze.

"That was a good one!" she murmured under her breath, encouragingly. Professor Marvin looked toward the ceiling, raising one eyebrow quizzically, as was his custom when much amused. Miss Marion smothered a laugh in her handkerchief, Mademoiselle coughed deprecatingly. The rest gave no more sign of having comprehended Carlotta's remark than the sphinx might have shown, besieged on the desert.

"Very well," said Miss Gray. "The essay is called 'The Light of Friendship,' and it begins with a familiar quotation, duly credited to the proper source, which runs as follows: 'The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus,—seen plainest when all around is dark.' The essay itself is an elaboration of that theme. It was the best that was handed in, in my own judgment, and in the judgment of the faculty. It was so unusually good that we had decided to have it read on commencement night, which is contrary to our custom, owing to the crowded program. But after we had made our decision, one of the faculty, Miss Stone—she does not object to my using her name in this connection—discovered the essay word for word in one of our exchanges by mere chance in the library. The essay and the paper are both here to be examined by the class, unless the writer herself has something to say in explanation or defense."

At Miss Gray's first words the girls stood as if rooted to their places, not daring to look at one another. The moment Miss Gray announced the title of the essay under suspicion, Bessie's hand slipped from Carlotta's arm with a little, smothered, startled gasp, and as the principal finished

her explanation, Bessie stepped forward, saying in a tense voice, "Miss Gray, that is my essay!"

"Bessie!" said the class in amazement, speaking as one member.

"Bessie!" echoed Miss Gray, turning suddenly white, for, all unknown to the school in general,

"Of course not!" was the indignant response. "Carlotta?" turning now to Carlotta, and looking her full in the eyes.

"I've already told you, dear," said Carlotta, in distress. "Of course I don't! I can say no more than I said in the other room to all of you."

"But, *now*," urged Bessie, her cheeks growing pinker each moment, "in the face of this, Carlotta? Take the essay, then look at the paper—do!" But Carlotta shook her head.

"I don't need to look at anything but you, Bessie," said Carlotta, simply, and she made no move toward the essay which Miss Gray at once held out to her.

The atmosphere was so tense that the girls could scarcely breathe. Miss Marion was openly crying. Professor Marvin twirled his watch-fob nervously, watching Miss Marion out of the corner of his eyes. All the faculty knew what a strong friendship had been formed between these two girls during their four years' course at Everett, and each knew now instinctively that that friendship was at stake. Miss Gray dropped the essay, and, shielding her eyes with one hand, looked down at her desk, but the class, one and all, fixed their united gaze on Carlotta and Bessie, fascinated and distressed by the little drama that was being enacted before them.

"Carlotta," said Bessie, firmly, the color fading slowly out of her face as she spoke, "Miss Gray is right. My essay is exactly like the

printed one in the paper—exactly like it. Now, do you believe I copied it?"

"No!" Carlotta flashed out. "No, Bessie, not all the circumstantial evidence in the world would make me—make me be untrue to you."

"Not even when I tell you positively that they are alike word for word?" persisted Bessie.

"Not even then—nor ever!" insisted Carlotta. "Oh, Bessie, why—why *won't* you believe me?"



"'MISS GRAY, THAT IS MY ESSAY!'"

Bessie was her favorite among the students. Carlotta, after her first startled exclamation, in which she had joined with the class, stepped at once to her friend's side, her heart thumping furiously. Bessie did not look toward her. In fact, she seemed to avoid her gaze.

"Yes, it is mine," she repeated, two bright spots of color flushing her cheeks. "Do you believe I copied it?" she asked, turning to the class.

"Carlotta," questioned Miss Stone, impatiently, "are you not a little unreasonable?" The class stirred indignantly, and Carlotta flushed a deep crimson at the words, but before she could reply, Bessie, with a little exclamation of joy and triumph, caught her friend by the hand.

"No, it is n't unreasonable," she said, holding her head high, and speaking in a clear, ringing voice. "The essay is mine, Miss Gray,—but so is the article in the magazine. They're both mine. I never dreamed of such a thing happening at this time. The name signed to the article is 'Miriam St. Claire,' is n't it?" Miss Gray nodded, and no one stirred, so intense was the excitement. "Well, weeks ago I sent that article to the 'Gazette' under an assumed name, because I wanted some money for something special. I had plenty of pocket money, but I wanted to give a gift that I had earned myself. I made two copies, and kept one for my graduating essay. I did not think the paper would publish it, but evidently now they did, without my knowledge, and just in time, it seems, to make it appear as if I had copied it. It's an essay on friendship, and it's all true, and it meant Carlotta and me—and—and I don't care who knows it, now. I have proved before all of you that Carlotta would not doubt me under any circumstances, and that the essay was worth writing and worth believing in and—" But here the overwrought nerves of the excited girl gave way, and with a little pathetic, "Oh, I don't think I can stand anything more just now," she sank sobbing on the little platform on which Miss Gray's desk was placed.

And then happened what no one in the school had ever seen before. Miss Gray entirely forgot for the moment that she was a principal and a teacher. She went at once to Bessie's side, soothing and comforting her in a manner that was absolutely unbelievable. And not only that, but, as Eleanor afterward expressed it, the entire faculty was "marvelously humanized" in the space of two minutes. There was n't a harsh look on any face. Even Miss Stone gazed out of the window, striving to maintain her usual composure. Carlotta clung to Bessie's hand as if she would never let it go. Professor Marvin walked up and down the room, saying over and over, "Well, well, well!" quite helplessly. Finally catching sight of Miss Marion's radiant countenance, he paused in his restless pacing to and fro to whisper a few words in her ear. She nodded and rose to the occasion at once.

"Come, girls," she suggested, "let's go to the 'gym' for a dance. That's the only way to relieve our feelings, I'm sure,—yes, Miss Gray?" turning toward the principal, who nodded ap-

proval at once. "All of you, come! Carlotta, and Bessie, too,—you scamps!"

It was a fine suggestion. Even Professor Marvin followed, turning the music while Miss Marion played one mad melody after another.

"It ended pretty well, after all," said one of the girls to Eleanor, in the midst of a romping dance that dried the tears and made the big "gym" ring with merriment.

"Oh, Kathleen," said Eleanor, in reply, "you have n't the romance of a duck!"

An hour later, in the most exuberant of spirits, Carlotta ran gaily up to her room, humming the last waltz Miss Marion had played. Nothing mattered now, she reflected. What was the non-possession of a pretty gown compared to the importance of these recent events? Oh, how happily she would wear the old dress. And what a light heart she would carry. As she entered the room she saw a letter lying on her table, bearing the postmark of a neighboring town and the inscription "Gazette" in one corner,—the very paper in which Bessie's article had appeared. She opened it eagerly. A check for ten dollars fluttered into Carlotta's lap. A few type-written words informed her that the writer of the article "The Light of Friendship" had directed the check to be mailed to her, in case manuscript was accepted. This, then, was the special reason for Bessie's desire to earn money—to give it to her! Well, Carlotta knew what it was intended for, all those little extra touches, slippers, flowers, ribbons, that would make the plainest of white costumes look pretty and attractive. The very mystery of the affair would have persuaded Carlotta to the gift, offered in such a sweet way. Crushing the check and letter in her hand, Carlotta flew down the hall to Bessie's room, almost upsetting two of her classmates who were carrying a huge pasteboard box between them. They looked startled at seeing Carlotta, but she merely nodded a gay apology, and sped onward to Bessie's room, catching her chum in her arms, and dragging her to the nearest chair with laughter and breathless exclamations.

"You will use it, won't you, Carlotta?" asked Bessie. "For slippers and things? It's come just in the nick of time, and I'm so glad!"

"You dear!" replied Carlotta. "Use it? Why, of course! It shall be spent just as you meant it to be, this very afternoon."

The two girls, arm in arm, wandered back to Carlotta's room after a little while, Bessie remarking: "Well, it does seem as if things would never stop happening, does n't it?"

"I'd just as soon they would go on happening forever, if only—" began Carlotta, but her sen-

tence was never finished, for there, spread out on Carlotta's bed in all its filmy loveliness, was a beautiful white gown.

"Oh!" said Bessie. "Oh, Carlotta, look!" But Carlotta said never a word. She merely ran forward, sank on her knees by the bed, and almost gathered the dress into her arms.

"It's for *me*!" she said at length, breathlessly. "Oh, who could it be? Who could it be?"

Bessie took the card from her hand and read aloud: "'For Carlotta, from 'one' she loves.'"

"From home?" suggested Bessie.

"No. It could n't possibly be!"

"Anaunt, uncle, cousin, Carlotta? Think! think!"

"Come in! Come in!" cried Carlotta. "Look at this, girls! Oh, just look at this!"

The most elaborate questioning failed to throw any light on the new gown, though each senior had suggestions in plenty to offer, and they were unanimous in pronouncing it the prettiest dress in the whole class.

"Something else is sure to happen," said Bessie. "I feel quite positive the excitement is n't over yet."

"What I do not understand," mused Carlotta, holding in her hand the card that had been pinned to the dress, "is why that word *one* should have quotation-marks round it. What can it mean?"



"BESSIE TOOK THE CARD AND READ: 'FOR CARLOTTA, FROM "ONE" SHE LOVES.'"

But Carlotta shook her head, smiling in delighted perplexity.

"Well, is n't that the queerest ever?" said Bessie. "But, is n't it the dearest ever, too, Carlotta? Just your style exactly! Try it on, do!" No sooner said than done, and in a few minutes Carlotta stood arrayed in all the beauty of the dainty gown.

"A dream!" declared Bessie. "Oh, Carlotta, dear, you look like your old self again! And how beautifully it fits!"

"Somebody is an angel!" said Carlotta. A crowd of the seniors now appeared at the door, gaily singing in chorus a verse of the class song.

"That is queer," agreed one girl after the other, as the little white card passed rapidly from hand to hand.

"Evidently they—he—she—does n't want you to know," commented Eleanor.

"Then I won't try to find out," said Carlotta, touching the folds of the beautiful gown caressingly, "but, oh, how sweet and dear that somebody is!"

"Come on, now," interrupted Bessie, briskly. "Let's go right off and get the slippers and things, Carlotta. We have lots to do before the banquet and the dance to-night. Skip, girls, skip, and attend to things! Eleanor, did you get the

favors we wanted? Good! Marian, how about the flowers? Grace, did the flags come? Betty, any word from the caterer? Susan, have you telephoned Meyers?"

It was late that evening after the class banquet was over that Carlotta was summoned away from the dance that followed, and called into the reception-room. Here no lights were burning, but the moon, peeping in at the windows, was flooding every corner with a soft, luminous glow. And there standing waiting for her were her father and her mother—and could she believe her eyes?—Colonel Elliott himself! Carlotta listened in a kind of fairy dream, after the first rapturous greetings were over, to the words all three were trying to pour into her ears at once, interrupted on her part with exclamations of wonder and delight. It was all so like a story, the kind of things that happened only in books, and not in real life at all. Colonel Elliott's fortune had come back. The property in the West had turned out to be full of valuable ore. Fortune had smiled on him once more, and he had suddenly reappeared at his friend's home with the glad news. Hearing of Carlotta's graduation, he had carried her father and mother off on the first train that left for Everett.

And then, of course, Carlotta's story must be told,—the printed essay, Bessie's check, the election to the presidency, the wonderful new gown.

"Of course that mystery is solved now," laughed Carlotta, but all three shook their heads.

"No, dear!" said her mother, "I have been wondering where it could possibly have come from."

"It was your mother's one regret that there was no time to buy you anything, though she tried hard enough to hide it from me," said Colonel Elliott. "But we meant to make it up to you later—" his voice choked—"if we could."

"Then, who could it be?" asked Carlotta, again at a loss to understand the mystery, drawing out the card from her belt as she spoke. "The card says, 'From "one" you love,' and the word *one* is in quotations, so it must mean something."

"From 'one' you love," mused Colonel Elliott, glancing into the brilliantly lighted hallway, where groups of merry young people were now pacing to and fro between dances. He noticed how each girl looked into the moonlit room, smiling and happy, for already word had gone forth that good news had come for Carlotta. All knew the romantic history of her father and the colonel. Had not the newspapers proclaimed it far and near?

"From 'one' you love," said the colonel again.

Then he suddenly straightened his broad shoulders and smiled into Carlotta's glowing eyes.

"Dear child," he said, "I wonder that you have not guessed. The 'one' you love is the 'one' who loves you—look!" He caught Carlotta lightly by the shoulders as he spoke and turned her face toward the doorway.

Tears welled in her eyes. She gave a little gasp in which pleasure and pain were mingled. The girls, from whom she so soon must part! Of course that was the explanation. A dozen little incidents, heretofore unnoticed, now came to her mind. She remembered finding a group of her friends merry-making before the mirror one evening, trying the effects of Eleanor's wardrobe on first one and then another of the girls. She had joined in the fun, a mere girlish prank, as she had supposed at the time, but evidently a deeply laid plot to catch the senior president, for she remembered now that Eleanor's dresses had fitted her perfectly. Evidently Eleanor had been fitted in her place, and the rest had been easy. No wonder the two seniors had looked startled when she ran against them in the hall. They were carrying that big box to her room, and she had been so absorbed that she had not guessed their secret even then. How clear it all was now! Carlotta's father turned suddenly away and walked to the window, looking out into the moonlit night, gay with Chinese lanterns and ringing with girlish song and laughter. But the whole scene was misty before his eyes, and he dared not trust himself to speak. The colonel walked over to him and dropped one hand down lightly on his shoulder. Carlotta's mother looked as if the peace of heaven had suddenly descended upon her. Had they not all learned in these three hard years what the "light of friendship" meant? But Carlotta's eager voice brought the little group together again, her heart singing happily to the glad refrain, "From 'one' you love."

"Come back," she called. "I want to say one thing before I go to the girls and tell them that I have guessed their beautiful secret. I want to tell you that I would not exchange all the luxury in the world for what these three years have taught me, and especially for the experiences of this senior year. And I want to say that I am glad that it happened just so! *Glad*, dear Colonel Elliott; do you know what *glad* means? I would not have had things happen otherwise than they have happened, for, oh—" Carlotta held out her arms toward the little group, the moonlight touching her hair and the soft folds of her gown with witching light—"for oh,—Father, Mother, Colonel Elliott,—all the way was made bright by 'the light of friendship!'"



"I HAVE GUESSED THEIR BEAUTIFUL SECRET."



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, A BOYHOOD HOME OF KING GEORGE V.

THE BOYHOOD OF A KING

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

GEORGE V, who is this month to be crowned King of England in the grand old abbey of Westminster, had rather strange school-days. From the time he was twelve years old, his school was a ship, and many of his teachers were naval officers. Sometimes his school-room rolled so much that it was impossible to read or write, to sit or stand comfortably, and this was "very trying to the temper." But whether the weather was windy or rainy, calm or rough, "school" went on "like clock-work," and the prince soon learned to adapt himself to changes.

Perhaps you will wonder why a prince should have had to do his lessons under such awkward conditions, but, if I go back to the beginning of the story, I think you will understand.

His father, afterward King Edward VII, was then Prince of Wales. His mother was the lovely and gentle Danish Princess Alexandra, who had come, "a sea-king's daughter from over the sea," to win all English hearts. Prince George was born at Marlborough House in London, on June 3, 1865. He was the second son, and it did not then seem likely that he would ever be king; but bells were rung and guns fired to give him a royal welcome. Before he was five years old, three little sisters had come into the family; and for

several years the royal children led a happy, merry life, all together, in the pleasant nurseries and wide grounds of their two homes, the one in London, and the other, Sandringham House, on the breezy coast of Norfolk.

Their parents loved them all dearly, and their mother, though she had about a hundred servants in her household, liked nothing better than to care for her children herself. Sometimes, at their bedtime, she slipped quietly away from the grand people in her great drawing-rooms, to tuck up her two little boys in their little white beds.

Like all true mothers, Alexandra wanted her children to be both good and happy, but the Prince of Wales was sadly afraid that foolish people would flatter the little princes and teach them to think too much of themselves. He did his utmost to prevent this, however, telling his servants to call the boys "Prince Eddy" and "Prince George," and not "Your Royal Highness." He always insisted, too, that the little people should be respectful and obedient to those in charge of them, and he did not allow them many or very costly toys.

But, if they had fewer toys than some children, the little princes and princesses had a delightful play-place in the great park at Sandringham. It has no lack of pleasant shady nooks for summer

days, and in winter, whenever the frost was keen, there was fine skating on its gleaming lakes, which was all the gayer because the prince invited his tenants and neighbors to share in the fun.

Near the house were stables for fifty or sixty horses, built round a courtyard. The children had their own small ponies, and sometimes they and their mother used to ride races on the springy turf of the park. One pony, a tiny, sure-footed little creature from India, was named "Nawab." He had a brilliant red saddle and bridle, adorned with gold, and was a great pet. Sometimes mischievous Prince George or his little sister Maud played strange pranks with Nawab. Once they even rode him up the great staircase of the house into their mother's pretty sitting-room.

But Nawab was only one among an almost bewildering number of pets. There were dogs of all sorts and sizes, brought from Scotland and Denmark, from China and Japan, from France and Newfoundland, and when they joined together in one glad chorus of welcome to their little masters or mistresses, the barking and bay-ing and yelping must have been overpowering. In those days there was a regular little menagerie at Sandringham, where lived a baby elephant, some young tigers, a few bears, a multitude of birds, and a few chattering monkeys. Later most of these creatures were sent to the big "Zoo," in London, where other children could see them.

In the gardens of the princes' London home, wild birds made their nests, but there was not room for many pets. The house itself, though some of its hundred rooms were furnished simply, contained many rich and curious things. The staircase walls were adorned with paintings of the victories of the first Duke of Marlborough, for whom the house had been built, and the Indian Room, where the royal family often dined, was a perfect museum of wonderful swords and shields, carved ivories, gold and silver vases, and even a crown blazing with jewels. Moreover wise and learned men often visited the prince, and I think all these things—the pictures, the curiosities, and the clever talk they heard—must have taught the little boys a great deal. But they had plenty of the ordinary kind of lessons, too, with masters who came to them at home.

Their father was not satisfied with this plan for long, however. He thought that if his sons had everything made easy for them, and never mixed with other boys nor saw anything of the lives of those who toil, there would be little hope of their growing up strong and sensible, straightforward and manly, and of their realizing that, though they happened to be princes, there were many people quite as good and wise and clever as

themselves. He was anxious, too, that they should "learn to use their hands," so at last he decided to send them for a few years to be trained in the royal navy.

Their first ship-school was the old man-of-war *Britannia*, lying in harbor at the little Devonshire seaport of Dartmouth. There the princes lived exactly like the other "naval cadets," as the boys training for officers are called. They studied and they drilled. They learned to handle ropes, shift sails, and use carpenters' tools. They darned their own socks and mended their own clothes. If they got into a quarrel (which, I fancy, was not very



From a photograph, copyright by W. and D. Downey, London.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

often), they were left to fight it out themselves. In cricket and other sports they learned to "play the game," and to take a beating manfully. They worked hard enough to find a real zest in holidays, and lived so plainly that when they went on shore they often spent some of their pocket-money, like the other boys, on tarts and cakes.

In 1879, after two years on the stay-at-home old *Britannia*, they were promoted to the cruiser *Bacchante*, and for the next three years, hard work and some "roughing it" was sweetened by plenty of fun and change. Their two long voyages in the *Bacchante*, taken together, made a journey of over fifty-four thousand miles, during

which they landed in many different countries and saw many strange sights.

Their special home on the *Bacchante* was "the gun-room," a cabin eight feet wide by fourteen long, which they shared with eleven other midshipmen and cadets. They were as eager for the honor of their ship, and as ready for mischief and "skylarking," as any of the rest. When they left England, Prince Eddy was a tall boy of sixteen, while Prince George was a sturdy, rollicking lad of fourteen, and the pair soon gained the nicknames of "Herring" and "Sprat."

In addition to sharing drill and school with their comrades, the princes had to read books to prepare them to take an intelligent interest in the places they expected to visit. Moreover, however tired or excited they were, they had to write up their diaries before they turned in at night, and from these diaries and from the letters they wrote home a very full account of their travels has been prepared by the Rev. John N. Dalton, their "governor in charge." From this it appears that it fell most often to the lot of the elder brother to make the little formal speeches of thanks for the kindnesses heaped upon them wherever they landed. Otherwise it is often hard

in port. It was he who was cockswain of the officers' boat in many an exciting race. But both princes were tattooed in Japan with red and blue dragons writhing all down their arms.

During their first cruise they spent some weeks in the Mediterranean, then crossed the Atlantic to the West Indies, where the colored people were extraordinarily excited over the arrival of "Queen Victoria's piccaninnies." The princes enjoyed it all immensely, and had many a good laugh over the funny side of some attempts to do them honor. When they touched at Barbados, the *Bacchante* was immediately surrounded by a swarm of shore-boats, filled with negro washerwomen, laughing and chattering and waving handkerchiefs (instead of flags) printed with colored likenesses of them both.

Another day, a crowd of men and women with dark, shining faces, flung themselves on a carriage in which they supposed the princes to be, and touched its steps and wheels and splashboards before they discovered that none of the rollicking "mids" within were the grandsons of the queen. In their enthusiasm the kind-hearted colored folk pressed all kinds of presents on the lads; and for years Prince George wore on his



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THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR "BRITANNIA," KING GEORGE'S FIRST SHIP-SCHOOL.

to tell which of the two was the hero of any particular adventure. One fancies, however, that Prince George was more inclined than Prince Eddy to make experiments, and more often met with small mishaps. For instance, it was he who, in Australia and Ceylon, tried riding on the engine; who, in Japan, arrayed himself in a suit of ancient armor; and at Hebron, in the Holy Land, climbed Abraham's Oak to peep into an owl's nest. It was he who played oftenest in the frequent cricket matches, when the *Bacchante* was

watch-chain an ancient guinea-piece which an old woman had flung into the carriage. When they were on shore, all kinds of things were done to give them pleasure, but the moment they returned to the vessel they became again simple midshipmen.

They were just as pleased as their messmates when a little extra money came to them on payday; and they got so used to their tasks that once, when going on a passenger-vessel from one Australian port to another, they found it "a

curious sensation to get up . . . and have no regular work to do at sea." When they first crossed the equator, of course they had to be initiated by old Father Neptune, like the other inexperienced seamen, of whom there were two

of the Mikado of Japan and of an Indian Rajah, but, judging from the way they wrote, they found those free-and-easy days in the Australian bush, when they washed in a trough in the open air, as much of a treat and a pleasure as the most gor-



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THE "BACCHANTE," IN WHICH THE PRINCE TOOK TWO LONG VOYAGES.

hundred and forty on board; and they thought it fine sport. First they were blindfolded, then Father Neptune's attendants covered their faces with soap-suds and shaved them with a huge razor. Finally they were tumbled backward into a big sail filled with sea-water, and then they ran all about the deck and up into the rigging, splashing each other and turning the hose now on one, now on another.

In every land they visited there was something fresh to see or to do. In different parts of the world they fished for sharks, hunted kangaroos, and went down mines. They witnessed the great dragon procession in China, and explored the Nile in a house-boat. They tasted minced kangaroo in Australia, soup of birds' nests in China, and of sea-slugs in Japan. In the latter country they also drank cherry-blossom tea and were regaled—their eyes at least—with a large round pie, like that in the old nursery tale containing the four and twenty blackbirds, for when *this* pie was cut, there flew out of it a number of little birds very glad to get free. In Australia, they lived for a few days in a shanty in the bush, having meals in a farm-house kitchen, where the cream and the eggs and the fresh butter tasted better than any they had had since they left home. On the last day of their stay, their kindly hostess laid a wreath of rosebuds round each of their plates "for Sunday morning and in memory of England." Afterward they stayed in the palaces

geous ceremonials. The fact is the great world was just as new and interesting to them as to other boys of their ages, and they often felt that they were very lucky lads to see so much.

When they got the chance, they liked to talk to people who did not know who they were, but in this way they sometimes heard rather awkward speeches. Once, for instance, when they had taken passage on the mail steamer to go from Albany to Adelaide, in Australia, it happened to be the duty of one of the royal boys to board her as "midshipman in charge of the guard-boat." While he was on deck talking to the officers of the passenger-steamer, one of them remarked, "What a nuisance it is that the princes are going to Adelaide with us!" Rather startled, the prince answered: "Yes, I quite agree with you; it would be." A few minutes later some one introduced the astonished officer to the prince, and they had a good laugh together.

During their travels, the princes bought and received as presents a great variety of curiosities, including many living animals, which they intended to add to the Sandringham "Zoo." Among these was a white cockatoo, which lived in the stoke-hole and learned a number of "graceful tricks" from the chief engineer, such as imitating, to a nicety, all the sounds "of getting up ashes at sea." Another great pet was a young kangaroo which, at meal-times, used to go all round the ship to beg for biscuits and other dainties. Unhap-

pily it liked to sleep curled up on the anchor hung over the ship's side, and one day it was reported missing!

Of course in such a long voyage, the *Bacchante* had her share of stormy weather. Indeed, for several days, when in the latitudes which sailors call "the roaring forties," on the way from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, the vessel was in serious peril. During a violent gale, when she had lost sight of the other ships of the squadron, some of her sails were split to ribbons, and her rudder was so twisted or broken by a great wave that the ship became unmanageable. The mishap occurred between ten and eleven at night, and "for a few seconds it was doubtful what would happen." "It was now," wrote the princes, "one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed upon, though we hope never to be in similar circumstances or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale." For hours the *Bacchante* lay at the mercy of the waves, constantly washed with heavy seas, and drifting helplessly toward the south pole. At last they contrived to get her head round, "pointing north for Australia," and so with difficulty they

land Islands and the princes were joyously anticipating seeing the Andes, and also the west coasts of North America, when orders came that the squadron must make a "demonstration" at the



KING GEORGE INSPECTING A BATTALION OF BOY SCOUTS.

cape, for it was the time of the first Boer War. Needless to say, the desires of the queen's grandsons received no more consideration than those of any other "middies." All had simply to obey orders.

When at last the voyage ended, the brothers, to their great regret, had to separate. Prince Eddy went to Cambridge to take up the studies thought necessary to fit him for his future position as King of England. But Prince George, who intended to devote himself in earnest to the life of a naval officer, became a midshipman on board the *Canada*, and so, when he was about seventeen years of age, paid his first visit to North America. He worked hard and rose, step by step, to the rank of captain. He loved his work, and some people think that, in addition to his grief



KING GEORGE IN A STATE CARRIAGE.

ran to Albany. This was their most dangerous experience during their three years' cruise.

In spite of their enjoyment of the voyage, the princes more than once were obliged to give up their long-cherished wishes. For instance, it had been planned originally that the *Bacchante* should sail round the world. She had reached the Falk-

land Islands and the princes were joyously anticipating seeing the Andes, and also the west coasts of North America, when orders came that the squadron must make a "demonstration" at the

cape, for it was the time of the first Boer War. Needless to say, the desires of the queen's grandsons received no more consideration than those of any other "middies." All had simply to obey orders.

“AS REGULAR AS A CLOCK”

WHEN things go just a certain way,
As steady as can be,
They 're “regular as a clock,” we say;
Now that 's what puzzles me.

A clock 's not regular at all;
I know this for a fact,—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.

Now our clock, why, it 's just as sure,
When I am having fun,
And bedtime hour is drawing near,
To break into a run!

And through the night it gallops on,
Until, to my surprise,
It 's morning, and I know that I
Have hardly closed my eyes.

Then when I go to see the boys—
I often wonder why—
The hours go by so very fast,
They seem to fairly fly.

But then, sometimes, when I 'm in school,
It 's just the other way;
The old clock goes so slow, so slow,
It seems the longest day!

And when it 's near vacation-time,
That is the worst of all;
It 's slower than the slowest snail;
It scarcely seems to crawl!

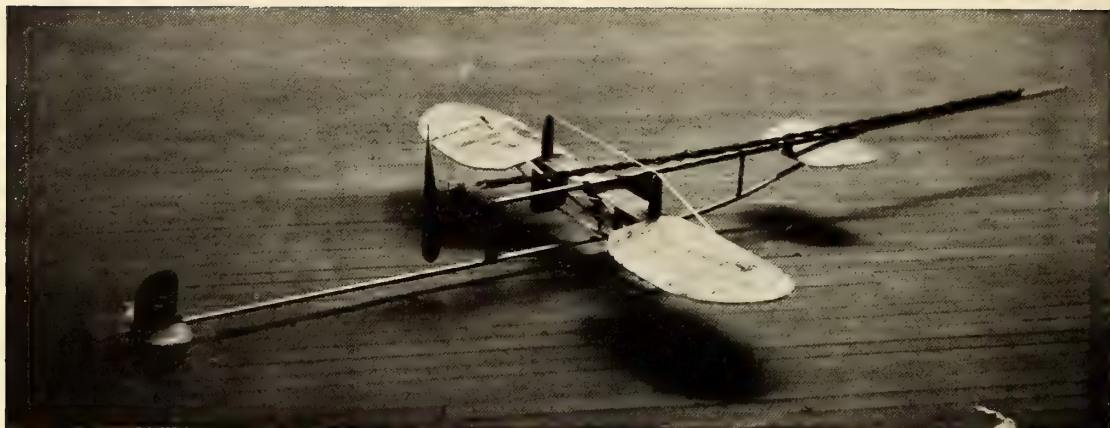
A clock 's not “regular” at all;
I know this for a fact,—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.

H. H. Pierson.



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“VIEWING THE PROCESSION.” BY FANNIE MOODY.



A NOTABLE MODEL POSSESSING UNUSUAL STABILITY. BUILT BY W. S. HOWELL, JR.

MODEL AÉROPLANES OF 1911

THIRD PAPER—PARLOR AVIATION

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aéroplanes"

A MODEL glider, or aéroplane without a motor, will be found perhaps as entertaining a toy as the power-driven machine. It is much simpler, of course, to build and adjust a successful glider even than the most elementary model aéroplane. With the problem of the motor and propeller removed, the cost of construction besides is reduced to practically nothing. Here is excellent entertainment for those who have not the time or patience for model-building. A graceful glide of successive waving lines makes a beautiful spectacle.

Fascinating little paper models, reproducing the famous man-carrying machines, the Wright, Bleriot, and others, may be put together in a few minutes. With a little adjustment they may be made to fly from fifty to one hundred times their length. A paper Bleriot biplane six inches in length, for instance, may be made to sail for from twenty-five to fifty feet, and so on. This will be the horizontal distance traversed; the actual distance measured in long, undulating curves may be considerably more. Such flights do not consist merely of a long diagonal to earth, but of several surprising upward sweeps, well worth the trouble of construction.

An hour's entertainment, no less interesting than instructive, may be enjoyed with a series of these paper gliders. A different model might be prepared for each guest, and a prize or favor offered for the longest or most spectacular flight.

The little gliders will cross a large room before coming down. The various aéroplanes nowadays are so familiar that in any gathering will be found several who favor, for instance, a Wright over a Curtiss or a Bleriot, and will take a lively interest in the rivalry of the various models.

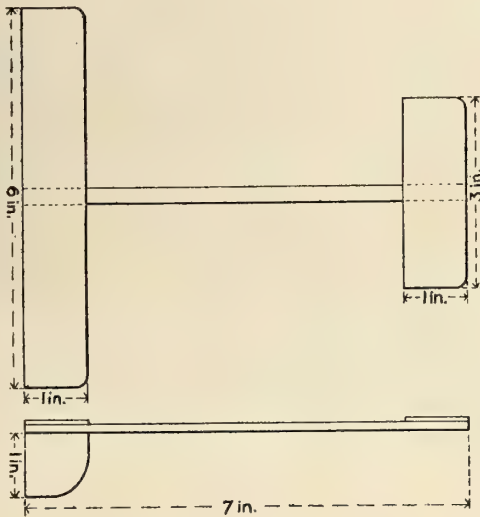
Begin with a very simple model. You will soon learn the trick of judging the size of the supporting surfaces and the spacing. The Antoinette aéroplane is probably the easiest one to imitate. From a sheet of ordinary writing-paper cut the form indicated in Fig. A. If the paper be rather heavy, it may be made six inches in length. By folding the paper and making one cutting, it will be found much easier to make the wings even and symmetrical. The two sides should be fixed at a broad dihedral angle. To keep the little airship on an even keel you will need to add a weight to the front; a large pin or paper clip will answer. Launch the glider by holding it horizontally and throwing slightly forward. If it darts downward, lighten the ballast. If it falls backward, "sitting on its tail," add more weight at the front.

Your glider will, of course, travel to the ground along the line of least resistance, and the trick is to adjust the center of gravity and center of pressure that this descent may be as gradual as possible. The gliding angle, as it is called, or the angle between the course of the model in flight and the ground, should be about one in five. In other words, the glider descends one foot for

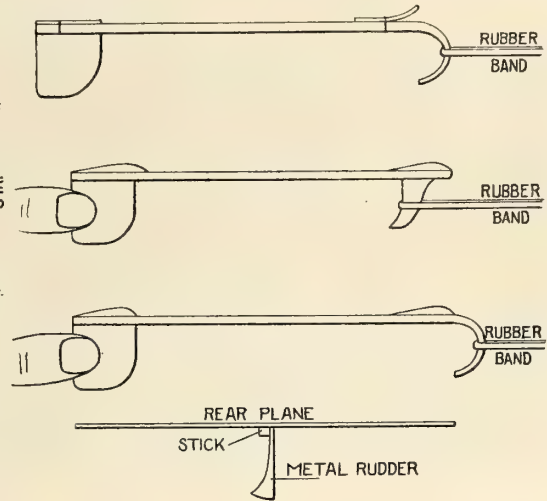
every five feet it travels forward. Practically all the famous monoplanes may be reproduced in this way.

A variety of gliders may be made in a general

the struts one and a half inches in length, and bend over the corners at right angles, one quarter of an inch from either end. These should be pasted in position, always keeping the edge of the



A SIMPLE MODEL GLIDER.



DESIGNS FOR SLING-SHOT GLIDERS.

arrow form. These arrows may be made about a foot in length and three or four inches in width. The horizontal surface, it should be borne in mind, is the supporting surface, while the vertical surface gives the flight direction. These gliders will also require weighting at the forward end. They should be thrown forward with rather more force than in the case of the Antoinette.

The biplanes such as the Wright and Curtiss aeroplanes may be reproduced very easily in paper. They fly best when made about six inches

struts edgewise, so that they will offer the least resistance in flight.

Connect the two biplanes by strips of paper six inches in length pasted on the lower planes or main deck of the little aeroplane. The forward planes should be fixed at a slightly elevated angle by running struts from the connecting strips to the upper plane. The accompanying picture, on this page, will show how simple this is. The biplanes, as a rule, require no weighting. To launch them, hold them high in the air and merely let go. They fly best with their larger planes forward. By varying the angle of the front plane, you can soon bring it to an even keel. A vertical rudder placed three inches behind the main plane will increase the model's directional stability.



Antoinette Monoplane.

Wright Biplane

FIGURE A. PAPER GLIDERS.

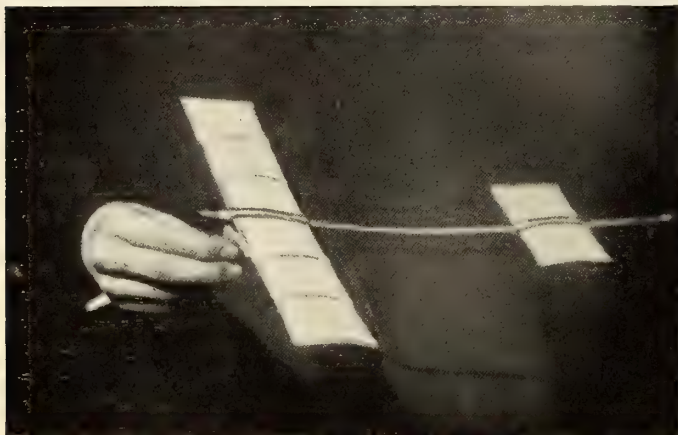
in length. Cut the two sheets of paper for the main planes one inch by six inches, and round off the corners on one side. Two similar sheets, one by three inches, will be required for the smaller plane in the rear. The planes are held in position by a series of paper struts, and should be separated by a distance equal to their width, in this case one inch. Cut the slips of paper to form

one inch and the second two by half an inch. You will also need a vertical rudder one inch square. Round off the corners slightly, and glue the planes at either end of the stick and exactly on a level. Now fasten the rudder at right angles to the planes beneath the larger plane. If it dips, the front plane is too far forward, while if it rises too quickly the front plane must be brought back.

The paper gliders form an excellent kindergarten preparation to the study of aviation, leading up to the construction of large model gliders. You will thus gain a skill in adjusting the planes and fixing the centers of gravity and of pressure,

turning the forward edges up slightly, the glider may be made to travel upward in a variety of graceful curves.

The best glider for launching on the sling-shot principle is made from planes cut from thin metal sheets. Aluminium is the best material, but a very thin tin will answer. A one-foot model glider will be found the easiest size to manage. Cut one plane eight inches in length by three in width, and the second five inches by two inches. Round off the corners on one side of each plane, leaving a straight line for the front or entering edge.



A COVERED-FRAME SLING-SHOT GLIDER.

which will prove valuable later on. The possibilities of glider-building come as a surprise to the layman in such matters.

THE SLING-SHOT GLIDER

A FASCINATING field of experiment is opened by combining the sling-shot principle with the ordinary glider. The speed with which one can launch a glider from the hand is, of course, limited. Use a small strand of rubber to launch the planes, and the increased speed will not only lengthen the flight surprisingly, but make possible a really remarkable spectacular flight. A small glider may be made to return to the starting-point or even loop the loop two or three times before touching the ground. By a simple adjustment of the planes, these curves may be varied indefinitely.

When you have adjusted your glider to fly well, try the same arrangement of planes on a piece of reed, say, eight inches in length, and bend the end over in the form of a hook. By heating the cane over a flame, you can make it turn without breaking and hold its position. Now loop a single rubber band over your thumb and forefinger, and passing the hook over the rubber, pull back exactly as you would use a sling-shot. As you release the glider, pull your other hand quickly out of range. By using a heavier paper, one which will hold its shape, and

Mount the planes on a strip of reed or cane about eighteen inches in length. In all these gliders the forward plane is made the smaller, thereby reducing the head resistance as far as possible. The metal planes should be slightly flexed by bending them to a slight concave above the horizontal and just back of the front edge. The forward end of the stick should be bent into a large hook by heating or first soaking in water.

Since your glider is intended to travel at a comparatively high speed, the planes may be mounted much farther apart than in the case of a glider launched from the hand. Try them first ten inches apart, and afterward adjust them to suit. The rubber used for launching the glider should be fairly heavy, say three strands of one-eighth-inch rubber or its equivalent. The end of the hook may possibly need adjusting so that it

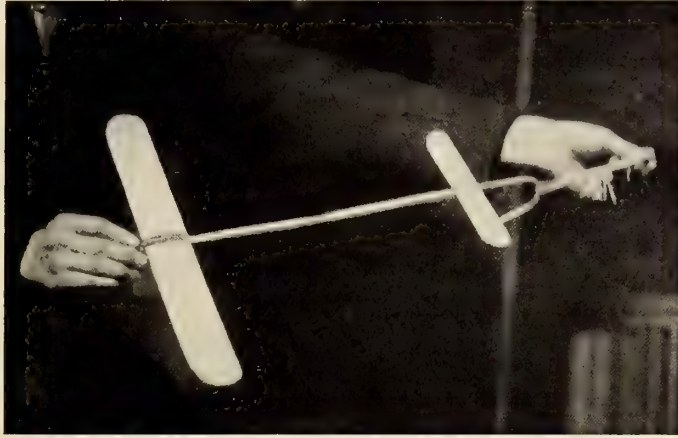


AN EFFICIENT SLING-SHOT GLIDER. BUILT BY JOHN ROCHE.

will escape from the rubber on being released. It will be found an easy matter to obtain long, graceful glides from this model from the first. By launching it upward, it may rise to a considerable height. When you have caught the trick of launching your glider with sufficient force, try a spectacular flight. Set your forward plane at an

angle by inserting a block of wood between the stick. In the case of metal planes, bend up the front edge. A very slight upward elevation will answer. Gradually increase this angle until the

course, the paper model, is made entirely of wood. A glider two feet in length will be found a good size to experiment with. The model should be much heavier than an aëroplane, so that one need not take the care in its construction to reduce weight which may make the construction of a model tedious. A glider of this size may weigh upward of one pound. Under favorable conditions it will glide for one hundred feet when launched from the hand, while if it is thrown from an elevation, an upper window or a hilltop, it may travel considerably farther.



AN EXCELLENT GLIDER WITH WOODEN PLANES.

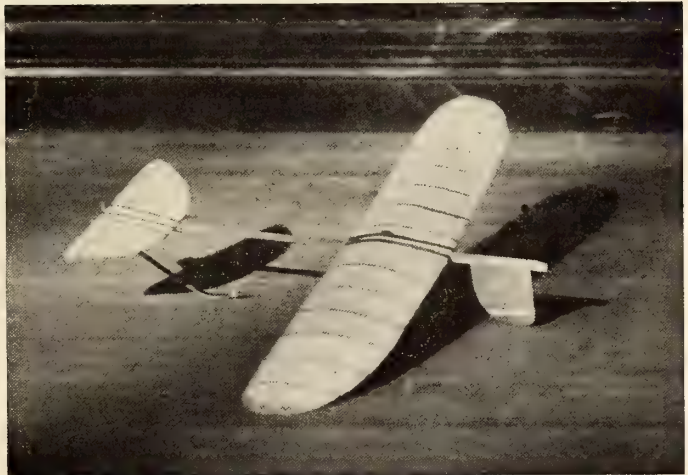
model sweeps upward and turns on itself. You will soon be able to make the glider describe a complete circle or loop the loop twice before landing. When traveling at such a high rate of speed, your glider is likely to be dangerous and might inflict a bad cut, and the flight should only be attempted where one has plenty of room.

These flights may be still further varied by adjusting the rear edge of the vertical plane or rudder. By turning the rudder to the right, for instance, the glider may be made to travel to the left, or the direction may be reversed. In this way the glider may be made to describe a complete horizontal circle or several circles. By launching the glider upward with this adjustment, it may be made to fly in a graceful spiral.

The success of a glider depends more upon its modeling and finish of its planes than in the case of the model aëroplane. It must gain as much support as possible from the air, since it has no motive power to keep it aloft. Its head resistance must also be cut down. The ordinary cloth-covered planes, which serve well enough for an ordinary model aëroplane, will not carry a glider far. The planes must, therefore, be of metal or wood, or when built-up planes are used they must be of the most careful workmanship without a crease or wrinkle.

The simplest form of glider, excepting, of

ners should be slightly rounded, and the rear edges cut sharply away. These planes may be flexed by steaming. Hold the section to be bent over the spout of a tea-kettle until the wood is soft and pliable enough to bend. If it does not soften sufficiently, immerse the wood in boiling water. The plane should be flexed slightly upward just back of the forward edge.



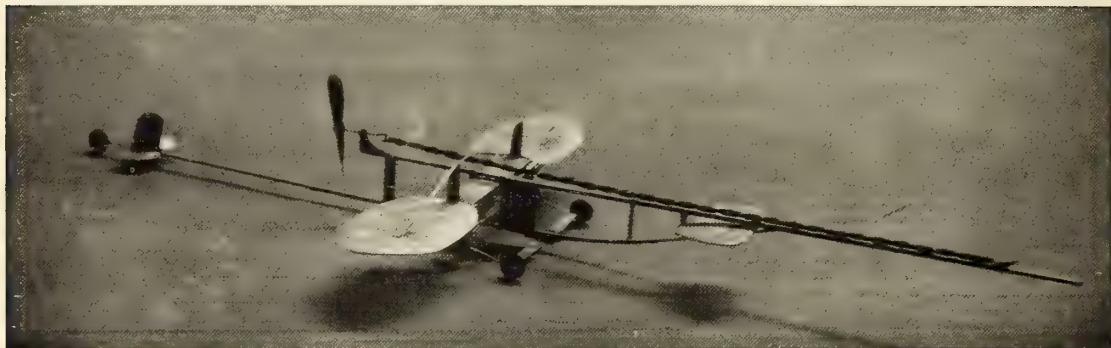
AN EFFECTIVE GLIDER. BUILT BY R. S. BARNABY.

To hold it in position until it has dried and assumed shape, bend it over a stick laid on a board, and fasten the plane down by driving brads around the edges and bending them over to keep it down. Indeed, you should leave it in this position until it is dry and hard before testing it.

Your glider will fly better with a vertical rudder, as in the case of the paper models. The rudder should be cut from a thin board of the same material about six inches square. Round off one corner, and plane or sandpaper this edge, which will be the entering edge. The entering edges of the front plane should be prepared in the same way to reduce the head resistance as much as possible. Nail this rudder to the side of the stick directly beneath the rear or larger plane. It will be still better if you mortise it neatly into the center of the stick.

The glider is thrown with the smaller end forward. For the trial flight, mount the smaller plane at the extreme forward end, and then move it backward as you test it out, until the glider moves on an even keel. To launch the glider, grasp the central stick from beneath at the point where it balances, and throw it forward with all

your might. Since it travels at a much higher speed than a power-driven model aéroplane, it requires much less supporting surface, while the planes may be spaced much farther apart. When you have adjusted the planes, try throwing your glider at an upward angle of, say, forty-five degrees. It should rise swiftly to a height of upward of fifty feet, turn backward on itself, and even describe a graceful upward curve before coming down. Now try throwing it into the wind or against a moderately strong breeze. Its course is likely to be very irregular. It will dip and rise at many unexpected angles, and probably travel several hundred feet in all before landing. During the past year a model glider has been built by Mr. W. S. Howell, Jr., which flew a horizontal distance of 650 feet, while the actual length of the flights has been upward of 2000 feet. It is a beautiful model, as the pictures show.



FRONT VIEW OF MODEL BUILT BY W. S. HOWELL, JR.

A SURPRISE

BY S. J. BRIGHAM

HOMEWARD through the meadow-grass
Wet with evening dew,
Through the stately goldenrod,
Like a bird I flew,
Bearing gentians in my hand,
Beautiful and blue.

"See!" I said, and held my flowers
In the gas-light's glow;
"See, I found them fast asleep
By the brook below,
Where the lovely goldenrod
And the wild grapes grow."

While I spoke the fringed lids
Slowly seemed to rise,
As if by some magic touch;
And, to my surprise,
Every little gentian blue
Opened wide its eyes.

Now my song is not a myth,
Every word is true;
When another autumn comes
You may try it too.
You will be no more surprised
Than the gentians blue.



"'WHAT 'S ALL THAT FOR?' WAS RED'S FIRST QUESTION."

THE SILVERTON REVOLUTION

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS

"COME on, Red! We're waiting. Come on; hurry!"

Red put his head over the edge of the hammock in an exasperating, slow way, and demanded, "Why? where? what?"

"Because if we don't hurry we won't get done before dark; up to the top of Clover Hill; to pile up stuff for the biggest bonfire Silverton has ever seen."

"Good-by. Let me sleep. We 've more than two weeks before the Fourth. And, anyhow, I can't seem to get up any enthusiasm for bonfires with the thermometer climbing like a monkey."

"Oh, Red, come along; the fellows want you."

After an exaggerated snore had failed to convince Tom that he was n't going, Red sat up and reflected for a moment. Then he took his cap and strolled slowly toward the hill.

But he protested that the walk was too long; he complained that they had not rigged a cable-car to carry them to the top of the hill; he groaned

over the heat, and in short acted like anything but a boy out for a frolic. When he reached the top of the hill, he sat down on a box and watched the others working for a while.

"Come on and help!" the indignant boys demanded.

"You fellows come over here for a minute, first," he returned, and as usual the boys did exactly what Red suggested.

"What 's all that for?" was his first question.

"For a great big Fourth of July bonfire. We 'll light it at midnight of the third, and we 'll bring our fire-crackers and cannon along, and a few tin horns for emphasis, and I 'll bet no one within a mile of the hill sleeps again that night. It will light up the country for miles around, and will make a dandy celebration."

This was the explanation given him by the half-dozen boys.

"Well, after what I saw last year, all this looks

like a little kid's celebration to me," said Red, calmly. "I've outgrown that sort of thing."

"Where you were last year," cried Tom. "Why, Red Elsmore, you were in a *city*, where they did n't have any Fourth of July. And you made a rumpus about going, too. You said you would n't have a bit of fun, that there would n't be so much as a fire-cracker exploded in the whole place."

"Yes, I remember how you said you wished you could stay with us until after the Fourth. You were sure you could n't have a bit of fun," said Don, with great emphasis.

"Was I?" smiled Red. "Well, that was one of the few times in my long and checkered career when I have been mistaken. I had the time of my life. And fire-crackers! Why, I was associated with a bunch of twenty of the biggest ones you ever saw."

"How big were they?"

"Oh, about five feet long."

"Oh, come out of your dream, Red. They don't make them that big, you know. Why, when they blew up they would smash all the houses!"

"Well, these did n't blow up. Not that I know of. But I had more fun that day than I ever had in all the other Fourth's of my life put together."

"Well, tell us about it," they said.

So Red told.

"I did say before I went that they would n't have any Fourth of July there. Well, they had the real thing. It was n't just an imported Chinese celebration, with a lot of noise. They had an American kind. I went to stay with my cousin. His class were going into the parade, and they said I might go too. And how do you suppose we dressed? Why, as giant fire-crackers. I tell you we made a hit, and we took a prize—but I'm getting ahead of my story. I had heard quite a lot about how they got up the parade because my Aunt Maud was on a committee that was helping to manage things. They just asked all the schools, and Sunday-schools, and societies to send their young folk in marching bodies, or on floats. There was no one in the parade that was over twenty, except the bands and the policemen. You could put on funny clothes, or you could dress up as historical characters. Those that were to march together drilled for a fortnight, so that they would keep step well, and then on the morning of the parade they went to the square together, and the marshals gave them their place in the parade. We marched out to a big park and past a reviewing stand where the prizes were awarded. We "fire-crackers" had a place near the beginning, so when we got to the park, I had a chance to stop and see most of the parade come in. I was glad of it, seeing I came from a be-

nighted town where the fellows still shoot fire-crackers instead of having a parade. I knew I'd have to tell you all about it, and explain to you how behind the times we are, out here.

"Well, there were marching bodies of 'Uncle Sams,' and 'George Washingtons,' and some boys on ponies were 'Paul Reveres,' though they could n't go fast. There was one lot of fellows dressed like backwoodsmen, and there were soldiers, and sailors, and Indians, and farmers, and some Scotch boys came as 'Highlanders,' but they carried the good old Stars and Stripes. The girls were 'Columbias,' and 'Priscillas,' and 'Martha Washingtons,' and Quakers, and Puritans, and 'Pocahontases,' and fairies, and a lot more I don't remember. But the floats—fellows, you should have seen them! There was one showing the signing of the Declaration, and with John Hancock, and Franklin, and all those old fellows represented by boys in costume. And they had the First Thanksgiving, and the ringing of the Liberty Bell, and Washington's Farewell, and a Colonial home with the spinning-wheel, and all sorts of old-fashioned things. An Italian society sent a float showing Columbus before the council, doing his egg trick. And I tell you that was a great one."

When Red paused for breath, some one said: "Well, our little town can't have a parade like that."

"Yes, we can!" said Red. "And the managers there said it would be a lot more interesting in smaller places. People would know each other, and they could get together afterward for a sort of a picnic in a grove. Of course, our parade can't be as long as theirs, but what there is of it can be just as good."

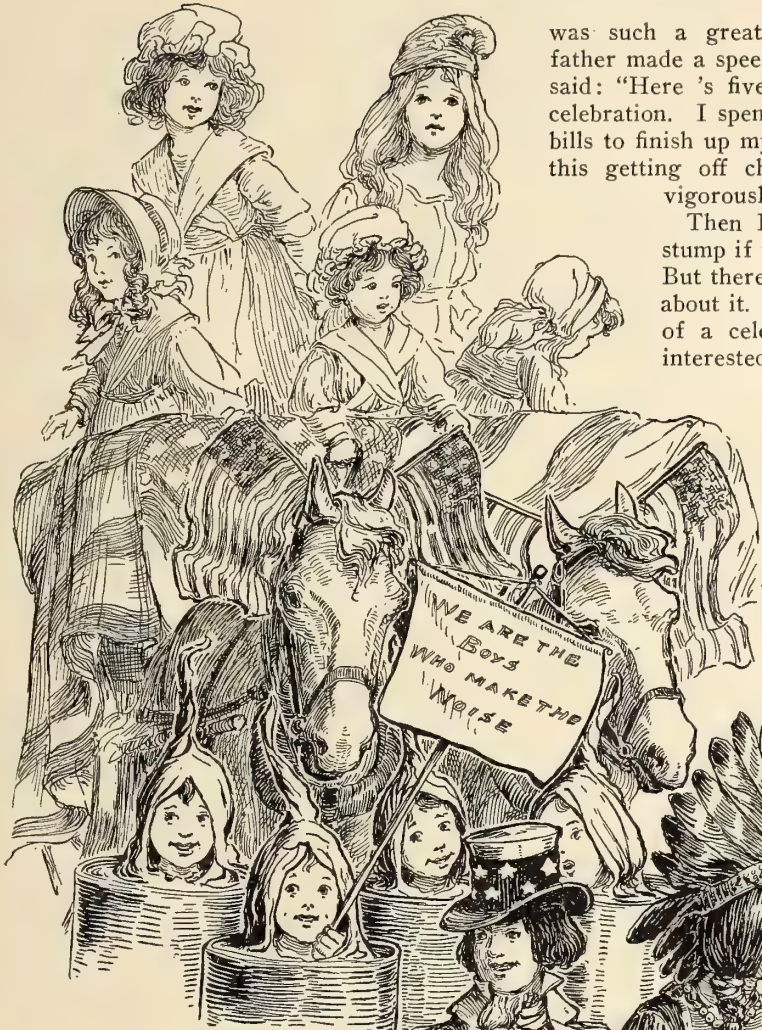
"But it will cost a lot," said another objector.

"Not a lot," said Red. "We can all put our fireworks money in, and the grown-up folks will help us. You'll see."

"Let's do it!" said Tom, rather unexpectedly.

Red evidently forgot that the thermometer was climbing. He suddenly sat upright, and began dividing the boys off, in committees, to see various people, and find out if they would help. And he ordered all the boys to report on his side porch that very evening, as the time was so short. "There'll be fresh cookies—the kind that Mother makes"—I'll guarantee that, and lots of lemonade," said Red in conclusion. And the new Fourth of July committees started out.

When they met that night, discouragement was written over most of the faces. Red wisely passed the refreshments before he began to talk. There were three or four mothers and one solitary father present. When they began their re-



THE SILVERTON PARADE.

ports it seemed that everybody to whom they applied had told them it was too late for this year. The one merchant who had a large stock of fireworks was indignant that they should consider anything that might lessen his sales; but the grocers, on the other hand, would be glad to see fireworks permanently banished from Silvertown.

The mothers, when they spoke, wished the thing might be done,—they would so like to see a better celebration of the Fourth,—but they did not know *how* it could be done. It

was such a great undertaking. The solitary father made a speech that was to the point. He said: "Here 's five dollars to help out in your celebration. I spent twenty last year in doctor's bills to finish up my boy's celebrating, and I call this getting off cheap." They applauded him vigorously.

Then Red began: "We 'd be up a stump if we had to start this ourselves. But there is a lady here who knows all about it. Last year she wanted this kind of a celebration, but no one seemed interested. Now she can use the plans she made, and tell us what to do, and we 'll turn in and do it. I ask to hear from Mrs. Wayne, please."

The person who stepped forward was a wealthy woman who made her summer home in Silvertown. The town people did not know her very well, but all who did know her admired and loved her. As soon as she began to speak in a confident, neighborly way, every one felt that a real Fourth of July was assured.

"First, I want a secretary," she said; "some one who doesn't

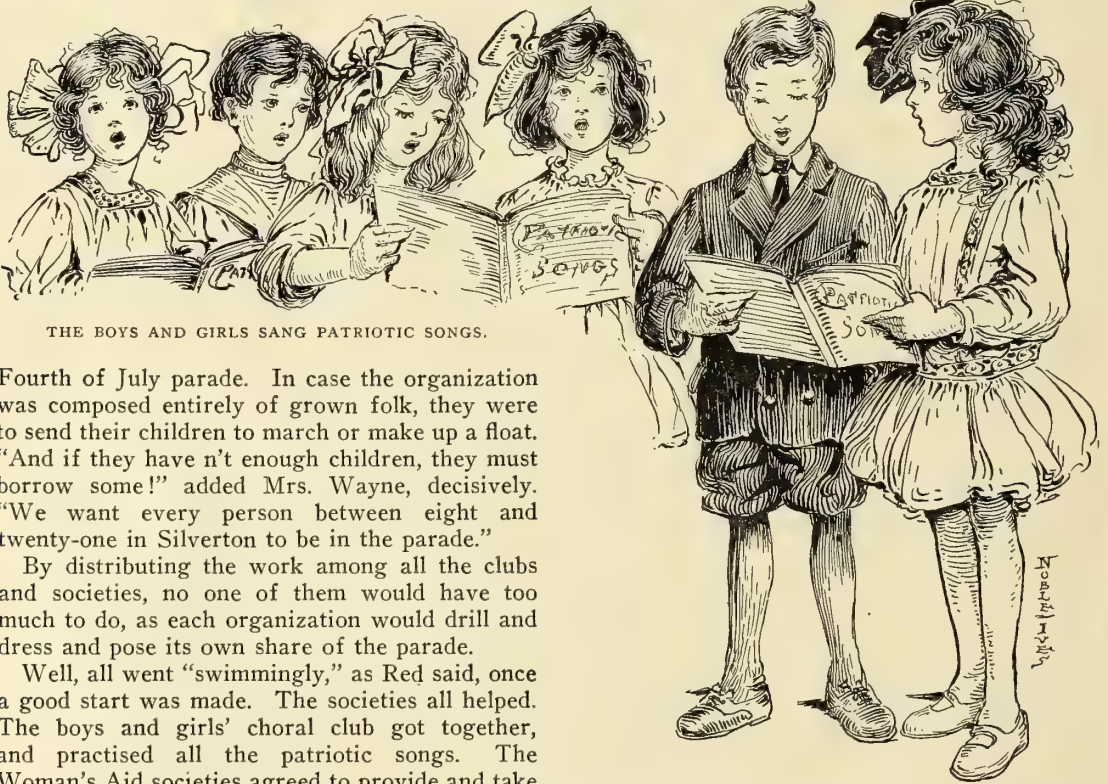


mind a lot of writing." The boys all called for "Shorty," and, of course, it was the tallest boy in the crowd who blushing made his way to the little table beside Mrs. Wayne.

"Now," she said, "I want you to make out a list of all the organizations in the town. I want the names of organized classes in the Sunday-schools, of the literary societies, the boys' and girls' clubs, the lodges, and we want the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. in the list."

All the committees helped prepare the list. Then Mrs. Wayne portioned it off among them. The head of each organization was to be visited the very next morning, and was to be asked to send either a marching body or a float for the

was twice as long, and "ten times as beautiful," as people had expected. There was a fire-cracker brigade such as Red had told about. There were jolly "Uncle Sams," and Indians, and cow-boys, and backwoodsmen, and lovely "Libertys," and demure Puritans and Quakers. When they reached the grove, the choral society sang its songs, and everybody joined in the familiar airs. Then Ellen Chambers recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, turning at the right point to the group of veterans who represented Silvertown's branch of the Grand Army of the Republic. Red had been chosen to read the Declaration, and the old words seemed to grow again in the memory as his earnest voice brought out all their eloquence and meaning.



THE BOYS AND GIRLS SANG PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Fourth of July parade. In case the organization was composed entirely of grown folk, they were to send their children to march or make up a float. "And if they have n't enough children, they must borrow some!" added Mrs. Wayne, decisively. "We want every person between eight and twenty-one in Silvertown to be in the parade."

By distributing the work among all the clubs and societies, no one of them would have too much to do, as each organization would drill and dress and pose its own share of the parade.

Well, all went "swimmingly," as Red said, once a good start was made. The societies all helped. The boys and girls' choral club got together, and practised all the patriotic songs. The Woman's Aid societies agreed to provide and take charge of the picnic in the beautiful grove at the edge of the town. They had collected enough money to pay the band, but in a burst of generosity, it volunteered its services. The farmers willingly contributed their wagons for the floats. So the money bought quantities of flags, and gay parasols, and ice-cream for everybody.

THE morning of the Fourth dawned clear and fine. With a capable marshal to direct the various groups and floats to their places, the parade formed on the town square without confusion. It

With the young folk in mind, Judge Allen made his speech short and simple. When he said he hoped the old destructive Fourth was gone forever, and that a real American celebration such as they were enjoying would henceforth be the order, the people cheered until the woods rang.

It was a happy day. There was fun every minute from the time the first eager child woke and begged to be dressed for the parade, until the athletic events of the day were over at sunset.

"The Silvertown Revolution," as the townfolk called it, was a great success.

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER XVII

CAL BUYS A SUIT

"WE ought to elect officers," suggested Hoop. "I'll be president."

"You subside. Molly's president." This from Sandy. "And I'll be secretary, and Ned'll be—"

"This is a mighty funny election," interrupted The Fungus. "What am I?"

"You're a toadstool," said Spud, severely. "I move that Ned be elected something, and that I be made treasurer."

"There won't be anything to treasure, Spud," said Molly, "except the apples."

"Oh, we'll have initiation fees and dues," responded Spud, cheerfully. "Pay up, please; I need the money."

"Better let Ned be treasurer, then," said Sandy. "He needs the money worse. He's shy eight dollars."

That aroused Molly's curiosity, and she had to be told of the mysterious disappearance of Ned's money, first having been sworn to secrecy.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Ned!" said Molly. "And I don't mind your being a diplomat now."

"I've always heard," remarked The Fungus, "that diplomacy was an expensive career."

"I tell you what!" Molly beamed brightly across at Ned. "I'll think about it to-night when I'm going to sleep, and see if I can't dream where it is, Ned."

Spud made a gesture of triumph. "Ned, your money's as good as found!" he declared.

"Well, you need n't laugh," Molly protested. "I have found things that way—once I *know* of. When I was a little girl I lost my doll, and I felt just terribly about it. We hunted everywhere for her, Mama and Nurse and I, and I was so unhappy that I cried myself to sleep after Nurse had gone. And in the night I dreamed that she was hidden under the oak chest in the hall!"

"The nurse?" Ned asked.

"No, my doll, stupid! And when I got up in the morning I went down and looked, and there she was! Now, was n't that—remarkable?"

"It was. But you see, Molly, we have n't any oak chest in our hall."

"We might get one, though," said Spud, with a smile of mock helpfulness.

Molly pouted very prettily, and said with a shrug: "Oh, if you're going to make fun of me—"

"We're not," protested Ned. "It's a wonderful scheme. You go ahead and dream, Molly, and see what happens."

"Maybe you'd better eat some mince-pie or Welsh rarebit or something before you go to bed," said Sandy, "so you'll be sure to dream."

"I always dream," replied Molly, "every night of my life. And some of them are just beautiful!"

"I wish mine were," said Spud. "Mine are just awful. You and Cal ought to compare dreams. Cal has a fine time dreaming, don't you, Cal? Remember the night Ned lost his money you dreamed of thieves?"

"Really?" cried Molly. "Then it was thieves that took your money, Ned!"

"I guess it was—if the money was taken. I think, though, that I just mislaid it."

"Gracious!" said The Fungus, admiringly. "You talk of mislaying eight dollars as though it was eight cents! I wish I was rich like that."

"I tell you what you do, Molly," said Spud. "You dream about sixteen dollars instead of eight, and then when Ned finds it, you and I'll divide the other eight!"

"Spud, you're too silly for anything," said Molly, severely.

"He is," Sandy agreed. "We've got to be going, fellows. We've had a very nice time, Molly."

"Yes, thanks, and we'll come again," said The Fungus.

"Next Sunday, then," Molly replied. "Don't forget. The Pippin Club meets every Sunday afternoon."

"In their club-house on—on Apple Avenue," added Spud. "I move a vote of thanks to the president for her hospitality. All will signify by taking another apple. It is so moved. As treasurer, I'll take two."

"A terrible thought strikes me," said Dutch, as they left the club-house. "We'll probably have apple-sauce for supper!"

A groan, loud, prolonged, and dismal, arose on the afternoon air. Spud viewed the two pippins in his hands and shook his head over them.

"They don't look as good as they did," he muttered. "I think I'll just put them back—in my pocket."

They said good-by to Molly at the steps, who waved her hand at them from the porch, and then

ambled back to West House, munching as they went, all "charter" members of the Pippin Club.

"THAT sounds like business, what?" asked Spud of Cal, as he read the notice in School Building Monday morning. "House Eleven: Practice at 3:45 sharp to-day. No cuts. Brooks, Captain."

"Well," Spud went on, "I hope Brooksie won't take it out on The Fungus for that beastly fumble. Was n't that the meanest luck ever? Between you and me, Cal, Fungus ought to have recovered that ball. He had lots of time. It looked like a case of stage-fright. I guess Fungus was so horrified at what he'd done he could n't move for a second. But he will make good all right if Brooksie does n't take him off to-day. And I don't believe he will. For Brooksie has a lot of common sense."

Spud was right in his surmise. The Fungus went back to his place at left half-back that afternoon, just as though there had n't been any fumble. It was the hardest practice of the season, and lasted until it was almost too dark to see the ball with any certainty. Brooks was trying to make his machine run smoothly. All the parts were there, and they represented plenty of power, but so far the full power had n't materialized. A foot-ball team is like, we will say, an engine which is rated at twenty horse-power. If the engine runs smoothly it will develop its twenty, but if the parts are n't assembled just right, if each one is n't timed exactly with the others, there's a loss of power, and the twenty is perhaps no better than a fifteen. So it was with the House Team. Brooks, who had, as Spud said, a lot of common sense—and a good deal of foot-ball sense added to it—realized that his team represented the best of the material at hand and that if it was to develop the power of which it was capable it must be perfectly adjusted. So that afternoon and every other afternoon that week the constant cry was, "Get together!" The back-field was the chief offender. Play after play was pulled off—the team had a repertoire of fourteen at this stage—and always some one was too early or too late. Brooks argued and explained and pleaded and scolded. Ned gave way to Westlake at right half, and Morris took M'Crae's place at quarter, and still things went wrong. Hoop went into the line for Brooks, so that the captain might coach from back of the team. A thing that exasperated Brooks was that over on the Hall gridiron the rival team was running through its signals with all the smoothness that the House Eleven lacked. But Rome was n't built in a day, and Brooks told himself that it was something accomplished if he had only made

the fellows understand what was wanted. Perhaps to-morrow or the next day they would put his preaching into practice. It was a very tired group of players and substitutes that trailed back to the gymnasium at dusk. The Hall Team had long since disappeared, and they had the gymnasium to themselves. Brooks, attired scantily in a generous bath-towel, spoke a few words to his weary team-mates on his way to the shower.

"You fellows can play this game the way it ought to be played," he said; "play it well enough to lick the Hall. But you won't until you can get it into your heads that a foot-ball team is n't made up of eleven fellows each acting for himself, but of eleven fellows acting as one. You know your plays, but you don't know how to use them. That's what the trouble is. Hall has n't any better material than we have, in spite of the fact that she has more fellows to draw from. But Hall gets together. The line and the ends and the back work like so many different parts of a watch, and the result is nice smooth foot-ball. You fellows in the line are doing pretty well, but the backs are n't helping you along. Now to-morrow I want to see this team take hold and run through its plays like clockwork. If it does n't, there's going to be another victory for Hall on Saturday. I'm doing all I can. Now it's up to you fellows."

Brooks disappeared into the bath. Then Brad Miller whistled a tune softly and stole bathward, and one after another the rest followed, as many as there was room for, while the balance waited, subdued and chastened.

On Tuesday, practice was no less vigorous, but Brooks let them off after an hour and a quarter. There was some improvement noticeable. Cal got in at left tackle for a while and did well; so well that Dutch, relegated to the substitutes, looked distinctly anxious. It was almost supper-time when West House reached home. On the steps sat Molly, a red ribbon pinned to the front of her gown in honor of the houses. Mrs. Linn had been talking to her from the doorway, but hurried kitchenward when the boys appeared.

"I did n't see you at practice, Molly," said Ned, throwing himself down wearily on the steps.

"No, I did n't go to-day," answered Molly. "I was teaching 'Clara' tennis."

"What? Well, you must be getting on!"

"I don't play very well, of course, Ned, but I know what you have to do, and that's what I was showing 'Clara.'"

"Oh, I see. Where is he?" Ned looked about him.

"He—he went up-stairs." Molly hesitated and looked troubled. "He—he got hit with a ball."

"How awful!" laughed Spud. "Did it kill him?"

"N-no, but it made his nose bleed. It hit him right square on the nose!"

"Why, Molly!" said Spud, in shocked tones, "is that the way you treat your opponents? You ought to be playing foot-ball instead of tennis."

"I did n't mean to, Spud. I just hit a ball across, and he was leaning over the net and did n't see it coming. It—it bled horribly."

"Well, he will be all right," Sandy said comfortingly. "Accidents will happen on the best-regulated courts."

"Just the same," observed Spud, "it is n't considered sportsmanlike to maim your enemy, Molly." But Molly looked so troubled that Spud stopped his efforts at teasing. "I see you're wearing the right color, Molly."

"So is 'Clara,'" murmured Ned.

"Yes, but if you don't beat the Hall next Saturday I'm going to wear blue," she answered. There was a groan of protest at that.

"We're going to win, though," said Spud, sturdily, "are n't we, Cal?"

"I cal'late we'll put up a good fight," was the cautious reply.

"We're going to win!" said The Fungus, vehemently, as he got up. "That's what we're going to do! Now I'll go up and see how 'Clara's' nose is. I hope it is n't damaged. It's a nice little nose."

It was n't damaged, but it presented a reddened and swollen appearance when "Clara" brought it to the supper-table a few minutes later. He had to put up with a good deal of "ragging" from the others.

"I shall have to tell Molly to be more careful with you," said Spud. "You're not used to the gentle ways of women, 'Clara.'"

The incident, however, brought about more trouble for Molly than for her victim, for the following noon, when Cal returned from morning school, Molly called to him from beyond the lilac hedge that separated the two houses.

"Hello!" he said as he went over, "what's the matter with you?" for Molly looked extremely depressed.

"They won't let me go out of the yard to-day," she said mournfully. "And Hoop was going to play tennis with me after dinner."

"Why won't they?" Cal demanded.

"Because I told them about 'Clara's' nose, and Aunt Matilda said that I was to stay at home until I had learned to be more ladylike and careful. And I told her I did n't mean to do it, too!"

"That's a shame!" said Cal, warmly. "It was n't your fault. You could n't have helped it."

"Aunt Matilda says I'm harum-scarum," sighed Molly. "Do you think I am, Cal?"

"I—I cal—I guess I don't just know what that is," he answered. "How long have you got to stay in the yard?"

"I don't know. All of to-day, anyhow. Why, what have you done to your coat, Cal Boland?"

"That! That's just a tear," replied Cal.

"Hoop and I were tussling this morning."

"You must have it mended, or it will get worse. Have n't you another suit you can put on?"

"Only my Sunday one."

"Then you'd better buy one at once," she said severely. "That is n't fit to be seen in, Cal. All the other boys look so nice, too."

Cal viewed as much of his suit as was in sight to him and shook his head ruefully.

"I cal'late I've got to," he said. "Seems like I get into a lot of trouble with my clothes. This was a perfectly good suit when I came here."

Molly laughed.

"Well, it's perfectly good for nothing now. Get a dark suit, Cal, won't you? You'd look so much nicer in dark clothes."

"That's what Ned said. Dark clothes show dirt, though, don't they?"

"They could n't show much more dirt than those do," replied Molly, scornfully. "Just look at those! You ought to be ashamed to be seen in them."

Cal looked a trifle surprised and a little ashamed.

"I guess they are pretty bad," he muttered. "I can have them cleaned, though, can't I?"

"I suppose so, but they'll never be real nice again. You could wear them as a sort of second-best, Cal."

"Y-yes. It's a good deal of a bother, though, having two suits, I cal'late. You'd always have to be changing."

But when he left her, bearing a message to Hoop, he went up to his room and composed a letter to his mother, in which he explained the necessity for new clothes and asked her to send him twelve dollars. Cal had been to the village but once since his arrival at school, and consequently he still retained most of his two dollars and eighty-five cents, and some of this, he "cal'lated," could be added to the twelve dollars if necessary. In the matter of shoes he had been lucky. His own were showing signs of giving out, and when Dutch had offered him the loan of a pair of base-ball shoes with cleated soles, Cal had thankfully accepted. These he wore when playing foot-ball, so saving his own shoes a deal of hard usage. The reply to his letter came promptly two days later, and it read as follows:

You'll soon be wanting some other things besides a suit, my son, and so I send you fifteen dollars instead of the twelve you asked for. Don't forget to have your hair cut every three weeks. It will soon be time for winter underwear, and you are to put on the old ribbed ones first. They are very warm, but won't last long. When you come home at Christmas-time, I will get you another suit of them. Does Mrs. Linn keep your socks darned up for you, and do you need more socks yet, I wonder? There are some gray wool ones here that belonged to your father, but maybe they would be too thick for you. Are your shoes holding out? You were always hard on shoes. Have them mended before they go to pieces. I am glad you are getting on so well with your studies and like your school so much. I would n't play foot-ball very often. The papers are full of accidents to boys playing foot-ball. It must be a very rough game. Nancy is well except for a cold in her chest, and sends love to you. . . .

There was no practice on Friday afternoon, and Cal went shopping. He wanted to ask Ned where to look for his suit, but could n't bring himself to do it. He did ask Spud, but Spud had never bought much besides boots and stockings and ties in Woodfield, and his advice was vague.

"I guess I'd go to the big store opposite the post-office," he said. "I forget the name, but you'll find it all right."

Cal was hoping that Spud would offer to accompany him, but Spud was looking over a few rusty golf-clubs and waiting for Brad Miller to call and take him over to the links, so Cal went off by himself. He had never bought a suit of clothes unassisted, and was filled with misgivings. But they were extraordinarily polite and attentive at Simmons's Boston Store, and it was all over before he knew it, and he was trudging back to West House with a big pasteboard box under his arm. The clerk had offered to deliver it for him in the morning, but Cal, now that he had made the purchase, was eager to get it home and have a good look at himself in the mirror. The house was empty when he reached it, though Hoop and "Clara" and Molly were playing tennis outside. He tried the new suit on and looked it over. It was necessary to get onto a chair in order to see the bottoms of the trousers, and when he saw them, Cal had a vague suspicion that they terminated with far too many wrinkles. He wished he might have Ned's opinion of them. At least, though, he had followed advice and bought a dark suit, and one, too, that would n't easily show dirt. The goods was a strange mixture of black and white, the white consisting of faint lines, forming a double plaid. In effect the suit was dark gray, almost an Oxford, at a distance. The surface was quite rough and seemed to contain more than an ordinary share of tiny splinters of wood.

"I cal'late," he told himself, as he felt of it, "that this sheep must have lived in a lumber-yard!"

The clothes did n't look nearly as natty as they had at the store, and the coat had a perverse way of settling away from his neck at the back. Also, the vest—waistcoat, the man had called it—was decidedly tight across the chest. He wondered whether Marm could n't put the top button over a little for him. No, on the whole, he was n't nearly so satisfied with his purchase as he had been at the Boston Store, but he cal'lated it would do. He got out of it, hung it up in the closet, and stowed the box on a shelf. To-morrow he would put it on and have Marm mend the suit he was wearing. Then he would have it cleaned, if they did n't ask too much, and perhaps it would last him until Christmas. There was one thing to be said for his new clothes, he reflected, as he made his way down-stairs, and that was that they had cost him even less than he had dared hope for. Nine dollars and eighty-five cents was n't much for a whole suit. And he had almost eight dollars left! He cal'lated—no, he *guessed* he was n't such a poor shopper after all!

Down-stairs he found that most of West House had returned and were watching the tennis. Only Dutch and Spud were absent.

"Hello, Cal!" was the greeting of The Fungus. "What have you been doing? Grinding?"

"I've been down-town," answered Cal.

"Thunder! I wish I could go. But what's the use when you have n't any coin? Did you bring anything home with you? Any peanuts or chocolate, Cal?" But Cal shook his head.

"I just bought a suit of clothes," he said.

"Really?" The news seemed to affect them all, The Fungus, Ned, and Sandy, with lively interest and surprise. "Think of that! Why, Cal, you'll be a regular Beau Brummel!"

Cal did n't know what that was, but he smiled good-naturedly.

"It's just a cheap suit," he explained. "This one's getting sort of shabby."

"Now that you speak of it," laughed Sandy, "it does seem a bit worn about the edges."

"Where did you buy it?" asked Ned, gruffly.

"Simmons's."

"A scurvy place," Ned grunted. "I told you where to go."

"I forgot where you said," answered Cal, meekly.

"You could have asked, could n't you?"

"I did n't want to."

Sandy and The Fungus exchanged glances. That something was very wrong between Ned and Cal had been apparent for some time, but what it was no one could guess.

"I'll wager you got stung," said Ned, with more than a trace of satisfaction in his tones.

"I don't cal'late I did," answered Cal, calmly. "I only paid nine eighty-five."

Further discussion on the subject was stopped by Molly, Hoop, and "Clara," who had finished their set and now joined the others on the steps.

"You did splendidly! Did n't he, Hoop?"

"He will learn all right, Molly."

"They did n't hit you on the nose again, did they?" asked Ned. "If they did, I protest!"

"Clara" reddened and shook his head.

"I never will do that again," Molly laughed. "It cost me two days in jail."

"It was a pretty big jail," said Cal. "All of your aunts' big house."

"Yes, but it seems small enough when you know you can't get out of it!"

"By the way, Molly," asked The Fungus, "did you ever dream what had become of Ned's money?"

Molly's face fell, and she sighed.

"N-no, not exactly. I tried three times, too. The first time—that was Sunday night, you know—I did dream something, but I could n't quite remember it in the morning." She wrinkled her forehead. "It was something, though, about apples; and Cal was in it, too. But I don't seem to remember dreaming about the money."

"Funny that you should have dreamed of apples," laughed Sandy.

"Not half as funny as dreaming about Cal," said Hoop. "What you had was a nightmare, Molly."

"Produced by too many pippins," added The Fungus.

"I'm going to try again," she said cheerfully. "I'm sure that was a perfectly good dream—if I could only have remembered it."

"Right-O!" agreed Ned. "Like the Irishman's horse.

It was a perfectly good horse, only it was dead."

Everybody laughed, except Cal, who grinned, absent-mindedly, for he caught Ned looking at him in a peculiar way, and there was something in the look he did not like.

(To be continued.)



CAL BUYS A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

"He only beat us six to three," announced Molly, triumphantly, nodding at Hoop. "Don't you think we did pretty well?"

"I guess it would have been closer if I had n't been in it," said "Clara," but Molly responded:



"CHERRY-TIME!"

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

FOURTH PAPER—GENERALSHIP OF OFFENSE

BY C. H. CLAUDY

LET it be understood at the start that there can be nothing "cut and dried" about base-ball. You cannot write a formula for generalship. Circumstances alter cases. What is right in one situation may be wrong in another, even though both situations appear the same. If base-ball could be reduced to a mathematical problem, if it could always be worked out to such a certainty that, given X pitching a fast ball, waist-high, Y batting, and Z on second, a run would always result, the game would have little interest. It is the unexpectedness of the contest, the fact that "the game is n't over until the last man 's out," that makes it so fine a sport.

So any account of generalship, designed to be instructive, must be considered as suggestive only, and certainly not to be regarded as were the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

There is the "hit-and-run" play, for instance. When shall a manager order it tried? When can it be expected to aid, when hinder, the chances of a run? The decision rests with the general directing the game, yet not infrequently, no matter what he decides, the game outwits him. But it is undeniable that bad generalship loses almost as many games as bad playing.

As all base-ball fans know, the hit-and-run play is tried with a man on first base and usually with less than two out—it may be one or none out. When the hit-and-run play is signaled, the runner starts for second base the instant the pitcher draws his arm back for the pitch. The batter strives to hit that pitched ball, whether it be good or bad, high or low. The play has several angles and possibilities. If the batter hits the ball so that it goes straight into some in-fielder's hands, he is out, and the runner is also out, barring an error, since the ball can be thrown to first base long before the runner can turn and get back. If the batter knocks a high fly, the base-runner must pull up and watch to see if it is caught—if it is, the batter is out and the runner must hurry back to first base. But if the batter hits a grounder, the chances are good that both he and the runner will be safe, the batter on first, the runner on second, or *third*, which possibility is the object of the play. And if the batter misses the ball entirely, the runner has an excellent chance of making a straight steal. The whole effort of the batter should be to hit the ball to right field and

on the ground, or low—hence a good base-ball general will not order the hit-and-run with a man at bat who generally hits to left field or straight over second base.

The batter wants to knock the ball to right field for two reasons. The first is that the second baseman, seeing the runner start to steal second, will be in duty bound to cover the second bag. The gap thus left between the second and first basemen is wide, and a grounder which would ordinarily be "gobbled up" by the second baseman rolls safe. The second reason is that if the batted ball is fast and low, the man running to second may easily make third base also, whereas if the ball went through short-stop, the runner could not get to third before the left-fielder could get it and return it to third base. The whole function of the play hinges on these things, and the possibility of putting a man on third base, from first, on a "single."

The good field general ordinarily will not order the hit-and-run with a slow runner on first, when the pitcher "holds" the runner well to first base; with a poor batter "up"; with a batter up who hits to left field; with two out; or when he is being "outguessed" by the defense. For instance, with two balls and no strikes, a man on first and none out, the hit-and-run is often played, since it is probable the pitcher will try to "cut the plate" on his third pitch. The defense knows this. But in this situation, just because it is unexpected, a "pitch out" is often ordered by the catcher—that is, the pitcher is to deliver the ball "wide" of the plate, so that the catcher can make a perfect catch and throw to second, to catch the runner, preventing the batter from hitting the ball at all. So the good general will attempt to catch the "pitch out" signal, and flash *his* countermand of the hit-and-run order, thus making the pitcher "waste" a ball, and keeping the runner "tied" to his base, preventing his being put out. The beauty of base-ball generalship is seen right here in the out-guessing of the opposing general and compelling the pitcher to "get in a hole," i.e., throw several "balls" instead of "strikes," so that, to avoid passing the batter to first, he is *compelled* to "put one over" the plate, thus giving the batter an excellent chance to make a hit. The hit-and-run play is thus often signaled without being actually

played—an obvious signal to play the hit-and-run, secretly countermanded, to get the pitcher to waste balls, being a very effective play and in the end often producing a safe hit or an advance of runners as well as if the play itself were successfully tried.

The "squeeze play" is on the same plan as the hit-and-run, but played with a runner on third

batter is put out at first, a run has scored, and he is happy.

The good general will not ordinarily order a squeeze with a good *hitter* up, preferring the chance of his making a "hit," or with a slow runner on third, when his side is ahead of the game, unless he is so far ahead he is willing to take chances, or perhaps with the bases filled, the one time in a thousand when it is wise to try a triple steal. But with a good *bunter* up, three balls called on the pitcher, a fast man on third, and a run badly needed, it may be a first-class play to try. It is also indicated when the pitcher is easily "rattled," for, seeing the man tearing in from third, he may throw wild to the catcher.

The "sacrifice advance," more often called the sacrifice bunt, is the usual, average, general play with a man on first and none out. The offense figure they can afford to lose a man "out" at first to advance the man on first base to second base, particularly with the batting order "right"—that is, with the fast man on first, the good bunter or sacrifice hitter at bat, and the "clean



THE "HIT-AND-RUN." BUT THEY DON'T ALWAYS HIT IT!

base instead of first, or with runners on first and second. It is never played with two out. The runner on third takes as big a lead as he dares, and sprints for the plate with the pitcher's motion. The batter tries only to "meet" the ball—he does n't want to take chances hitting it, or try to drive it anywhere—he wants simply to touch it and prevent the catcher from getting it. For the runner is coming in to the plate so fast that if the ball rolls ten feet from the bat, the chances of his getting across the "rubber" before the ball can be fielded by either catcher or pitcher are excellent.

But if the batter fails to hit the ball, the runner is made to look very foolish indeed, since he comes up the plate to find the waiting catcher, with the ball in his hands, ready to "put it on him." In the hit-and-run, if the batter fails to hit, the runner may well make a straight steal of second, for the catcher must throw one hundred and twenty feet, the baseman must catch the ball and tag the runner, before he is out. In the "squeeze," the catcher does n't have to throw the ball at all, he has it ready and waiting. But in the hit-and-run, a batter who *bunts* makes of his play but an ordinary sacrifice play—he is probably put out at first easily, and the runner has little chance of making third base. Whereas the *bunter* in the *squeeze* may easily be safe, since the fielded ball may be thrown to the plate in an attempt to put out the runner, and, even if the



"BLOCKED OFF!" (NOTE THE RUNNER'S CAP IN THE AIR.)

up" man, noted for long drives and a good batting average, "on deck," that is, next "at bat." For with a man on second, one out, and two hitters coming (the result of the sacrifice advance), the chances of a score are good.

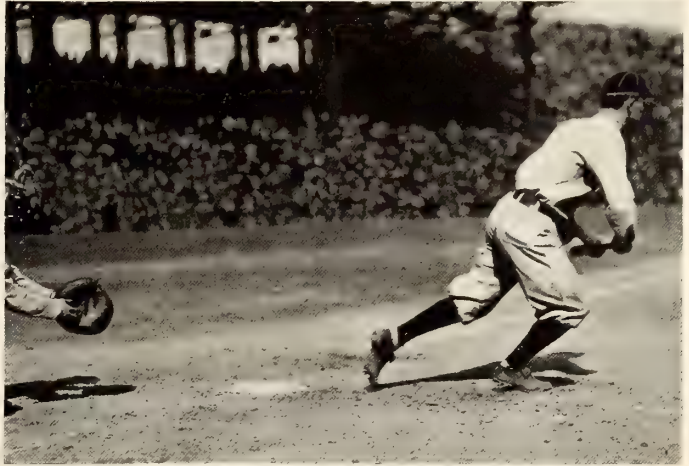
Yet the wise general, knowing the defense *expects* the ordinary, average play, will often order a hit-and-run, or a straight steal. For if he can have a man on second and *none* out, there is no limit to the things he may do—his chances of scoring are so much greater with only two bases to run and three batters coming, that he may depend entirely from there on, on sacrifice hitting, or he may get a man on first while the man on second is held to the bag, and try a double steal, or a double delayed steal—so that here, as elsewhere, the sacrifice advance, though common,

usual, and successful many times, may be—should be—varied occasionally by a keen general, to the confusion of the defense.

Stealing second or third—double steals, delayed steals, triple steals, already spoken of in the paper on base-running—may be opportunities taken by players, or ordered from the bench. The good general will not order a steal of second with none out and a slow runner "on," if a fine batter is "up," but he will order it with one or two out, if the conditions of batting order, the kind of pitcher, and the state of the game warrant it. Left-handed pitchers, who usually hold players well to their bases, may be subjects for the *delayed* steal, in which the man on first takes a dancing lead while the catcher has the ball, and, poising for a sprint and slide back to first, makes it hard for the catcher to decide whether to throw to first base or return the ball to the pitcher. If he does the latter, the runner, "pulling off" the delayed steal, will start for second base as hard as he can go the instant the catcher tosses the ball to the pitcher. The pitcher, surprised, and not in position to whirl and make the throw to second in the minimum of time—caught "flat-footed" as ball-players say—will often get the ball to second base too late to catch the runner. Not infrequently he has to "hold his throw," waiting for the equally surprised second baseman or short-stop to get to the base in time to catch the ball. The "delayed steal" is thus a strategic move involving surprise of the enemy as its most salient feature, and the good base-ball general will take into consideration the wariness of his opponents and the character of the men on the paths and in-field, before ordering it. He will also try to know what kind of a ball is to be pitched, and what the defense is going to do. It is largely a guessing-match, and yet it is guessing, and guessing right, which wins games.

This "guessing-match" is often intricate and involved. There is an instance often reported by admirers of the Chicago "Cubs" in which Frank Chance, the captain, repeatedly outguessed the "Reds" (Cincinnati), with which team they were playing a hard game. Chance had the "acute situation" to deal with, a man on first and another on third. Roth, catching for Cincinnati, signaled his pitcher for a curve ball. Chance guessed that a curve was coming and ordered a delayed double steal, figuring that the batter would miss the curve and that the Cincinnati bat-

tery, elated at a "strike," would be less watchful in returning the ball and in getting ready for the next pitch. But some one of the "Reds" saw the signal, the team shifted its position, and got up on tiptoe. Their signal was changed and a "pitch out" called for. Kane, coaching for Chicago, noted as a "signal reader," saw the "pitch out" signal and Chance changed *his* orders. His runners held their bases, and a ball was "wasted."



TY COBB'S QUICKNESS. HE HAS JUST "BUNTED," AND IS ALREADY WELL STARTED FOR FIRST BASE BEFORE THE CATCHER HAS LOWERED HIS HANDS.

On the next ball, Chance again ordered the delayed double steal. Roth guessed it, and ordered another "pitch out." Chance saw this, and ordered a wait. Roth saw the change and ordered a fast, high ball. Chance, guessing he would do so, suddenly ordered a hit-and-run, a daring thing to do, a base hit was made, two runs scored, and the game was over!

Beware the hit-and-run with first and second occupied—the grave danger of the play is a line ball to the in-field resulting in a triple play, thus: the line ball, caught, puts the batter out; the first baseman, who makes the catch, steps to the initial bag, putting the first base occupant out (he having run for second); the first baseman throws to second base, in ample time to get the runner from that station, who has run for third and has n't had time to get back. In the same way, a ground ball, which has to be fielded to first base to get the runner, may be sent to second base to catch the man coming in, or to third to catch the man coming from second. In other words, the hit-and-run, with two men on, not only increases the chance of a score, but of retiring the side. Therefore, consider, before ordering it. Moreover, the "gap" between first and second basemen is not so wide when the hit-and-run is tried with two

bases occupied, for all the attention of the defense will be devoted to the leading runner.

Generally speaking, the squeeze is not tried with the bases full, and the simple, unassisted triple steal is markedly rare. It requires complete coöperation between all three runners, and a fast man on third trying to get home.



"SLIDING IN" UNDER THE CATCHER.

But the vital situation, that productive of the most interest in a ball game, is when first and third are occupied. The plays were discussed in the last paper—but what to do as captain, general, manager, when to order the single steal of second, in the hope of getting the man on third a chance to come home, when to order the double steal straight or delayed, both starting at once, those are hard questions. But, if this problem is hard for the general of the offense, it is ten times as hard for the general of the defense, and so the offensive general may well wait on his decision and see what happens. It is generally conceded that desperate situations require desperate remedies—if the game is far gone and you are far behind, it is foolish to try to have the man on first steal second—the defense will play for him, and let the run score, since it can't hurt them; but a long-continued game can. On the other hand, if you are but a run or so behind, the situation may well be so acute that the defense will not play for the runner on first at all, but will devote their attention to the man on third—hence it is wise to order the steal of second. There is always the chance that they *will* play for this runner, letting the run score, and if they don't, why, you are a base ahead and the succeeding batsman has the chance of two runs in

a hit from his bat, instead of one! And it is the runs that count, no matter how you get them.

The good base-ball general will never hesitate to change the men on his team when the necessities arise. If a pitcher is to be taken out of the game and another substituted, a "pinch-hitter" is frequently sent into the game between the two. Thus, A is pitching, but is to retire in favor of B. C, a pinch-hitter, gets in the game first, takes A's place, and hits for him, and then B takes C's place and pitches for him. It is a rule of the game that a man taken out cannot play again in that game, consequently one man is never substituted for another who is not definitely through for that day.

A few well-understood signals must be learned thoroughly, in the offense as well as the defense. You may arrange that these signals be given verbally or by motions, but they must be clear and well understood. The base-ball general must have a signal, with his batters and runners, for the hit-and-run, which will also serve for the squeeze; for stealing a base, which will serve for the double and triple steals, also, since, of course, if a steal is ordered, all the men "on" will steal; for the delayed steal; for a sacrifice play, and for a bunt.

Your signals may be words or deeds. You may scratch your nose for a single steal, or take off your cap for a hit-and-run. Or you may work into your coacher's talk a quiet, "Not yet; not yet, *George*," and your runner will know that the use of his name means a steal. Your batter may be instructed to try the hit-and-run by being



THE CATCHER GIVING HIS SIGNALS.

audibly commanded to do something else, as "Hit 'er out" for a try on the *third* ball, "Hit her" for a try on the *second* ball, "Hit—you, Jack," for the play on the *first* ball, and so forth. Or you may instruct him simply to try the hit-and-run, and use his judgment as to the ball on which he will

play it, whereupon he must signal the runner what ball he will try to hit, which he may do by hitting the plate, once, twice, thrice, or four times with his bat, or rubbing his right hand on his trousers, the number of fingers exposed showing the runner the number of the ball he will have to run on—a very important thing for him to know.

can have any one of a hundred combinations at work to trap a runner, and need many more signals to instruct nine men what to do than does the offense, which has never more than four men in the game at once.

The opposing team will try to steal your signals—will, by watching everything you do and



THE AMERICAN LEAGUE BASE-BALL GROUNDS, NEW YORK CITY.
(From a copyrighted photograph by the Pictorial News Co., New York City.)

Perhaps the utmost perfection in signaling, both in offense and defense, has been reached by the National League Champions, the Chicago "Cubs," the great base-ball machine built up and perfected by Frank Chance, the "Peerless Leader." Manager Chance, of course, changes signals frequently. One of his signals for a steal is given by changing positions with some one on the bench. When he gets up and looks over the bats on the ground, his runners and batsmen may know a hit-and-run is ordered. Sometimes he orders double steals by lifting his cap; again, his signals are calls to his players, in which "Hofman" may mean "steal on the first ball"; "Steiny" (short for Steinfeldt), "hit-and-run"; "Sheckard," "bunt toward third," etc.

Planning signals is easy—practising them and learning them not hard, but both are vital to the offense, as well as the defense, although defensive signals are greater in number than the offensive signals. In other words, to hit, to run, to score, is all the offense can do. But the defense, to put men out at any of three bases and home,

say and the immediately following play, try to frustrate your offense. It is part of the game. And just for that reason, you should have several sets of signals, for offense, which you can use without confusion. Thus, you should have an audible set, a visual set, a coacher's set, perhaps two of each. They need not be complicated or hard to learn. If there are too many signals to learn, players may get the several sets confused, and confusion in signals means getting beaten! Hence, have your signals as few as possible and as simple as possible, but have several sets so you can change if you find the other general has read your signals and is anticipating what you are going to do. And do you, in your turn, watch your opponent, in *his* offense, and see if *you* can detect any connection between his acts, his speech, and the things his runners do. Watch his defensive signals, too, for if you can learn what the pitch is to be, and tell, by the shifting of the in-field and the out-field, what they expect you to do, you can perhaps do something else. Be particular to try to get the catcher's signals, and to learn what the

pitcher is going to do by watching him—with a man on base, to know when a waste ball is coming is invaluable since the more balls you can make a pitcher "waste" in the endeavor to catch a man stealing who *won't* steal, the more likely you are to make him put the ball over the plate in the end.

But the highest part of generalship is in the planning of the game—the campaign itself. A manager who can do this well wins many games before they are played. Briefly, such a planning beforehand means discovering an opponent's weakness, and playing to it. Thus, last year the general plan of the Boston American League team was to run—run when they should and when they should n't—run whether they got put out or not—run, run, run. Their whole idea was that speed won ball games. Their nickname was the Boston "Speed Boys." They ran wildly, foolishly, wisely, speedily—but they always ran. The result was they threatened to win a pennant by running! But other managers finally decided to let them run! And very consistent "pitching out" and good throwing by the catchers finally stopped them.

Now if you have a team to play which has a weak-throwing catcher, plan your games on the idea of stealing second base every time you can, then third base, a little more cautiously; try to make as many scores on as few hits as you can—run, as the Boston Speed Boys did, and see if the weak-throwing catcher can stop you. If, on the contrary, the catcher is strong, but the pitcher weak, plan your game on bunts and hits—don't try to steal, play "straight base-ball," and let the batter bat the runner round. If the pitcher is weak on fielding, bunt and run, bunt and run, bunt and run, and while sometimes he will get you, at other times you will beat the ball, and few things demoralize a pitcher more than swift fielding which does n't succeed.

McCloskey, when managing the St. Louis Cardinals, restrained his team from hitting the ball in a game with Chicago, when Reulbach was pitching, making his men bunt, bunt, bunt. They did n't want to bunt—they wanted to hit. And they bunted themselves out of the game for six innings, the in-field making those bunts count for "outs" in rapid succession. But in the seventh,

two bunts went safe, a sacrifice bunt advanced them, a bunt to first base was thrown wild to the plate, two runs scored, the Chicago players were in a rout, and before the ninth inning was over, McCloskey's players had "bunted out" five runs!

If the pitcher is very strong, and you have the nerve, do as Chance did when the "Cubs" played Detroit for the Championship of the World and beat them, and make your whole team "wait out" a pitcher. It was the second game of the last series between these two teams, played before a huge crowd. When Chicago learned that "Wild Bill" Donovan was to pitch for Detroit, Chance



(IN BASE-BALL LANGUAGE:) "A HEALTHY SWING THAT FAILED TO CONNECT!"

issued the single order "wait." He had a definite plan in mind for the game.

The team waited. Inning after inning passed—no score. The crowd yelled, shrieked, groaned for a hit—but the team waited. Man after man went to the plate and waited—took as many balls as he could get, made as many fouls as he could, got his two strikes—often his three strikes—and gave place to the next man. When a man did get on first base he did his best to draw throws from Donovan, anything to get him to throw and tire him out. "Wait," said Chance when his men begged to be allowed to hit. "Wait. The time has n't come yet; wait!" And they waited like hounds held in leash, though eager to smash one of those teasing curves, or cannon-ball fast ones.

They waited until the eighth inning. Hofman led off. He led off with a vengeance and a safe hit. Chance knew the time had come. "Hit it, Tinker," he said, and Tinker, smiling and drawing a deep breath, stepped to the plate. He was free. He could hit any ball he pleased! And the first one pleased him mightily, and he smote it to

the far out-field until it hit the fence. And others followed him, and they were also free, and they also picked out the balls that "Wild Bill" sent toward them, and smote, each man the kind he liked the best; and when the smoke of battle cleared away, the "Cubs," well fed with runs, totaled six for their score, and the game was won.

It was won by Chance, who figured that Donovan, unhittable when "right," would "pitch his arm off" if made to pitch enough, and that then, before Jennings, manager for Detroit, could switch pitchers, a few hits in succession would win the game. It won it.

Never confuse signaling with generalship. Never use a signal when plain instructions will do. If you want to play the hit-and-run, tell the batter so before he goes to the plate, and let him signal the runner—don't wait until he is at the plate, and signal the runner, and have him signal the batter. The simplest way is the best. Chance *told*, not signaled, his men to "wait." And just because the captain or manager can talk to his players on the offense, except when he himself is "on the paths," he needs much fewer signals for offensive work than for defensive work.

And don't try to do it all from the bench. It is n't always possible to exercise generalship—sometimes the best planning is found in letting the man at bat and on the base do what seems to him best. Sometimes an opportunity to steal will occur which no manager could foresee or order—the "signal-ridden" player, who looks to his manager for everything, would never take the opportunity; an alert man like Cobb will take the chance and make his steal, and then look to see what his general wants him to do next!

A delayed-double-steal bit of generalship was described in the first of these papers. Another instance, this time a single delayed steal, almost as spectacular, although less depended on it, occurred in a game between the Pittsburgh "Pirates" and the Philadelphia "Phillies" last year. Wagner was on second base, one out. He got the signal for a delayed steal and danced away from second so far that it looked as if he must be caught. But "Red" Dooiin, the captain and great catcher of the "Phillies," knows what a base-runner Wagner is, and he was n't to be tricked. He drew back his arm to throw, and paused. Wagner danced back toward second base. Dooiin made as if to throw to the pitcher. Wagner danced off second again. Again Dooiin's arm poised for the throw, and again Wagner waited. Four times did Dooiin "bluff" the throw to second base, and four times Wagner took

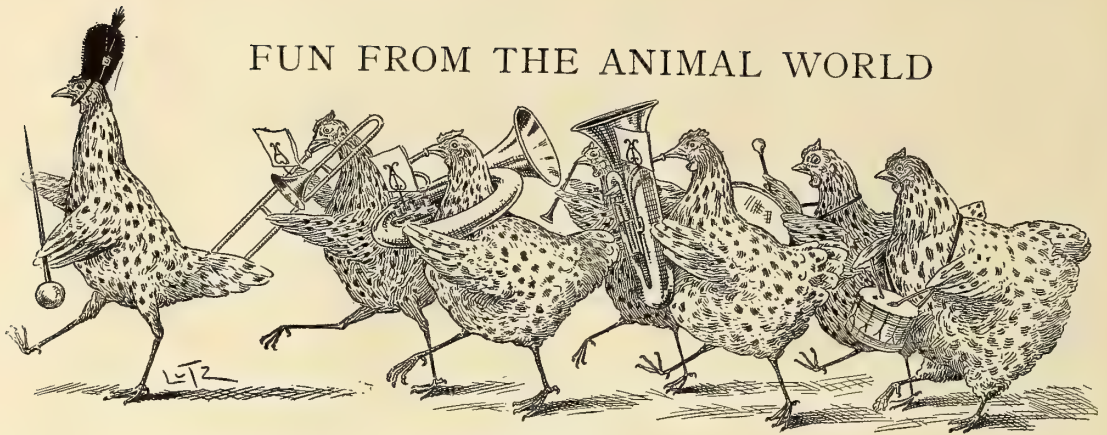
chances—but could not draw the throw. Then, apparently giving it up, he took a short lead only. But those who were near him tell of seeing his great muscles set, and when Dooiin, deceived at last, carelessly tossed the ball back to his pitcher, Wagner was off like a flash, slid in under the third baseman, and although the pitcher was quick, the third baseman could n't *quite* get the ball at the right time—and Wagner was "safe." No manager could order all that. It requires some brains in the "how" of obedience, as well as a training to obey absolutely, in base-ball as in warfare.

McGraw, now manager of the New York "Giants," and "Wee Willie" Keeler, perhaps the most artistic batsman who ever played the game, would never have established their freak record of two runs on a base on balls and a short single, if they had waited for orders from the bench. Both were with Baltimore, in the Old National League, playing the "Senators," as the National League Washington team was called, in the capital city. McGraw drew a base on balls. Keeler came to bat, flashed the hit-and-run signal to him, hoping, by hitting to right field, to let McGraw get to third base. But Keeler made a mistake, or the pitch took an odd curve, or something went wrong, for he hit to *left* field. McGraw, of course, had started for second as the ball was pitched. Abbey, in left field for the "Orioles" (Baltimore), naturally thought McGraw would stop at second, never dreaming he would try for third when the ball was already in his (Abbey's) hands. McGraw figured on this, and did try for third. Abbey threw lazily enough to third base, McGraw twisted away in his slide, and was "safe." Meanwhile, of course, Keeler had kept on to second, seeing the ball and McGraw racing each other to third.

McGraw, guessing that Joyce, the third baseman, was *sure* he, McGraw, was through, got up and sprinted for home as Joyce turned to pick up the ball from the ground. Joyce, rattled, threw wild to the catcher, and McGraw scored. And as he picked himself out of the dust he was all but knocked down by little "Wee Willie" Keeler shooting in through the dirt and over the plate, behind him. It was daring, crazily daring, base-running, but it won a game by two runs on a base on balls and a short single—something for which there is no parallel in major League base-ball history. And it is the heady generalship of McGraw which makes the "Giants" so hard to beat to-day, and keeps them always dangerous, even to the last moment, in any game they play.

(To be continued.)

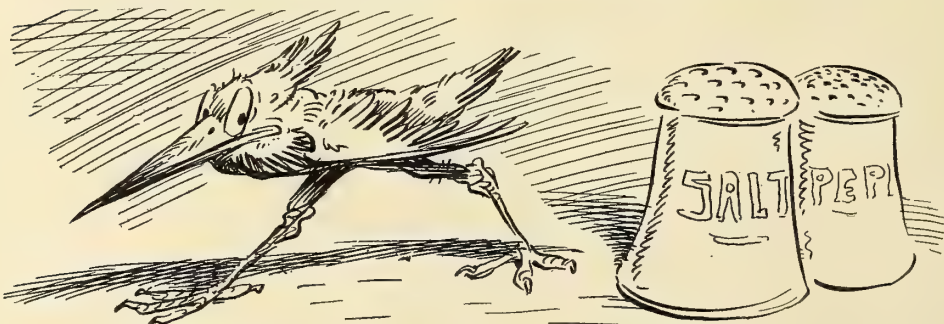
FUN FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD



THE BARN-YARD BAND.



MRS. LEOPARD: "I WANT SOMETHING TO MATCH MY COSTUME AND COMPLEXION."
THE CLERK: "HOW WOULD THIS NICE POLKA-DOT DO?"



MR. WOODPECKER: "I'D BETTER GET OUT OR THEY'LL BLAME ME FOR PUNCHING THE HOLES IN THOSE THINGS!"



THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XII

BILL GOES MOOSE-HUNTING

HARDEN watched Bill at work until he became so sleepy he could n't hold his eyes open. Then he rolled in. He woke up once or twice in the course of the evening, and found Bill still squatted before the fire fashioning his bow. Wenham was a bit restless, but every time he moved Bill got up and came to his side to ask if there was anything he could get for him. Several times the boy wanted water, and Bill brought it to him, and placing his arm behind his back, lifted him to the cup as tenderly as a trained nurse. Harden, watching him through half-closed eyes, felt still more ashamed of his suspicions.

The next time Harden woke up it was broad daylight, and Bill was already in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Harden sprang out of his bunk and hurried to Wenham's side.

"How are you, Bob?" he inquired anxiously.

"Better," said Wenham. "Bill is a great nurse. He must have slept right by this bunk all night. Every time I woke up he was here."

"How 's your appetite?" asked Harden.

Wenham smiled weakly. "I 'm not hungry."

In answer to a call from the kitchen, Harden went out and found Bill warming up a can of tomato soup.

"Take this in to him," he ordered. "It may taste good, but what he needs is beef juice."

"How 'd you come out with your bow?" asked Harden, and Bill replied:

"Give the boy his broth and I 'll show you."

Wenham drank about half a cup of the soup.

When Harden returned to the kitchen, Bill was standing by the outer door, holding his bow with the string drawn back and the arrow leveled.

"Don't move," he ordered. "Don't move, I say!"

Before Harden could catch his breath he heard a sharp twang, saw a flash of white dart from Bill's hand, and heard it strike with a sharp blow just above his head. As he stood stock-still, not venturing to move a muscle, Bill came up to him with a laugh and pointed to the arrow. It was embedded in the wood. Bill carefully drew it out and handed it to him. It was more than two feet long and tipped with feathers from the partridge Bill had shot for the Christmas dinner. The head looked as vicious as a bullet. He had taken one of the flat three-inch spikes, fastened it on firmly with wire, and filed down the end until it was as sharp as a needle. Harden held it in his hand gingerly, still too much surprised by Bill's dramatic action to speak. If the man's object had been to give him a practical demonstration that, even with his three cartridges gone, he still possessed a weapon entitled to respect, he could have taken no better way.

"What you think of it?" he asked.

"That I don't want to get any nearer the end of that arrow than I was a second ago," answered Harden, a bit surlily.

"Land, sonny," answered Bill, "I would n't have fired it that close if I was n't pretty sure of myself. When I was a kid I had one of these things in my hand all the time."

"Think you could kill a deer with that?"

"You could kill a grizzly bear with it if you hit him right."

Harden looked skeptical.

"It would n't go through his hide," he avowed.

"No, sonny, it would n't. And I would n't try for to land it there."

"Where would you shoot it—down his mouth?"

"No," answered Bill, coolly, "not down his mouth—through his eye, to the brain. You could kill him that way with a darning-needle, my boy."

This sounded like bloodthirsty talk to Harden,

and he turned away from the subject to his breakfast. Bill laid his bow and arrow one side and joined him. He had fried some of the pork and had made a batter of the corn-meal, which he had baked into a sort of johnny-cake. It tasted good, as Bill's cooking always did, but, as usual, too, there was not half enough of it. The latter was holding firmly to Harden's original plan of dividing the provisions into small enough proportions to a meal to keep them from actually starving provided they secured nothing more. Bill cleaned up his share in less than a dozen big mouthfuls. Then, as he shoved back his chair a little, he inquired: "You told me, did n't you, that you came in here following a big moose?"

Harden nodded indifferently. He was not in a very good frame of mind for conversation.

"And you said your dad was anxious to git a good picter of him?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you git one *for* him?"

"What do you mean?"

"I 'm going after him to-day, and if I shoots true he won't have many more picters took."

"You mean you 've seen *the* moose?" gasped Harden.

"I 've seen tracks as big as an elephant's," answered Bill.

"When? Where?"

"Yesterday. Not a half a mile from here."

"But to-day he might be fifty miles away."

"I reckon not."

"If it 's the moose I mean, you don't know how fast he can go," replied Harden, with vivid recollections of the chase which had landed him in this predicament.

"He ain't runnin' so fast now as he was then," answered Bill.

"Look here, Bill—what are you driving at?"

"Nothin'. Only one of those bullets I fired broke his ankle."

"You got a shot at him when you were after the partridge?"

"Exactly. I was crawlin' along through the snow, lookin' for the bird I scared up, when I almost stumbled onto this big moose where he was lyin' down. The wind was blowin' toward me, so he could n't smell nothin', an' I got within twenty yards of him. Then my hand begun to tremble an' I could n't shoot. I was too plumb hungry to shoot. I fired an' took him in the ankle. Then my head began to spin round, an' I did n't know nothin' for a whole minute."

If the story had been told under any other circumstances but the present, Harden would not have believed it. In the first place, he could not imagine any one really having such an adventure

as this and not telling about it at once. It was an incident to come back into camp breathless about. Harden was eager even now to hurry to Wenham and repeat the story to him.

"I thought it was just as well not to get you all excited for nothin'," added Bill, as though answering Harden's thoughts, "especially him."

He nodded toward the other room.

Here again was one of those thoughtful bits of kindness which Bill always seemed to come out with at just the moment Harden's suspicions began to strengthen. As usual, Harden felt half ashamed to look the man in the face after it. There was no doubt but what mention of the moose to Wenham at this time would only furnish him with another subject for a nightmare.

"You were right, Bill," answered Harden.

"But now," went on Bill, "that I 've got a weapon an' the boy needs fresh meat—"

"You don't mean that you 're going after *that* moose with one arrow?" interrupted Harden, excitedly.

"One 's as good as twenty," answered Bill. "You 'd never get but one shot at that feller."

"But if you only wounded him and he charged—"

"Why," put in Bill, in his slow drawl, "why, it would make a good picter, would n't it?"

"Picture?" gasped Harden.

"Thought we could kill two birds with one arrow," answered Bill. "I can have a try at grub for the boy, and you—well, you might square yourself with your dad if you come home with a picter of the moose."

Harden shoved back his chair and stared at Bill. The idea took away his breath. He remembered very distinctly how the powerful creature had looked as he stood there with lowered head. To confront him a second time armed with only a bow and arrow, seemed at first thought like going lion-hunting with an air-gun. But he recalled how swiftly the arrow had sung over his head—with how solid a blow it had struck the wood, embedding the iron spike a full inch or two. Besides this, both of Bill's arguments appealed to him: Bob needed the fresh meat, and it certainly would be worth a big risk to show his father a picture of a charging moose.

Throwing discretion to the winds, he said:

"I 'm with you, Bill! When shall we start?"

"We 'll make the boy easy and go right off."

Harden paused.

"I forgot about Bob," he said uneasily. "I don't believe we ought to leave him here alone."

"I thought of that, too, but it 's safer for both of us to go on a job of this kind than one. You 'll

git back anyhow—with food enough to last you the rest of the winter.”

“What do you mean?”

Bill drew from his belt one of the big butcher-knives which had been left in the kitchen drawer.

“That if it comes to a hand-to-hand tussle, he don’t git me without I git him. Then you boys can have him anyway.”

“Don’t!” shuddered Harden. “We would n’t want him after that.”

“You can’t be partic’lar when you ’re in a hole of this sort,” answered Bill, in as matter-of-fact a tone as though this were an every-day incident. “Now I ’m goin’ to put some water and grub where the boy can reach it. You might just step in an’ tell him we ’re goin’ for the day, an’ see how he takes it.”

Harden went into the other room a bit reluctantly. After Bill’s realistic description of what might happen, he was ready to back out—not because of any personal fear, but because it seemed a foolish risk to take. But the sight of Wenham’s white face rather strengthened Bill’s arguments. The boy certainly looked as though he needed more food. Harden noticed hollows in his cheeks which were not there three days ago. The sight determined him.

“Bob,” he said, “do you feel able to stay alone for a while?”

“Why, yes,” answered Wenham. “What are you planning to do?”

“Bill wanted to see if he could get a deer.”

“All right,” answered Wenham. “I suppose the more tracks you make around camp the better.”

“That ’s so,” agreed Harden. “Every footprint is a signal.”

“Well, good luck to you, Phil. You ’ll get back before dark?”

“Sure. Bill is going to leave water and food here where you can reach it.”

“Leave plenty of water. I don’t seem to care much about grub.”

“A good moose-steak now—”

“Moose?” asked Wenham, quickly.

Harden caught his breath. He tried to laugh off his blunder.

“Or a deer,” he said quickly. “I don’t suppose you ’re fussy which it is.”

“Ugh!” shuddered Wenham. “You ’d better leave the moose alone.”

Bill came in just in time to distract Wenham’s attention from pursuing this subject further. He had a pail full of lake water, some corn-cake, and jam. These he placed within easy reach.

“Sure you don’t mind, sonny?” he questioned.

“Not a bit,” answered Wenham. “Maybe the folks will turn up here while you ’re gone.”

“What makes you think that?” asked Bill, nervously.

“Oh, I don’t know. You ’d better start right off, so as to get back.”

“I ’ve known feelin’s like that what you could n’t explain to come true,” muttered Bill.

The thought apparently prompted the man to haste, for, shaking Wenham’s hand and piling three or four heavy logs on the fire, he called Harden, took his bow and arrow, and began at once to fasten on his snow-shoes. Harden stopped only long enough to press his chum’s hand and take his camera before joining Bill outside. Here, in spite of Bill’s eagerness to be off at once, he took the time to heap the smudge fire high with fresh boughs. Then, making his own snow-shoes tight, he swung off into the woods at Bill’s heels.

The latter took a course almost at right angles to the lake, and moved on steadily, over his tracks made two days ago, for the matter of an hour. He did not stop until he reached the place where he had shot the partridge. A few scattered feathers and the imprint of his body on the snow certainly backed up his story that far. He pushed through a clump of bushes, and a trail of bright crimson on the snow, together with the deep moose tracks, proved the rest of it.

“Here ’s where I nicked him,” said Bill, pointing to the evidence.

Harden nodded. He made his camera ready, as though he expected the animal to plunge through the bushes then and there.

Bill smiled.

“He ’ll give you a walk yet before you get a chance to use that,” he remarked.

“Then we ’d better be off,” answered Harden, eagerly.

“Right you are,” agreed Bill.

He again led the way, moving for the first mile rapidly and with no great caution. The tracks were easy enough to follow, and it was evident from the amount of snow which had been blown into them that they were made on the first wild dash two days ago. Then they reached a spot where evidently the animal had lain down—perhaps for the night. From this point on, the trail grew decidedly warmer.

Bill moved more cautiously, keeping his arrow strung on the bowline. Whenever he came to a particularly dense thicket he pushed the boughs aside carefully and noiselessly, keeping his bow always in front of him. He had acquired almost an Indian’s skill in avoiding snapping twigs and walking in shadow-like silence. The trail made many curves, so that Bill often had to leave it and manœuver around in order to keep the light

breeze always in his face. This consumed a good deal of time, which made their progress slow.

So another hour passed. Under the strain of the nerve-racking care which every step demanded, Harden began to tire. The tension was exhausting. Neither knew but what the next step might rouse the moose from his resting-place and bring them face to face with him. This was to be no sportsman's battle, with odds all in favor of the hunter armed with a rifle; it was to be no naturalist's adventure, calling only for agility and nice strategy, with no great risk on either side; it was to be a grim contest for life between a pain-maddened brute and a hunger-pressed man. In a way it would be a fairer fight than the hunter usually gives the hunted. Harden quite lost sight of his own mission until Bill suddenly stopped and motioned for him to creep nearer. "We're close to him now," he whispered. "Is your picter-gun ready?"

Harden nodded and felt the muscles in his throat suddenly grow taut.

"Then remember this," whispered Bill; "don't try to run. If he comes down on us, keep behind a tree. You can dodge faster than he can."

Again Harden nodded.

"And don't pay any attention to me," added Bill. "Tend to yourself and your picter."

"You'd better keep behind a tree yourself," whispered Harden.

"I will if I can git him that way," answered Bill. "But I'm goin' to git him *some* way."

Harden examined his camera to make sure it was all ready for the press of the button, and then followed almost at Bill's heels. The latter pressed through a screen of boughs, moving inch by inch, and peered down the broad open bed of a frozen stream. To the right and not two hundred yards distant the water had broken free on a sharp incline, and there, as though resting after a drink, lay a big dark-brown body. Harden, staring past Bill, caught a glimpse of it and waited.

The latter did not move for a minute, but seemed to be studying closely the battle-ground. The brook made an opening which was of decided advantage, as it gave a clear vision. Furthermore, the sharp banks furnished some protection. On the other hand, these banks were a barrier for closer approach. It would have been an easy rifle-shot from where they stood, but with only an arrow, and a single arrow at that, the problem was to get within a few yards and into such a position as would give a side shot. With the moose coming head on, Bill would be powerless. The thick skull was as hard as granite. But the charge was essential, and

the first thing Bill must do was to so enrage the animal that the latter would not think of flight. He must use the tactics of the Spanish bull-ring, though from no such cruel motive.

To the right and standing out a little from the other trees stood a large pine. Slowly turning his head and scarcely moving his lips, Bill spoke to Harden. "See that pine?" adding, as Harden nodded, "Git behind it and stay behind it—no matter what happens."

Harden moved back cautiously, and, still screened by the dense growth, stole to a position within a few feet of the pine. He knew the next step into the open would rouse the animal, and paused. At the same moment Bill pushed through the trees. In a single leap the moose was on his feet, and Harden, darting forward the remaining distance, leveled his camera and pressed the button. Rapidly turning the film, he made ready for another picture.

In the meanwhile the moose stood stock-still, head erect, and with his wounded right fore leg lifted. He faced the man as though uncertain whether to run or fight. Bill had removed his jacket, and with this in his right hand, his bow and arrow in his left, he, too, waited for the space of perhaps five seconds. Then sliding his snow-shoes forward over the deep snow, he suddenly let out a yell and flung the coat directly toward the astonished animal. Instantly he brought his right hand to the bowstring and, drawing back his arrow, waited. The moose lowered his head with a snort and charged across the brook. Harden snapped his camera once again.

At the coat the moose lowered his head, tried in vain to impale it on his antlers, failed, and was carried a dozen feet beyond. Bill let out another yell, and the astonished animal wheeled. In the meanwhile Bill had swung to the right toward Harden. The moose saw him and charged again. The latter waited until the animal was within ten feet—so close that he could not check himself—and stepped swiftly to the left. This time the moose paused in a good position for a shot, but unfortunately Harden, too, stood in a direct line for the arrow. Bill did not dare to shoot.

"Don't move from the tree," warned Bill.

Hardly had he spoken the words when Harden, urged to the risk by the unusual opportunity, stepped from his barrier, and, before the moose recovered from his astonishment at this new figure, deliberately faced the animal, and snapped his camera almost in the face of the brute. Then, with a quick turn, he jumped back. But he forgot he was on snow-shoes. He tripped and

fell headlong. Bill gave a yell that could have been heard a mile. The moose paused in his charge and turned that way for a second. Bill drew the ashen bow almost into a semicircle. He aimed directly back of the shoulder. Then he loosed the arrow, and it flew straight to its mark. Without pausing to see its effect, the man threw the bow aside, grasped his knife, and scrambled across the intervening space, still wildly yelling.

The noise was sufficient to divert the animal's attention from Harden, who had half risen to his feet.

"Lie down!" screamed Bill. "Don't get up!"

Harden sank back to his elbow. But even as he did so he swung his camera around, and as the man and moose faced each other, he took a final shot at them. At the click of the camera the moose, with lowered head, lumbered forward. Bill stood his ground until Harden was forced in his turn to shout a warning. The man seemed doomed. Then quick as a flash he gave one quick stride out of the animal's path, and at the same moment threw his body forward in a deep plunge which landed his knife to the hilt in the brute's right side. He clung to the knife, though the effort threw him on his face. He was on his feet again in an instant. He was none too quick. Bleeding now from both sides, the moose wheeled and shot forward even more viciously. The deep snow hampered him, but it was wonderful how easily, even in spite of that, he handled his bulk. Without snow-shoes a man would have stood no chance whatever. Even with them it demanded a cool head, unlimited courage, and a determination which only a fight against starvation could have fostered.

The knife-thrust, though not deep enough to kill, was doing what Bill had intended it to do. With every movement the moose was growing weaker. It was now for Bill simply a question of endurance and of keeping his feet.

Harden in the meanwhile had managed to unfasten his snow-shoes and, clear of these, to scramble to his former safe position behind the tree. The fight had now reached a crisis which banished from his head all further desire to use his camera. Hugging the tree, he watched the succession of charges, swift side-steps, and return charges with eyes popping from their sockets. He was helpless to do anything himself.

The deep snow was trampled almost solid, which gave the moose a new advantage at every charge. On the other hand, it was sprinkled a deep crimson, and every spot meant less power back of every plunge. Yet it seemed as though the forest monarch's fierce onset would never end.

It was ten minutes longer before the moose began to stumble. It was not a minute too soon, for Bill was becoming less sure of himself. At last, the big moose fell headlong, landed on its knees, half rose, then fell upon its side.

Harden shouted at the top of his lungs.

"Now 's your chance—get behind a tree."

Instead of that, Bill tottered forward with his knife uplifted.

The animal heaved upon its knees again.

"Oh—Bill!" pleaded Harden.

But Bill fell headlong, with his head almost on the animal's body.

CHAPTER XIII

A STRANGE WALK HOMEWARD

HARDEN scrambled forward across the beaten, crimson snow. But before he was half-way the moose had again lurched over upon its side, and Bill was sitting up, with a broad grin upon his face. "Well," he panted, "we got him."

"Are you hurt?" asked Harden.

"No. Did you get your picters?"

"Oh, they 'll be winners if they come out!" exclaimed Harden.

"Then," concluded Bill, "I don't see but what we 've done a good day's work. It can snow now till it covers the tops of them pines, and it can't hurt *us*."

He scrambled to his feet and looked down at the animal.

"And sonny, there, gets his steak," he smiled.

"He put up a great fight," said Harden, gazing admiringly at the fallen monarch. "If you had n't broken his ankle—"

"And had n't been so hungry," interrupted Bill, "I 'd have let him alone. I did n't face him for the fun of the thing."

He looked up at the leaden sky.

"We have n't any time to waste," he said briskly. "You cut a pole and fix it across a couple of trees, so we can swing him off the ground. I 'll take out a steak or two, and we 'll leave the rest where the foxes can't get it."

Harden cut down a sapling, trimmed it, and found a couple of trees near by which supported it man-high from the ground. In the meanwhile Bill had hastily dressed the animal and carved out one of the big haunches.

"We oughter brought our traps along," he commented. "When we come back to-morrer we 'll set 'em here. This will draw every four-footed animal for ten miles round."

"Guess we 've got all we can take care of," said Harden.

"Not till we 've got all we can get," answered

Bill. "Now comes the tug of war. We 've got to drag him over to your pole."

Harden grasped his fore legs and Bill the antlers, and the two dug their toes in the snow and pulled for every ounce there was in them. Inch by inch they slid it along until it rested beneath where it was to hang. Bill then tied the two front legs together with stout, lithe bush-limbs and then the two hind legs. This done, he shoved the pole between them and lifted one end to the tree-limb above. This brought the whole weight of the moose down upon the other end. The two lifting together could barely raise it from the ground.

"Guess we 'll have to scheme a little to get this up," decided Bill. "Get a couple more long poles, boy."

When Harden came back with these he found that Bill had cut a third and larger one, leaving the limbs upon it. The smooth pole he slanted up into the tree at right angles to the pole upon which the moose was strung. The untrimmed pole he placed at right angles to this. Then with the third pole resting over this one and kept from slipping by the limbs, he pried the end under the first pole and bore down his weight. He lifted the burden without effort at least two feet. Harden held it there by placing a stick beneath the end until Bill secured a new bite higher up on the fulcrum and lifted again for another two feet. So foot by foot, with many slips and struggles, the end was lifted until it rested safely across a tree-limb and the big antlers just cleared the ground. This task in itself was no small one. It took them over an hour, and they still had the matter of five miles to cover back to camp.

But Bill was apparently tireless. Without pausing a minute to rest, he slung the haunch over his shoulder and led off. For the first mile he retraced their old tracks, stopping every now and then to nick a tree, so that in the event of snow the trail would not be lost, and then, instead of following the wide circle they had been led on the way in, he took a direct line, blazing a new trail. They had gone in this way perhaps another mile without speaking, when suddenly Bill drew up as though he had been sharply commanded to stop. Before Harden could catch up with him to learn what the trouble was, Bill had turned quickly and come back.

"What did you see?" demanded Harden.

Bill hesitated. His face was strangely agitated. "Never your mind," he answered brusquely. "Follow me."

Without another word of explanation, he retraced his steps for fully half a mile. Harden was mystified. He was even more so when Bill

suddenly swung off to the left. Curious to know the reason, he again asked, "What was it, Bill?"

Bill swung upon him aggressively.

"Never mind. Did n't I tell you if you asked me no questions I 'd tell ye no lies?"

Once again Harden saw the look in this man's eyes that made him wish he had not parted with the revolver. But what caused it this time? If Bill had seen a bear or any other wild creature he would not have hesitated to mention it. Nor would he have taken this means of avoiding the danger. He still had his bow and arrow with him, and would have been more likely to have shot than run. What else, then, could have so startled him? There was only one other thing—a man, or at least the tracks of a man!

Harden caught his breath. As he followed along, this idea seemed to cling to him. If Bill were Manson he certainly had good cause to fear a man more than any wild creature. Bill continued to the left until he struck his old tracks again. Then he paused. Stooping, he untied his snow-shoes.

"Sonny," he said, "I 'm goin' to play a little game the rest of the way home. Take off your snow-shoes."

Harden silently obeyed. There was little use under these circumstances either to protest or ask for an explanation.

"Turn 'em round," ordered Bill.

Again Harden obeyed.

"Now," said Bill, "let 's see if we can't fasten 'em on that way."

"You mean you 're going to try to walk with them fastened on backward?"

"That 's the idea," answered Bill, coolly. "An' I would n't ask nothin' more about it."

Bill undid the thongs, and by running them beneath and through the strings managed to attach the shoes in such a way that at least they would n't come off. Then he fixed his own in the same way. They started off once more, but Harden found this anything but a pleasant game to play. It was almost impossible for him to keep his feet with the long pointed ends of the shoes sticking out in front. For the first hundred rods or so he fell again and again.

"You 'll git the hang of it in a minute," was Bill's only comment.

In this way they floundered on, always following in every twist and turn the tracks made by them that morning. The need for constant care to keep from tripping checked Harden's thoughts a good deal, but it by no means relieved the gloom excited by this fresh suspicion. Coming as it did immediately on top of Bill's display of self-sacrifice in willingly risking his life to save

Harden, this trickery, if not treachery, left the latter completely bewildered. The more he thought about it the more baffled he became, until, summoning to his aid all his self-control, he banished it from his mind and gave himself up to the one task of getting back to Bob.



BILL'S FIGHT WITH THE MOOSE.

The unceasing grind of the effort it cost to walk in this way soon became as grueling as some of those last hours when he and Bob had struggled on in their blind search for the camp. As before, he had to imagine his father in the grand stand to make his legs wag at all. But it came to an end at last, and with the camp in

sight he regained his spirits. Bill had proved loyal, at least, in getting them back before dark.

As they crossed the few yards of clearing, Bill stopped a moment and turned to Harden. His face had lost its aggressive expression. He hesitated as though not knowing exactly what to say,

but, after a swift, anxious glance at the hut, faltered out: "I would n't tell sonny, there, nothin'."

"About the moose?" questioned Harden.

"About the walk home," answered Bill, uneasily. "We 'll have to tell him we got the moose. But I would n't say nothin' except we *did* get him."

"You don't know Bob," replied Harden. "He 'll have it out of me in no time."

"Everything?"

"About the fight, anyhow."

"Well, if you have to tell him that, cut it short. We don't want him dreamin' about it."

Harden pushed ahead to the cabin, shook off his snow-shoes at the door, and hurried in. As he entered the big room, the rabbit hopped from the bed and scampered into a corner.

"Hello, Bob!" called Harden. "How are you making out?"

Wenham raised himself to his elbow. His face looked flushed.

"Hello, Phil!" he answered a bit weakly. "What luck?"

"We 've got a steak for your dinner."

"Then you shot a deer?"

"We shot a moose," answered Harden, breathlessly — "the moose."

"Honest Injun, Phil?"

"Honest Injun."

"Then your dad will never get a picture of him! I 'm almost sorry, Phil."

"He won't, eh? He 'll get three or four of about the finest pictures he ever had. I took along my camera."

"But I don't see how in the world you got *near* enough to take any photographs."

"No trouble in that," laughed Harden. "The only bother was getting off far enough."

"Where 's Bill?"

Bill came in and hurried to the boy's side.

"How are you feelin'?" he asked, laying his big hand on Wenham's forehead. Bob turned his head, and muttered, with an attempt at a smile:

"Perhaps it was the rabbit that kept me warm," answered Wenham. "He crawled over here and jumped up on the bed. He 's been with me all the afternoon."

"Maybe now that *was* it," answered Bill. "You 've drunk up all the water?"

"Nearly. And I 'm very thirsty now."

"I 'll get some fresh. After that I 'm going to make you eat just about the biggest slice of steak you ever swallowed."

"I don't see how you killed that moose with a revolver," said Wenham.

"We did n't," exclaimed Harden.

"Then—how—"

But Harden saw himself getting into difficulties and retreated.

"Ask Bill," he returned. "I 'll get the water."

Harden went to the lake, cut open the water-hole, and drew a pailful. The smudge fire had almost gone out, so he stopped long enough to start this up again and also to give Bill plenty of time to tell the story. He stopped to look at the tracks they had made; they all led away from the cabin. He rubbed his hand over his forehead in a final attempt to make out the object of this ruse. Only one conclusion was possible: Bill intended that any one running across them should follow in the wrong direction. Certainly he did not expect to throw a wildcat or bear off the scent by this method. When he had made his sudden turn, either he had heard or seen some

one or crossed human tracks. There was no escape from this deduction. The problem still remained as to whether or not he should tell his comrade of this. But what would be gained? The damage was done, and the knowledge would only throw Wenham into a panic. He made up his mind to say nothing and, furthermore, to watch sharply that Wenham did n't make him say anything about this latest anxiety.



"'HOW ARE YOU FEELIN'?' BILL ASKED, LAYING HIS BIG HAND ON WENHAM'S FOREHEAD."

"All right, Bill. Only you must have left an awful fire. It 's been so hot here I could hardly get my breath."

"Hot? Have you felt hot all day?"

"Roasting."

Bill felt of Wenham's hand. It was hot now—hot and dry. His eyes contracted into a scowl.

"And the fire 's out. Been out two hours," he commented. Bill's face wore a worried look.

(To be continued.)



MARJORIE'S SUMMER TRIP

BY LOIS FOX

COME, Dolly, it is the summer-time;
The weather is so hot,
We must pack the big old family trunk,
And find a cooler spot.

Suppose we try the beaches,
And there, down by the sea,
We can build a pretty house of sand,
For "Pugsey," you, and me.

Then we can gather sea-shells,
And, perhaps, some pebbles, too;
Then find some funny seaweed,
And play it's something new.

I'm busy now; I have to pack—
And I must get the lunch;
We'll want some pop-corn and some nuts,
And grapes, a big, big bunch.

Then I must ask old Ricker
To find the chain for Pug,
So we can take him with us
In Grandma's old gray rug.

It's quite a job now, Dolly dear,
To care for Pug and you;
But they'll drive us to the depot,
Where we take the train "Choo! choo!"

Yes, Hector will be lonesome,
But he'll be good and stay,
To watch the doll house and the swing
While we are far away.

And when the summer's over,
And our vacation, too,
We'll all come back to our dear old home,
To the house I built for you.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

BY JANE A. STEWART

HAROLD and Arthur Norris of Boston were visiting their Aunt Ruth in Philadelphia. One day they went to Independence Hall, where they saw the old Liberty Bell for the first time.

They asked a lot of questions about it.

"Wait till after dinner to-night, boys," said Aunt Ruth, "and ask your uncle. There's nothing about the Liberty Bell and its history that he does n't know. He's a director of the Pennsylvania Historical Society."

So, after dinner, Uncle William told the two boys the story of the Liberty Bell.

"It may seem strange to you," he began, "but the Liberty Bell is not American. It is really a British bell."

"A British bell, Uncle!" exclaimed Harold.

"The bell was originally made in England," said his uncle, smiling at the boy's eagerness. "However, it was recast twice in this country, and that gives it what might be called the American tone."

"You see, it was this way. The Provincial Council decided in October, 1750, to hang a government bell in the new Pennsylvania State House. The superintendents of the State House did not think that a bell of the size that they wanted could be made in Pennsylvania. So they wrote to the colonial agent in London, Mr. Robert Charles, to get a bell for them."

"I have a copy of the original letter," said Uncle William, "and I'll read it to you."

"November 1, 1751.

"RESPECTED FRIEND, ROBERT CHARLES: The assembly having ordered us (the superintendents of the State House) to procure a bell from England to be purchased for their use, we take the liberty to apply ourselves to thee to get us a good bell, of about two thousand pounds weight, the cost of which we presume may amount to about one hundred pounds sterling, or, perhaps, with the charges, something more. . . . We hope and rely on thy care and assistance in this affair, and that thou wilt procure and forward it by the first good opportunity. . . .

"Let the bell be cast by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words well shaped in large letters round it, viz.:

"By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the city of Philadelphia, 1752.

"And underneath:

"Proclaim liberty through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. Levit. xxv. 10.

"As we have experienced thy readiness to serve this province on all occasions, we desire it may be our excuse for this additional trouble from thy assured friends,

"ISAAC NORRIS, THOMAS LEECH, EDWARD WARNER.

"In the postscript to this letter," said Uncle

William, "they add a line saying, 'Let the package for transportation be examined with particular care, and the full value insured there.'"

"Did anything happen to the bell, Uncle?"

"It came across the sea safely and arrived in Philadelphia at the end of August, 1752, in apparently good condition; and the polite superintendents sent Mr. Charles a letter of thanks 'for the care in procuring us so good a bell.'"

"But something *did* happen to the bell," persisted Arthur. "I remember reading about it."

"Yes," said Uncle William, "in spite of all the precautions, when the bell was hung up, it was cracked by the stroke of the clapper."

"Did they send it back to England?"

"They were going to do so. But the ship they chose could not take it on board. At this, two enterprising American workmen, Messrs. Pass & Stow, came forward. They volunteered to recast it. They broke up the metal, and found, on testing it, by first casting several little bells out of it, that the metal was too high and brittle. So they decided upon a mixture of an ounce and a half of copper to one pound of the old bell, and in this proportion it was remolded."

"The bell was hung in its place in April, 1753, but proved to be very unsatisfactory in tone. There was too much copper in it, it was said. And Pass & Stow, being teased so much about it, asked permission to cast it over again. This they did. And the bell, which was afterward to become famous as the 'Liberty Bell' was again hung in position in June, 1753."

"Was it satisfactory then?" asked Harold.

"It does not seem to have been liked by everybody. There was difference of opinion about it. The records tell us that Pass & Stow received pay for their work in September, 1753, sixty pounds, thirteen shillings, and fivepence, or about three hundred dollars."

"Next, the English bell-founder was asked to send over another bell, but its tone was found to be no better. So the first one remained in use."

"Thus the Liberty Bell which is preserved in Independence Hall to-day is really a British bell recast by Americans."

"There was no thought, perhaps, in the minds of the men who procured and hung the State House bell, of the prophecy involved in the Scripture command which they had put on the bell, twenty-four years before the Declaration of Independence. That verse is: 'Proclaim liberty

through all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," said Uncle William.

"I wish I had been there to hear it ring for liberty when the Declaration of Independence was signed, on July 4, 1776!" exclaimed Arthur.

"So do I," said Harold.

"Those were exciting times for the old bell.

tower for more than half a century. Then a sad accident befell it. The bell was being tolled on July 8, 1835, for the death of United States Chief Justice Marshall, when suddenly it cracked and became mute."

"Did they ever try to mend it?" asked Arthur.

"Yes. In 1846, in order to use it upon Wash-



"CARRYING THE LIBERTY BELL TO ALLENTOWN"—AS REPRESENTED IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT OF "FOUNDERS' WEEK," PHILADELPHIA, 1908.

In 1777, you remember, boys, when the American forces were about to leave Philadelphia, the commissary took the precaution to guard the precious Liberty Bell by taking it down and transporting it to Allentown for safety. In passing through the streets of Bethlehem, the wagon containing the Liberty Bell broke down and had to be unloaded."

"Why did they take it away, Uncle?" asked Harold.

"To prevent its falling into the hands of the British, who were about to occupy the city," was the answer. "But the old bell was brought back safely, and it rang from the Independence Hall

ington's birthday of that year, the crack was drilled out. But when they tried to ring the bell, the crack immediately widened. So they gave up the attempt. And the old bell which had hung silently in the tower for over a decade was taken from its scaffolding and lowered to the first floor, where it could be seen by thousands of visitors daily.

"In 1875, when Independence Hall was restored to its original appearance, the old Liberty Bell was removed to the vestibule and placed on its original beam and scaffolding," said Uncle William, as he rose to bid the boys good night. "And that was where you saw it to-day."

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders"

CHAPTER V

THE HOUSE IN THE TREES

WITH an answering cry of alarm, Dick Ryerson leaped to his feet, seized a cudgel, and ran to meet them.

The fleeing boys dashed by him, and, uttering a shout, the Canadian lad sprang before the pursuing animal, his stick raised. The beast halted, and stood with bristling neck and bared teeth. Catching up clubs, Bob Colbourne and Lincoln Adams rushed back to Dick's assistance; with loud cries they sprang at it, and in a moment the animal had fled, and they were in hot pursuit. The wolf speedily outdistanced them, however, and with a final yell to speed him on, they drew up.

The sudden encounter had shaken the boys considerably, and as they returned, they glanced about them with undisguised apprehension. They were again in sight of the cave from which the animal had appeared, before any one spoke.

"Well, he appears to be alone, anyway. That's some comfort," remarked Bob. "And he may be the only one on the 'island'; you know we heard only one howling last night—this very one, probably."

"Another thing," said Dick, brightening; "it must mean there is a way down somewhere, that we missed. That wolf did n't fly up here."

Cheered with these reflections, the boys approached the cave, and examined it. Probing with a long stick to make sure there were no more occupants, they crept inside, and found it a low, rough hole in the rocks, of no great depth. Its floor was littered with bones and feathers and other gruesome relics, and they soon scrambled out.

"If it had been bigger, we might have made it into a cave-house," said Lincoln. "Shall we block it up, and make Mr. Wolf look for another flat?"

This was done, with good-sized rocks lying about, and the boys then collected a number of the smaller stones Bob and Lincoln had first gone in search of, and returned to the fire.

"Put them in the coals, where they'll get hot without getting black," directed Dick.

This was done; and while Dick resumed his interrupted work with the broken pail, the boys fell to a thorough discussion of their situation.

"As you say, Dick, the wolf being up here must mean a way of getting below," Lincoln said. "But

even if we find it, it would be foolish for us to set right off, blindly, would n't it? And where would we head for? It looks to me as though the wise thing would be to figure on remaining here for several days—or, perhaps, a week or so—until we know what we are about; say till we can get some grub together for a possibly long trip. For there are birds and squirrels here anyway, and perhaps other game we can pot somehow, and it's not likely we would find anything in the way of food in the wild country we will have to cross."

"That's true enough," Dick agreed. "I was thinking we could follow the river, south, until it brought us somewhere. But it looks from the hill as though it ran for a hundred miles through nothing but the barest kind of broken country, and it might take us a week or more to get through. What do you say, Bob?"

"Yes; I vote not to be in a needless hurry about getting away. We might be in a lots worse fix than we are here. And I believe we could make bows and arrows that would bring down squirrels and birds. I can use a bow fairly well."

"Then, too," Bob pointed out, "we might see some one in a day or so, if we kept a lookout and stuck up a flag of some kind on the hill—hunters, or prospectors, or even Indians, if you think they would be friendly."

"Then I suppose the first thing is to make the bows," declared Lincoln; "we can cut strips from our leather belts for the strings. Where will we look for wood? Pine won't do, of course."

"Let us try the oak thicket," suggested Bob, rising. "I saw some small dead trees there that will be the right thing if they are dry and solid."

"You go ahead with the pail, Dick," he said, as he and Lincoln made for the patch of dwarf oak at the foot of the hill. "We'll bring you a rod."

When Lincoln and Bob returned with several stout dry oak sticks some five feet in length, Dick was coming up from the spring, in his hand the restored pail, filled with water.

"Bully for you," cried Lincoln. "I did n't think you could do it. It leaks in about ten places; but I suppose it will swell tight. Here's the stick for your bow."

The three boys were soon at work with their jack-knives fashioning the old-time weapon; and as they whittled, they discussed a further subject—as to what provisions they should make for the night. All agreed that they did not want to spend another night in a tree, if they could help it.

"For besides being so jolly cold, there is always the chance of falling to the ground," said Bob.

"But if we sleep on the ground there 's always the chance of falling to the wolf," Lincoln replied.

Dick's plan was for constructing a hunter's lean-to of boughs, and building a fire before it.



"THROWING OFF THEIR COATS THE BOYS WENT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY." (SEE PAGE 825.)

"That would keep us warm, and scare animals away," he said. "I 've slept in them; and with a nice soft bed of fir, there 's nothing finer. If we—"

"Listen!" interrupted Bob. "What 's that?"

It was a sound as of many wings. Rapidly it drew nearer, and suddenly from amid the trees swept a cloud of large gray birds. When the birds settled in the branches of a not distant tree, the boys simultaneously uttered the cry, "Pigeons!" and in another moment all had turned excitedly to the completion of their bows.

"Don't wait to finish them," advised Dick, hurriedly cutting nicks for the string. "They 'll shoot

well enough if we can get right under the birds and near enough to hit them."

Quickly doing this, and cutting narrow strips from their leather belts, splicing them, and hastily securing them to the bow-ends, in a few moments the boys had the bows roughly completed.

The pigeons were still in the tree when they had finished hurriedly improvised arrows by simply trimming small pine branches, sharpening the heavier end, and cutting a "v" in the other. Only pausing a moment to try the spring of the new weapons, they rose and cautiously approached the tree. Keeping under cover of intervening trunks, they were at last almost directly beneath the thickly clustered birds.

"Let us fire together," Bob suggested in a low voice. "If one shoots first, they may fly."

They raised their bows, and drew. Bob's shaft found its mark, and one of the pigeons came down fluttering into Dick's outstretched hands. Lincoln and Dick had just missed.

"Yes; a whopping sort of wild pigeon," said Dick, delightedly, examining it. "Bully! And look how plump and fat it is!"

Elated with this success, Bob and Lincoln set off again after the flock of pigeons, and Dick returned to the fire to prepare the bird for dinner.

It was noon when the two hunters reappeared, and with a triumphant shout held up two more pigeons, and something else which Dick could not at first identify. When they reached him, he saw it was an unusually large, yellowish squirrel.

Dick's congratulations, however, were lost in an exclamation from the others, and running to the fire they pulled up, wondering, and sniffing delightedly over the pail. Setting close to the fire, but not touching, it was bubbling and steaming merrily through a "cover" of small pine branches.

"How did you do it?" they demanded enthusiastically.

Dick laughed as he removed the improvised cover. "It 's so simple it 's a shame to fool you into thinking it is anything wonderful," he said. Picking up two forked sticks, he began fishing about in the coals.

"Well, here it is." So saying, he raked out a shimmering hot stone, deftly caught it up, and dropped it, hissing, into the stew.

"You old faker! You 'd better apologize—calling that magic!" laughed Lincoln. "Eh, Bob?"

"Any duffer could do it—if he knew how."

"But bring on your dinner, Dick, and we 'll overlook it this time." And a few minutes later they were gathered, seated "tailor-fashion," about the pail-kettle, and, with the aid of wooden forks and spoons which Dick had also fashioned, were

eating as only hungry boys can eat, and enjoying with the greatest relish Dick's pigeon stew.

"You even appear to have dug up some salt somewhere," observed Lincoln, after having facetiously extolled the stew as the best stone soup he had ever eaten. "Where did you get the salt?"

"I put in some salty strips cut from the outside of the ham," Dick explained. "The cinders," he added—"you'll notice a few—"

"I have noticed a *few*," remarked Bob. "I've eaten about a pound already. I thought you had put them in in place of potatoes."

"You ungrateful beggar! I was going to explain that they got in with the stones."

"Well, if you will serve up the same quality of grub every day, we'll board with you right along," avowed Lincoln, smacking his lips over a juicy wing. "Though the room you gave us last night was a trifle drafty," he continued, glancing up toward a limb overhead.

"I'll guarantee you will be comfortable to-night," responded Dick. "Though you will have to take your turn at getting up to keep the fire going."

"Lincoln thought of another plan while we were hunting that looked jolly good," said Bob.

"Oh, yes. I was going to tell you, Dick. I saw some dandy little tree-houses in a Philippine village once at an amusement beach near New York, and they looked all kinds of comfortable. Couldn't we make something like that?"

"That is a good idea. I don't see why not. We could make a platform in a tree, anyway. Yes; as soon as dinner is over, let us see what we can do about it."

The pigeon stew despatched to the last morsel, the boys at once set about looking for a tree suited to the plan Lincoln had thought of.

Not far distant was a cluster of young pines whose trunks were about a foot in diameter. The boys made for these, and halted in the center of

a triangle of trees standing not more than twelve feet apart, and whose lower branches were not more than ten feet from the ground. They seemed just what they were seeking.

"Look here," said Lincoln, "could n't we make a platform between these three trees—of limbs



"THE BEAR RECEIVED THE SCALDING WATER FULL IN THE FACE." (SEE PAGE 827.)

stretched across from those crotches, and others over those for the floor?"

"Easily," assented Dick. "And a good solid roof with the help of the branches just above."

"The whole thing is a splendid idea. We will."

"But how will we fasten the main platform pieces in place?" Bob queried. "We would n't want the whole business shaking loose and coming down with us some windy night."

"We can cut up the rest of one of our belts,"

said Lincoln. "Mine is wide and strong, and would give us four or five good thongs for the corners. The other pieces—the floor—would stay without binding if we made a sort of double flooring by placing layers of branches both ways."

"And plenty of pine-needles over the whole would make a smooth enough surface," added Dick

Throwing off their coats, the boys went to work immediately, and five minutes later, Dick, in one of the trees, was breaking and whittling away unnecessary branches, while Bob and Lincoln scoured the neighborhood for long boughs for the platform supports.

All afternoon the three worked like beavers, and sometime before sunset, tired, and grimy and sticky with pine-gum, but happy, they stood some twenty feet from the ground on a substantial three-cornered platform covered with a thick carpet of dry pine-needles.

"It's as comfortable as a feather-bed," Lincoln affirmed, throwing himself on his back. "Dick, you certainly were cut out for a savage."

"Thanks. I'll wager I don't look as much of an Indian as you do, though. Your face is gummed up as though you were on the war-path."

"He saw a squirrel nibbling at a pine-cone, and chased it, and made him drop it, and then tried to bite into it himself," said Bob, laughing.

"But there *was* some kind of a nut in it, O.K.," declared Lincoln, rising. "I'm going to have another try at it with my knife. I threw the cone down by the fire as we passed."

"That may be a real find," exclaimed Dick, with interest. "There are none in Canada, but I know I have read of edible pine-nuts growing somewhere."

"Come on down and let us see it."

Climbing down the smaller of the three trees, on which they had left a number of branch-stubs, as a sort of ladder, the boys sought the fire.

"Where is it?" said Lincoln, looking about. "I was sure I tossed it—"

"Well, what do you think of that!" With disgust Lincoln kicked the cone from where it had rolled into the coals, all but the smaller end charred and burned.

He was about to kick it back into the fire, when Dick stopped him. "Let me see it, anyway, Linc."

While Bob and Lincoln turned their attention to the plucking of the two remaining pigeons for supper, Dick picked up the charred cone and examined it. It was about eight inches in length, and apparently had not been less than six in diameter. The color of the unburned end was a rich chocolate brown.

The seeds, Dick noted, were arranged most

compactly, and were so secured by a sort of hook that he was unable with his fingers to loosen one. Unable to free a seed from the burned end because of the heat, he dropped the cone to the ground, and stamped upon it with his heel. At once several of the scales fell off.

Securing one, a low exclamation greeted the discovery at the lower end of a small brown flattened nut. The shell was thin, and crackled between Dick's fingers. Quickly opening it, despite the heat, he found a yellow-brown kernel about the size of a small hazelnut. In a twinkling it was in his mouth. The next moment Bob and Lincoln were startled by a shout that would have done credit to an Indian.

"Unnn!" mumbled Dick, dancing about, and pointing now at the cone on the ground, now at his mouth. "Quick! Burned my tongue! But try one!"

"Why, what are—"

"Nuts! Nuts we can eat!"

In a bound Bob and Lincoln were on their knees, snipping the shell from one of the hot seeds; they greeted the discovery of the little yellow kernels with a cry, and tossed them into their mouths.

"Um-mum! Bully! Bully!" mumbled Lincoln. Catching up a stick, he quickly pounded the rest of the roasted seeds from the cone; and sitting down to the feast, the boys did not desist until they had eaten the last smallest kernel of the delicious find.

"Talk about luck! Were there many trees where you got this?" Dick asked.

"A whole grove of them; and they are loaded with cones. I noticed, because there were so many squirrels about."

One would scarcely have imagined it a cast-away party which an hour later sat down to a more substantial supper of stewed pigeon.

"If our folks only knew where we were, and that we were all right, it'd be as much fun as any picnic I was ever on," Lincoln declared sincerely.

"With tons of nuts like those to be had for the picking up, and pigeon stew like this to be had for the picking down—what more could you want?"

CHAPTER VI

ANOTHER VISITOR

WITH a covering of the useful pine boughs over them for greater warmth, the boys slept well in their novel aerial bed, and were up with the sun. The sky was clear and bright overhead, the air beautifully clear and bracing; and they descended to the ground feeling in fine trim for the day.

"What did you dream, Dick?" Lincoln inquired, as they headed for the brook. "Whatever you dream first night in a new house always comes true, you know."

"Then I am in for it. I thought I was in the balloon again, and that you and Bob threw me out. You said I was a Jonah," Dick replied.

"Jolly good for you and me, eh, Linc?" laughed Bob. "It means we get away. Of course it will be a bit rough on Dick, pitching him over—"

The three boys halted in their stride. They had come in sight of the little stream, and on the opposite side, gazing toward them with startled eyes, was a group of white, long-haired animals that they at once recognized as wild mountain-sheep. For several seconds the animals stood, then whisked about and were off like a streak. Instinctively the boys sprang after, but pulled up at the spring.

"If only we had a gun!" deplored Dick, gazing after the animals as they disappeared amid the trees. "We'll have to have one of them somehow. The meat would be just the thing to dry and take with us when we leave, and the skin would be more than useful. We could use strips of it to make the platform more secure, and in putting on a roof."

"But the best of it is, they are further proof that there is a way down below," Lincoln observed, as they dropped to their knees by the water. "We must have been asleep yesterday not to have discovered it."

Having rekindled the fire from the night's embers, the boys, as the first business of the day, set off for the nut-pine grove, to obtain a supply of the nut-bearing cones. In the hope also of securing some pigeons, Bob and Lincoln took along their bows.

The pigeons, however, had apparently left that part of the "island," and having proceeded half a mile amid the trees without hearing their cooing, the boys separated some distance, in order to cover more ground in a hunt for squirrels.

A few minutes later, Dick and Bob saw Lincoln, fifty yards to their right, suddenly halt, then tiptoe cautiously toward a cluster of dwarf oak. Within a few feet of it he again sharply halted, and turning toward them with an excited warning gesture, dropped flat to the ground, and began creeping toward the thicket on his stomach.

He reached the thicket, rose cautiously to his knees, and raising his bow, fired. Immediately from the bushes rose a great whistling of wings, and with a shout Lincoln disappeared headlong from sight. Racing forward, Dick and Bob plunged after him, and found Lincoln scrambling about on the ground, endeavoring to hold a huge,

dark bird that fought and struggled desperately. In a flash they were at his side, and the bird was pinned down.

"Why, it's a turkey! A wild turkey!" cried Dick, in the greatest delight.

"That's what it is," said Lincoln, breathlessly and triumphantly. "And a beauty, too!"

"They were feeding here, thirty or forty of them, and I struck this one in the neck, and dazed it. It ran toward me. That's how I landed it."

With some difficulty the boys despatched the bird, and with great joy resumed their way toward the nut grove, Lincoln with the prize over his shoulder.

A few minutes later the tall dark pines about them opened out, and a brightly sunlit grove appeared—a grove of airy, sparsely branched trees, silvery gray in color. At the same time, a low drumming, or thudding, came to their ears. Arriving at the edge of the grove, the boys saw that the trees were literally alive with squirrels, and that the noise was made by constantly dropping cones.

"Now listen to the row when they see us," said Lincoln, as they moved forward.

Catching up a cone, Dick tossed it at one of the squirrels; whereat he stormed up the tree like a streak of light, and peering down from a safe distance, fell to scolding incoherently. The excitement quickly spread to the squirrels in the neighboring trees, and soon the dropping of the cones had ceased, and the boys, to their huge amusement, were the storm-center of a miniature bedlam of indignation, some of the belligerent little animals even racing down the trunks and a few feet toward them, as though to attack them.

For some minutes the boys amused themselves in watching the warlike demonstration, and in tossing cones at their small assailants. Then, removing their coats, they spread them with a layer of dead needles, to protect them from the soft pitch, and began gathering the choicest of the large brown cones which the still scolding squirrels had so conveniently plucked for them.

"No wonder you got pitch over your face, trying to open one of these with your teeth, Linc," remarked Dick, gingerly examining a cone which dripped gum over his fingers.

"The scales are arranged and all hooked in together like chain armor. I don't believe we would ever have found a way of opening them if you had n't rolled that one into the fire."

It was a well-loaded party which returned to the camp, each with his coat as full of cones as he could carry, Lincoln, in addition, swinging the turkey by its legs.

Hanging the bird from a convenient limb, the

boys set about preparing a breakfast of roast pine-nuts and the squirrel which remained from the previous day's hunting.

"By the way," said Bob, "how are we going to cook Lincoln's big bird? You would n't try to boil it, would you?"

"Boiled turkey? Never!" protested Lincoln from the fire. "We could roast it, could n't we, Dick?"

"It 's pretty big—eighteen pounds if it 's an ounce—but I guess we could rig up a spit. I have heard of Indians rolling birds in clay, feathers and all, and baking them in coals. How about trying that?"

"Ugh! Not for me. We 'll try the roasting. I 'll tackle it myself, if you like. Start right after breakfast, so as to have it done in time for dinner."

"There is something else we ought to get started first, I think," said Dick, glancing overhead, where the sun had disappeared behind a patch of dark cloud. "We ought to start a roof over the platform. It will be raining sooner or later; and when it does rain here it probably comes down good and hard."

By the time breakfast was over, the threatening clouds had passed; nevertheless the boys determined on immediately setting about the construction of a roof over the platform in the trees.

Separating, and searching among the smaller pines of the vicinity, they first secured a large number of branches, eight to twelve feet in length, and heavily needled. Then, ascending to the platform, they drew together over the center of the floor a number of the overhanging limbs of each of the three trees, and securely bound them together with a thong cut from Dick's belt. This done, Bob and Lincoln descended, and began passing the branches up to Dick; and one by one, with smaller leather strips, he bound them firmly to the central point, and draped them over the platform-edge.

The work proceeded rapidly, and soon the little green three-sided hut had taken definite shape. It was at this point, he and Bob having nothing to do but pass up boughs, that Lincoln suggested Dick's completing the job, and that he and Bob should pay a second visit to the nut grove. "Before the squirrels get away with all the best cones," he said.

"Go ahead," agreed Dick. And having passed up the remainder of the boughs, Bob and Lincoln set off.

An hour later, putting the finishing touches to

his work, Dick was startled by a shout. It rose again, louder, and nearer, and in alarm he scrambled below. As he reached the ground, fifty yards away, along the precipice, Bob and Lincoln burst into view, in their shirt-sleeves, running desperately; and a few feet behind them lumbered a huge dark object which Dick at once recognized as a bear. He sprang forward, faltered, and looked about for a weapon.

"Up the tree! The tree!" cried Lincoln.

Dick's eyes had halted at the pail by the fire. He had filled it with water, and heated it with stones, to scald the turkey. It was steaming hot.

In a moment he had decided, and darting for it, caught it up and advanced to meet his fleeing companions. On second thought he hastened to the very brink of the precipice, and cried: "Come straight for me! Straight ahead!"

The others saw his purpose, and turned toward him. With a final spurt they dashed by, and the next moment the huge bear, rushing after, received the pail of scalding water full in the face, and Dick had leaped aside. Howling with rage and pain, the bear pulled up and began backing in a circle, pawing at his eyes and nose. A breathless space the boys watched, then emitted a triumphant yell as the animal plunged backward into the abyss.

"Whe-ew! Thanks!" said Lincoln, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Peering over the brink of the precipice, the boys made out a small black spot on the rocks far below.

"He jolly well won't trouble us again," Bob observed with satisfaction. "But, I say—suppose we look for that path below right after dinner, and go down and get some of the bear meat, and the skin? Perhaps we could dry strips of the meat, to take with us when we leave."

"Was just going to suggest it myself," said Lincoln.

"But come now and see what you think of the house," Dick requested. "It is finished."

So accustomed to unusual happenings were the boys by this time, that one would not have imagined them leaving the scene of a near-tragedy as they turned toward the camp, treating the whole affair as a joke.

"I thought we were bear meat sure," Lincoln was saying. "The beggar took after us just as we started back. And needless to say, we did n't stop to argue the matter. We dropped everything and beat it, and if it had n't been for Dick's pail of hot water we might not be so happy now."

(To be continued.)

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS



UNCLE NED

OUR hearts should thrill with patriotic pride when we realize that, though America is comparatively young, still our country has a number of "people's songs" which rank with the best in the world. This is one of them. It was composed by Stephen Collins Foster, author of "Old Folks at Home," a Pennsylvanian and a white man, who wrote over a hundred songs, most of which pictured some phase of negro life.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

1. There was an old dark-ey, and his
2. His fin - gers were long as the
3. One cold, ... frosty morn-ing old ...

name was Un - cle Ned, And he died long a - go, long a - go, He....
cane.... in the brake, And he had no..... eyes for to see, And he
Un - cle Ned.... died. Mas - sa's tears fell.... down like the rain, For he

had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
had no teeth for to eat a corn - cake, So he had to let the corn-cake... be.
knew when Ned was.... laid in the ground, He'd.. never see his like a - gain.

CHORUS.

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe,... Hang up the fid-dle and the bow,

There's no more hard work for poor Un - cle Ned, He's gone where the good dark-eyes go.

THE LEPRECAUN

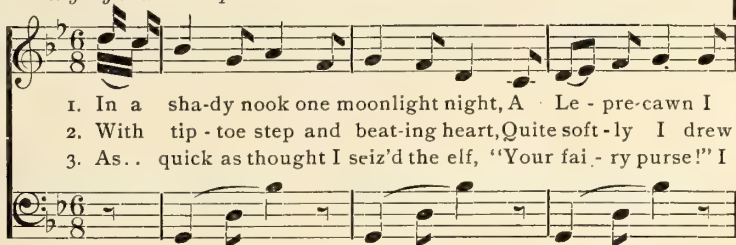
THIS is another gem of an Irish fairy song. You remember the charming "Fairies' Lullaby" published last month. The Leprecawn was supposed to be kept very busy during midsummer, in mending the fairy shoes which they wore out dancing in the moonlight. He was a queer little creature, full of pranks. He guarded a purse of gold of which people were said to be very envious. But he was ingenious in devising ways to distract attention from his treasure, if by chance he was caught. He usually succeeded in keeping his purse, as in our song. Only once, we are told, was it successfully wrested from him, and then a castle in Cork was built with the money.

The tune may sound a little strange at first hearing, but play it over a number of times with care and interest, and it will prove altogether captivating.

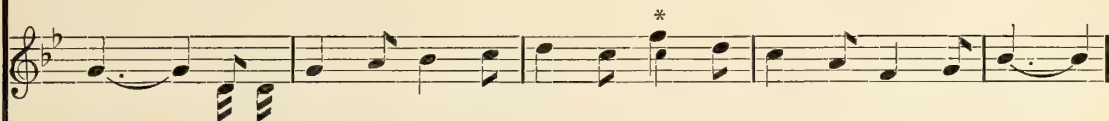
Traditional Song

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

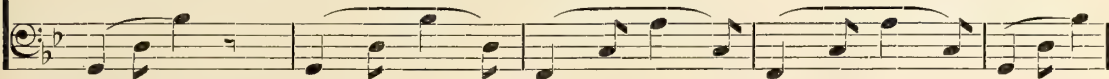
Lightly and rather quick



1. In a sha-dy nook one moonlight night, A Le-pre-cawn I
2. With tip-toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft-ly I drew
3. As.. quick as thought I seiz'd the elf, "Your fai-ry purse!" I



spied;... With.. scar-let cap and coat of green; A cru-is-keen by his side....
 nigh;... There was mis-chief in his mer-ry face, A twin-kle in his eye.
 cried;... "The.. purse!" he said, "'tis in your hand, A lady is at your side!"...



'Twas tick,.. tack, tick his ham-mer went Up-on a wee-ny shoe;.... And I
 He ham-mer'd and sang with ti-ny voice, And drank his moun-tain dew;.... And I
 I turn'd to look: the elf was off! Then what was I to do?..... Oh, I



laugh'd to think of his purse of gold; But the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....
 laugh'd to think he was caught at last, But the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....
 laugh'd to think.. how fool'd I'd been; And the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....



* Sing lower note, if preferred.

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER V

DOROTHY'S BIRTHDAY

DOROTHY stood at her window, looking out upon the green velvety lawn. It was a beautiful morning, and trees and sward alike were echoing to the robins' cheery song. A few great, white clouds were moving in the upper air so lazily that they seemed scarcely to move at all, and beyond them shone the clear blue sky of a day in June.

Yet, for some reason, Dorothy was feeling pensive—almost sad. Possibly the strain of her long illness had made itself felt once more. But she was not a girl to give way, even to a sense of loneliness, and she was planning that, after breakfast, she would sit out in the garden, with her beloved books, and find companionship and cheer among the characters that were her chosen friends in fiction. Her foot was now practically well. She had "trained" it industriously for the past ten days, and although she still limped slightly, it was more from fear than of necessity.

"How still the house is!" she said, as she descended the stairs, a few minutes later. "Where *can* they all be?"

Just as she reached the bottom step, her father and mother, and Paul and Peggy, came in from the veranda, crowding close about her and exclaiming with one voice:

"Many happy returns, Dot!"

"Mercy! My birthday!" said Dorothy. "Why, so it is! And I never once thought of it! What with Hal's home-coming and the automobile, how *could* I think of anything else?"

"And our girl is 'sweet sixteen' to-day!" said her father, as he tucked his arm in hers and led her into the breakfast-room, the happy center of a happy circle.

Just then Hal appeared, and, in his debonair way, saluted Dorothy with, "You're looking pretty grown-up to-day, kid," as he planted a kiss upon his sister's cheek.

"You will have to treat me with proper respect now, young man," replied the smiling Dorothy. "No more 'kidding' for me, sir!"

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Ward arose and said, with a twinkle: "Now for the veranda—*everybody*!"

At the doorway, they found Edith and Arthur waiting to congratulate Dorothy.

"How does it feel to be sixteen, Dot?" said Edith. "I'll be there, too, you know, very soon!"

"It's splendid, Edith. I'm a year older than I was yesterday! But what does all *this* mean?"

Dorothy's eye had wandered over to the motor, and had caught a glimpse of its contents. The machine was drawn up to the front steps, and most fascinating-looking packages of every shape and size were piled high on the back seat.

"Birthday gifts for you, Dot, and we are all ready to inspect them," said Hal.

Dorothy's face was radiant with joy as she went forward and took out one of the parcels.

"With best love from Father," the card read.

Dorothy opened the box and discovered something that looked like a clock.

"What in the world is this, Dad?"

"That is a speedometer, dear; a most necessary addition to the motor. It will tell you just how fast or how slowly you are traveling, and enable you to keep always within the speed limit."

"If you want to keep within it," said Hal, jokingly.

"It registers the distance, too, Dot, so, at the end of every trip, you will know how many miles you have been. You will be surprised to find how rapidly the miles mount up."

Dorothy had been undoing the next package. There was no mark on the outside, but a card dropped out of the box, and Hal's name was on it.

"Where *did* you get it, Hal? When did you think of it? A motor-clock, Dad. Isn't it a beauty? And we have needed a clock so badly, Hal. But you should not have spent so much on me."

There was a shout of delight from every one when the next gift was opened. It was a tea-basket, containing six little cups and saucers, six plates, an alcohol lamp, a bottle of alcohol, a teapot, sugar-bowl, and cream-jug.

"Oh, it's perfect, Mother dear, simply perfect!"

Paul and Peggy had bought six little glasses which fitted into a leather case. They had chosen the gift themselves, and were very proud of their purchase. The case being a telescopic affair, its mechanism had attracted Paul. Dorothy put an arm about each of them, and said: "This is the sweetest present you could have chosen, dear little brother and sister."

The next package was daintily done up in tissue-paper and tied with blue ribbon. Attached to it was a card which said, "From your loving Edith."

"Oh, Edith! What a beauty!" said Dorothy, as she unfolded the loveliest motor-veil she had ever seen. It was dark blue on one side and a

soft gray on the other. She put it over her head and wound it about her shoulders. "I'm just wild about it, Edith. Where did you find it?"

"I brought it with me from New York, Dot."

Arthur knew that "Lorna Doone" was one of Dorothy's "especial favorites," so he had taken great pains to find a beautiful edition of the book for her.

"This is n't exactly a motor-gift, Dot," he said, "but if it had n't been for books, you would n't have won the motor. And some day, perhaps, you will visit the 'Lorna Doone' country in an automobile."

"Such an exquisite copy, Arthur,—and just what I have been longing for. Thank you so much!" and she tucked the beloved "Lorna" under her arm, as Peggy, at that moment, handed her a rather bulky parcel. Almost breathless with excitement, by this time, Dorothy undid the wrappings, and beheld a handsome blue motor-coat, which Aunt Alice had sent "to match the motor," as the card read. Dorothy slipped it on at once and wrapped her motor-veil around her hair, "just to see how it feels to be a motor-girl," she said, and quite unconscious of what everybody else saw, that she made a perfect picture of girlish loveliness.

While they were gleefully looking over the gifts, Mr. Ward gave a whistle which must have been a signal, for suddenly Hal appeared around a corner of the house, leading by a leash a beautiful "Boston bull" terrier. The little dog's ears were cocked up, and his head turned to one side, as if looking eagerly for some one.

"Here, Sis," called Hal. "This way, please." And then, with an elaborate bow, "Miss Dorothy Ward, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Peter Ward, of Wardsville, Ward County, Pennsylvania!"

Dorothy was speechless. She stooped down and read the card which was tied with a ribbon to the little dog's collar:

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton send this little messenger to their friend Dorothy, to carry their love and best birthday greetings.

"But he is only a messenger," said Dorothy. "The card says so!"

"No, dear. He is yours. This is the secret I have had to keep since last evening," said Mr. Ward.

Now, Dorothy did what would have made most boys call her a baby—she began to cry. She was so happy at that moment that she could not keep the tears of joy away.

"Oh, Peter, Peter," she exclaimed, "you dear, dear, darling doggie! Are you really, really mine?"

Her arms were about the little dog and Peter's tail was wagging vigorously. There seemed to be an understanding between them already.

"What made you call him Peter?" asked Dorothy, suddenly, looking up at Hal.

"As a delicate compliment to the well-known saint," was Hal's ribald reply.

"Well, it goes fine with Paul," chirped that cheerful youngster, who was standing by.

"And with Peggy, too," piped his little sister. "Peter, Paul, and Peggy."

"So it does, dear," said Dorothy. And "Peter" he was from that very hour.

The little dog began romping around at her feet. He seemed to realize that he belonged to her, and kept looking up, as if trying to say, "Come and play, too. Let us get acquainted. You and I are going to be such friends."

"You darling!" said Dorothy. "Are you really happy to be mine?" And for answer, Peter bowed with all his might, and his stump of a tail wagged harder than ever.

"So this was your 'secret,' Dad. To smuggle away and keep overnight such a duck of a dog was indeed keeping a secret. I must go and thank Mr. and Mrs. Lawton at once."

"Mr. Lawton won't be there, dear. It's ten o'clock. This afternoon we will all go over together. And I must be off now, myself."

Edith was to spend the day with Dorothy, and most of their morning was devoted to the lively little dog. Dorothy could n't romp much, although Peter evidently expected her to do so; but she and Edith sat on the lawn, under the shade of a big apple-tree, and the new-comer frisked about in great glee. Dorothy made several attempts to read aloud to Edith, but Peter did n't approve of that proceeding at all.

"You must try to like being read aloud to, Peter."

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Peter.

"Do you want to play all the time?" asked Dorothy. And for answer the little dog actually snuggled down beside her.

About four o'clock that afternoon, they motored over to Mr. Lawton's. Dorothy and her new pet went into the house alone. Mr. Lawton had seen them coming, and was waiting at the door to welcome them.

"So you've brought him back! You don't want him!" he said laughingly.

"He's the dearest little fellow in the world! How can I ever thank you enough?"

Try as Mr. Lawton would, he could not prevail upon Peter to go to him.

"He thinks you want to take him from me," said Dorothy. "Don't you, Peter?"

The little fellow was rubbing up against Dorothy's feet so that he almost tripped her every time she took a step.

"Gentlemen do not precede ladies into a room, Peter. You must teach him his manners, Dorothy," said their friend.

He behaved quite well, however, during the rest of the call, and bestowed upon Mr. Lawton a gracious bark of friendliness when they bade him good-by.

The Mortimers were all coming to dinner, and Hal had met and invited Jack Arnold, the son of Mr. Geoffrey Arnold, their kindly guide on the evening when they lost their way. Jack was a sophomore at Yale, and a good friend of Hal's. There was much joy and banter, during dinner, and when Dorothy's birthday cake with its sixteen lighted candles arrived, the fun was at its height.

Jack and Hal belonged to the Yale Glee Club, so, after dinner, Hal suggested that they have some singing. Jack had brought his mandolin with him, for he rarely went anywhere without it. During one of the songs, Dorothy and Edith noticed that Hal's voice suddenly stopped. Looking toward him, they beheld his mouth wide open, and heard, instead of a song-like note, the agonized exclamation, "Jumping Jehoshaphat! Look at that pup!"

Peter, who had been absent for some time, had suddenly appeared on the veranda, and in his mouth he carried Hal's much-prized Yale pennant, now torn almost to shreds. The singing broke up instantaneously, as Hal rushed at Peter, and off Peter bounded upon the lawn.

"Go it, Peter!" said Dorothy. "I'm on your side."

Round and round the garden they went, over the flower beds and past the barn, now behind one tree and then another, while Arthur and Jack soon joined in the chase.

"Oh, that's not fair, three against one," called Dorothy and Edith, who were convulsed with laughter.

"Fair or not fair, I'll settle with Mr. Peter if he monkeys with any more of my belongings," called back Hal.

Presently, when he returned, carrying with him the remnant of his beloved pennant, Edith went over and whispered: "Never mind, Hal. I'll make you another."

"Thank you, Edith. You are more than good. But all the same, I've got to teach Peter a lesson," and seizing the unwilling dog, Hal held him aloft and, pointing a warning finger at him, thus solemnly admonished him:

"See here, *you*, Peter!
You've got to be *true*, Peter,

To the good old Yale *blue*, Peter,
Or, by *Su-Peter*,
I'll not do a thing to *you*, Peter,
But ship you off to the *Zoo*, Peter!"

The little dog cocked his ears and barked knowingly.

"*Comprennez-vous*, Peter?" added Hal, as he carried the still-protesting doggie up to his room.

When they emerged ten minutes later, there was a shout of laughter, for Hal had artistically decorated "His Lordship the Yale Mascot" with what remained of his blue ribbons.

"There!" said the triumphant Hal. "Now, you're the real thing—a true blue Yale bulldog—and by the shade of old Eli, you look the part!"

Peals of laughter greeted the luckless Peter, who looked ludicrous, indeed, with a huge blue bow around his neck and another adorning his stump of a tail; and the expression of earnest wonderment on his face added to the fun. "You poor, little, precious Peter!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Did they try to make a Yale doggie out of you when you really belong to Harvard?" And Peter's fighting-mad air subsided at the sound of Dorothy's sympathizing words, and he was soon frisking about, as jolly as ever.

After Edith and Dorothy had said good night and gone up-stairs, they heard the three boys singing a serenade under their window, ending with, "Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now!"

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE FOURTH OF JULY WAS CELEBRATED

It was Friday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Ward were talking together as to the best way to celebrate the Fourth of July. "How about a trip to Valley Forge? We could do nothing more patriotic than visit that historic place."

"Ask the children, Robert, and see how they feel about it."

Dorothy clapped her hands in delight when this suggestion was made. Hal thought it "great," and Edith and Arthur were most enthusiastic.

"We'll ask the Lawtons to go, too," said Dorothy, and Mr. Lawton heartily accepted the invitation by telephone, "on condition," he said, "that you all dine with us here in the evening. We were already counting upon you for that, and for some fireworks later."

"Pray for a fine day, Sis," said Hal. "If Monday is fair, that is all we need."

And July Fourth, the glorious Fourth, was, indeed, a fine day. When Dorothy looked out of her window, she saw that the Stars and Stripes which John had hoisted were waving feebly,

showing that there was little wind. The sun was shining, and a shower of rain during the night had laid the dust.

Paul and Peggy had been invited to a children's party, and Peter was to be left at home because

but, knowing how much she would enjoy it, they insisted that she should be the chauffeur.

"When you get tired," Mr. Ward said, "Hal and I will take turns."

Dorothy was dressed in her pretty blue cloak, and wore the motor-veil Edith had given her.

Mr. Lawton had five in his party: a niece of his and her mother, Jack Arnold, Mrs. Lawton, and himself.

"We will go through Bryn Mawr, Dorothy. Will you take the lead and stop after fifteen minutes to let us pass?"

Down Wissahickon Avenue they went, over City Line Bridge, and through beautiful Fairmount Park.

The motors passed and re-passed each other, and everybody waved their hands as they went by.

"Here's the Merion Cricket Club, over on the right," said Hal. "I saw a great game there when the English cricketers came over."

Soon they were traveling through a lovely valley with the river winding in and out; and after an hour's run, Mr. Lawton pointed out Valley Forge in the distance.

"What do you say to having lunch, Lawton, before we explore the park?" said Mr. Ward. "I'm hungry already."

Mr. Lawton led them by a picturesque, winding road, over a quaint, covered, wooden bridge, to the banks of a shady creek.

"This is a lovely spot to picnic in," he said.

The baskets were unpacked, hot tea was made, and they all sat down to a bountiful feast.

There were just twelve in the party and, after the baskets had been repacked, they started off again, and, within a few minutes, had entered Valley Forge Park. As they passed each point of interest, the motors slowed up for Mr. Lawton to explain. Dorothy delighted in history. To her, as to every loyal American, Washington was one



"'THERE!' SAID THE TRIUMPHANT HAL. 'NOW, YOU'RE THE REAL THING!'"

Mr. Ward was uncertain whether dogs would be allowed in the park.

At ten o'clock, promptly, Dorothy's motor stopped in front of Mr. Lawton's gate.

"All aboard!" they shouted; there was an answering "honk! honk!"—and in less than a minute the other motor had joined them.

Dorothy was running her car that day. She had asked both her father and Hal to take the wheel,

of the world's greatest heroes. She knew almost by heart the story of that terrible winter spent at Valley Forge. But it thrilled her to be treading the same ground that Washington trod, to see be-

looked very fine around here, Hal. Remember that most of that terrible winter the poor officers and men had hardly clothes enough to cover them. I have read that over three thousand of them died from cold and starvation—but, oh, see that dear little house, Dad! Let's go and find out all about it."

Mr. Lawton came up just then and told them that the hut they were inspecting was erected by the Daughters of the Revolution, and had been built over one of the old hut holes.

"This gives you a perfect idea of what the soldiers' huts were like. They were built of logs, and the roofs were of slabs. Each hut had a door and a fireplace. During the intense cold, the men had to have shelter, so Washington ordered these to be built. Each officer had a hut to himself, but only one was allowed to every twelve non-commissioned officers or twelve soldiers. These present huts are used as shelters for the park guards," said Mr. Lawton.

They were walking toward an imposing marble shaft, and Dorothy asked if that was the Waterman monument.

"Yes," said Mr. Lawton, "it is. Some of Lieutenant Waterman's comrades had placed a rough stone over his grave. On the stone they had cut his initials, 'J. W., 1778.' The Daughters of the Revolution erected this monument above his grave. It is the

most conspicuous landmark at Valley Forge."

Dorothy moved closer, and read the inscription: "To the Soldiers of Washington's army who sleep at Valley Forge. 1777-1778."

On the other side of the pedestal, she read:

"Near this spot lies Lieutenant John Waterman, died April 23, 1778, whose grave alone of all his comrades was marked."



"DOROTHY WAS RUNNING HER CAR THAT DAY."

fore her the very hill where so many brave men gave their lives for their country.

"There's one thing you can say for those loyal old fellows," said Hal; "that their uniform was fine. I always admired the old Continental regimentals, the blue and the buff, and the cocked hat,—and all that."

"I don't believe their uniforms could have

"It almost chokes me," Dorothy said to Arthur, who was standing beside her. "Think how Washington must have suffered when he realized himself powerless to help his poor men."

"I know, Dot," said her father, who had overheard her remark, "but you must remember that Washington triumphed in the end. When the war was over, he was loved as the 'Father of his Country.' What greater honor could he have had?"

"Here is the Memorial Chapel," said Mr. Lawton. "There is a pretty story connected with it, and I believe it is authentic. The Valley Forge guide-book tells of a good old Quaker, one Isaac Potts, who was passing through a thick wood not far from Washington's headquarters, when he heard the voice of some one apparently in deep devotion. As he drew nearer, he beheld the commander-in-chief of the American armies on his knees under a spreading tree, and heard him interceding with God for his beloved country. Disclaiming all ability of his own, he pleaded for God's protection and guidance, that only good might come to his men and to his country. This chapel was inspired by that prayer."

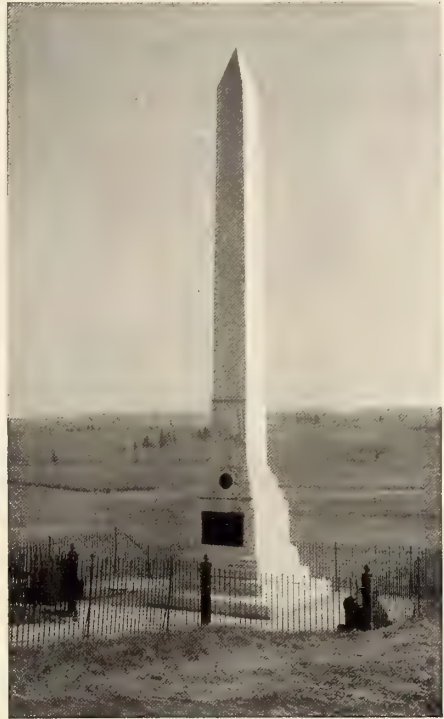
They moved slowly on, following the boulevard, until their attention was called to a long line of earthworks. Here again they alighted.

"To think of these being fortifications! How high do you suppose they were originally, Lawton?" asked Mr. Ward.

"Not over four feet, I believe."

"They seem to be a pretty poor protection from the enemy's fire. Don't they?" remarked Hal.

"His horse is classy," said Hal. "And so is he!" "Mad Anthony Wayne!" quoted Arthur. "I



THE WATERMAN MONUMENT.



ONE OF THE SOLDIERS' HUTS AT VALLEY FORGE.

think, myself, he was a pretty sane fellow. He was certainly a good fighter."

They motored on to the Mount Joy Observatory. "It is a hard climb up those steps, but one is well-repaid for the trouble," said Mr. Lawton.

The four ladies decided to wait in the motors. Mrs. Ward urged Dorothy not to attempt the steps, but the poor girl seemed so disappointed that she finally gave in. The men all promised to care for her and, from the cheery sound of their voices as they climbed, Dorothy's mother felt sure they were fulfilling their promise.

When the top was reached, they were indeed repaid, for a superb stretch of country lay before them—a beautiful bit of their homeland, made theirs by the courage and bravery of one great man and his devoted followers.

Dorothy was very quiet for a moment. A patriotism was stirring in her heart such as she had never experienced. Suddenly her girlish voice broke into song, and in a moment, out over the tree-tops, floated those beautiful words:

"My Country! 'T is of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing—"

"Of course, the weather and the lapse of years have done much to efface them," said Mr. Lawton. "Yet, it is wonderful, when you think that nearly a century and a half has gone by and they are still well-preserved. Ah! yonder is the statue of that great soldier—Major-General Anthony Wayne."

Every one joined in the singing, and when the four verses were finished, they started slowly down the steps. "We could spend a whole day here," said Mr. Lawton. "There is much more of interest to show you, but we have still to visit Washington's headquarters, and by the time we get through there, it will be half-past four, and we must then hurry home."

In and out the road wound, as they descended the hill, and presently they emerged from the park and found themselves passing an inn.

"That is the Washington Inn. We turn to the right here, and Washington's headquarters is just beyond," called out Mr. Lawton, from his car.

They drew up before a two-story stone house, which was recognized at once from the pictures they had seen.

"I have read," said Dorothy, "that Washington mounted guard at this very gate while his sentinel went inside to get food. I think he would have done anything to save his men from suffering. Let us go in together, Edith."

The two girls led the way as they all passed up

these old windows, doors, and locks. There are not many objects of interest inside. It is the



THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND CLOISTERS
OF THE COLONIES.

house itself that appeals to one, and the thought that it sheltered our patriot hero for so many weary months," continued Mr. Lawton, as they passed from the front room into Washington's office.

"This room has always seemed to me a sacred place. Here, undoubtedly, most of his business was transacted, and in this room were written those letters to Congress pleading for food and clothes to be sent to his cold and starving men. Here he must have spent some of the saddest days of his whole life, the great-hearted, patient man!"

They went through a covered passage into the kitchen, where there was a huge fireplace, and from there into a small log pump-house having thirteen steps which led down to a vaulted cellar.

"This was supposed to be a secret passage," said Mr. Lawton.

The house contained but five rooms, so it did not take them long to see it all, but the spell of Washington was upon them, and it was difficult to leave the place.

"Come, boys and girls. It's getting late," called Mr. Ward. "Remember, there is a party this evening, and we must be back in good time."

Hal was at the wheel going home, and Arthur sat beside him. Dorothy was a little tired, and she wanted to be quiet. Her thoughts were filled with all she had seen. It was just half-past six when they reached



THE STATUE OF MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

the walk and through the front entrance, pausing to examine the big lock on the door.

"The house is practically the same as when Washington occupied it," said Mr. Lawton. "It has been wonderfully well preserved. Notice

home, their patriotism and imagination still stirred by their visit to the heights of Valley Forge.

Dorothy was seated between Jack and Arthur during dinner. The table looked lovely with its red, white, and blue decorations, and at every

plate was a mysterious package tied with red, white, and blue ribbon.

"Yes, you may," said Mr. Lawton, nodding to Dorothy, for he had been watching her twist and turn her package, trying to guess its contents.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS,
VALLEY FORGE.

"It 's a splendid portrait of Her Ladyship, the beautiful and stately Martha Washington!" exclaimed Dorothy. "And in a lovely gilt frame."

"And mine," said Hal, "is the great and only George!" as he held it out at arm's-length with one hand and made the military salute with the other.

True enough, their kind hosts had provided for each of the girls a handsome picture of Lady Martha Washington, as a fitting mate to the portrait of the great general which lay beside each boy's plate.

"They are dandy, Mr. Lawton," said Hal, with genuine pride. "Won't they look stunning in our rooms at Yale, Jack?"

The guests began to arrive, for a score of Mr. Lawton's friends and neighbors were invited to see the fireworks. George and Alex Chase, two jolly students from the "U. P." (University of Pennsylvania), were among the number. With Dorothy and Edith, Hal and Jack Arnold, and a half-dozen other girls and boys, there was fun and frolic enough among the guests on Mr. Lawton's wide veranda, and from young and old alike, a frequent chorus of "oh's" and "ah's," as the swish of a rocket sent a fiery trail far up

into the darkness, to be followed, next moment, by a wondrous shower of many-colored lights that lit the whole scene as if by magic. And before the last fairy gleam had yielded up its dwindling light, again from the lawn shot up a great, hissing, serpentine swirl, ending in the sharp report and vivid glare of a bursting bomb. It was a beautiful display; and the final steady burning of red fire cast a rich glow over the veranda, and threw deep, strange shadows of the departing guests into strong relief upon the white wall of the big house. Everybody declared that they had never spent a more "glorious Fourth."

But Jack Arnold was much distressed because his father had not arrived. "I don't know how I am to get home, Hal," he said.

"Jump in with us, Jack, and I 'll run you over in the automobile after I leave our folks at home."



THE REAR ROOM—WASHINGTON'S OFFICE.

"Try to get back by half-past eleven, Hal," said his father as the two boys started off.

"I 'll be home before then, Dad. Don't worry."

Everybody was tired. It had been a long day and there had been so much of interest to see and do that, within a short time, the entire household was sound asleep. Nobody heard Hal come in, and it was well they did not, for it was almost one o'clock in the morning. His face was sad, and he carried a heavy heart as he went slowly up to his room.

(To be continued.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

FIREWORKS THAT ARE NOT FOR FUN

"Pop, pop," or perhaps a single "pop," sharp and distinct, like that of a giant fire-cracker, heard



A RAILROAD OFFICIAL FASTENING A TORPEDO TO THE RAIL.

The package of explosive material is held by flexible metal straps bent around the "ball" of the rail.

not only on the Fourth of July, but on every day in the year, Sundays included—what did it mean? And on almost any night, as I look out of my window, I see the edge of the wood or the fields lighted up by red or yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

As all these queer happenings took place on the railroad, a few rods from my house, I made inquiries of the railway officials, and here are some interesting facts about the use of these curious "fireworks."

General Superintendent B. R. Pollock of the

New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of detonators (commonly known as torpedoes) as audible signals and of 'fusees' as visible signals.

"These torpedoes are attached to the top of the rail on the engineer's side of the track by two small flexible metal straps, which are easily bent around the ball of the rail, as shown in the picture, and hold the torpedoes securely in place until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop; the explosion of two, not more than two



DRIVING THE IRON SPIKE ON THE END OF THE FUSEE INTO A RAILROAD TIE.

This signal, lighted, is often thrown, harpoon-like, from the rear of a swiftly moving train.

hundred feet apart, is a signal to reduce speed and look out for a stop signal.

"The fusees are of similar construction to the well-known Roman candle used for firework celebration, except that they burn a steady flame without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in

the cross-tie when thrown from the rear of a train, and holds the fusee in an upright position, where it is more plainly visible.

"A fusee must be lighted and left by the flag-man whenever a train is running on the "time" of another train, or behind its own time, and under circumstances which call for such protection.

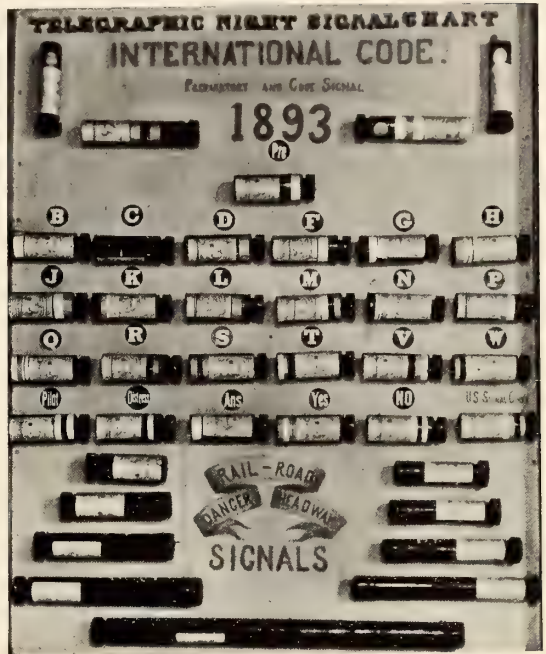


CARTRIDGE SIGNAL AND HANDLE IN WHICH IT IS INSERTED.

The various steamship lines of the world burn different colors in succession to communicate with other steamships. Their distinguishing colors are registered with the Government in Washington, together with the design of their funnel mark and their private flag. The flag can be seen in the daytime, but colored fire signals are required to communicate at night with other ships and the reporting stations on shore.

On the lower board of this cut are Distress Rockets which rise 500 feet in the air and show a red light, and are used only in case of disaster at sea. They are compulsory by all governments except the United States.

"A fusee on or near the track, burning red, must not be passed. When burning yellow the train may proceed with caution when the way is seen and known to be clear. Standard fusees burn red for three minutes and yellow for seven minutes, and can be seen for quite a distance.



THE INTERNATIONAL CODE.

The colored lights are arranged in various combinations, so that each letter of the alphabet has a separate combination, and, by a prearranged code, steamers can communicate with each other after the usual manner of code sentences. To communicate by code a preparatory signal is burned.

The first of these signals was used in a crude form in 1840. After various improvements they have reached their present perfection. They were largely used by our Navy in the Civil War and in the Spanish War, and have been adopted by all the principal countries of the world, and also by seven different branches of the United States Government.

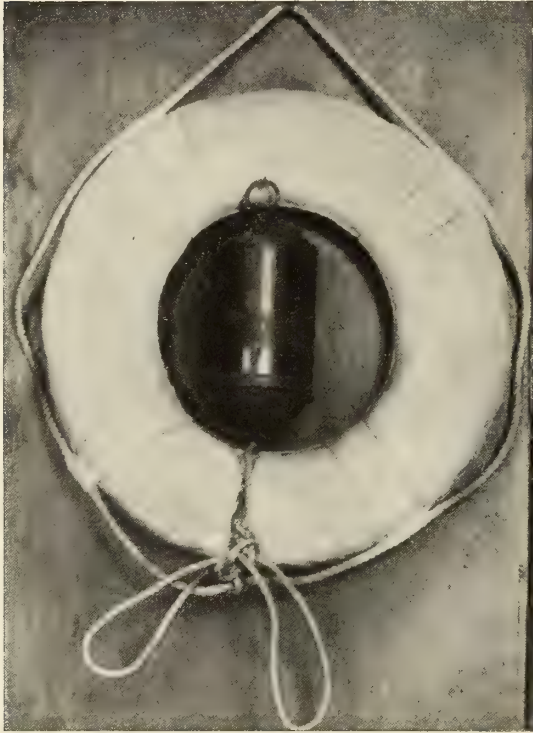
"You will gather from the above explanations that the red glare of a flaming fusee on or near the track warns the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes ahead of him, and under no circumstances must he pass this signal while



THE DISTRESS OUTFIT.

This is a water-tight can including three tubes, in one of which is a signal holder, and the other two containing six signals. These outfits are found in the life-boats of all passenger steamers. In the event of a disaster at sea and a life-boat becoming separated from the others in the darkness, one of the signals is placed in the handle and burned to call for help. It burns first red, changing to white, and then changing to red. This combination of colors is recognized all over the world as a signal of distress at sea, and once seen would surely bring aid.

burning red. When the flame turns to yellow, he may proceed with caution, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in mind that when the fusee changed from red to yellow, he was exactly three minutes behind a preceding train



A RING BUOY LIGHT.

This is attached to the life ring hung on the rail of a ship. When a person falls overboard the ring is thrown in the sea to save him. The buoy light ignites upon coming in contact with the water and burns with a strong flame which neither water nor wind can put out. This flame shows the man in the water where the life-belt is, and also shows the people on the steamer the location of the man overboard.

which may have stopped within a short distance, or may be proceeding at an unusually slow rate of speed."

Superintendent Woodward of the Shore Line Division, another branch of the same railroad, gives this additional detail regarding torpedoes:

"When a train stops upon the main line and requires protection against a following train, the flagman goes back a specified distance and places one torpedo. He then continues a farther distance back, placing two torpedoes. As soon as the train he is protecting is ready to start, the engineer blows a specified whistle signal, which is a notice to the flagman to return to his train. On the way back he picks up the one torpedo, leaving two on the rail to warn the engineer of an approaching train that another train is a short distance ahead, and to give the flagman time to run back and get aboard of his own train."

Of the use of fireworks as signals in the Navy, P. M. Watt, Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., makes the following statement:

"All modern ships are fitted with electric signals, and the use of such signals is general in the naval service. In the case of small vessels having no electric installation, and also for use in case of the failure of the electric signals, the Navy has a system of colored stars in connection with rockets for the purpose of signaling.

"These are in no sense the ordinary commercial fireworks, but are manufactured by the service for naval use exclusively.

"There are no photographs of this system of signals for distribution. The apparatus consists of a specially designed pistol from which are fired cartridges containing the colored stars that are used in the service code."

NOTE: The illustrations and the descriptions of marine fireworks given herewith are shown through the courtesy of the Coston Signal Company, New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHING FIREWORKS

FIREWORKS and also lightning can be effectively photographed only in deep darkness. To photograph fireworks, open the lens, not stopped down, before the fireworks are set off, and keep it open until the display is over. The photograph cannot be obtained if the lens is opened after you see the fireworks, as in the photography of objects in daylight. It must be open and in readiness when



A PHOTOGRAPH OF FIREWORKS.

the bright light comes. As most of you know, this is the order of action in flash-light photography: first, open the lens; second, "set off" the light; third, shut or cap the lens; and this same arrangement must be followed in photographing fireworks.

It would be well to have several plates handy and after each burst of rockets the lens could be closed, and a new plate inserted, and in this way a record obtained of a whole evening's display.

HOW THE HEIGHT OF AN AÉROPLANE IS MEASURED

WE sometimes wonder how the height of a flying aéroplane or balloon is measured. The answer is supplied by the barograph, or recording barome-



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

A BAROGRAPH FOR MEASURING THE HEIGHT OF AN AÉROPLANE.

ter, which all balloonists carry suspended from some part of the frame. Clockwork sets a cylindrical card in motion, and on it a small pen traces certain marks that are easily understood by the aviator. The accompanying illustration shows a barograph, and gives a glimpse of the card with some of its lines and pen marks. The instrument is similar in its action to an aneroid barometer, and similar, too, in its construction.

It consists of a box formed of metal so thin that the sides move easily. Part of the air is exhausted from the box, and as the pressure of the atmosphere becomes less and less the higher we go, so the pressure of the outer air becomes less and less on the box as the aviator goes upward, and the air confined within the barograph expands and pushes the sides outward. As the balloon descends, the outer air presses more and more heavily, and the metal sides of the box are pushed inward. These movements are transferred to the pen, and by it recorded on the moving cardboard cylinder, which also bears certain other marks engraved there as the result of complicated mathematical calculations, so that the

balloonist or the aviator, when he lands, may open the barograph and learn how high he has been. At the close of the year 1910 the highest altitude reached by an aéroplane was 11,474 feet, or more than two miles.

A YOUNG WALRUS

THE mature walrus is an awkward and ugly creature. The young walrus is, if possible, uglier and more awkward, as a glance at the accompanying photograph will prove. The specimen here pictured was the gift of Mr. Paul J. Rainey to the New York Zoölogical Society, and arrived at the park on September 10, 1910. On the 17th it weighed 150 pounds and had an excellent appetite. For the first two weeks it ate nine pounds of clams and fish every day; in November it was taking twenty-five pounds a day. On the 14th of January it weighed 235 pounds, having gained 85 pounds in four months. But the walrus is a very irregular eater. In February its daily consumption of food amounted to about 30 pounds, and later this dropped to only 10 pounds. It lost considerable weight, but in May started in to eat heavily again, and is now gaining rapidly.

The points of the tusks were first seen on the 27th of December. These teeth finally reach a length of from eighteen to twenty-four inches, and in its arctic home are of the greatest importance to the animal. By their aid it helps itself out of the water onto the ice. With them it de-



Photograph by W. L. Beasley.

A BABY WALRUS AT THE NEW YORK ZOO.

fends itself from the attacks of the polar bear, and also tears up long wreaths of seaweed and digs the clams which form its principal articles of food.

The adult walrus is much hunted in the arctic regions for its tusks and its blubber-oil.

A "VULCAN" PROFILE IN SMOKE

HERE is a curious photograph of a smoke profile, or outline head, over five hundred feet in height. This smoke-face was produced by the burning of about ten thousand casks of oil at Weehawken, New Jersey, on February 5, 1911. The photograph was taken by Clarence A. Shedd from a ferry-boat. Mr. Shedd writes: "No, the eye was not 'touched' in. I have not altered the negative."

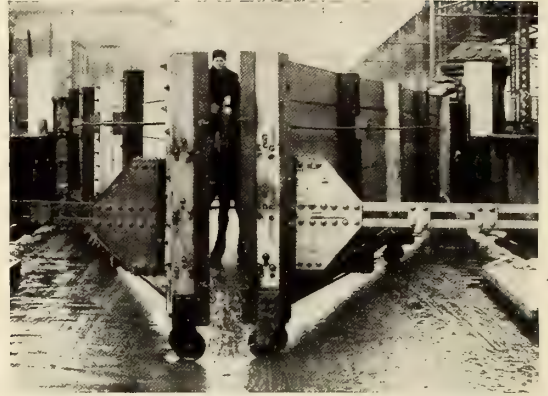


THE "VULCAN" PROFILE IN SMOKE.

But even if the eye were "touched" in, the outline of the smoke alone would make the resemblance to a face a remarkable one.

A BRIDGE GATE FOR RUNAWAY HORSES

THERE have been a large number of runaway horses on the Williamsburg Bridge over the East River, principally on account of the large twenty-foot-wide roadways with no trolleys to interfere. A runaway horse usually starts comparatively slowly and its fright increases as it gains speed. Hence in crowded streets there are fewer runaways. In four years the record of runaways on this bridge was as follows: total



A GATE FOR RUNAWAYS FROM THE OUTSIDE.

number of teams, 185; horses involved, 246; horses killed, 53; horses injured, 47; occupants of vehicles injured, 96. It was found that the old-style gate as used on the Brooklyn Bridge to stop runaways could not be used here without killing the horses and injuring the drivers.

This situation appealed to the inventive talents of James Connors, a laborer employed on the bridge. He made a model of a two-leafed gate and showed it to the chief engineer. This device, which is now in use, is made of planks and operated by electric motors, and can be closed in a few seconds. The leaves are hinged at the sides



A GATE FOR RUNAWAYS FROM THE INSIDE.

of the roadway and when not in use lie parallel to the driveway. When closed they form a V. The end of the V in the outer and in the inner point of view is shown in the above illustrations. The weight rests on the castor-like rollers.

A HUGE MASS OF FOAM

IN the Thompson Creek, which flows through our little city (Dallas City, Illinois), there is a gorge some twenty-five feet wide. The flow of water through this gorge was obstructed by pieces of limbs that had fallen from an elm-tree on the bank and been carried along by the current. At this tangle of branches accumulated a mass of foam, twenty-five feet wide and more than ten feet high. Such a body of foam has never been observed in this vicinity before. In

chemists call the colloidal state of the water. Bubbles can be blown in clear water, but the film is so delicate that it speedily breaks. The bubbles will not form a mass, nor can one be separated from the water. To increase the colloidal condition we may use soap and glycerin. These we have found by repeated experiments to be the best colloids for bubble-making. But there are certain vegetable materials, and even finely powdered minerals, which, when held in suspension in the water, have an action similar to that of glycerin or of gelatin. Wherever foam forms



A MASS OF FOAM, TWENTY-FIVE FEET WIDE AND MORE THAN TEN FEET HIGH.

fact, on the Mississippi River I have never observed foam to collect in any considerable quantity. I have often heard of the great accumulation of foam on the sea-coasts where waves dash against rocky shores, and thought perhaps the sea-water contained elements more conducive to the production of foam than fresh water. I am very curious to know the cause of this phenomenon, and will be pleased to hear your theory. Melted snow and rain filled the creek, while the ground near-by was a perfect glare of ice—no mud. The rocks composing the bed of the creek are Keokuk limestone. I know of no other natural influence to produce this result.

M. TANDY.

The strength and permanence of a water film, such as surrounds a small amount of air and is commonly known as a bubble, depend upon what

and is permanent, we may know that there is some colloid matter in the water. The better that material, and the more favorable the action of the current, with something to hold the accumulation, the larger the mass of foam. Small masses are plentiful in brooks, especially at the time of a freshet. In this particular instance there was a combination of circumstances exactly suited to the making of foam. The water had taken in an extra amount of colloidal vegetable or mineral matter, and the branches were in a favorable part of the stream to hold the gathering bubbles until they formed an unusually large mass. If the dam had been absent, the foam would have been scattered. If the water had not had this great amount of colloid matter in it, the bubbles would not have been strong enough to withstand the pressure, and for that reason would not have accumulated in so large a quantity.—E. F. B.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

A HORSE STANDS ON ONE TOE, A CHICKEN
ON FIVE TOES

DAVENPORT, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know what the foot of a chicken is—if it is the part he walks on, or if it extends up to the feathers.

Yours very truly,
One of the Knierem Brothers,
WALKER KNIEREM.



THE FOOT OF THE CHICKEN.
Only the toes are used as a foot.

The foot of the chicken is all that part of the leg which is unfeathered, or the part covered with scales. The point at which feathers and

scales meet is commonly called the knee, but is really the ankle, and is known to poultry-men as the "hock."

The first joint of the leg is the hip-joint, and is next to the body. The first long bone is the thigh-bone. It is hidden beneath the skin, muscles, and feathers. The joint at the lower end of the thigh, in the chicken as well as in ourselves, is the knee-joint. This, too, is concealed beneath the skin of the chicken. The next bone (the tibia) is one of the two bones of the true leg. The joint next below the tibia is the ankle-joint, and all below this joint is the foot.

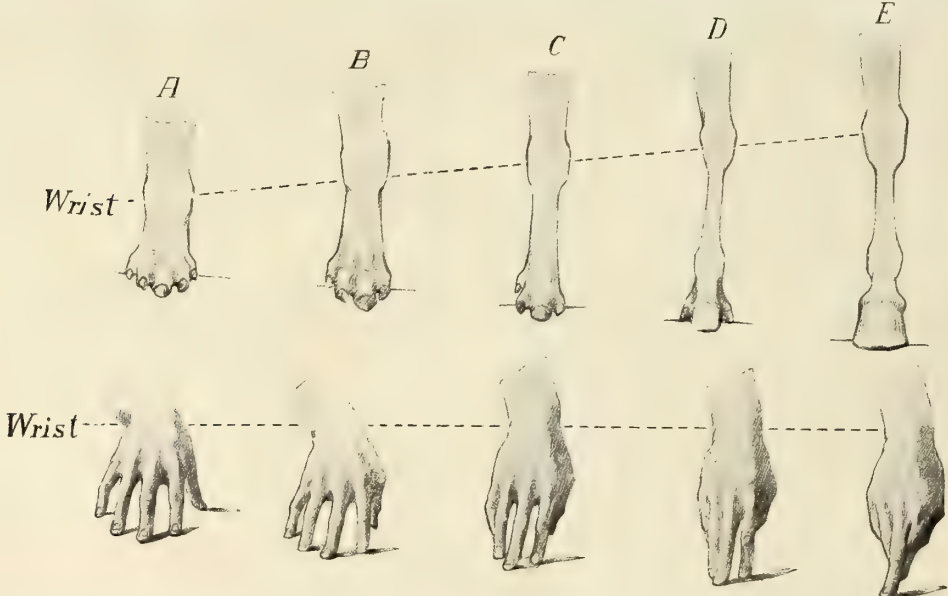
Thus it is evident that the chicken stands on its toes only, and not on its whole foot, as we do.

Thousands of years ago the small ancestor of the horse stood on several toes. In the slow changes of many, many generations, the horse not only stood on its toes, but gradually ceased to use all but one. The discarded toes are represented in the present-day horse by tiny bones that have no practical use. Then the nail of this one used toe gradually enlarged and has become what we now call the hoof.

TUBULAR AND CORAL-LIKE SHELLS

MARYBOURNE, MANOR ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a horn-shaped shell, and something that looks something like a piece of coral. Will you please tell me what it is, and what kind of a shell it is, and if they are found any larger, and what kind of an animal lives in it? I have found white, gray, and yellow ones on the beach about five miles from here. They were standing straight up

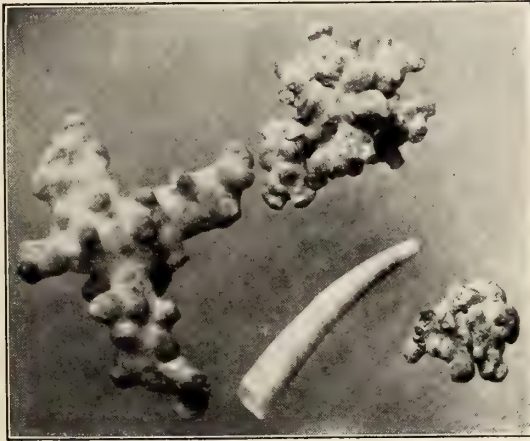


THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE FROM THE FIVE-TOED ANCESTOR TO THE ONE "TOE" OF THE PRESENT.
Illustrated by comparison with a human hand.

among some stones and other shells. Hoping I will find the answer in "Because We Want to Know," I am
Your loving reader,

MARGARET OSBORNE.

The horn-shaped shell is tubular. In it lives a little animal that takes its shell home with it and lies head downward in the sand of the ocean bottom, in a slanting position with the little end thrust up into clear water. Then it spreads out a gill-like mantle. It has no eye nor the need of one, because its head is buried in the sand. It has, however, certain vibrating organs that are believed to be ears.



THE TUBULAR AND CORAL-LIKE SHELLS.

The shells naturally suggest stringing, and they were so used by the Indians as money and ornaments. They are commonly called "tooth-shells." The scientists name them *Dentalium*, and under that title in most books on shells you will find much interesting information.

The three coral-like masses are lime-covered pieces or masses of seaweed. The shelly covering contained many tiny animals.

A CAT AND SQUIRREL FRIENDSHIP

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending to you the picture of a squirrel and our cat together, with a screen in between them. Sometimes they rub noses, and one time they played around a tree, chasing each other on the ground, seeming to have no fear at all. Will you please tell me how it happens that the kitten does not try to kill its playmate and the squirrel is not at all afraid?

Your loving reader,

MARIE W. KAN.

Cats and dogs sometimes form strong friendships for animals that are naturally their prey. Cats have been known not only to be friendly with squirrels, rabbits, chickens, quail, etc., but actually to take care of and to protect them.



THE CAT AND SQUIRREL WHO WERE FRIENDS.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a half-hour exposure of the moon, which I took recently. Upon close examination it will be noticed that at the end of the white streak left by the moon there is a much smaller streak, at the end of which there is a small round ball. I have asked several persons what they thought this was, and they all thought it was a small



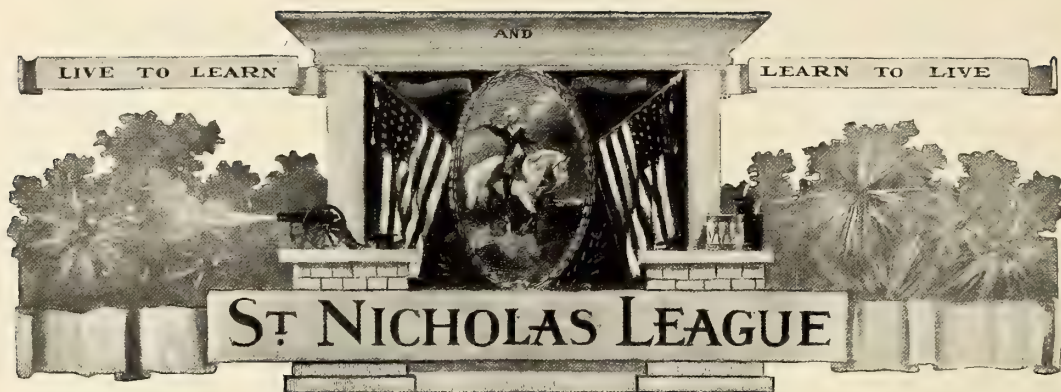
A "REMARKABLE" PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON!

star near the moon which left a white streak after it like the moon did. Please inform me whether this is correct or not.

Your faithful reader,

ROGER W. SAVAGE.

The effect is plainly caused by the moon itself. The camera was doubtless jarred. A similar effect is seen at the other end of the bright trail. In each case the image of the moon, with the momentary exposure, is round.—E. C. PICKERING.



THE return of the great National Holiday has called forth an earnest and plentiful tribute in both prose and verse, from the patriotic young members of the League, and it was good to see that those who chose the subject, "The Best Way to Celebrate the Fourth of July," were almost unanimously in favor of "the safe and sane Fourth," instead of the old noisy and dangerous celebration which has held sway for so long. There can be little doubt that the American boys and girls of to-day will soon fall into line with the progress of sensible opinion, and themselves put into practice a form of celebration which will be a vast improvement upon that of their fathers' and mothers' time. There is a special interest for both old and young, there-

fore, in these clever little essays by League members, this month, and they reinforce admirably the moral of the story "The Silverton Revolution," printed in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

"A Fourth of July Adventure," too, was a subject that brought out scores of unusual or amusing incidents, many of them happening in far-away corners of the world, and all well recounted by the League members who witnessed or took part in them.

Our young photographers deserve great credit for exceptionally beautiful pictures of "Trees in February," and the artists of the League sent excellent drawings of "School-room" scenes, and several admirable head-pieces for July.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 137

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Rachel S. Commons** (age 11), Madison, Wis.; **Rosemary Cooper** (age 16), Boston, Mass.; **Muriel Avery** (age 16), New Haven, Conn.; **Nathalie Shute** (age 16), Exeter, N. H.; **Frederick Lowell** (age 14), Orange, N. J.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Carolyn C. Wilson** (age 15), Newark, N. J.

Silver badge, **Priscilla Hovey** (age 12), Whitman, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Edith Ballinger Price** (age 14), Newport, R. I.; **Alvan C. Hadley** (age 15), Muskegon, Okla.; **John B. Matthew** (age 14), Boise, Idaho.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Lucia Eaton Dearborn** (age 11), Cambridge, Mass.; **Morris Tyler** (age 9), New Haven, Conn.; **Ralph Manny** (age 14), München, Germany; **J. O'Brien** (age 15), Andover, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **John S. Harlow, Jr.** (age 14), Dixfield, Me.; **Katharine Spencer** (age 10), Tarrytown, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Margaret E. Whittemore** (age 13), Topeka, Kans.

Silver badge, **Margaret M. Benney** (age 13), Sewickley, Pa.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY MARY A. WILCOX, AGE 13.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY ANNIE S. REID, AGE 16.

TO MY COUNTRY

BY CAROLYN C. WILSON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

O NOBLE land! From tyranny's rude arm
 A hand divine did guide thy early feet;
 Thy young voice raised a hymn so purely sweet
 That even now its echoes awe and charm.
 Still stanch and true, through danger and alarm,
 With growing power, thou hast defied defeat
 Until above all nations is thy seat;
 No rival now can fright thee, none can harm.

Oh, let not now thy towering strength obscure
 The corner-stone of thy prosperity;
 Be not o'ercome with pride, or gold, or lust;
 Build well and true; keep thine ambitions pure!
 So shalt thou chief of nations ever be,
 And thy foundation firm: "In God we trust."



"A FEBRUARY TREE." [THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.]
 BY LUCIA EATON DEARBORN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY C. E. AMES, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

A FOURTH OF JULY ADVENTURE

BY RACHEL SUTHERLAND COMMONS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ONE Fourth of July, just at dusk, Grandpa let our black-and-white rabbit, "Mrs. Dooley," out of her cage. He said that she would not run away, and that it would be perfectly safe for her to be out. After a while, I looked up, and, to my horror, Mrs. Dooley was gone. Then there was a long, long hunt. We finally found her underneath the front porch, and there was no getting her out. She jumped over the sticks we poked at her, and stole the apples and clover we coaxed her with, to nibble them out of our reach.

We grew discouraged, for it seemed as if we had tried everything, and there was Mrs. Dooley, as saucy

and independent as ever, under the porch, and night coming on.

Suddenly I thought of my tiny inch-long fire-crackers. I put a little bunch near the porch and lighted them. Never did little crackers make as much noise before. Mrs. Dooley gave one jump, and when we went around to the other end, there she sat, *outside* the porch. She came right to us, and let us put her into the cage without even kicking. After that Mrs. Dooley preferred a "sane Fourth."

MY COUNTRY

BY PRISCILLA HOVEY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THERE is a country, the U. S. A.,
 Where hearts are all as light as May,
 While peace and justice rule the land,
 And friend and foe walk hand in hand.
 All people are welcome to live on that coast,
 And of no better place can they truly boast.
 This wonderful place where all are gay,
 Is my own country, the U. S. A.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY MORRIS TYLER, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY COUNTRY

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

My country! How that magic word
Thrills all my soul with pride.
How many loyal hearts have stirred
And pounded, side by side,
When that great word their owners heard,
And for it fought and died.

My country! Fair and wide it rolls
Its length from sea to sea,
Its mighty arms so far it throws
To shelter you and me;
And oh, so many million souls,
And every soul is free.

Oh! rugged, struggling, strong, young land
With feet upon the brink
Of that dark sea near glory's strand,
We will not let thee sink!
My country and your country and—
"God's country," too, I think.

A FOURTH OF JULY ADVENTURE

BY ROSEMARY COOPER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WE had spent the night of July 3 in a rude chalet, one thousand feet from the summit of Mt. Blanc, in France, and on the morning of July 4, at six o'clock, we started on our perilous journey upward.

Above us hung a mighty snow-drift, and our Swiss guide told us, "Sprechen ist silber aber sweigen ist gelt" ("Speech is silver but silence is gold"), for the slightest vibration of sound would set this drift flying down the mountain-side, destroying all in its path.

At twenty-two minutes past twelve, we reached the highest spot, after a most exciting journey.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY RALPH MANNY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

That last hour of climbing I will never forget. The air was so thin that we could scarcely breathe. We all felt exceedingly drowsy, but we knew that if we closed our eyes for one instant, we should never open them again, because the intense cold would cause us to freeze to death. When we at last reached the peak, my brother unfurled the large American flag which he had persisted in carrying all the way up the mountain, and planted it in the Alpen snows. Fritz, our guide, began to yodel, and his strong voice was echoed by many distant peaks. Below us for hundreds of feet was snow, beyond this the smiling pasture-grounds, and way down at the foot of Mt. Blanc was the hotel where Mother was staying. Poor Mother! She did not wish to let

Dick and me go, but Dad said we were both strong enough to attempt this wonderful climb. Father, who was looking down with a telescope, said they had seen us at the hotel, and were firing the small cannon on the balcony which was used for such purposes. This is the most wonderful experience I have ever had on the Fourth of July, or any other time.



"AN ELK." BY FRED SPIEGELBERG, JR., AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

MY COUNTRY

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 8)

In this dear land we need not sigh
And fear as orphans we may die,
As long as we can look on high
And see the starry banner fly
Above the children passing by,
Who gaze above, salute, and cry:
"My country!"

THE BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

BY MURIEL AVERY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

Of all the holidays and anniversaries which the year brings around, the Fourth of July has always been my favorite. I cannot help but smile when I think of the enthusiasm with which I used to enter into the day's celebration.

When the first cannon boomed at break of day, I jumped out of bed, and, dressing quickly, ran out into the dooryard with my collection of fire-crackers and torpedoes, where, afire with patriotism, I helped rouse the neighborhood to the fact that it was the national holiday. As the day wore on, the number of rags on my fingers increased; for every fire-cracker that went off too soon left its trade-mark. And by the time that the stars of the last sky-rocket faded into the night air, I looked like a battle-scarred hero.

But now we have a better way to celebrate the Fourth. As soon as the sun peeks over the horizon, the household is astir. By eight o'clock we are on the trolley. The hot and dusty city is left behind, and we are speeding between huge fields of corn and tobacco. We have been riding for about two hours when we, at last, reach our destination; a grove of pine-trees half-way up the mountain. Leaving the car, we clamber up the rocky path to a place well known to us all: a large flat rock, from whence one can look down upon all the surrounding country. It is here that we spread out our lunch; and here, also, that, much to our delight, we find an extra box, full of tiny silk flags and Fourth of July favors, has been put in with the lunch to make up for our not having fire-crackers.

THE BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

BY NATHALIE SHUTE (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE old-fashioned Fourth! The insane Fourth! the tooting of horns—the ringing of bells—the beating of drums—the cracking of torpedoes—the snapping of fire-crackers—the cannon crackers—the pistols—a blinding



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY J. O'BRIEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

flash!—a scream!—then—a darkened room, hushed footsteps, and the sob of a mother or father as a young life flickers, and then goes out!

But how different is the sane Fourth, with its banishment of that deadly enemy—powder—and in its place quiet and the grand and sublime peace of the great holiday; the sane Fourth such as I spent last year.

With the town clock striking ten we started, with the canoes filled with cushions and a good-sized lunch. How beautiful was the ride up the long winding river. The sun shone, the birds sang, the bees hummed, and our voices kept rhyme with the swing of the paddles.

Then came the cool pine-groves, the pillows spread out beneath the trees, and the lunch laid out on a white table-cloth on the soft pine-needles; and how good that lunch tasted to six hungry people, and how quickly it disappeared!

The long summer afternoon sped all too quickly, and before we realized it, across the field five miles away, we could hear the clock striking, five, and we were obliged to gather up our belongings and disembark.

But never shall I forget that ride home. Side by side the two canoes floated while we sat and gazed at the beautiful scenery. Great trees hung over the water, their boughs often brushing gently against us as we passed. The crickets chirped sleepily, now and then a whippoorwill cried out, and a deep stillness reigned; a stillness which awed us, and we scarcely spoke.

Then came home; a hasty change into evening clothes, and at eight a merry party of us gathered at the club-house. While the orchestra played we danced, and helped ourselves to refreshments.

At last, as the clock chimed the hours of midnight, we gathered in groups on the broad veranda and gazed down at the twinkling lights of the town. Now and then a sky-rocket soared above us, now and then a cannon boomed in the distance, but a great silence had enveloped the world, a silence which told of the parting day—and the end of another great national holiday.

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MY COUNTRY

BY HELEN FINLAY DUN (AGE 15)

WE belong to different nations,
And we hail from different lands,
But to each is each a brother,
On whatever ground he stands.
(So here 's to "Mein Vaterland,"
"Ma patrie," and the rest;
But of all such words—"My country,"
Is the nicest and the best!)

For patriots we all are,
Though different tongues we speak;
And we stand up for the homelands
Whether great, or small, or weak.
(So here 's to "Mein Vaterland,"
"Ma patrie," and the rest;
But of all such words—"My country,"
Is the nicest and the best!)

The same flame flares up grandly
As each names his own dear land,
So touch my glass, O Brother,
And let me clasp your hand.
(Then here 's to "Mein Vaterland,"
"Ma patrie," and the rest;
But of all such words—"My country,"
Is the nicest and the best!)

A FOURTH OF JULY ADVENTURE

BY FREDERICK LOWELL (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

ON the fourth day of the seventh moon (July), we were in a little country town in northern China. We knew that our friends at home, in America, were celebrating the Fourth of July. I could imagine myself back home



"TREES IN MARCH." BY ELEANOR MULLER, AGE 13.

shooting off fire-crackers, making "sizzers," and arguing to see who had the most blisters.

As the thoughts of home came back to me, I was determined that I would celebrate Independence Day, even though I was in a strange land, filled with strange people who did not celebrate the Fourth of July.

In the morning we went to a little shop where they manufactured fire-crackers. It was a very interesting place. Before leaving, we bought some of the finished product—and what fire-crackers they were! They were big, round, fat fellows tied in strings six feet long.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY DOROTHY MESTON, AGE 15.

They made the crackers you buy in this country "feel cheap."

After luncheon, we hired donkeys and went out into the country.

On the way we bought a huge Chinese kite. It was a most beautiful structure of bamboo and silk. It was painted to represent a fish. From the tail hung a lantern.

After an hour's ride we reached a charming spot. It was on top of a high hill shaded by beautiful trees. After seeing that the donkeys were comfortable, our "picnic" began.

We substituted a portion of one of the strings of fire-crackers for the lantern. As the kite would leave the ground one of the men would light the fuse. It looked great to see

"the bombs bursting in air."

This fun lasted far into the night on our Fourth of July in China.

THE BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE mere mention of the Fourth of July brings to our memory pictures of Fourth's of July that have been. Our whole nation turns gay with flags and riotous with noise, amid parades, speech-makings, and the incessant crack and snap of fire-crackers of all sizes. Or the night is made bright with the glare of red lights, Roman candles, sky-rockets, and unlimited fireworks. And through the haze of smoke and din of noise, dimly seen, stands a picture from the far-away past—John Hancock, surrounded by patriots, bending over the Declaration of Independence as he signs his name with a flourish.

It is because of these patriots—men who sacrificed wealth, careers, homes, and lives to escape tyranny and injustice—that we celebrate the Fourth, the day when the colonists declared themselves free from English rule. But in the midst of fun and jollity, don't we sometimes forget the reason we are celebrating?

Those men, fighting for a land they loved, were thinking not only of themselves but of the coming generations. Surely we, one of those generations, should

do our best to help make the name "United States" symbolic of truth, honor, and justice. After all, what a nation is depends entirely on her citizens. Her life is but a mirror reflecting the lives of all her citizens, and if, on the Fourth of July, in the midst of merry-making, we remember to make the mirror shine brighter with truth, honor, justice, and love, surely we have better celebrated our national holiday.

MY COUNTRY

BY LOIS DONOVAN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

GREEN, and a stretch of blue, and whispering elms,
Green grass, and azure sea with rippling tide,
The woods, a little home, all this I call "my country";
There am content, and wish for naught beside.

Though ever in a greater sense, "my country"

Is, was, and ever will be, so I pray,
America, the nation free and splendid,
And to her gladly I allegiance pay,

Yet still, my garden green, the sunny water,

All that the city heart doth hunger for,
This trifle of the whole I call "my country,"
Am satisfied, and want for nothing more.

A FOURTH OF JULY ADVENTURE

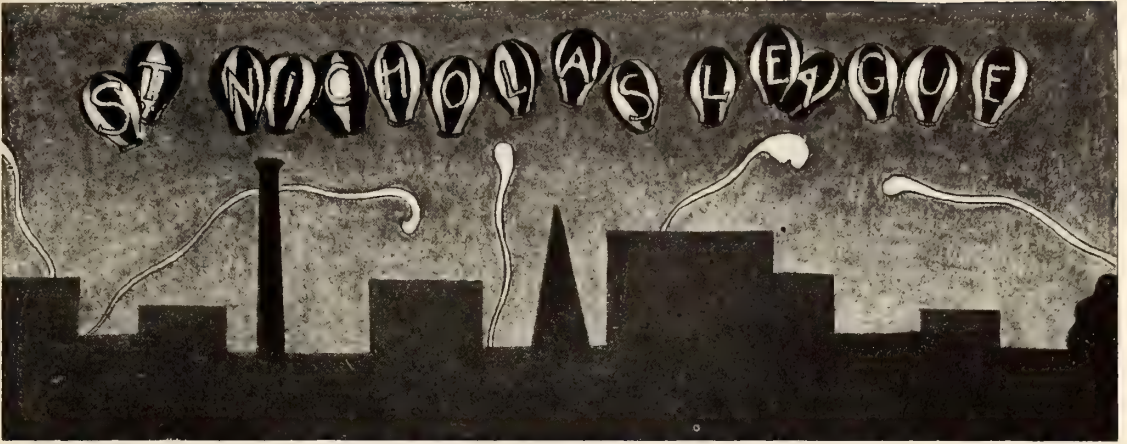
BY ELIZABETH FINLEY (AGE 12)

It was the evening of that greatest national holiday, when we were all watching the boys' fireworks. Evelyn had watched them till long after her bedtime, and when at last she went to bed, she was very tired, and fell asleep almost immediately.



"A JULY HEADING." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 16.

At about twelve o'clock she awoke suddenly, with that queer feeling that something had awakened her. There were still fireworks being shot off in the street, and the boys' glad yells floated up to her. But suddenly there broke in upon the night air a long, painful meow. If there was one thing Evelyn loved it was cats, and to see a cat hurt nearly broke her heart. She liked other



"A JULY HEADING." BY HARRISON B. MCCREARY, AGE 16.

dumb animals well enough, but none reached her as did the cat. Again that pitiful cry was heard, and again, and again. She could hear the boys laughing, and she vividly imagined how they were tormenting the poor creature.

She rose softly and went to the window, and looked out. She could not see anything, however, and she did not know what to do, when suddenly that cry came again. That determined her. She would have to protect that cat. It was her duty.

And duty must not be shirked. She dressed herself quickly, hurried by those pitiful cries, and stole downstairs. She stood in the doorway and watched the boys. They were quiet and seemed to be watching one particular lad. One or two of the impatient ones exclaimed, "Do it again, Bill," so Bill complied. He raised a sausage-like whistle to his mouth, and blew a long, pitiful, painful imitation of a cat's meow.

But no one ever knew why Evelyn always blushed at the mention of a certain cat whistle.

MY COUNTRY

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 16)

I HAVE read of merry England
With its great cathedrals tall,
Of wonderful old castles,
Of ruins great and small;
Of walls that long ago were built
By Romans strong and bold,
And many relics of the past,
Those wondrous days of old.

And I love the other countries,
Scotland, Germany, and Wales,
With all their long array of knights,
Their myths, and fairy-tales.
Then there 's Spain, and France, and Norway,
Switzerland, and Denmark, too,
And sunny Italy, where all
The skies above are blue.

But when I look at the Stars and Stripes,
Floating against the sky,
And I see the men in blue and gray
With measured step pass by,
While above them all, the eagle soars,
High to some mountain dome,
I am sure I love this country best,—
The country I call home!

THE BEST WAY TO CELEBRATE THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

BY GAYRITE GARNER (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

SEVERAL families living in the suburbs of a small city decided to give a "sane Fourth celebration" for fifty poor children.

For the entertainment of their small guests, each family contributing to this celebration arranged some form of amusement to be carried out by the boys and girls of the surrounding neighborhood.

A large float, decorated in the national colors and drawn by four horses, was driven by a man representing Uncle Sam, whose duty it was to gather up the fifty boys and girls.

The place of amusement, a lawn, which was large and afforded ample shade, was prettily decorated in red, white, and blue. Upon the arrival of the guests, the boy band began playing a lively national air, after which a brief talk was made to the children upon the dangers of explosives.

There were many sources of amusement: games in which all might take part; a play given by the girls; a military drill and sham battle, without powder, by the boys; a sack-race, an egg-race, a foot-race, etc., the winners of which received prizes. It is needless to say that all did ample justice to the picnic dinner. It was a merry crowd that "Uncle Sam" took home that evening. Not one regret was expressed over the absence of the usual Fourth of July noise, and I think that it was an ideal way to spend the national holiday—far better than the old way—for there were no crippled children nor grief-stricken homes.



"TREES IN FEBRUARY." BY ELIZABETH COMSTOCK, AGE 13.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Anna Laura Porter
Helen Lewengood
Ellen W. Warren
Jane Morgenthau
Harry Stoddard, Jr.
Helen Gantz
Frank H. Stuermer
Emily Williams Welch
Arthur Blue
Dorothy Q. Smith
Mary G. Clark
Alice H. Newlin
Ethel W. Kidder
Margaret Warburton
Max Lewis
Doris Knight
Frederick K.
Kingsbury
Filiott Goldmark
Margaret F. King
Mary Virginia Farmer
Catherine Haydon
Jones
Winona Jenkins
Ivy C. Meloon
Joseph A. Troy, Jr.
Eva Sokol
Vance S. Utz
R. E. Cranston
Elizabeth A. Watson
Dorothy Deming
Frances O'Hara
Virginia Gohn
Selma Brenner
Clifton Furnas
Catherine Breneman
Eugene M. Rochelle
Marie T. Carter
Marjorie Winrod

Rebecca Hubbard
Wildner
Constance Arbaugh
Eunice Gray
Katharine Truscott
Frances Sweeney
Lisbeth Young
Edith Gately
Mary Eleanor
Manchester
Hollis Clark
Mary Bonnet
Blanche Hill
Renee Metivier
August Madsen
Noelle Bernice Dolson
Katharine Clement
Katharine Noble Davis
William Berger
Abraham Weintraub
Frances Renney
Lucie Rilliet
Florence L. Smith
Helen Davidson
Maurice C. Johnson
H. G. Flood
Celia Sokol
Will Van Sittert
Margaret L. Morris
F. R. S. Caldwell
Carmen M. Grippen
Mary E. Sanford
Margaret C. Bland
Dorothy C. Lee
Katherine K.
Mannassan
Dorothy M. Rogers
Anna C. Rimington
Miriam R. Small
Mary Swift Rupert
Alice McNeal

Joseph Kaufman
Naomi Lauchheimer
Gertrude V. R. Dana
Eleanor Kinde
Elizabeth G. Hieb
Elizabeth C. Carter
Dorothy Milne
Henry Wilson Hardy
Alice Parker
Franklin R. Clark

VERSE, 1

B. W. Cresswell
Elsa B. C. Clark
Anita G. Lynch
Marion Casey
Hester D. Nott
Mary G. Hofey
Anita Lindemann
Bruce T. Simonds
Winifred Ward
Mary Frances Williams
Doris F. Halman
Eleanor Johnson
Margery C. Abbott
Adelaide Fairbank
Doris Rosalind Wilder

VERSE, 2

Louella Still
F. Lorimer Simpson
Marie Gannon
Elizabeth V. Kelly
Miriam L. Smith
Rose Schwartz
Madeline Schreiber
Grace Harvey
Anna E. Botsford
Mildred Worth
Evelyn H. Weil
Hazel Sawyer
Marjorie Dodge
Sydney B. Self
Ruth Hoag
Katharine Sharpless
Florence Williams
Dorothy K. Warren
Elizabeth Russell
Elsie Stybr
Jennie Kramer
Grace Martha Linden
Alexander D.
Reinheimer
Dorothy Dunn
Marie Louise Hersey
Ellen Marvell
Winifred C.
Knickerbocker
Alice Chaffee
Daniel S. Keller
Adelaide Nichols
Mildred Perry
Catherine Evans Akie
Charles G. Tubbs
Helenka Adamowska
Pauline Paul
Helen Elizabeth
Chamberlin
Louise S. May
Marion Wettling

DRAWINGS, 1

Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Clara C. S. Perot
Ruth Ripley
Marion Kelly
Wheelock
Bodil Hornemann
Colin Campbell
Marion Robertson
Harry J. Burden
Jean Hopkins
Marian Walter
Beryl Morse
Beryl H. Margetson
Adrianna Bayer
Katharine H. Seligman
Helen Chrystal

PROSE, 2

Genevieve K. Hamlin
Mary Daboll
Frank Manno
Harold K. Canfield
Frances Royall
Mary Lee Thurman
Grace Alice Holden
Katharine P. Cooke
H. Russell Drowne, Jr.

Florence MacNeal
Juliette Tombacher
Mary Burgoyne
Katharine E. Albert
Frances N. Tucker
Charles Jerrey
Catherine P. Harris
Janet Tremaine
Geraldine McGarey
Edith M. Levy
Olga V. Owens

Harry R. Till
Helen F. Morgan
Israel Feldman
Frances Grebel
Jeannette Foster
Ellsworth P. Jaeger
Mary Iona Cook
Lavinia M. Henry
Forest Hopping
Ellen Johnson
Margaret Reeve
Charlotte Lange



"IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM." BY EDITH B. PRICE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Margaret F. Foster
Francis Lothrop
Catharine Harley
Grant
Isabel B. Huston

DRAWINGS, 2

Louis Ruttkay, Jr.
Fanny Hampton Craig
Lily A. Lewis
Cesarine Craig
Maud H. Pattullo
Maxine Durant
Florence Gallagher
Dorothy Belda
Lucie C. Holt
Mary Mitchell
Susan Frazier
Margaret Denton Sears
Ruth Stybr
Amy Moir P. Smith
Beatrice D. Grant
Nora M. Christie
Edith Phillip Smith
Mary R. Glover
Isabel Winton Gray
Alison Wilson
Marjorie Roberts
Bessie Colomb
Lempie M. Kallio
Ida F. Parfitt
Jennie A. Wilson
Pauline Hopkins
Helen M. Merrill
Marian Baldwin
Margaret Newton
Marion Richardson
Katharine Barron
Stewart

Mary Shannon
Webster
John Hilzinger
Dorothy Seligman
Marie F. Maurer
Marie Elizabeth
Whitney
Dorothy C. Ruttkay
Francis Stoney
Dorothy Hughes
Philip J. Halrosa
Dorris Perkins
Howard Knight
Adelaide Lovett
Addie R. Dorsey
Helen Dolles
Reeves Harris
Corinne Laney Flood
Marcella Blood
Jessie E. Alison
Josephine Witherspoon
Emily Sterz
Helen D. Baker
Mildred Todd Mac-
Gowan
Henrietta B. Sturgis
Douglas Ellis
Minna Fox
Robert Sherwood
Helen M. Roeth
Margaret R. Schaffner
Marjorie M. Frink
Alethia S. Bland
Helen Hendrie
Ora Tyrivier
Frances Hale Burt
Julia M. Herget

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Emilie Hartman
Beverly Richards
S. Joy Grierson
Jessica B. Noble
Henry M. Jameson
Frances E. Russell
Beatrice B. Bush
Frances W. Penny-
packer
Irl Nelson
Helen Wilson
Ralph T. Catterall
Amy H. Requa
Anna P. Lamprecht
Earl R. Evans
Eugenia A. Lee
Theodore H. Ames
E. Gertrude Close
Elizabeth Pharo
Ada Bell Kennan
Hattie A. Tuckermann
Rosamond Sherwood
Richard W. Thoring-
ton
Mary E. Lambert
Gerald H. Loomis
Clara L. Berg
George Brandreth Lar-
kin
Harriet Watson
Lucy Butler
W. Coburn Seward, Jr.
Eugene A. Hoffman
Margaret R. Gest
Constance G. Cameron
Adrian L. Spencer
Joey Smith
Gerald H. Loomis
Mary Mathes
Richard Wagner, Jr.

PUZZLES, 1

Phoebe S. Lambe
Elizabeth G. M. Burrill
John W. Cance
Ruth Kathryn Gaylord
Carl A. Giese
Adelina Longaker
Wallace Lewis Cassell
Frances Crosby

Hamlet
E. Adelaide Hahn
Donald C. Dorian
Louie Macdonald
Emma K. Anderson
Amy C. Love
Palmer W. Griffith
Joseph B. Kelly
Frances B. Gardiner
Harold Moneypenny
May Wharton
Philip R. Nichols
Edith L. Weart
Benjamin H. Paddock
Mary Mathes
Richard Wagner, Jr.

PUZZLES, 2

Cordelia Cox
Daniel V. Thomp-
son, Jr.
Ellen M. Buzzell
Helen Sawthrop
Theodore Eliot
Edith M. Mendel

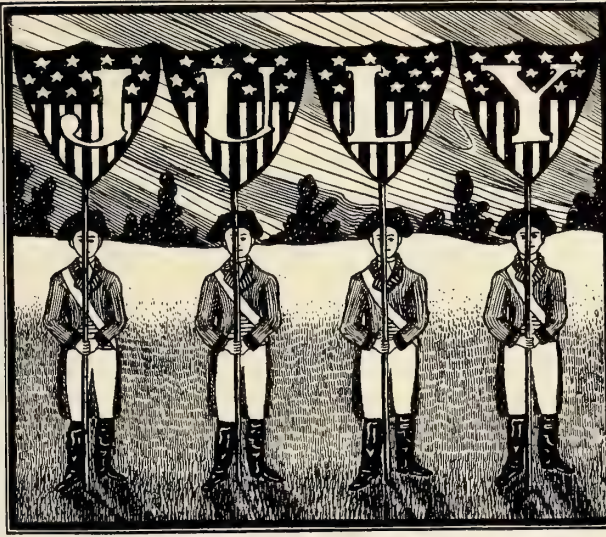
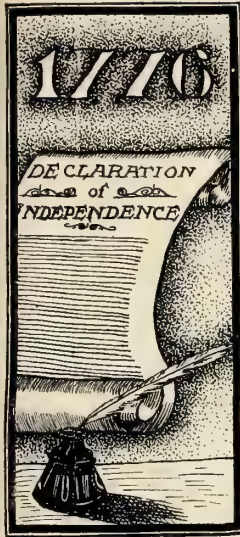
ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A list of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

LATE. Dorothy L. Miller, Virginia G. Kennard, Evelyn Breckons, Elizabeth Nulsen, Harry Iselin, Helen J. Smith, Isabella S. Hoehn,



"IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM." BY CLEO DAMIAN-
AKES, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"A JULY HEADING." BY ALVAN C. HADLEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Nellie Melrose, Eleanor Brewer, Lavinia K. Sherman, Ray M. Bush, Lajos Fenster, Miriam Moore, Helen L. Wirt, George Ludlam, Beryl H. Margetson.

NOT INDORSED. Vaughn J. Byron, Edward Kent, Jr., Elena Diago, Edna C. Hartley, William Patsch, Edith Donnell, Ralph M. Andersen, Marion L. Van Zandt.

NO AGE. Flora Nelson, Adèle Chapin, Max Rhoades, Julius Gottlieb, Lucile Robertson, Elizabeth Garland, Myrtle Easter, Dorothy Brockway.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Florence M. Wuln, Lucy Burgess, Margaret Pierce, Eleanor McDonnell, Edmund Harvey, Helen Barton.

PROSE NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Elizabeth Van Fossen, Isabel Worthington, Mary Whelan, Lilian Goldstein, Marcella H. Foster, George B. Duren, 2d.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Frank Albrecht, Henrietta Archer, Margaret Weldon.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 141

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 141 will close **July 10** (for foreign members **July 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Forest Glow," or "Autumn."

Prose. Story or article of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "In the Orchard," or "An Autumn Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "On Pleasure Bent."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Visitor," or "Visiting," or a Heading for **November**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a

gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A JULY TAIL-PIECE." BY JOHN B. MATTHEW, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A REAL LITTLE BOY BLUE

BY CAROLINE S. ALLEN

ONCE there were four little brothers. The oldest had black eyes. He was called Little Boy Black. But I have n't time to tell about him just now.



"YES, PLEASE," SAID LITTLE BOY BLUE."

The second little brother had brown eyes. He was called Little Boy Brown. But I cannot tell you about him either. The third little brother had gray eyes, and was called Little Boy Gray. There is a very nice story I could tell you about him, but I am sure you would rather hear about the fourth little brother.

For the youngest little brother had blue eyes; and his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and every one else, called him Little Boy Blue. His eyes were very blue—as blue as the flowers you find down by the brook. You love the blue flowers, I know. And so I will tell you about Little Boy Blue.

His jacket was blue, his trousers were blue, his stockings were blue, and even his little shoes were blue.

One day Little Boy Blue's mother said to him: "Do you want to go and visit Aunt Polly?" "Who is Aunt Polly?" asked Little Boy Blue. "Aunt Polly lives on a farm, on a high hill. She has horses, and cows, and pigs, and hens, and ducks, and geese—" "And elephants?" asked Little Boy Blue. "No, not any elephants. But she has a woolly white lamb." "Oh, then I will go," cried Little Boy Blue. So his mother went up-stairs and found a little blue traveling-bag. And in the little blue bag she packed some of Little Boy Blue's clothes. Then Little Boy Blue and his mother went to visit Aunt Polly, who lived on a farm on a high hill.

Little Boy Blue's mother stayed two days, and Little Boy Blue stayed ten days. When his mother was going home, she said to Aunt Polly: "Little Boy Blue likes to play, but he likes to work, too. So be sure to give him some work to do every day."

"Very well," said Aunt Polly. And so by-and-by Aunt Polly went to find Little Boy Blue. And she said to him: "Dear Little Boy Blue, what can you do to help?" He thought a minute, and then he said: "I can eat apples to see if they are ripe. And I can pull the roses in the garden, if you have too many."

"The apples are not ripe, and I have just enough roses in the garden," said Aunt Polly. "Can you drive the cows out of the corn?"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Little Boy Blue, "if Towzer can come too." Towzer was the dog.

"And perhaps you can look after the sheep?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly, I can do that," said Little Boy Blue.

On the shelf in Little Boy Blue's room stood a little blue clock. And every morning at five o'clock the door of the clock flew open, and a cuckoo came out. The cuckoo said, "Cuck-oo," five times, and then went into the little blue clock again, and the little door closed after him. Then Little Boy Blue knew it was time to get up.

When he was dressed, he came down-stairs, and Aunt Polly gave him his breakfast. He had new milk in a blue bowl, and johnny-cake on a little blue plate. These he always carried out onto the door-step because he liked, while he was

pened. Little Boy Blue had gone out that morning, just as he always did, to look after them; and no one had heard any horn. At last Towzer ran up to the barn, barking loudly. That was to give the alarm—about the sheep and the cows.



"'HE'S UNDER THE HAYCOCK, FAST ASLEEP!'"

eating and drinking, to see the green grass bending in the breeze, and the yellow butterflies dancing here and there in the sunshine.

"This is the creamiest milk I ever saw," said Little Boy Blue.

"That's nice," said Aunt Polly. "Do you want some more?"

"Yes, please," said Little Boy Blue. So Aunt Polly brought the blue pitcher, and poured more creamy milk into his little blue bowl, and Little Boy Blue said: "Thank you, Aunt Polly."

When Little Boy Blue could eat no more golden johnny-cake, and drink no more creamy milk, he jumped up from the door-step.

First he put his arms around Aunt Polly's neck, and gave her a hug and a kiss. Then he went into the house to get his horn. The horn was a little blue one, and it hung on a peg near the kitchen door.

What do you suppose the horn was for? Why, Little Boy Blue watched the cows and the sheep. Then if they got into the wrong places, and trampled on the crops, Little Boy Blue blew the horn. One of the men always heard the horn, and came to help drive the cows or the sheep back where they belonged.

All this was very pleasant. But one day—what do you think? The sheep ran away, and jumped over a stone wall into the meadow, and the cows got into the corn. Nobody knew how it hap-

"How queer!" said Aunt Polly, who was in the barn-yard feeding the chickens.

"How strange!" said Uncle Ben.

"Where's Little Boy Blue?" asked the men.

"I'll call him," said Aunt Polly. So she walked, and she walked, all around the farm. As Aunt Polly walked she looked here, and she looked there. And she called:

"Little Boy Blue! Come blow your horn.

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn."

Where do you think Aunt Polly found him? When the head-farmer asked her, "Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?" Aunt Polly said: "He's under the haycock, fast asleep."

"Shall we go wake him?" said the head-farmer.

"No, no; let him lie," said Aunt Polly. "For if we should wake him, he'd cry, cry, cry."

You see Little Boy Blue got up so early, he grew sleepy. And the sun was hot. And the haymow made a soft pillow. So he fell sound asleep, and dreamed about the woolly white lamb.

But on the day after that, Little Boy Blue took a nap, first, so that when he looked after the cows and the sheep he could keep awake. He never again had to be told to blow his horn.

When Little Boy Blue's visit was over, Aunt Polly said: "You've been a dear little helper. I'm going to give you something to take home. And, oh, joy! it was the woolly white lamb!



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WHEN you come to read or study the Constitution of the United States, and find, possibly, that it is dry work indeed,

just stop to think of all the ages that went to

its making—of the hopes and sufferings that lie behind it, and

how, through all the painful centuries, men struggled, and are still struggling, toward the goal of freedom. It is the great story of the world, and into it are crammed all the romance, the adventure, and the self-sacrifice that make history wonderful.

Apropos, I am going to tell you a story, because summer is a time for stories, being such a fairy-tale of its own.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POET

LONG ago, it is said, a mighty emperor desired to have a monument raised to him that should endure as long as time itself. He offered a great reward of gold and jewels, and even, should the winner prove unmarried, his only daughter for a wife. As may be imagined, this caused vast excitement throughout the kingdom. Those who had seen the princess pronounced her fair as the moon and charming as spring, and such as had not seen her were, if possible, even more lavish in their praises. As to the gold and the jewels, they required no man's word to make them desirable.

So all the workers in stone or metal, the builders and the inventive spirits, set to work to fashion something that should prove as enduring, yea, more enduring, than the fabric of the earth itself.

A great many, as is usual in affairs of this kind, started out to achieve the happy goal; but gradually, one by one, they dropped off, despairing of success. Some because they found there were so many in the field against them; some because they came to realize the enormous difficulty of the task; others, and these were the most, because they got tired of striving, preferring to

devote their attention to something easier, and whose returns were more certain. For, after all, only one man could win the prize, and the labor of the rest would go for naught; labor which, directed to a less ambitious end, was sure of bringing in a comfortable income, and very likely a wife, who, if less exalted than the princess, might be even pleasanter to live with.

There were three, however, who persevered. One of these was a builder of temples; the second a carver of statues; the third a maker of poems. Each of the three worked at his plans secretly, taking none into his confidence, striving alone and silently.

For a year and a day they worked. At the end of that time they journeyed toward the palace of the emperor, and, as chance would have it, met at the foot of the green hill on whose crown the palace stood, with its snowy turrets and white walls glittering in the sun like the helmet of a giant.

The three youths regarded each other silently, for each realized that the other two were on the same errand as himself; and each, being sure of success, felt a certain pity for the others, who must fail, and who looked like such fine fellows.

So they climbed the hill together, and struck the great bell that hung before the palace gates. The sound of the bell was deep and sweet, and the three, being all lovers of beauty, listened to it with much pleasure. And the first, who was the architect, remarked:

"It is indeed sad that all lovely things must cease after a longer or a shorter period, even as the sweet tone of this mighty bell must die into silence. All but one, that is. For I carry with me the design for a temple more beautiful than any ever built, and which shall endure beyond the limits of time itself."

Whereupon the second man, who was the sculptor, answered and said:

"Not so—or if it be true that you are to build a temple that time cannot destroy, then there will be in this world two things of beauty that will outlast the sun himself. For I bring with me the model for a colossal statue which is to be made of a new metal that grows harder as the centuries slip by, and before whose steadfast eyes

the earth will fall to powder and new stars rise." And then the two glanced at the third man. But he said nothing. His gaze was set on a balcony hanging from one of the turrets, on which stood a maiden with long and shining hair. As he looked he smiled softly, and in his eyes was a light like the dawn.

The sound of the great bell had now ceased to reverberate, and the palace gates swung open. Within them sat a knight on horseback, clad in glittering armor, with his spear poised and his vizor closed. And he challenged the three youths with a loud voice and clear.

"What seek ye here at the palace of the great emperor?" he demanded.

Whereupon the architect stepped forward and answered him:

"We are come from three several parts of the kingdom to answer the emperor's desire; one of us three is to win the jewels and the gold, and to take to wife the fair and charming princess." And he spoke as though he knew very well which of the three it was to be.

"Enter," cried the knight, raising his lance and setting the end of the haft on the iron toe of his mailed foot.

So the three youths passed within the gates, that fell to behind them with a solemn sound; and the knight, turning his horse, rode before them through the courtyard to the inner portal, where he struck three times upon a shield that hung on the door, which opened, admitting the youths to the palace, where they demanded audience of the emperor.

Now, the emperor had almost ceased to believe that any one could be found who would make for him the immortal monument he craved. Many had come with models and suggestions, to be sure, but all had proved worthless. So that now the emperor had decided that any who endeavored for the prize should, in case of failure, suffer lifelong banishment, as a mark of disgrace.

Since which none had come to the palace, and the gold, the jewels, and the princess remained unclaimed.

When, therefore, the three youths entered the audience-chamber and were presented to the emperor, he looked curiously upon them.

"Know ye the penalty in case ye fail?" he asked each one, and each answered yes.

They were given until the following morning to come to a final decision, and were royally entertained in the meanwhile. At the hour of noon they were once more taken before the emperor. He sat on his great golden throne, and beside him, on a cushion on the dais, was seated the princess. Her hair was as shining as the sun,

and hung to her knees, bound at the brows with a circlet of large pearls, and she was clothed in cloth of silver. But her eyes, as she looked upon the three youths who advanced slowly to the foot of the throne, were filled with tears. For the princess did not believe they could escape the doom of failure, and in any case she knew that two of the three must be exiled forever.

So she looked from one to the other. But when her eyes met those of the poet, she blushed, and let her glance drop to where her hands lay idle in her lap. He too blushed, but he continued to look upon the princess.

The emperor bent his head slightly to the salutation of the strangers, and said:

"Ye know what it is that I desire: a monument that shall make of my name an immortal thing, never to be forgotten so long as a single human being shall be left to see or to hear or to understand."

The youths made a gesture of assent.

The emperor continued:

"If either of you has conceived of such a monument, to him shall be given these jewels" (at the word two slaves set down an alabaster jar overflowing with precious stones that shone and twinkled as gloriously as the stars of heaven), "this gold" (and two other slaves placed beside the jar a huge porphyry bowl heaped high with gold that glowed like the sun), "and this our daughter," whereupon he placed his hand on the princess's shining head. "But in case ye attempt, and fail, we have pronounced upon ye sentence of perpetual banishment. Do ye accept these conditions?"

The architect looked at the marvelous glimmering of the jewels in their alabaster jar, and answered, "I accept."

The sculptor gazed at the mighty porphyry bowl with its burden of gold, and answered, "I accept."

The poet lifted his eyes to the princess, all veiled in the shining lengths of her hair, and whispered, "I accept."

At a sign the architect then came forward and placed before the emperor his design for a temple that should enshrine the emperor's name. The model was so cunningly constructed that the weight of each stone made the rest the more secure, and so wonderfully was all welded and clamped together that, should the earth arise and shake itself, the stones would but cling the closer, and the splendid dome, like the blue arch of the sky itself, might not, said the designer, be destroyed by any forces so feeble as time or the cataclysms of nature. Fashioned out of immense blocks of living rock and knowing no other ma-

terial, it must endure so long as there was a world left for it to endure in.

Then the sculptor stepped forward and set his offering at the foot of the throne. The princess leaned forward and looked at the poet, who returned the look. Her face was pale as death, but he smiled upon her with a deep content.

The model made by the sculptor was that of a seated figure whose attitude was so full of repose that whoever looked upon it lost the sense of time, and thought only of eternity. Its features were those of the emperor, but the face was that of one who had watched centuries fade as flowers, and had looked upon the birth and death of planets. The figure was made out of two new metals discovered by the sculptor and amalgamated into a substance so hard and fine that it seemed, of a truth, more indestructible than the mountains whose snow-crowned summits could be seen from the palace windows.

"I cannot choose between these two," said the emperor, "for each seems to me to be indeed perfect. What have *you* brought?" and he looked at the poet. But the princess sighed heavily.

The poet stepped forward, taking from his bosom a small roll of parchment.

"Mighty Emperor," he said, "you have only to sign this edict, and so long as the race of man endures upon the earth, so long will your name live in every heart and upon all lips. For a man will sooner forget the name of the mother who bore him than that of the emperor who gave to these words the breath of life." And he laid the parchment in the princess's outstretched hand.

The emperor frowned. "What is this foolishness?" he asked. "Give me the parchment, daughter."

There were only a few words traced upon the skin, exquisitely traced and illuminated, as though each word had been loved by the writer.

"I, the great emperor, pronounce this truth for the world to hear and to live by: *Freedom is the inborn right of every man.*"

As the emperor spoke these words aloud, a

gust as of a great wind swept through the palace like a sigh, followed by a sound as though a million million voices called and murmured behind the veil of the years. The palace rocked to its foundations, and on the vast gathering of people and servants and slaves who awaited the emperor's will in the hall there fell a silence. For terror had come upon them.

But the poet stood calm and grave before the throne, his eyes upon the princess, whose face was paler than a white lily's.

All this was many ages ago, and words like these had never before been spoken in the world.

"This is blasphemy," said the emperor. But his voice shook, and fear stood in his face.

But the poet did not hear him, for the princess had risen, and came toward him down the golden steps, a high joy on her face.

The emperor, however, laid his heavy hand upon her arm, dragging her back.

"Take this man away. He is banished!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice.

Servants sprang forward at his bidding, and led the poet away. He seemed not to heed them, but went musing, the dawn-light in his eyes.

MANY centuries later, so many that it would take a weary while simply to number them, two travelers in a desert came upon the ruins of what might conceivably have been a temple. There were indications of a great arch, but portions were missing entirely, and the sand had drifted over what was left, almost hiding it. Near the center of the crumbling edifice, that appeared to be itself changing to sand, lay a vast and shapeless mass of some ancient metal. Apparently it had once been a figure, but whether of animal, man, or god it was now impossible to guess.

"What a vast deal of old rubbish cumber the earth!" remarked one of the travelers to his companion. "Do you suppose this heap of dust ever meant anything?"

The other shook his head. "It is only truth that endures," he made answer. "But how men fear it, even to-day!"





My dear Children ST. NICHOLAS HOUSE.

O, it's a long time since my last letter to you and I am sorry, for I want to write to you every day. [That's often, isn't it?] Do you want to know *why* your letter was slow coming to you? I will tell you.

I had a nice letter all done for you ages ago. I was proud of it, so of course I wanted to show it to our friends Chip Squirrel and Cat Bird and Bim Crow and Mr. Pip Muskrat. So I called on them. They were glad to see me, because they know I know you. We all marched down to the Brook, who was so happy to see us that he splashed and gurgled with joy. Brook is always very good company. Everybody was happy and polite, even Pip Muskrat, who is sometimes a little grumpy. I read your letter to our friends and told them all about you. They laughed and clapped their claws and paws and wings and all their different kinds of tails. It was very funny and nice, so I was prouder than ever. Then - O, Dears! all the trouble began. You remember Mr. Wind. Well -

whiff! he came and snatched your letter out of my hand and puffed it rudely across the meadow.



Then - O, bump! bump! out² bounced Bob Rabbit. He banged his muddy hind heels on your letter, which was a very untidy thing to do; besides that, he wiggled his ears im-pertinently, and sneezed without saying "Excuse me". Bob was impolite, wasn't he, Dears? * * Then - out came little Dog Pud [you remember him, don't you?] and he pounced on your poor letter with his jaws and paws and all the rest of his naughty little self. Away he ran with that letter and we all scurried after him. I was a little cross and Pip Muskrat grunted with muskrat-ish rage. We ran fast. We didn't look where we were going, so we ran into old Stone Wall as he was taking care of the Meadow. O, such a shock we got as we ALL banged into nice, quiet old Stone Wall. We stopped running suddenly. We just had to. Stone Wall said - "STOP! in-stantly." We DID. Everybody was mixed up with everybody else. We were all tangled. All of us nearly began to quarrel, but we did not quarrel for we heard some one say - "Ker-chuck! Ker-chuck! what's all this fuss about?" There stood little Dud Woodchuck at the door of his house with an Ax in one hand and a stick of candy in the other hand. Dud's fingers were sticky, but still he looked surprised, and troubled and sorry, for we all were behaving very badly.

Bob's Muddy
Paw Prints!

PUD POUNCES ON
YOUR LETTER.

"STOP"

Why was Dud troubled? Was it because we were naughty? No, Dears. He hadn't seen your letter.

He was jealous; so were Pud Dog and Bob Rabbit and even Mr Wind (VERY WRONG). Besides, Dud was a very shy Woodchuck. He said to us "To save troubles and bumps, I will take that letter you are making such a fuss over.

I'll chop it up with my sharp AX and I'll put the pieces on my WOOD PILE to make my wood pile pretty". Without more words he just pounced on that letter.

Before we could stop the astonishment that was in us, poor little Letter to YOU was all in trembling, fluttering BITS.

then a fearful BATTLE nearly hap-

pened. Pip Muskrat got in a great towering rage and threw a perfectly good mud Pie straight at Dud Woodchuck.

The pie didn't hit Dud; he dodged; it hit me - O, well, never mind, Dears, that was a mistake.

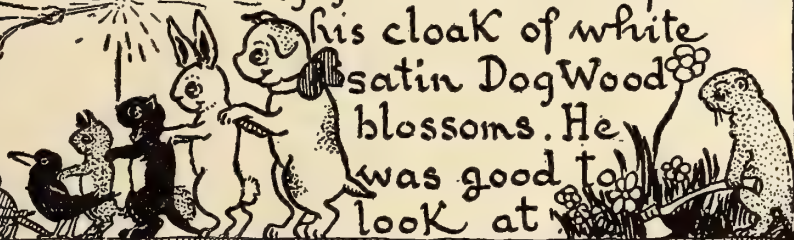
Yes, there would have been a bad battle, but we heard a sweet Voice - Yes, it was as sweet sounding as Bees humming and Water running away and little Winds in a Honeysuckle Bush. IT WAS THE

FIRST day of MAY. There stood May Boy, the May-time, play-time Elf. His hat was made of golden Buttercups and his cloak of white satin Dog Wood blossoms. He was good to look at

To You
From Friendship



MUSKRAT IS IN A
TOWERING RAGE



Behind May Boy was a very little Girl; she was a Fairy. We couldn't see her plainly, for she was the other side of a little fog, rainbow cobweb.

NOW DEARS

I must write about all the rest that happened on my noisy old TYPEWRITER, for Mr. Chip Squirrel has run off with my pen. Chip says that he is going to write a letter to you--O, what a funny letter it would be!

WHAT DID MAY BOY SAY



He said; "O, O, I am surprised, you naughty Dears. Such fussing and bumping and throwing of MUD PIES is very bad to do. You must be GOOD instead, for this is the FIRST DAY of MAY. You should be happy and not snappy and BATTLE-some. Now, I will settle things for you." So we all became GOOD and quiet, for somehow we had to obey May Boy. We waited politely and watched him pick up all the pieces of your poor chopped-up letter.

May Boy gave each one of us a piece with a PICTURE on it. To me, May Boy gave a piece with a picture of ME on it. As he did so, he winked his left brown eye once and then he winked his right brown eye twice (that makes THREE winks in all). I winked back. Then May Boy said,--" Now Dears, go and play and then get Dud Woodchuck to stick up your Pictures in your little Homes with his sticky stick of Candy---but he must wash his sticky fingers first.. And remember that your Homes are made prettier by the Pictures, because those Pictures really belong to little Boys and Girls. I will keep what is left of that letter because I love to have words said to Children in my left-side breast pocket. Now, JOHN MARTIN, you must be sure to thank the Children for the Pictures they gave us. Be GOOD my Dears..Don't quarrel. I have work and play to attend to. GOOD BYE".

And May Boy disappeared in a Forest of Flowers; for everywhere he stepped Flowers popped out at him just like MAGIC. I do not wonder, for his happy feet did make magic things happen. We were sorry to have him go, but we decided to be happy. Even Pip Muskrat smiled at Woodchuck and Woodchuck smiled back. We all put our heads together and VOTED that we ought to have NEW HOMES to put the Pictures of YOUR Letter in. So we marched away to attend to the matter. Many of us found new Houses, and Dud stuck up our Pictures with his sticky stick of Candy. That's how it happens that a great Moving Time begins on the FIRST DAY of MAY. Just think Dears,



all that "moving" because we were so glad to have any (little part of something that really belonged to you). That shows what Children mean to us all. Perhaps you are wondering what became of the little Girl Fairy that hid behind the Rainbow Cobweb. She was JUNE JOY. She just follows May Boy wherever he goes and helps him in all his Magic. June Joy whispers to the Flowers and the Trees and to all green and growing Things, so that when you Children go into the Woods and Fields every Thing will know how to whisper to you. I never could get very near to June Joy; she is shy, because she is so beautiful. But if I ever do talk to her, I will tell you what she tells me.

NOW

I must say "GOOD BYE" too, Dears. I'm sorry to go, but this is my last sheet of paper, so I suppose I must. We ALL send our LOVES to you. Dud Woodchuck says he is sorry he was sly. Pip wants to write to you about MUD PIES. Shall I let him? I will write again soon.--I am GLAD,



Your Affectionate,
John Martin



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Cross-words: 1. Phlox. 2. Arrow. 3. Rainy. 4. Ideal. 5. Steam. Initials, Paris; diagonals, Priam; 1 to 5, Helen; 6 to 9, Troy.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Water. 2. Alone. 3. Toads. 4. Endue. 5. Reset. **ZIGZAG AND ACROSTIC.** Zigzag, Constantine; eighth row, Constantius. Cross-words: 1. Constancy. 2. Moderator. 3. Narcotine. 4. Establish. 5. Tollbooth. 6. Sassafras. 7. Negligent. 8. Attribute. 9. Infusoria. 10. Unanimous. 11. Embarrass.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "True glory lies in the silent conquest of ourselves."—CHARADE. Sham-rock.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Missouri; 3 to 4, Columbia. Cross-words: 1. Music. 2. Pilot. 3. Snail. 4. Issue. 5. Oakum. 6. Curbs. 7. Rabbi. 8. Divan.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Vacation; third row, graduate. Cross-words: 1. Vague. 2. Arrow. 3. Crack. 4. Added. 5. Trunk. 6. Inane. 7. Often. 8. Niece.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Joseph Warren. 1. Jackal. 2. Otter. 3. Squirrel. 4. Eland. 5. Pronghorn. 6. Heron. 7. Wolf. 8. Ape. 9. Raven. 10. Raccoon. 11. Elk. 12. Narwhal.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from Emma Katherine Anderson—Frances McIver—Doris Clare and Jean Frances—Frank Black—Margaret E. Whittemore—Edna Meyle—Margaret M. Benney—Therese D. Browning—Philip Franklin—Helen M. Tyler—Mary H. Prindeville.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from Ruth Tapping, 5—Ruth R. Miles, 2—Alfred Hand, 3d, 10—"Oak Street," 9—K. K. Spencer, 2—Helen Barclay, 10—Rebekah Shattuck, 7—Richard W. Howe, 5—Victoria Huber, 5—M. E. Andrews, 2—Elizabeth Hammond, 6—Ruth M. Shatford, 10—Frederick W. Van Horne, 10—C. G. Cameron, 2—Ferris Neave, 5—Lothrop Bartlett, 10—Wray D. Bentley, 5—Gladys Mead, 10—Judith Ames Marsland, 10—Marian Shaw, 10—Isabel Shaw, 9—Theodore H. Anes, 8—Alfred W. Bastress, 7—M. L. Hussey, 2—A. Dowling, 2—Joseph B. Kelly, 9—Dora M. Sanger, 10—Dorothy Stabler, 8—M. E. Phillips, 4.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from A. Adams—M. D. Yarnall—P. Hawes—A. James—N. Markovitz—J. W. Vandercook—H. Sherk—R. E. Cronebaugh—A. L. Scott—M. E. Hunt—E. C. Perkins—J. Beck—J. Brown, Jr.—M. Z. Warrington—A. L. McKeon—W. N. Seymour—R. L. Coggins—H. March—E. Garnsey—E. Gardner—F. T. Pfaelzer—M. H. Watson—L. W. Knowles.

CHAIN ACROSTIC

EACH of the words described contains four letters, and the last two letters of each word are the first two letters of the next. The last two letters of the last word are the first two letters of the first word. Example: each, chid, idea.

The initials of the six "links" spell the surname of the man in whose honor July received its name.

LINKS: 1. To burn to a cinder. 2. Open surface. 3. Facility. 4. Station. 5. A small town made famous by Longfellow. 6. Wealthy.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead and triply curtail restoration, and leave a rodent. Answer, repa-rat-ion.

In the same way quadruply behead and triply curtail, 1. Inculcating, and leave sick. 2. Obscure, and leave at the time of speaking. 3. Deserting, and leave to put on. 4. Abstinence, and leave a fixed point of time from which a series of years is reckoned. 5. To recover health, and leave for. 6. Discourage, and leave part of the head. 7. The habit of chewing the cud, and leave a masculine nickname. 8. A book of antidotes, and leave

FINAL ACROSTIC. Marie Antoinette. Cross-words: 1. Warm. 2. Dora. 3. Sear. 4. Vici. 5. Vote. 6. Iota. 7. Lion. 8. Moat. 9. Reno. 10. Magi. 11. Rein. 12. Mite. 13. Heat. 14. Mart. 15. Rate.

FLOWER DIAGONAL. Diagonal, Daisy. Cross-words: 1. Dread. 2. Emanate. 3. Misgiving. 4. Refusal. 5. Bully.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEYS. 1. Suez, sues, cubs, Cuba. 2. Peru, pert, port, pore, core, come, Nome. 3. Don, den, Dee. 4. Lima, lime, line, lone, cone, cork. 5. Bonn, bone, cone, cane, cant, want, went, Kent. 6. Bern, barn, bare, pare, Para. 7. Kobe, robe, role, roll, rill, hill, Hull. 8. Dover, diver, diner, dines, dunes, tunes, Tunis.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Storm. 2. Three. 3. Organ. 4. React. 5. Mento(r). II. 1. Madam. 2. Adobe. 3. Donor. 4. Abode. 5. Meres. III. 1. Orbit. 2. Reach. 3. Baste. 4. Ictus. 5. These. IV. 1. Spurt. 2. Pekoe. 3. Ukase. 4. Rosin. 5. Teens. V. 1. H. 2. Bud. 3. Bonus. 4. Hundred. 5. Durst. 6. Set. 7. D. VI. 1. E. 2. Ela. 3. Enact. 4. Elastic. 5. Actor. 6. Tir(ade). 7. C.

a small point. 9. Gives up, and leave termination. 10. Without a tenant, and leave a feminine nickname. 11. Certain bones of the hand, and leave a chariot of war. 12. Receding, and leave to corrode.

When rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the twelve remaining little words will spell something for which a war was fought. JOHN S. HARLOW, JR.

ANAGRAM

AN American author:

REACH WELL UNDER DRAYS.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

1. DOUBLY behead to put off, and leave a song. 2. Doubly behead to quaver, and leave sick. 3. Doubly behead belonging to a city, and leave to forbid. 4. Doubly behead to entertain with food and drink, and leave to consume. 5. Doubly behead a small measure of weight, and leave a rodent. 6. Doubly behead the staff of a field-marshal, and leave a measure of weight. 7. Doubly behead an inlet from the Gulf of Mexico, and leave a pronoun.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell something connected with the Fourth of July.

AMY C. LOVE (League Member).



STARTING THE TRIP

Don't start without Peter's Milk Chocolate. It is ideal for travelers. As sustaining as it is delicious. You will find it at every news-stand—either with or without almonds or hazelnuts.

To Make Tea Biscuit Light and Flaky

USE Kingsford's Corn Starch mixed with your flour—but be sure it is Kingsford's and not an inferior substitute delivered at your kitchen door when you plainly ordered **KINGSFORD'S**.

A low grade corn starch is very expensive—it costs you just as much per package to say nothing of the food it spoils and disappointment of every one at table.

For over 60 years Kingsford's has meant corn starch purity. Ask for Kingsford's and see that you get it.

KINGSFORD'S **CORN STARCH**

Tea Biscuit.—Sift well together two and one-half cups flour, one-half cup Kingsford's Corn Starch, three-fourths teaspoon salt and two well-rounded teaspoons baking powder. Rub in thoroughly two large tablespoons lard. Moisten with milk until consistency to roll out. Make about three-quarter inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake at once a good brown.

Send for Cook Book D—168 of the best recipes you ever tried—it's free. Just send your name on a post card.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
National Starch Co., Suc'rs
OSWEGO, N. Y.





For Summer Appetites.

In hot weather, when the appetite is just a little off, and there is a peculiar craving for something cool and satisfying, nothing touches the spot like

JELL-O

It is so deliciously cool, so light, so wholesome, so nutritious—so tempting and good every way—that it satisfies the summer appetite as nothing else can.

Fruit of almost any kind can be added, as the housewife chooses, or left out, and in either case the dessert will be delightful.

There is no other dessert worth serving that can be made without cooking and fuss, and in hot weather no housewife wants to cook and fuss more than is necessary.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute.

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry,
Cherry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Chocolate.

10c. a package at all grocers'.

The famous recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE
WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold,
will be sent to all who ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



Heap Talk for the Buffalo Moon Roasting-Ear Season

(The Buckskin Book)



"Woo-Coo-Hoo !

"Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah !"

This is the Buffalo Moon! That is the reason we give the Sioux yell which announces the bringing of fresh meat into camp, but if a white man should appear, the old Sioux would give their war-cry, so well known to the old frontiersmen, many of whom crossed the Great Divide, where all the pony tracks point one way, with "Woo-woo! hay-ay, hay-ay! U we Do! U we Do!" ringing in their ears.

The white men in those days were armed with single-barreled, muzzle-loading rifles. But suppose one of those old Buckskin men had pulled out from under his wammus a modern Remington .22 and begun to pump the little bullets into the savages. Gee! Would n't they have been surprised! Their old war-cry of "U we Do!" might then have been transposed to "U do we!" but their real yell would have been their signal of distress "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

According to the Buckskin Calendar of the "Boy Pioneers," this is Catlin's Moon (he was born on the 26th of July, 1796), and the beginning of the Roasting-Ear Season. Catlin was a unique character on the frontier. He was an all-around outdoor man, athlete, plainsman, horseman, and rifle-shot. At one time he shot off the head of

a rattlesnake just as the reptile struck at him, and so quick were both Catlin and the rattler that, although the bullet took the head off the snake, the bloody stump of the snake's neck struck Catlin full in the breast. There was "some class" to that sort of gun-work, boys! But if he had had one of these up-to-date Remington-UMC .22 Repeaters there would not have been a rattlesnake on the plains that would not have muffled its rattler and slunk to its hiding-place whenever he heard the name of Catlin mentioned or caught a glimpse of the little .22 in his hands.

Did any of you fellows ever examine one of these Remington-UMC Repeaters? They are so simple and so perfect! No wonder they shoot so accurately! They are built just like the big, powerful Remington-UMC's that the world-famous big-game hunters use—*Solid Breech, Hammerless, Safe!* They handle .22 long, .22 short, and .22 long-rifle cartridges without adjustment. The fellow lucky enough to own one is going to have lots of fun this Summer target-shooting and hunting woodchucks and other small game.

Dan Beard



The World Wants Brainy Men

"Brains" are always in demand and are paid a "premium," because brainy men do things.

Brains wear out as certainly as the body if not properly nourished.

Grape-Nuts

is a true Brain and Body Food. It nourishes and strengthens the nerve centres—feeds the nerve cells.

Daily wear and tear is replaced by the natural food elements stored by Nature in the Wheat and Barley of which Grape-Nuts is made.

Grape-Nuts food does much to keep one right for business or frolic.

"There's A Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 115.

Time to hand in answers is up July 10. Prizes awarded in September number.

Competition Number 114 was just a simple family affair. For this month we want you to tell the new Advertising Manager how to re-organize the ST. NICHOLAS stamp page, and make it more worthy of your attention.

This is rather bold—that stamp page has always been an Editorial feature, you know—but the Editor says go ahead, and his way of going ahead is to give prizes for the best letter on the subject.

Tell him how you like it; how to make it more attractive; give an argument why stamp collections should be encouraged: any suggestions, criticisms, ideas—what he is trying to use is your brain. He has discovered that you have a good one.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 113.

My! How wide-awake you boys and girls are. We thought twenty-four, or a few more, would be about all the names of advertised articles or advertisers you could find in the King's Move Puzzle. We were greatly mistaken. Here are the names of the twenty-seven winners who get \$1.00 each this month.

Stanley Burton Simpson, age 13, Illinois.

Dorothy Livingston, age 13, Missouri.

Dorothy Wilcox, age 11, Connecticut.

Elizabeth Southerland, age 16, District of Columbia.

Frank P. Syms, age 7, New York.

Winifred Homer, age 13, Rhode Island.

Torrey Allen, age 11, Vermont.

Martha C. Tucker, age 13, Colorado.

Ruth Burlingame, age 15, Missouri.

Arthur L. Walker, Jr., age 12, New York.

Bertha Clark Greenough, age 15, Rhode Island.

Betty Brunot, age 12, Louisiana.

Helen Simpson, age 16, Illinois.

Emilie B. Honeyman, age 11, New York.

Howard Robinson, age 11, Indiana.

Phyllis Pank, age 14, Missouri.

Marjory Homer, age 16, Rhode Island.

Louise Cramer, age 14, Georgia.

Katharine West, age 13, District of Columbia.

Charles S. Boarman, age 13, Montana.

Donald W. Barron, age 12, New York.

Helen M. Rohe, age 12, Illinois.

Clara McMillen, age 12, Indiana.

Zellah F. Bronner, age 14, New York.

Marian D. Fiske, age 14, New York.

Esther Brown, age 12, Massachusetts.

Sarah A. Hall, age 13, Michigan.

There have been frequent requests for the reproduction of some of the prize-winning contributions. This month we are reprinting two very good letters



To be healthy and vigorous, children need the freedom of movement promoted by the

Velvet Grip

[RUBBER BUTTON]

HOSE SUPPORTER

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

It is desirable because it is *right* in every way.
Keeps the stockings neat and unwrinkled.
Easily managed by small fingers.

Sample Pair, Children's size (state age) 16c. postpaid.

Look for the Moulded Rubber Button and "Velvet Grip" stamped on the loop.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, U. S. A.



The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes

By Francis Arnold Collins

Any boy can make and fly the models described in this book—over fifty—and have much fun in the making and flying. It is just about the best book in print for boys of all ages.

Over fifty helpful and interesting pictures, from photographs and from working diagrams.

Price, \$1.20 net; postage, 14 cents.

THE CENTURY CO.

UNION SQUARE

NEW YORK



YOUR BABY

Should be Happy, Healthy and Rosy-cheeked

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Has nourished thousands of Babies to Health and Happiness during the past 54 years.

Send for Baby Book.



BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857. New York

which will show why we are proud of our ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls and their ability.

DEAR NED:

I have just finished an Antoinette model aëroplane, and it is a dandy. I tried it out to-day and it flew a hundred and twenty-five feet. The whole thing only cost eighty-five cents, ten cents of which went into a can of Le Page's liquid glue, forty cents for elastics, fifteen cents for seven and one half feet of bamboo, five cents for a stick of wood three feet long, five cents for a piece of shafting, and ten cents for an eight-inch propeller blank. I covered the wings with a piece of cambric which I got from one of Mother's old aprons.

I didn't use a nail in the aëroplane at all. Instead, I glued everything firm and tight with Le Page's. It's the finest glue I've ever used. Do you remember that first aëroplane we tried to make and glued the wings on with flour-and-water paste? I used about one fifteenth as much glue and it stuck about fifteen times tighter.

You must come down on Saturday and bring your Bleriot monoplane. We'll have lots of fun.

I forgot to tell you that with the library slip which I got from Le Page's glue, I have enough now to subscribe to ST. NICHOLAS.

Well, good-by, and don't forget to come Saturday. From

Your friend,

JOHN KETCHAM.

(Anecdote true)

DEAR FREDDIE:

Look on the back cover of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS and see if you think the boy in the "Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream" advertisement looks like any one you know! Mother says it's the image of *me*, only I have n't got curly hair, thank good-

ness. Mother says she's going to take a picture of me in the same position, brushing my teeth, just to compare them, and I use "Colgate's Dental Cream," too, do you? And don't you love it? Mother says I never brushed my teeth so often or so long, as since we began using "C. D. C." It is such fun to squeeze the tube and let the cream run out so neatly onto the tooth-brush, don't you think so? And it leaves such a good taste in your mouth, yum, yum. Just as if you'd been eating candy.

I must tell you something funny that happened a while ago! Well, I used to fill out the postal cards that came wrapped around the tubes with the names of my friends, and then they received sample tubes of the cream. One day I wrote down, just for fun, "Miss Beauty Walter," the name of Uncle Frank's and Aunt Vic's little white dog, you know, that they always speak of as "your little cousin Beauty," just as if it were a real child, then after mailing the postal I forgot all about it until I happened to be there a while ago, and they told me the tube had arrived a few days before, addressed to "Miss Beauty Walter," and then a postal followed, beginning,

"MISS BEAUTY WALTER,

Dear Madam:

Your friend Mr. Elliot Brown having sent your name," etc. (or words to that effect)—Uncle Frank and Aunt Vic were perfectly delighted and showed the postal to every one who called.

They used the tooth paste and liked it so well that they use it all the time now, so Colgate & Co. ought to forgive me for the joke I played on them, don't you think so?

With love to all, I am,

Your affectionate cousin,

ELLIOT WELD BROWN.

Write us an Advertisement

53 Prizes — Your "Ad." May Win One of Them

COLGATE & CO.'S advertising manager has been wondering whether he knows how to write the *best* kind of Ribbon Dental Cream advertisement for ST. NICHOLAS readers, and nobody can tell him this quite as well as the ST. NICHOLAS readers themselves. That is why this advertising contest has been decided upon and each one of you boys and girls is invited to compete.

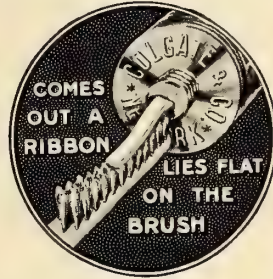
There is nothing mysterious about this business of writing advertisements. The chances are that you'll find it much easier than your last school composition. Just imagine that you're writing a short letter to one of your schoolmates telling how important it is to take proper care of the teeth and how Ribbon Dental Cream is not only the best of cleansers but besides is so delicious in flavor that its use is a real treat.

Then take off the "Dear Agnes" or "Dear Bob" part of it and *probably* you have a good Colgate advertisement. We say "probably" because if your letter were just *sentences* about Ribbon Dental Cream without any real feeling of sincerity behind them, then Agnes or Bob would pay very little attention and it would *not* be a good advertisement.

An advertisement ought to *convince*, and you can't very well convince others until you have convinced yourself.

So before you write the "ad." be sure that *you* realize how important to *your* health and appearance clean teeth are. Read the Colgate "ads." in the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS and in other magazines. Ask your teacher or your parents what they know or have heard of the great Dental Hygiene movement that is spreading throughout the country. *Try* Ribbon Dental Cream, if you are not already using it. You can get it at your druggist's, or if you send us 4 cents we will mail you a little trial tube, together with a Good Teeth-Good Health pledge card that has helped thousands of boys and girls in the daily care of their teeth.

We are giving you over a month to write the prize advertisement and our advice is *not* to write it until you really *believe* every word that you write. And remember, the *more* you believe it the *easier* it will be to write it and the *better* the advertisement.



RULES OF THE CONTEST

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS under twenty years of age may enter.

Each contestant is limited to three advertisements, which must be on separate sheets of paper or cardboard, hand-written in ink, or type-written. Advertisements must not be more than 200 words.

Pictures, drawings, diagrams or photographs, illustrating your advertisements, are not required, but good ones (particularly photographs) may help you win a prize. These illustrations or "layouts" must be arranged to fit one full page in ST. NICHOLAS and should measure 5½ inches wide x 8 inches deep.

Advertisements may be sent folded, flat or rolled, but do not fold photographs or drawings.

To be considered they must reach us before August 5th.

Prize checks will be mailed the winners on Sept. 1st, and the awards will be announced on the back cover of the October ST. NICHOLAS.

Place sufficient postage on your envelope and address Colgate & Co., Advertising Contest, 199 Fulton St., New York City.

PRIZES

1 First Prize	\$15.00
2 Second Prizes, each	5.00
5 Third Prizes, each	3.00
15 Fourth Prizes, each	2.00
30 Fifth Prizes, each	1.00

JUDGES

Mr. Sidney M. Colgate of Colgate & Co.

Mr. Don M. Parker, Advertising Manager of St. Nicholas

Mr. Francis A. Collins, author of "Model Aeroplanes"

COLGATE & CO., 199 FULTON ST., NEW YORK

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap.



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"The Memory Lingers"

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Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

WHO IS WHO?

A READER of ST. NICHOLAS recently sent a query as to the individuals pictured upon certain stamps. One of the methods of making a collection more interesting and more instructive is to print in small letters above or below each stamp some item of information relative to it. One can name the person, or place, or event portrayed, and such dates as may seem judicious. Over each series of stamps may be printed the name of the king or ruler governing that country at the time of issue; or a few words explaining the reason for the issue if it be commemorative, or in any way historically distinctive,—as the new Portugal issues. The space covered by the stamp may be utilized for various memoranda, as the date purchased, price paid, and from whom purchased or obtained. As the years go by, these little notations become of great interest to the owner of a collection. Many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS already make it a practice of noting in their albums these bits of historical information, and the beautiful new Bulgaria stamps, bright and attractive, have brought to the editor a number of inquiries as to “who” and “what.” For the benefit of all, we would say that the ruler of the country is Ferdinand; the coins are stotinka and leva,—100 stotinki equal one leva, or about twenty cents. It perhaps might be mentioned here that the puzzling differences between the first and second series are to be found in the words expressing value, and are due to a change from centimes and francs to the stotinka. The pictures on the new set are as follows: on the one stotinka the Czar’s country seat at Assen; two stotinki, Czar Ferdinand; three stotinki, view of Stirnowa, where independence was declared; five and ten stotinki, Czar in military and in naval uniform; fifteen stotinki, banks of river Isker; twenty-five stotinki, again the Czar; thirty stotinki, Monastery of Rilo; fifty stotinki, Czar and staff witnessing military maneuvers; one leva, Czar in ancient Bulgarian coronation robes; two levas, Monastery of Holy Trinity. A three-leva stamp is to be issued, showing a view of Varna Harbor.

QUEER STAMPS

IN turning over the pages of our catalogue we notice many designs for stamps which seem odd to us. To the mind of the editor, the queerest of all occur in the issues of Cauca, a province in Columbian Republic, formerly called New Grenada. The first issue is really like a stamp, having the name of the issuing country, Republic of New Grenada. Why a stamp issued so late as 1879 should still bear the old title, the editor does not know. Although no value appears upon the stamp, its face value was five centavos. But it is to the second, third, and fourth types that attention is directed. None of these bear the name of any country, and only the first any value. The design is a rough monogram of the letters S and P and is roughly hand-stamped upon ordinary note-paper. The two letters are the initials of the prefect, Salmon Posso. There is some doubt attached to their authenticity, but they are listed in catalogues both in the United States and abroad. In passing, it is of interest to note that the

1892 issue, also doubtful, was printed in the United States at St. Louis.

There is another issue of queer stamps to be found in the early series of Uganda. These were all made with a type-writer on a thin-laid note-paper. They were printed by the Rev. E. Miller, at Mengo, and are in both black and violet ink. Nothing appears on these stamps but the letters U and G, and a figure of value. Later sets have a date and the name in full, and quite an ornate set was printed by the Rev. F. Rowling, at Luba’s. The unit of value in this last set was an anna, while in the original it was a cowrie. A cowrie is really the shell of a mollusk (*Cypraea Moneta*) much used in Africa as money. It was probably only a term at the time stamps were issued. The lowest value of the 1895 issue is five cowries, while the lowest value of the 1896 issue is one anna. This indicates the money value of a cowrie.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ERIC B., who incloses postage with his inquiry but gives no address, asks some pertinent questions about India. Some of the English Colonies, previous to their coming under direct control of the crown, have been managed “in trust” by Companies. The “British South Africa Company” still appears upon the stamps of Rhodesia. India was managed by the “Honorable East India Company.” The first postage-stamps were issued in 1854 and were locally printed. The name on these is “India,” although printed on paper water-marked with the coat-of-arms of the East India Company. A year later stamps were printed in London by the Company, and these are “East India.” This title continued in use on the various issues until 1877, when Queen Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India. Since then all stamps have been altered to “India.” Pictures of birds are quite common on stamps. Their appearance on the stamps of a country usually means that the species represented are native to the country, but such is not always the case. The editor gives such information as he has concerning the four birds which have attracted your attention. The Portuguese name for Azores is Hawk Islands, and the bird pictured on the stamps is not a dove, but quite the reverse. The Cook Islands bird is a sand-piper, or snipe. Its local name is “torea,” and it is a very common bird among the islands. The Guatemala parrot is a quessel or quetzal, the royal bird of the state. Its plumage of metallic green and gold is brilliant and beautiful, and the long tail-feathers often exceed three feet in length. The wonderful head-dresses and robes of state of the ancient Incas were made from the quessel, and the use of its plumage was restricted to the royal family. The bird of Hungary is the fabled turul, or mythical bird of the Magyars. Whether it ever existed is a mooted question, but legends concerning it date back many centuries. All associate the bird (a falcon) with the glory of the people. Attila had a shield in the shape of a crowned bird, called the “Turul.” The first Brazilian stamps were issued with all values on the same sheet; eighteen of the 30 reis, twenty-four of the 60 and eighteen of the 90.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY



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Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secretary and Treasurer.
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THE SHINING SHIP.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

AUGUST, 1911

No. 10

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THE SHINING SHIP

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY



ALL day I see the ships sail in, the sun upon their spars,
And silently at night they pass between me and the stars.
Oh, many, many ships there be,
From Biscay Bay and China Sea!
But never comes a ship for me,
Across the flooding bars.

All day I watch the ships sail out, so brave and gallantly;
And while I sleep they sail away, impatient for the sea.
Strange ways are theirs, where strange winds blow,
Strange islands loom and strange tides flow—
But round and round the world they go
And never wait for me.

One day a shining ship shall ride at anchor by the quay;
From her slow-furling sails shall shake the scents of Araby;
She bears no name, she cannot stay;
But on her decks I 'll sail away,
To China Sea and Biscay Bay—
Oh, she 's the ship for me!

FINE POINTS OF TENNIS

BY E. WILLIS SCOTT

I

To the looker-on, tennis is a game which can be learned by any one who has a racket, net, and an available court. Those who have studied the game and its endless possibilities, realize, however, its difficulties, which even many good players often fail to overcome. If the fine points of the game were more generally understood, it



POSITION FOR SERVICE.

is probable that, like riding and golf, it would be taken up at the beginning under the supervision of a professional, who would start the novice correctly and so prevent the falling into endless errors.

The first point which should be emphasized is the necessity of correct foot-work. This essential detail has been overlooked, until recently, by all but those who have made a scientific study of how to develop the greatest speed and accuracy in placing the ball. To this end they have devoted hours of thought and discussion, and have

found that unless the feet are firmly and correctly placed, these results cannot be attained. For the forearm drive, the body should be turned to the right and the left foot placed in advance, so that, when the bat is swung through, on the finish of the stroke, the body may come through with it, and the weight fall on the left foot. With the backhand stroke this position is doubly important, the right foot being in front this time and the body well turned toward the ball. This not only gives accuracy and power to the stroke, but adds several inches to the length of one's reach. In other words, it gives the player more time to get to the ball, and consequently greater possibility of returning it and placing it accurately. At first, in running for a ball, it will be found rather awkward to have to change the feet so that when the time comes to stroke the ball, the player will be in the correct position; but as proficiency is acquired by practice, the player will fall into the attitude naturally, and without having to expend thought as to how it is done.

In serving, the poise is equally important. The left foot should be in advance, and the body slightly turned to the right, for, on the follow-through, the whole weight of the body falls on the left foot, and it must be firmly placed, or the server loses his balance and cannot get into position to receive his opponent's return.

In smashing, the position is the same as in serving. Here, too, the follow-through of the arm and the entire body is of great value in giving weight and speed to the ball.

The same firm footing is essential in returning a smash. Learn to discover where your opponent is going to place the ball by watching his bat, and try to reach the spot in time to have both feet solidly fixed. In this way many apparent "kills" have been returned, much to the discomfort of the smasher, who generally feels that the point has been won by his single stroke, and, therefore, fails to get back into position in time to cover his court.

The follow-through at the end of the stroke is as essential in tennis as it is in golf, where players say its importance cannot be overestimated. By this means, depth, accuracy, and speed are maintained. But when the striker considers a ball with a "break" more difficult for his opponent to return, he can draw his bat across the ball instead of following it through. This is very effective at times, and if not used too often.

Another point of great importance is the necessity of varying one's game. If you find that your opponent likes a certain kind of ball, and can play it better than you can, change your stroke. If he likes, for instance, a hard-driven, low-bouncing ball, give him a slow, high bouncer, with a twist on it. In other words, break his game up. If he is driving and bringing his shots off with ease and accuracy, "lob" consistently to him for a few games, or longer, if necessary. No one can drive a "lobbed ball"—it invariably goes well out of court or into the net. The only way to meet a very high-bouncing ball is to use the smash stroke, which requires much practice to bring to perfection. By the time your opponent has solved this change in your game, you can return to your hard drive with every probability of finding him hopelessly out of his stride. Generally, close matches are won by the player who shows the best generalship and has the most resources. To this end, it is well to develop a number of strokes and perfect them, in order to be able to meet each player on his own ground.



POSITION FOR FOREHAND STROKE.

Tournament play develops resourcefulness, and those who wish to improve their game cannot take up that fascinating diversion too early. At first, the novice will find the ever-changing

conditions considerably annoying, but he will overcome these in time, and will learn to play just as well as he does in his home court.



THE FOLLOW-THROUGH OF A FOREHAND STROKE.

In serving, it is most important to acquire speed and accuracy in placing. Variety in the use of these essentials is also necessary. If your adversary excels in cross-court shots, serve down the middle line as near the corner as possible—if he has a deadly backhand stroke, give him balls on his forehand, and vary your game, but not always striving for a hard ball. It is much more important to serve your second ball reasonably hard than to try for a very severe first ball, which rarely goes in, and then fearfully serve an exceedingly easy second one, which is generally placed out of your reach. If you do not dare serve a hard second ball, at least serve a long one which is fairly difficult to handle, and in this, as in all other departments of the game, learn to cover your strokes as far as possible, so that it is difficult for your opponent to foretell just what your intentions are.

II

In developing one's game of tennis the value of steady, consistent practice cannot be overesti-

mated. By practice I do not necessarily mean playing a match against a player where the main object is to win, but the striving by constant endeavor to bring to perfection any one stroke.



POSITION FOR A BACKHAND STROKE.

Before you begin your match, ask your opponent to direct his service at a certain place. Go to the net, for instance, and ask him to serve the balls at any and every angle. Watch them carefully, and see that you always hit them in the center of your bat; for in this way you will learn to control them, and soon will be able to place them where you will. When you find that you have "your eye on the ball," as the expression goes, ask him for "lobs," and work at these until you are fairly sure of them. Of course you will have to do the same favor for him, but at the same time you will be developing your lobbing, passing, and ground strokes. When you have attained a fair amount of proficiency at the net, go back to the base-line, and work at your forehand and backhand drives, thinking especially of the foot-work and follow-through. And when you feel that you have gained as much as you can for the time being by this sort of work, then, and then only, begin your game.

At first, you will probably have difficulty in finding some one who is sufficiently anxious to

develop his game to be willing to work, for it is work, hard and monotonous, this practice play, but as the improvement in your game, by this practice, becomes more evident, many of your friends will adopt these same methods, and this "give and take" idea will rapidly become popular.

Practice against a wall is one of the most advantageous ways of developing one's game. It strengthens the backhand strokes tremendously and makes one quick and accurate. It is well to draw a chalk-line on the wall, the same height as the net, and play as closely to it as possible, watching carefully, however, to see that the ball actually goes over the line, and that the eye is not simply drawn to it as to a mark to be hit. Think about your foot-work, too, while you are practising in this way, and watch the effect of stroking the ball correctly, after the old or incorrect method. A little constant practice in this way will show remarkable results in a very short time.



THE FOLLOW-THROUGH OF A BACKHAND STROKE.

If the aid of a professional is within reach, so much the better, for it will do away with the necessity of returning the help given you by some friend in practising your strokes, and then, too, you will receive many valuable hints as to how to

make certain strokes and overcome certain faults. But good professionals are sometimes impossible to procure, so the best one can do is to read the



THE SWING FOR AN OVERHEAD SMASH.

books and articles written by those who are masters of the game, and watch closely the present champions, and absorb as many as possible of the good points of their play.

I know of one girl who aspires to championship honors, and who, during the tennis season, practises two hours a day with a professional. She works half an hour at the net and then half an hour in the back of the court, and only then is allowed the "fun" of actually playing the game. It does seem a good deal of a grind, but her progress has been remarkable, and it will not be many years before the national championship will be within her grasp.

When the game is at last started, do not play with the sole object of winning. This, of course, is very pleasant, and the ultimate goal, but to win tournaments other methods should be pursued. Practise strokes,—not only one, but all of them. A good forearm drive is very necessary, and will often win a match, but it should not be cultivated to the exclusion of the other strokes.

A player with only one stroke may do very well at his home club, where he only meets players of little experience, but let him compete with a good tournament player who quickly realizes that the entire strength of his game lies in that one stroke, and see how quickly it is broken up. This can be accomplished by placing the ball so that the player's one stroke cannot be used, and by giving him hard and soft, or long and short balls, or perhaps a high-bouncing or a cut, low-bouncing ball. Any of these will serve to break up that carefully developed one-stroke game, and then, what has the aspirant to tournament honors left to fall back upon? It is much better to develop an all-round winning game, with a fair mastery of all the strokes, and thus be able to withstand an attack made from any and all quarters.

Our present champion, Larned, took years to reach his present invulnerable position. At first, he played a brilliant, though erratic game, unbeatable at times, and often lamentably "off," but



THE FOLLOW-THROUGH OF AN OVERHEAD SMASH.

all the time, while he was losing matches, he was perfecting his form, practising his strokes, and working for that machine-like accuracy in every department of the game for which he is now famous, and which makes him well-nigh invincible.

The rule of playing with those who can beat us is one that cannot be too strongly urged. This will not be found any too easy to accomplish, as most players know how detrimental a weak antagonist is to his game; but it can generally be brought about if persisted in, and if you can make the game sufficiently interesting and show your desire to learn, you will often find that those who are better than you will be willing to help you by valuable advice and many suggestions.

One of the first essentials of the game is the knowledge of how to cover your court. When receiving your opponent's serve, stand outside the base-line, provided his serve is of any strength whatever, and always come back to that position after running in to take a short ball, unless your return warrants a rush to the net. Avoid being caught between the service-line and the base-line, as this position, if your antagonist plays anything like a long ball, necessitates a "pick-up" return, which has no length or speed, and rarely any accuracy. It is simply a defensive play, and generally a very weak one. If you are well back in the court, any shot other than a "kill" can be handled offensively, for it is much easier to run forward than back, which means that you have your antagonist at a disadvantage instead of his having you in the unpleasant predicament, and the offensive game is the game that wins. Of course there are many times when a defensive game is most necessary, and one of the greatest errors in tennis is that of trying to "kill" every ball, which is the mistake of most impetuous young players. Watch your chance and make your opening. Therein lies the science of the game. Play to get your opponent out of position, and then place the ball where he "is not,"—to his discomfiture and your advantage. These rallies, where head-work plays such an important part, are worth more in teaching a beginner the real points of the game than the many brilliant "kills" which are generally only "fluke" shots and can rarely be repeated.

III

ONE of the most important questions, and one which has caused endless discussion, is that of the proper method of gripping the racket. The one point on which all the experts agree is that the bat must be in a straight line with the forearm, with the head higher than the wrist. The

position of the hand for the backhand stroke should be shifted as little as possible, in fact some claim that it should not be changed at all, except that the thumb be placed farther up the handle of the bat to strengthen the wrist, but this will be found nearly impossible, and is rarely, if ever, followed even by those who advocate it most strongly. Every one shifts his hold in the thick of the fray, though the change may be very, very slight and entirely unconscious.



CORRECT GRIP FOR SHORT VOLLEYING.

This firm grip will be found of inestimable importance when playing at the net, where the balls come so quickly that one has not time to shift and must always be ready for any kind of ball. It will help a great deal, too, to shorten the hold a little when at the net, as this serves to keep the bat-head steady and rigid, and prevents the tendency to swing before the stroke, which is not advisable in volleying. The grip should be loosened between strokes and tightened before striking the ball. This serves to lessen the strain on the muscles, and prevents their tiring too readily. When assuming position to receive, before the ball is put into play, hold the neck of the bat in the left hand, in case of a right-handed player. This will

lessen the weight on the right arm, and the left hand can assist in placing the bat properly to receive the ball.

I find that I shorten my grip, too, when receiving a ball with a short high bound, which very often happens on a dirt court. It is impossible to drive a ball of this kind with the same severity as one with a low, deep bound which comes farther back to you. It is poor policy to wait for the high-bounding ball to fall where it can be driven with impunity, for it allows one's opponent too much time to get back into position; so it is wiser to stroke the ball higher than when one uses an ordinary drive. The experts are all playing the ball higher than they did formerly, some of them even advocating taking it just before it begins to drop, but this is very difficult, and requires years of practice and a great deal of skill to perfect, and is not advisable for the novice at the game to attempt.

Remember that it is all-important to save one's strength in every little way possible, either by not running for an impossible ball, or by not wasting energy in smashing an easy ball when it is possible to score by expending little or no

effort. In practice I think it is generally advisable to run for everything; in this way you learn just what your capabilities as a "getter" are, besides teaching you greater activity and aggressiveness. But in matches, where endurance is an important asset and a strong finish absolutely necessary, do not waste your strength in striving for the impossible.

Do not forget that after returning a seemingly impossible ball it is positively essential to get back into the center of the court as quickly as possible. It will not do to count on your opponent's surprise at your agility to make him "fozzle" his next shot, especially after you have established a reputation as a "getter." This is much more apt to be caused by the sight of your running back into court apparently ready to receive any and all kinds of balls.

In working for the net position always place the ball deep in your opponent's court and as near the center as possible. This prevents him passing you down the side-lines or driving across court. He either has to put it straight back at you, when

but only a deep lob will effect this. The net player can generally tell by the position his adversary is taking what kind of return he may



AT REST.

you can generally cut it off for a "kill," or else lob it over your head. The last play is decidedly the better for him, as it necessitates your running back, and thereby losing your net position;



GOING BACK FOR A LOB.

expect. In lobbing, the position assumed is quite different from that used in driving. In driving, the feet are placed as far apart as possible, and a good preliminary swing is taken which adds great speed to the ball; in lobbing, the feet are much closer together, as speed is not so necessary. If the feet are comparatively close together, then the net player may be sure that the ball is going high over his head, and he must get back from the net as quickly as possible. Another very important point to remember is the necessity of watching your opponent's eyes as well as the direction of his bat. Very often the direction of the return is disclosed in this way, so that you have plenty of time to cover the point of attack. These points are of extreme importance when at the net, for then time is of the highest value and readiness counts for everything.

One of the most difficult of all net balls to return is one which drops at your feet as soon as it passes over the net. To return this it is necessary to assume a crouching position with the head of the bat held well up so that the ball may be "chopped" back. It is a difficult stroke and

requires much practice, but it is really necessary to learn it if one wishes to play the net game well.

IV

THERE are many points in the strategy of the game of doubles which differ somewhat from the singles game. The question of "mine and thine" in regard to balls, has to be considered and agreed upon, and also the method of attack. Sometimes one of the team takes the net while the other stays in the back part of the court to handle the lobs, and only comes to the net on short balls. This formation has been found very effective, but is very tiring to the back-court player. If one's adversaries lob persistently to one side of the court and then to the other, it necessitates constant running to and fro, and eventually the back-court player becomes exhausted, when an easy victory is practically assured to the other side. The proper formation, as the experts have long since discovered, is for the players to go in to the net and to the back of the court together, each taking his own lobs as far as possible.

When your partner is serving, it is advisable for you to take the net even if your partner cannot come in on his serve, provided he seizes the first opportunity to do so. Stand close to the net and watch keenly where your partner places his ball. If he serves a ball across court, guard your alley well, for it is open to attack, but if he serves a ball down the middle line, you can move with safety much closer to the center of the court, for your alley is not vulnerable from that angle, and it gives you a chance to cut off balls which might be difficult for your partner to handle, or by your stepping in give him the coveted opportunity to reach the net.

In mixed doubles the man generally takes the long deep lobs, his partner crossing over to cover the court left vacant, for he is much more likely to make a severe return of a lobbed ball, which is very important when there is a man on the opposing side. All short lobs over her head, however, the girl should handle, as it saves much time and exertion, and she should be able to kill them as easily, if not as severely, as her partner. The idea that girls cannot handle lobs has been proved absolutely erroneous, for many of the girl players, like May Sutton and Hazel Hotchkiss, are as sure on their overhead shots as on their ground strokes. It is simply a matter of practice and keeping one's eye on the ball. "Keep your eye on the ball, and your feet on the ground," is advice of the utmost value, and should never be allowed to slip from one's mind. This maxim it is especially important to remember in

overhead work, when a firm "stance" is absolutely essential to the certainty of one's shots.

Remember that cross-court shots are more effective in doubles play than the long side-line ones. They force the opposing team to opposite sides of the court, which makes an opening in the center, where a ball is easily placed by either of the attacking pair. This same idea may be reversed by placing the ball in the center of the court to draw the players together, and then cross-courting it to the territory of the player who has just stroked the ball.

The game of doubles requires much more alertness than the singles game, for the play is much quicker, and it is necessary to follow your partner's head-work and not rely entirely on your own. Learn to see the openings made by your partner as well as those made by yourself, and seize every opportunity, for it is much more difficult to score aces in doubles than in singles, as the longer rallies will testify. Head-work is the most important part of doubles play, and strategy has won many a match against superior brawn and muscle.

As a general rule, the player with the strongest backhand stroke should take the left-hand court, except in mixed doubles, when the man, unless the girl is left-handed, always plays in this position. In this way he can cover her backhand strokes too, as they come on his forehand. It is a safe rule to let the man cover three quarters of the court in mixed doubles, for the attack is generally directed to the girl, as the weaker member of the team, and it is only in this way that matters are evened.

I want here to say a word in regard to sportsmanship. Tennis, like all games, aims to develop character and intelligence, as well as physical strength and agility; and it teaches lessons of self-control, patience, pluck, and unselfishness.

In the first place try always to be a good winner and a good loser. Remember, there are always more vanquished than victorious in a tournament, so learn to take both victory and defeat as it comes, with a smiling face, not as one unduly elated or unduly cast down. When luck is against you and the umpire makes bad decisions at critical times in your opponent's favor, do not lose your temper or your pluck. Then is just the time to show the stuff of which you are made. It may be that at the very moment when things look blackest, the tide of the battle will turn and everything go your way. Determination to succeed has won many contests not only in tennis but in life, and even when defeat is inevitable, as in some cases it undoubtedly is, ward it off as long as possible by playing your very best.



EBENEZER HOPPERGRASS TO HIS FRIEND: "GREAT, SHIMMERING FISH-TAILS! WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT AGAINST OLD UNCLE JERRY CENTIPEDE!"

MODEL AÉROPLANES OF 1911

FOURTH PAPER—ASSEMBLING THE MODELS

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aéroplanes"

WHETHER one be designing the simplest paper glider, a model, or a passenger-carrying aéroplane, the problem of stability is the same. To keep afloat, your aircraft must be supported by at least two surfaces to provide longitudinal stability. To understand the principle of longitudinal stability, picture to yourself a very delicately balanced board or "see-saw." The center of gravity naturally falls between these two planes at either end, and the wings, therefore, tilt up or down, or see-saw, on this invisible fulcrum. With this principle in mind, the movement of your aéroplane, which may seem so capricious, will be seen to follow definite laws.

When a gust of wind forces the front plane upward, the rear plane swings down. This move-

ment increases the angle of both planes to the horizontal, they offer much greater resistance to the air, and the speed of the machine is checked. As the aéroplane slows down, it tries to right itself, that is, to see-saw back to balance in a horizontal position. This, in turn, reduces the resistance the planes offer to the wind, and the flight is continued at its original speed. The trick, therefore, is to adjust your planes with regard to the center of gravity so that they will always see-saw back to a horizontal position,—or to secure automatic longitudinal stability.

In designing a motor base bear in mind that it must be made as long as possible for installing the motor, and broad enough to afford stable support for the wings, the whole being kept as

light and as rigid as possible. Since the length of the flight depends directly upon the length of the motor, the frame of your model should be at least two feet in length. The width of the frame may vary widely, as a glance at the successful model aéroplanes of the year will prove. For racing model aéroplanes, the base may be increased to four or even five feet in length.

THE FAMOUS "ONE-OUNCER"

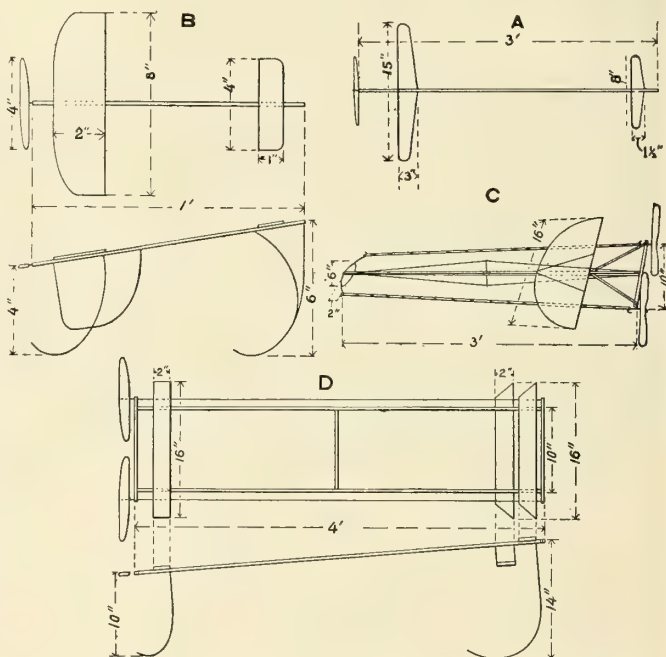
THE one-ounce model, which has been brought to such perfection in England, is one of the simplest aéroplanes to build. These models have a record of 1500 feet. The adjustment is extremely delicate, however, as it is a very "tricky" affair to manage, and whether you can get the remarkable flights made abroad is another matter. For the stick, select a piece of straight-grained ash or some light wood three feet in length and one quarter of an inch square. The planes should be cut from a thin board one sixteenth of an inch thick. The main plane should measure six inches by one inch, and the smaller plane three inches by three fourths of an inch, thus giving them an aspect ratio of about six. They should taper slightly toward the ends. Round off the corners of both planes and sandpaper down the edges. If the wood will stand it, work it down, using a sharp hand-plane or sandpaper. The planes should be bent by steaming slightly across the middle, and set at a slight dihedral angle. (See Fig. A.)

The model is driven most efficiently by a six-inch propeller. If it be a one-piece blade, prepare a propeller blank six inches by one inch, cut from a half-inch board. Cut away to the thinnest possible blade. Use a very simple support for your propeller-shaft as well as for the motor anchorage at the extreme forward end. The planes should be tied with rubber strands to the stick and glued in position when properly adjusted. Try out your model with a motor consisting of four strands of one-eighth-inch rubber, and increase, if necessary. You will need all your ingenuity and skill in workmanship to construct a stable model even of so simple a design which will come within one ounce. Throw it with the wind.

A model which rises unassisted requires considerable power, and your propellers should have

ten-inch blades and be carved from blanks one inch thick. You may find it advisable later on to install propellers with very broad blades. First install motors of considerable power, each consisting of twelve or fourteen one-eighth-inch rubber strips. You will not get more than three or four hundred turns out of them, but with a high-pitch propeller this will give you an excellent flight, say, 200 feet.

For the early trials use planes with a rather high aspect ratio. Make one of the planes four by sixteen inches with square corners, and the



WORKING-DRAWINGS OF FOUR 1911 MODELS.

second, which will be carried forward, about the same size, with rounded corners. Both planes should have a slight camber.

Attach the planes to the under side of the motor base. The theory of this adjustment is that the planes thus rest upon undisturbed air, and are more stable. The planes above the frame come in contact with air which has been churned up more or less by the passage of the frame. A small vertical rudder may be added below the rear frame and well back of the center of gravity. The model should be supported at a slight elevation by a simple skid. By adjusting the angle of the forward plane, this model may be made to perform a number of spectacular flights. A model very similar to this, designed and built

by Rutledge Barry, was the winner of a cup offered for the best spectacular flights at an important New York tournament.

A great deal of pleasure and profit may be had from a small experimental model aëroplane. The beginner who is constructing his first model will find a small machine by far the most satisfactory. The more experienced model builder, on the other hand, will find that so simple a model will enable him to try out new theories quickly and cheaply. A simple Bleriot form, one foot in length, driven tail foremost, is recommended. Many successful model builders keep such a model constantly in their workshops for experimental purposes. (See Fig. B.)

A model aëroplane of this type and size can be made to fly from the very first. Many of the problems which appear so difficult in constructing a three-foot model, such as balance, head resistance, and the proper adjustment of power, are practically avoided in this handy miniature aëroplane.

Let the motor base consist of a single stick one fourth or three eighths of an inch square and one foot in length. At one end of the base, attach a block of wood one inch square and of a thickness equal to that of the stick. Glue this in position and bind it securely by wrapping with thread touched with glue. At a point three quarters of an inch above the stick, drill a hole parallel to the frame for the axle of your propeller. A hooked wire should be attached to the opposite end of the base. One end may be run through the stick and fastened, or it may be imbedded in a block fastened to the stick corresponding to the axle-block. A simple and effective motor anchorage may be made of metal (described elsewhere).

Your propeller should measure six inches in diameter. A propeller cut from a blank one by four inches and one half of an inch thick will give a good pitch. Either a propeller of wood or metal such as have already been described will answer. The propeller should be mounted upon an axle and adjusted to the bearings, and the hook, after passing through the bearings in the support, turned into a hook for the rubber strands. Select from the detailed instructions the method which appeals to you. Be sure that the propeller spins smoothly. It should be so delicately adjusted that it will turn literally at a breath.

Before stringing the rubber strands between the two hooks of your motor, be sure that the

hooks are bent back, so that the strands will be in a line with the shafts. The bearings should be carefully oiled. In flying out-of-doors, there is danger of getting fine sand or dirt in the bearings, which, of course, greatly increases the friction. Try out your motor with four strands of rubber one eighth of an inch square. The rubber sold for one-eighth inch is often a trifle under



MODEL BUILT BY RUTLEDGE BARRY, WINNER OF SPECTACULAR FLIGHT CONTEST.

this measurement. The propeller should, of course, be mounted with the curved edge forward. In winding your motor, never turn it after the second row of double knots begin to appear, and do not keep your propeller wound a second more than is necessary before a flight.

In the experiments in building models with very narrow planes, some amazing results have been produced during the past year. The limit in this reduction would seem to have been reached in the model with planes with a ratio of eight separated by a distance equal to ten times their width. The forward planes of this amazing model is a modified biplane, and in this respect it resembles a successful model of last season. At first glance it seems impossible that a model with as little supporting surface should remain afloat. But the gain in weight and resistance is most important. A beautiful model of this type, designed and built by Stewart Easter, rises and flies for about 300 feet in a straight line.

The motor base has a length equal to six times its width, or eight by forty-eight inches, and is constructed of one-quarter-inch strips. A light crosspiece at the center braces the two sides. The supports for the propeller axles extend out horizontally from the sides. This arrangement makes it possible to mount two ten-inch propellers on an eight-inch base. The front ends of the frame are joined by a semicircular piece of reed which acts as a shock absorber and does away with the weight of the crosspiece. The workmanship in every detail of this frame must be exceedingly delicate. (See Fig. C.)

The planes have an aspect ratio of eight and measure two inches in depth by sixteen in width. The outer ends of the rear plane are three inches in their fore and aft dimensions, thus making the outer rear edge a slight concave. The front is cut sharply away at an angle of forty-five de-

An ingenious method of lightening the front end of the motor base, and at the same time reducing the head resistance, is employed in the Burgess Webb model. A single stick frame is used with a base equal to one fourth its length. The crosspiece is mortised to the central stick, and braced by the diagonal sticks, joining at the main frame. This crosspiece is carried out beyond the braces and pierced for the propeller-shafts, where two twin propellers are mounted.



A MODEL BY PERCY PIERCE, WINNER OF THE INDOOR LONG-DISTANCE RECORD.

grees. The upper plane lies flat upon the motor base. The lower plane is not set directly below it as in the ordinary biplane form, but to the rear, its front edge being on a line with the rear edge of the upper plane, after the manner of the Volk machine. The two planes are separated by a space slightly greater than their width. Two small rudders, elliptical in shape, are carried just behind and below the rear plane. The model is mounted on very delicate skids built of reed, and is inclined at a very slight angle. Six strands of one-eighth-inch rubber are used for each motor. The unusual length of the motor makes it possible to give six hundred turns.

The front plane is elliptical in form with a width equal to two thirds the width of the base. It has an aspect ratio of two. The propeller motors are strung on hooks attached to the outer sides of this frame. The plane must be unusually strong to stand the pull of the motors, which is naturally great. It is fixed to the extreme outer end of the central stick. The main plane, which is mounted well forward in this model, is almost a perfect semi-circle. One can, of course, carry out their own ideas in selecting the design of the planes. (See Fig. D.)

A very light central stick is used which is strengthened by wires running to a vertical strut at the center. It is claimed that the ingenious arrangement of the forward plane cuts away from one to two ounces in the weight of the model, and the decreased head resistance adds both to its stability in flight and distance qualities. The simplified form of front plane may be adopted on a variety of models. An interesting field of experiment lies in this direction.

THE FAMOUS FLEMMING WILLIAMS MODEL

AN immense amount of curiosity has been aroused regarding the famous Flemming Williams model. This machine has completely outdistanced all rivals, and set a new and amazing distance record. Its builder frequently gets flights of eighteen hundred feet with his model, and has made the astonishing record, under favorable conditions, of one half a mile. In order to study this model at first hand, the writer has imported one of the machines, built by Ding, Sayles & Co., one of the leading model builders of England.

The distance qualities of this model will be recognized at a glance. It is a single sticker, extremely light in all its members, combining an

extraordinarily long motor base with well-adjusted plane surfaces. The arrangement of the wings is original. The main stability plane is set forward in front of the center of pressure. The rear plane is formed by filling in the space between the rear stick and the braces, thus saving the weight of the frame usually carried in this position. The model is driven by two seven-and-a-half-inch propellers of very high pitch. The model is without skids, and is launched from the hand.

The central member measures four feet two inches in length. The stick is one half by one fourth of an inch with the forward part tapering

gradually to one fourth of an inch square. The base stick is eight inches in length, cut from a strip five eighths by one eighth of an inch. The diagonal pieces forming the triangle are cut from the same material, and meet at a point eight

the rear stick and glued firmly in position. A hole for the axle is then drilled through this tube and the wooden stick which forms its core. The axle thus turns in what is really a metal shaft, and the friction is reduced to a minimum.



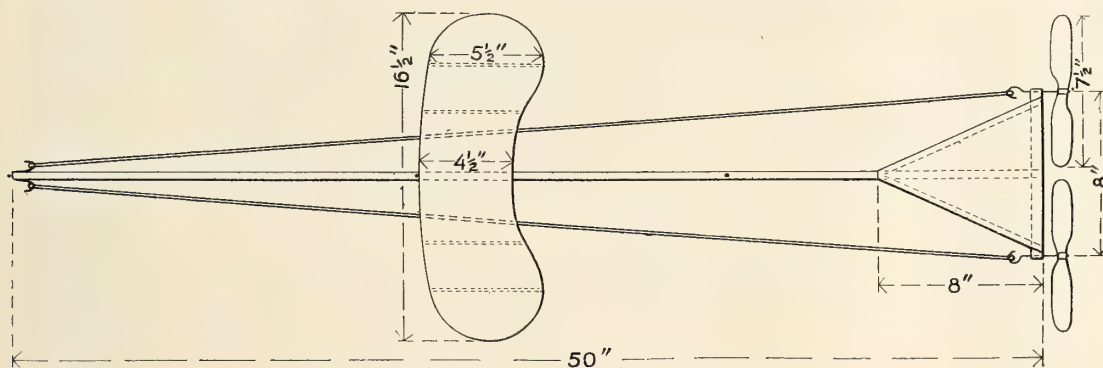
AN IMPORTED FLEMMING WILLIAMS MODEL. ENGLISH RECORD 2600 FEET.

inches from the rear, thus affording a surface of twenty-four square inches. The wooden parts are glued and tied together, no nails or brads being used.

The main plane is an exceedingly refined piece of workmanship. A glance shows that it is very speedy. The frame consists of steel wire one thirty-second of an inch in diameter. The plane measures sixteen and one half inches in width and four and one half inches in depth at the narrowest point at the center, and five and one half inches at the widest part at the ends. It has four cross-ribs of the same wire. The frame is cov-

A piece of tin tubing, a putty-blower, for instance, will serve as well. In this particular machine, the propellers are cut from a board one sixteenth of an inch thick, and bent by steaming to the desired curve.

The shafts of the propellers are formed of a very light steel wire, less than one thirty-second of an inch in diameter. This is passed through the hole in the rear stick and bent into a hook in the usual way. The motor anchorage consists of a wire passed through the central stick and bent back, and turned into two hooks. The rubber strand meter consists of twenty strands of



WORKING-DRAWING OF THE FLEMMING WILLIAMS MODEL.

ered, on the upper side, with oiled silk. The camber is slightly higher at the sides than the middle.

The plan of fixing a rigid shaft for the propeller axle is very simple and effective. A piece of aluminium tubing is forced over the ends of

strip rubber one eighth of an inch broad. A special preparation resembling cosmoline is used to lubricate the rubber, thus increasing the number of turns. The motor will take on one thousand turns without undue strain.



THE THISTLE

BY MARY SEYMOUR COWLES CLARK

You naughty, naughty thistle,
I think it a disgrace
To use so many horrid pins
To keep your clothes in place.

You should not be so thoughtless,
But try to do what 's right.
Just think of other people, dear,
And stick the points in tight.

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

FIFTH PAPER—DEFENSE—THE PITCHER AND THE CATCHER

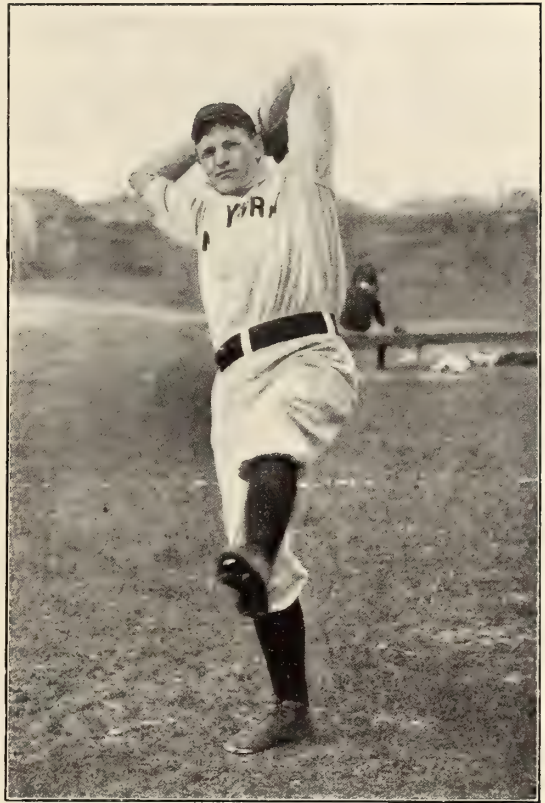
BY C. H. CLAUDY

DEFENSIVE "inside ball" begins with the pitcher and the catcher. Detailed descriptions of the various "deliveries" which generations of pitchers have developed, and instructions by which boys can imitate them, must be left for a later paper; but it can be said here that while a repertoire of curves, fast balls, "spit balls," "slow ones," or of a "fade-away," a "drop," a "jump," and a "wide curve" ball, is a very useful thing for a pitcher to possess, the vast majority of major League pitchers do not try to master all known kinds of delivery, but stick to a few and learn them thoroughly. Different men have different ways of pitching a ball naturally, and a pitcher's development is usually best made along easy, natural lines, even though base-ball history is full of men like "Christy" Mathewson, of the New York "Giants," who, late in his pitching career, patiently and slowly developed a new delivery which he could throw only after hours of hard practice. This is the famous "fade-away," the terror and despair of most batters who have to face it.

The acquired curves—those which do not come naturally—may well be let alone by boys, for this reason: a boy's arm is a growing arm. Both bones and muscles are not what they will be in manhood. Pitching a ball which strains the arm when it is young and growing, may fatally injure it for fine pitching when it has its growth. While not one lad in a hundred who read this expects to be a professional base-ball-player, there may be also not one in a hundred who does not expect to play base-ball at intervals for some time to come. Moreover, straining an arm may keep you from pitching *now* as well as later; hence, don't try to imitate every wide curve or jerky "drop ball" you see, if, after a trial, you find it leaves your arm aching and sore. And above all things, don't worship at the shrine of that finger magic which makes a ball do strange tricks in the air, at the expense of control. Any big League pitcher will tell you that no matter what curves, jumping balls, and deceptive deliveries you may have, your prowess goes for naught if you lack that one thing—control. If you can "put it where you want it," and have not even a suspicion of a curve, you can pitch a better game and "hold down" the opposing batsmen more effectively than can the finest curve and jump

ball pitcher ever born who can *not* make his curves break over the plate, and whose jump ball always misses the corners.

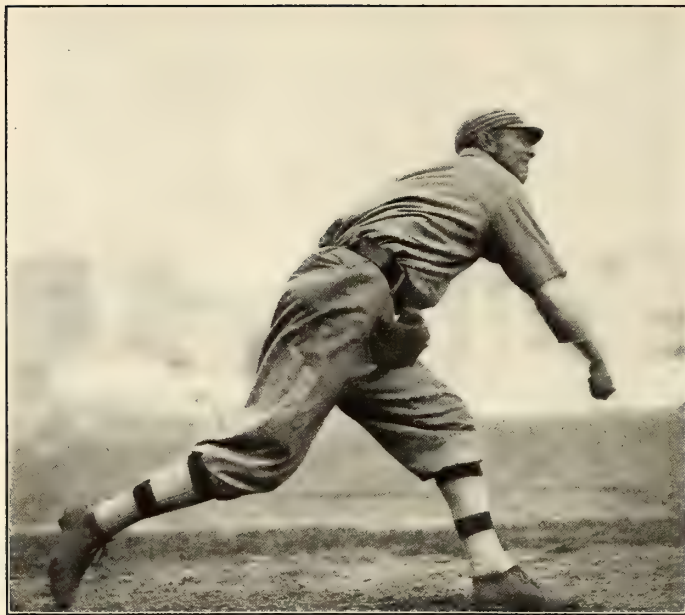
Batsmen are a canny lot. They don't reach after wide ones when wide ones come toward them constantly. Making the batter "bite" at a bad ball—one which is not over the plate—is half the art of pitching, and that art centers in the ability to control the ball. Almost any good pitcher can pitch a "strike" eight times out of



"CHRISTY" MATHEWSON, FAMOUS PITCHER OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUB.

ten—if he really wishes to do it. But he does n't. Most of them want to throw just enough strikes to fool the batsmen, and pitch balls which the batter will hit at and either "pop up" or "foul off" or knock down for an easy play. If he has not control, the pitcher will issue passes, hit batsmen, and put balls over the plate just when he

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"JACK" COOMBS, PITCHER OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS (AMERICAN LEAGUE)—"WORLD'S CHAMPIONS" OF 1910.

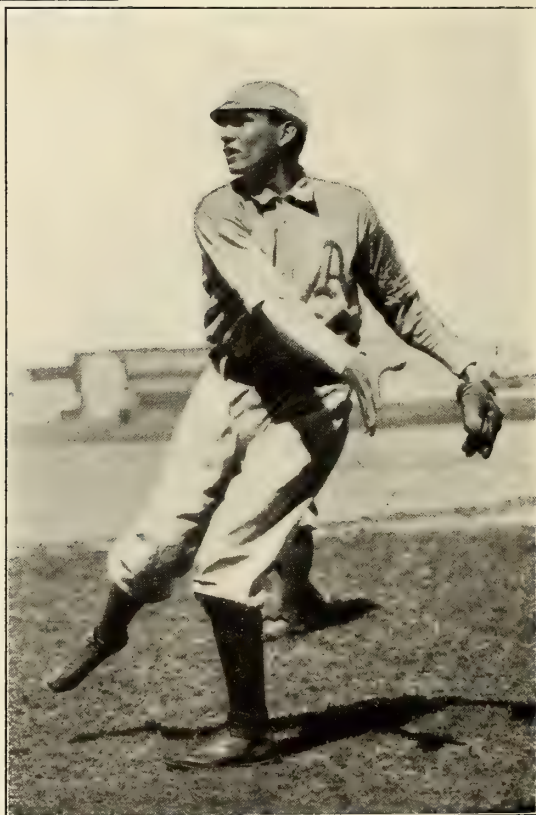
wants to keep them away, and then the opposing batsmen will "slaughter" him.

How a pitcher, by losing control, may "break up" a defensive play, was shown in a game between the Cleveland and Chicago clubs of the American League, in 1910. The late Addie Joss, of Cleveland, was pitching. There was a man on first and one on second, and only one out. Joss was signaled for a waist-high ball, close in to the batter, yet, over the plate, because the natural play was a bunt, and Cleveland wanted to frustrate it; and such a ball is hard to bunt. Sullivan, catcher of the Chicagoes, at bat, will probably hit such a ball near second base, if he hits it at all. With the pitch, Lajoie, the Cleveland second baseman, started for the logical place to field the ball, if Sullivan hit it. But Joss's hand slipped, the ball went low, cut the heart of the plate, and was bunted half-way between first and second. Joss was unable to reach the ball, the Cleveland first baseman had run to the bag to get the ball in case Lajoie fielded it, for a double play, Lajoie could n't get to the *bunt* in time to make a play because caught going in the wrong direction, and all three runners were safe. Two runs eventually scored. Had Joss had control of the ball, all this would n't have happened.

So it is good advice to take—practise, practise, practise, you lads who would be pitchers, but practise for *control*, first! Learn to put the ball where you want it with an easy, firm motion, and without any curve at all, save the natural

curve. Once you have control of your straight ball, so that you can send one over the left corner, one over the right corner, and the third over the center of the plate, to your catcher's orders, twice running, you can commence on your curves and "break" deliveries. But practise these gently. *Don't* try to see how wide a curve you can throw, or how big a "jump" you can get on the ball—see how wide a curve and how big a jump you can get on it *with control*. A ball which curves and does n't go where you intend it, is worse than useless to you. If you can't curve them but an inch or two without losing control, don't use that curve.

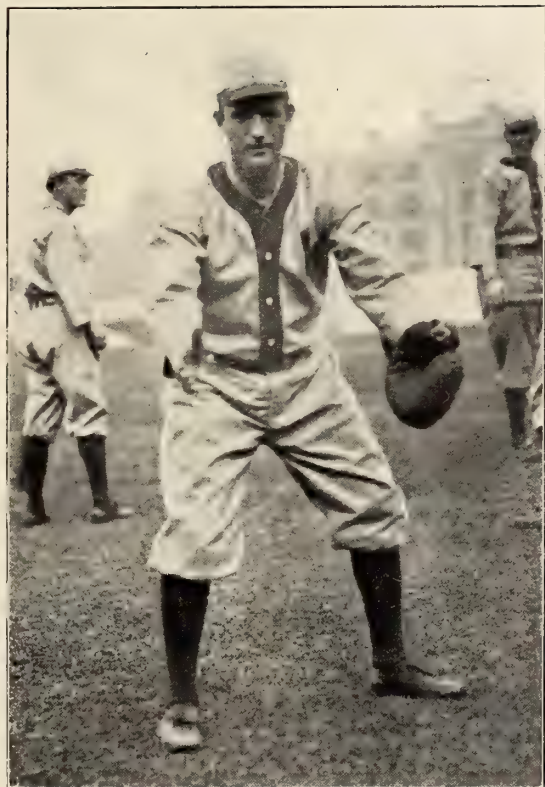
Another word of caution: don't pitch without warming up. Big League pitchers don't warm up



"CHIEF" BENDER, ANOTHER LEADING PITCHER OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.

for fun—they do it because they know they will hurt their arms if they don't. Warm up ten

minutes before the game, pitching easily at first, then harder and harder, until you are "burning them through"; but, just because you are a boy, don't neglect that warming of the arm and lim-



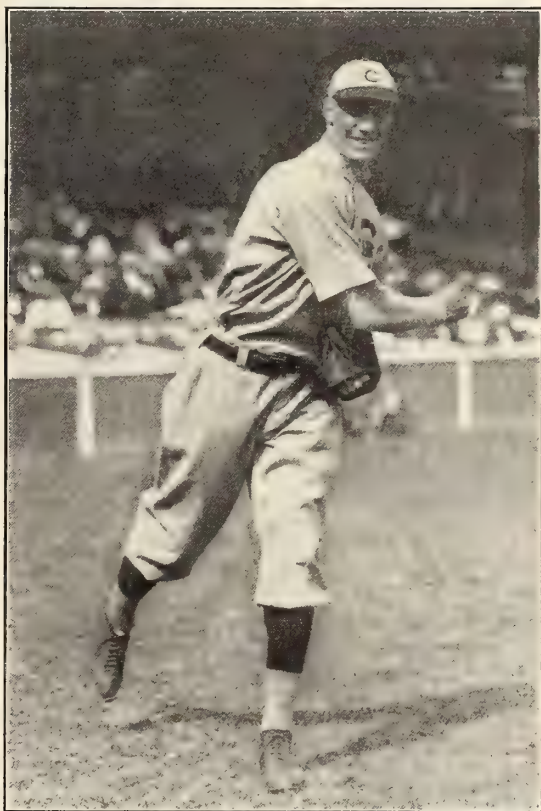
"CHARLEY" STREET, THE WELL-KNOWN CATCHER OF THE WASHINGTON CLUB OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

bering of the muscles that regular pitchers have found essential.

When you see half a dozen pitchers warming up before a game, and one is finally selected, and the others, including Mathewson, or Walsh, or Bender, or Overall, are sent to the bench, what does it mean? It means that all six of the men who have warmed up were possibilities, but that the one selected showed the most "stuff on the ball," as the expression is, and, at the same time, the best control. On the rare occasions in which men like Mathewson, of the "Giants," Brown, of the "Cubs," Johnson, of the Washington Nationals, Bender, of the Athletics, or Ford, of the "Highlanders," are driven from the pitcher's mound, hammered for hit after hit, investigation usually shows that, temporarily, they have lost control of the ball. It may be an unexpected breeze striking the ball, or a muscle "kink" in the arm, or it may be a mental cause, entirely, but it is almost always the loss of control of the

ball, and not loss of strength or ability to make the ball curve or jump, which makes a pitcher lose a game or be hit so hard he is taken out.

And when it comes to the "inside game," the spirit and essence of defensive base-ball, control by the pitcher is everything. Knowing a batter, his weakness, his strength, his character, his possibilities, and a pitcher can tell, within a reasonable degree of accuracy, what he is likely to do with a given pitched ball. In one of the World's Championship games of 1908, between Chicago and Detroit, "Three-fingered" Brown gave an exhibition of brains, fielding ability, and control, possession of which has made him one of the great pitchers of his time. Chicago was two runs to the good, in the fourth inning. But Detroit was fighting, and fighting hard, and somehow Brown slipped a bit, and O'Leary and Crawford each got a single and perched on first and second, with Cobb—a dangerous man—at the bat.



"KING" COLE, PITCHER OF THE CHICAGO CLUB OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Naturally, Cobb wanted to bunt. He is a beautiful bunter, and so fast that he turns more bunts into hits than you would well believe, unless you saw him do it. And a bunt, successful, meant

the bases full and none out. Such a situation meant a run, two runs, perhaps the game.

Cobb knew he was going to bunt, Brown knew he was going to bunt, O'Leary, on second, knew Cobb would bunt—every one knew Cobb would bunt. "General" Hugh Jennings, of course, fig-



"LONG TOM", HUGHES, OF THE WASHINGTON CLUB.

uring that the bunt would be fielded to third base for a force play on O'Leary, "expected every man to do his duty," which, translated into base-ball, meant that he expected that O'Leary would take a big lead and run and slide, that Cobb would bunt short toward third and also run and slide, and that Crawford would take second on the play.

But "Three-fingered" Brown looked further ahead. He walked to Steinfeldt, the third baseman of the "Cubs," and told him:

"Keep to the bag. The ball is coming to you, and coming hard—watch!"

Kling, catching, signaled Brown for a fast ball, over the inside of the plate. But Brown demurred. He had his own plan. He let Kling know he would pitch a curve, low, to the outside corner of the plate. It was the ball of all others Cobb wanted most. Brown knew he wanted it,

and planned to let him bunt, just as he wanted to; but Brown knew his own "three fingers" and his arm, and looked further ahead than Cobb.

Brown pitched. The ball went exactly to the spot he had intended it should. Cobb made a beautiful bunt toward third base. O'Leary was half-way to third by the time the ball struck the bat. It looked as if the play had succeeded. But, starting with his pitch, Brown had run to the third base foul-line. He met the ball as it rolled, picked it up on the run, whirled, and, without looking, threw it with all his strength straight into Steinfeldt's hands. O'Leary was forced out by yards. The crowd went crazy, and Detroit, puzzled and sore, "blew up," and two more brilliant plays retired the side.

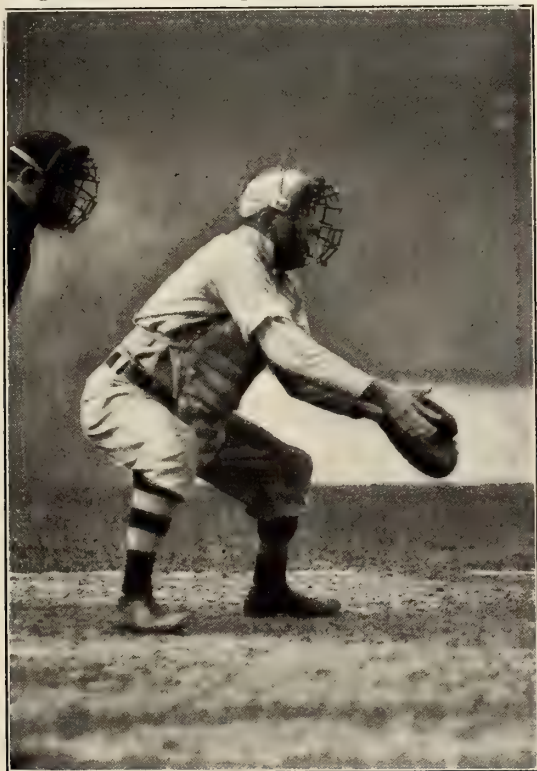
As an example of pitching brains, that feat stands supreme. As an example of the importance of control, it is good to read over a second time—for had Brown not been able to put the ball *just* where he wanted it, Cobb could not have made the bunt *just* where Brown wanted him to make it. And as an example of the importance of the pitcher as a fielder, it is worthy of emulation by any boy, particularly by the boy who has the exaggerated idea of the pitcher's importance so firmly fixed in his head that he thinks only of base-ball in terms of curves and shoots, and never of the pitcher as a batter or as a fielder.

Pitchers are of all kinds, but the most successful are those who can "pitch with their heads," as well as with their hands and arms. Pitchers usually follow the catchers' signals, in delivering balls, pitching to the best of their ability what he orders. Sometimes, as in the last incident, the pitcher will signal the catcher what he will pitch, and so a code should be arranged between the two by which the pitcher can indicate if he approves of the signal and will follow it, or if he wishes to change it. No good pitcher ever "crosses" his catcher, that is, accepts a signal and then pitches some other kind of ball, for to do so might mean that the catcher, "set" for a low ball to the left, may miss a high one to the right entirely, thus having a "passed ball," and allowing a run to score or a base to be stolen. Moreover, injury to the catcher may result from pitching the kind of ball that he is not expecting.

As a general rule, it is for the catcher to say when a hit shall be allowed, that is, when it is right for the pitcher to "put one over," and allow the batter to hit it. This is often done to save the pitcher's arm, when the game is not at a crucial stage, when the pitcher is tiring, or when there are so many runs to the good that it is right to take chances of fielding the hit, or when a force play seems probable. But sometimes the pitcher

will save himself in this way, without the catcher's orders, not by "crossing" his signals, but by letting up in his speed.

"Long Tom" Hughes, of Washington, has always seemed a "hoodoo" for the Cleveland club, of the American League, that is, he has almost always been able to beat them at will. It is a matter of record that they could make hits off of him, when he chose, but could seldom or never win. And when, as sometimes happened, they had two or three men on bases and none out, and the coacher's cheerful cry of, "Tighten up, Tom," would be wildly echoed from the stands, "Long Tom" would then wind himself into a knot, and strike out three batters in rapid succession, all the better for his short rest, and never in doubt that he could do it, when he was ready. "Tighten up, Tom," was the signal for a groan from the Cleveland bench in many a game, and the cry of delight which went up from the Cleveland club

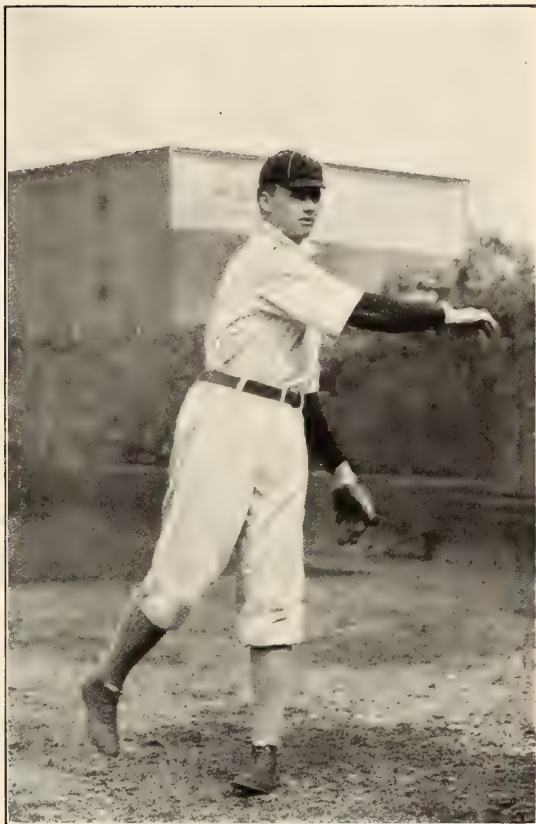


"JOHNNY" KLING, OF THE CHICAGO CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE—PERHAPS THE GREATEST CATCHER IN THE GAME.

when Hughes was sent to a minor League, was only equaled by their wail of sadness when he returned to Washington.

As an example of how pitching can be done with brains as much as with the arm, consider little Johnny McGraw, manager of the New York

"Giants," as a pitcher. He is not so known to fame, but, perhaps as much for a joke as any-



WALTER JOHNSON, THE CELEBRATED PITCHER OF THE WASHINGTON CLUB, AMERICAN LEAGUE.

thing else, he pitched three and two thirds innings against the Atlanta team, in spring training, this year, and allowed one hit. All he pitched was a slow "floater" and a "cross-fire" straight ball, nothing but what any batsman could hit easily—if he knew it was coming. But the Atlanta batsmen had been facing Marquard's swift pitching, and the change to McGraw's slow ball and "cross-fire" fooled them completely.

Pitchers should be able not only to throw to the plate with accuracy, but to first, second, and third bases. The laws of the game require a pitcher to take a step and to look toward a base when he throws to catch a man "napping," otherwise the throw is "balk" and the runner may advance. But the good pitchers learn to throw to bases at the same instant they look, and to make the step coincident with their throws—some produce a "near balk," so finely executed that runners dare not take a lead of more than five feet—and the help this is to the catcher in preventing stolen

bases, and to the defense, in preventing the hit-and-run and sacrifice plays, is incalculable.

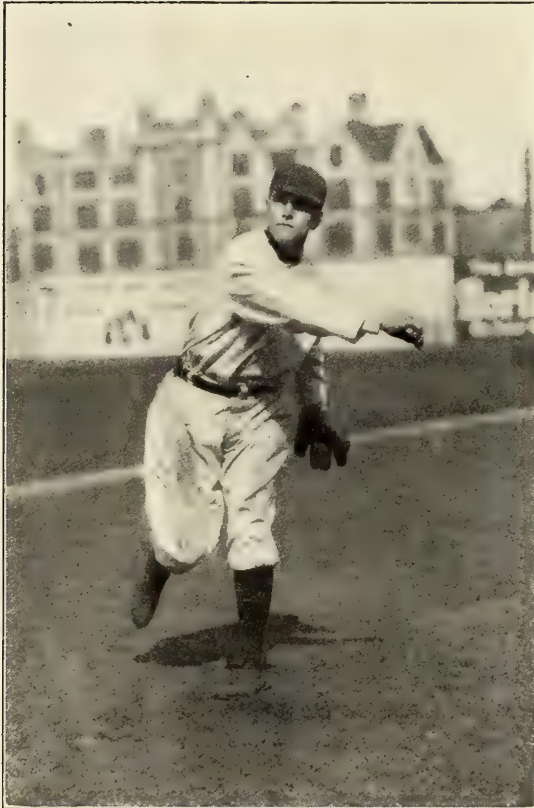
Here, as elsewhere, control is necessary—the ball must go straight and true to the baseman, and must be so aimed that it does not conflict with the runner.

If your team of boys are playing together constantly, always have a set of signals between pitcher and the fields, in-field and out-field. The in-fielders can usually see the catcher's signals, the out-fielders cannot. It is important that the fielders know what to expect. In big League games, you will see the whole field shift for different batters, and sometimes more than once for one batter, indicating that a change has been made in the kind of ball to be served to him. Thus, certain men will hit low balls high in the air, and waist-high balls on the ground. If a low ball is to be pitched, the out-field must know and prepare for a fly. The signal to tell them may be a double swing of one arm, a rub of the

thus better able to play the game than one who has not. This knowledge is usually shared be-



CATCHER GIBSON, OF THE PITTSBURGH CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.



RUSSELL FORD, "CRACK" PITCHER OF THE NEW YORK CLUB OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

hands in the dirt—any seemingly natural motion may have an arbitrary meaning attached to it.

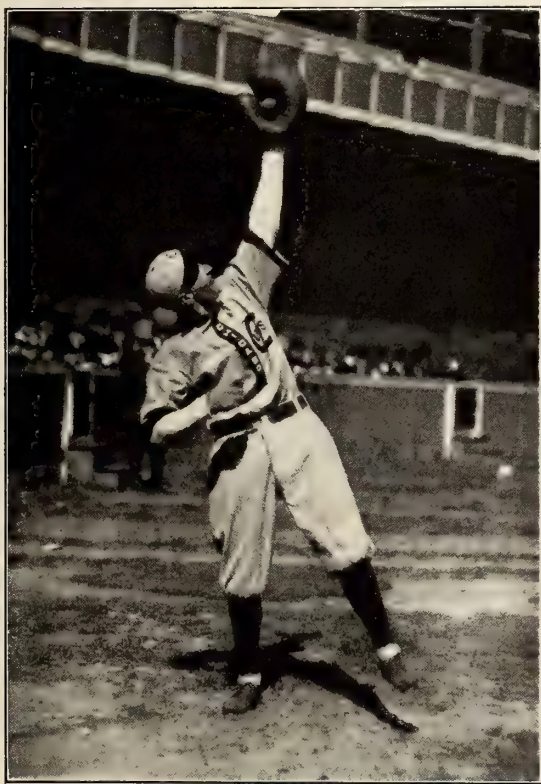
A pitcher who has a knowledge of batters is

tween pitcher and catcher, but the pitcher must not depend too much on his catcher for this information. Often a pitcher finds that some batter supposed to hit a certain delivery easily and to be unable to hit another delivery at all, has "reversed his eye," so that he hits what formerly he was unable to "see," and now cannot hit balls that formerly were easy for him. In case this reversal is sudden, the catcher may call for the ball that the pitcher knows must not be served, and it is in cases of this kind where the pitcher must insist on changing the signal, even if it be necessary to stop the game long enough for him to consult with the catcher. This is often the purpose of those little mid-diamond conversations between pitcher and catcher, when the bleachers roar at the two, "Tell him all about it, now." And often it is the catcher's desire to steady the pitcher by a word of caution or encouragement.

That the pitcher must know something of baseball strategy is easy to understand. For instance, the spectacle of a pitcher passing a man to first

base, with two men on and one out, is not unusual, particularly if one of the runners is on third. The idea is this: a man on third and one on first, means that the man on first will probably steal anyway. If, then, the forthcoming hit, which the defense fears, "goes through" first base, a run will score, even if the ball be fielded, because there is not time to make a play to second or third and to home also. But if all three bases be occupied, there may be a good chance to make a double play and retire the side, without throwing home at all. The good defensive general will order his pitcher to fill the bases in such circumstances, other things being equal, or the pitcher will do it on his own responsibility, if the man at bat is a heavy hitter and the man following is weak, or if he has been hitting weakly, or not at all, or on the ground. Note, too, that with the bases full, the "double" can be

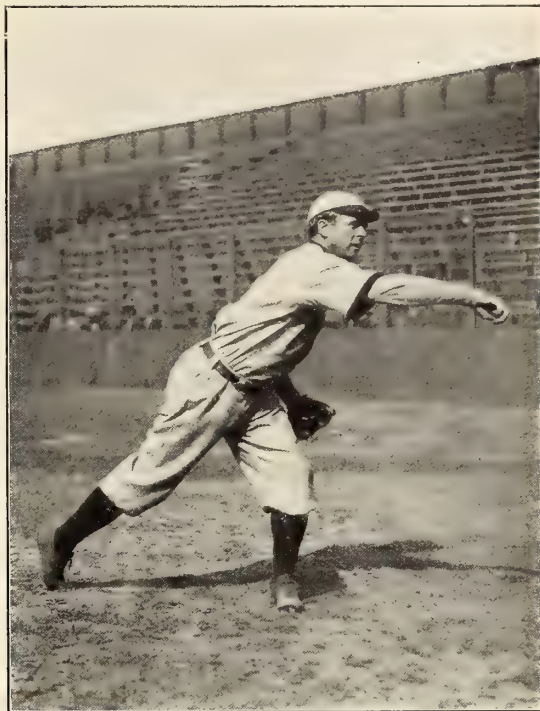
times the catcher and not the pitcher who should be changed. In other words, that the catcher is



"JIMMY" ARCHER, CATCHER OF THE CHICAGO CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.

made to *any* two stations, in a force play, with no necessity of touching the runner, a great advantage when speed is necessary.

"Connie Mac," the canny Scot leader of the Champion Philadelphia Athletics, has a theory that when a pitcher is being hit hard, it is often-



MORDECAI ("THREE-FINGERED") BROWN, FAMOUS PITCHER OF THE CHICAGO CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.

largely responsible for the pitcher's success or failure, at critical periods in the game.

That this is absolutely true, no pitcher who has ever pitched to a first-class catcher will deny. Let us imagine that you who read this were absolutely perfect in the mechanical work of a catcher—that you could catch the most difficult pitches, throw accurately to all bases, and knew to a hair just where each ball you signaled for from the pitcher would come. But there your knowledge is supposed to stop. You don't know anything at all about batters, or defensive generalship.

You are playing against a team which is composed half of right-hand, half of left-hand batters. Your pitcher is a "speed-ball artist," with a slow drop to "mix in." What will you tell him to pitch? To which batter will you have him pitch the fast ball inside, to which the fast ball outside? To which batter shall he serve slow drops, mixed with wide balls, to which slow drops mixed with fast ones, high, to which fast ones, low, mixed with wide and teasing balls that just fail to be strikes? You don't know. You are bound to guess wrong much of the time. And every time you guess wrong and order the

pitcher to give Cobb a waist-high ball over the plate, he knocks it out of the lot. And when you try to fool Magee, of the "Phillies," or Wagner, of Pittsburgh, or Lajoie, of Cleveland, by calling for "teasers" which just fail to be strikes, you find they treat them just as if you held the ball still for them to hit, and knock them out of the lot, too. Is it the pitcher's fault? It is not. It is *your* fault. But put in a great catcher, even one who has less mechanical ability than that you are here supposed to possess. Let it be Kling, of the "Cubs," "Red" Dooiin, of the National League "Phillies," Gibson, of Pittsburgh, Street, of Washington, Sweeney, of the New York "Highlanders," and see the difference. The pitcher is called on for those balls which the catcher knows the batsmen don't like. He is called on for wide balls just in time to make possible the throw to second to stop a steal. He is steadied, encouraged, played upon, by the catcher, almost as a musical instrument is played upon by a musician. So well is this partnership recognized, that many a pitcher is always bracketed with a catcher as a great "battery," as Clarkson and Kelly, of Anson's

So you, as a catcher, must learn to know the opposing batsmen and their weaknesses—and you must also know your pitchers and just what they can and cannot do. It is idle to demand a low drop on the inside of the plate from a pitcher who cannot pitch a drop except he pitches slow—and you must know all this. It is foolish to demand a "jump" ball from a pitcher who is just beginning to develop one.

The catcher faces the team. He is the only man who sees all the other men. Consequently he is in the best position to give signals to all the team, to plan plays, and to execute a general's orders. He must have many signals. Every time the catcher stops and hides his bare hand in his glove, he is telling the pitcher something. His hand clenched may mean "a drop ball." His hand clenched, with thumb out, may mean "a wide one." One finger out may mean "a curve," two fingers out "a slow ball," three fingers out

"a fast ball," etc., and the position of the fingers and hand in the glove, whether the ball is to be delivered high, low, or waist-high. The catcher must signal the first baseman if he intends to throw to the base to catch a runner who has taken a lead—his mit suddenly turned palm out and back may be the signal. He will then ask for a "waste ball" or "wide one," and, getting it, will hurl immediately to first base, where the first baseman has come in on a tearing run, the instant the ball is pitched. With a lone runner on first, both he and the baseman "hug the bag" until the ball is pitched, and then both usually dance away, the runner to get a lead, the baseman to get a chance to field a ball—so it frequently plays havoc with the base-runner for the baseman to run unexpectedly *back* to the bag to receive the catcher's throw, which *he* knew was coming, but which was a surprise to the base-runner.

And do not be discouraged if you do not catch them off the bags. This first-base throw is not half so much to catch runners as to keep them from taking too long leads—it is as much the catcher's business as the pitcher's to hold men to the first sack, and the best catcher, other things being equal, is, as a rule, he who does it best.



ROGER BRESNAHAN, THE POPULAR CATCHER AND MANAGER OF THE ST. LOUIS CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.



STONE, OF THE ST. LOUIS TEAM, BEING PUT OUT AT THE HOME PLATE BY CATCHER HENRY OF THE WASHINGTON CLUB.

great Chicago team, or Johnson and Street, of Washington, or Young and Criger, of Boston.

The catcher must signal the in-field at the same time he signals the pitcher—that is, must be sure some man on the in-field knows what ball is to be pitched. Usually the third baseman or short-stop will be able to see the signal to the pitcher, and he can transmit his knowledge to the rest of the in-field. This is particularly necessary when a “waste ball” is to be pitched, since a “waste ball” means that the catcher expects the runner to steal, and hopes to make a throw to second to catch him. Second baseman or short-stop, then, must know what to expect and signal each other as to who is to take the throw, according to the probabilities of the man at bat making a hit to right or left of second base, in case the ball is hit in spite of its being a “wide one.”

The good catcher, like the pitcher, learns to throw low to bases. The difference in time between “putting the ball on the runner” from a throw taken shoulder-high or ankle-high, is often the difference between safe and out. The good catcher throws low to second and a bit to his right of the bag. And that catcher who can throw without taking a step, who can throw “from his ear,” with a short, snappy motion of his arm, clips another quarter-second from the time the man at first base has in which to steal, and a quarter-second means nearly *three feet*—ample space in which to catch a runner.

The catcher who knows his business does not lose his temper with either umpire or pitcher. Many a catcher has learned to his cost, that doing so, and showing it by hurling the ball viciously on the ground, to bounce into the pitcher’s hands, gives a waiting and alert base-runner a chance to steal second. The delayed steal is not worked against a catcher who never takes his eyes off the base-runner until he has thrown the ball swiftly, but not too hard, to the pitcher.

Often the catcher is able to catch a batter’s signal and knows that the hit-and-run, the sacrifice, or the sacrifice-fly is to be attempted; more often, his base-ball brains enable him to guess the play. If the pitcher is not “in a hole,” that is, if the pitcher has not pitched more balls than strikes, the catcher may easily frustrate the play by calling for a wide ball, or the kind of pitch the batter bunts least easily or from which he is least likely to hit a high fly—usually a high ball. But if the pitcher must “put it over” to save giving a base on balls, and has n’t enough control to permit the catcher to call for a teasing curve or jump ball at this time, then the catcher must signal the field what to expect—a fly, a sacrifice, or a bunt. His signal may be a pat of his knee for an expected fly; a two-handed adjustment of his mask for a bunt; or three blows on his mit by his

free hand for an expected hit-and-run—any natural movement here, as elsewhere on the team, may have an arbitrary meaning. But the signals should be, for easy remembering and ready understanding, those signals used by the rest of the team. Thus, if the catcher signals a fly by patting his knee, patting the knee should be the signal used by all for an expected fly; and if the short-stop or second baseman is properly alert, one or the other, or both, will signal the out-field in accordance with the catcher’s signal both the pitch and the expected play.

But a catcher has much more to do than all these things. He must learn to block runners at the plate, by getting artistically in their way when they come sliding in; he must learn to touch the sliding runner with the ball in the swiftest possible way; he must learn to throw from any position, almost without looking; to watch base-runners and make throws to third, as well as first and even second, when it is possible to catch the runner off his base; to signal the pitcher when *he* may catch a man off base; to look carefully to the batter to discover, if possible, his intentions.

So it is easily seen that the catcher is one of the most vital members of the team. On him, more than on any other member, rests the responsibility for defensive generalship, saving always the general on the bench, whose orders and commands the catcher executes as first-lieutenant. And, in choosing a catcher from those boys who can catch well with the big mit, remember that mechanical accuracy, the ability to stop wild pitches, to block runners, and to throw to bases, is necessary for any first-class catcher. But the finest fielding machine in the world would fail as a catcher without brains, quick thinking, and wide-awake alertness. If you have two candidates for catcher, one mechanically expert but slow of thought and not over bright of idea, the other less skilful with his hands, arms, and mit, but quick to think and see and decide, choose the latter—his brains will put more men “out” than his lack of skill will allow to get “safe.” For wherever mechanical excellence will stop one run, quick thinking and good defensive generalship will stop three. And that is where the big League managers find their troubles—to get perfect mechanical catching machines combined with genuine base-ball brains. It is their brains that have made the reputation of all the great catchers in the history of base-ball—the fame of the Kellys, the Bresnahan, the Dooin, the Gibsons, the Klings, the Archers, the Streets—quite as much, if not more, than their wonderful ability to throw and to handle difficult deliveries.



"MY CHILD, I SHALL CRYSTALLIZE IT—OSSIFY IT—IN OTHER WORDS, TRANSFIX IT!"

BY DORIS WEBB

THERE was once a magician, and there was once a little girl with straight hair, and neither of them had ever heard of each other. And there was also a whirlwind, which had never heard of either of them. And yet these three interesting personalities had a great deal to do with each other in the course of time.

The whirlwind was a great bother, principally because it whirled. It whirled, and it whirled, and it whirled, all over the wide, wide world, and every one who saw or heard of it, wondered why in the world it whirled.

"We can understand," said they, "why one should wish to waltz occasionally, but to spend one's life waltzing would dizzy the mind of anything that had a mind to dizzy."

But the whirlwind did n't mind its lack of mind, and it whirled, and it whirled, and it whirled, until at last it whirled right into the magician, much to his annoyance and disgust.

You would think it would have had better sense, but it did n't. It had whirled away the little sense it had started with.

Now the magician was dignified and proper, and he was distinctly annoyed when he found himself seized by the whirlwind and spinning round so quickly that he was only able to put his toe to the ground once for every spin. And when the whirlwind finally left him and whirled off into space, he sat down on the ground, and remarked: "If that whirlwind and I ever meet again, there 's going to be trouble."

There had been trouble the first time they met, as I have just told you, but the magician planned another kind of trouble altogether for their next encounter.

And just then came up the little girl with straight hair (it was so singularly straight, it made her unhappy), and when she heard the words the magician was saying, the little girl

with straight hair was so anxious to see the trouble that was to occur when the magician and the whirlwind met once more, that she followed the magician about all day long. And she said:

"What will you do, Mr. Magician, to the whirling whirlwind?"

And he replied: "My child, I shall crystallize it—ossify it—in other words, transfix it!" which very much impressed the little girl with straight hair.

And pretty-soon-before-long, the whirlwind came whirling back again, and found the magician and the little girl with straight hair all alone together. And it was just about to spin the magician just as if he had been a top, when the magician discovered its intentions. He brought forth his magic book in a flash, turned to Chapter 18, entitled "Whirls and Swirls," and read in a loud and forceful manner a mystic and magical formula.

The whirlwind heard, and the whirlwind whistled, and for a few seconds it whirled more furiously than ever; it just whirled, and whirled!

But magic is magic, and it's no use doing anything when once it's started.

The whirlwind grew smaller and smaller, though it still whirled furiously.

"Can you put it out altogether?" asked the little girl with straight hair.

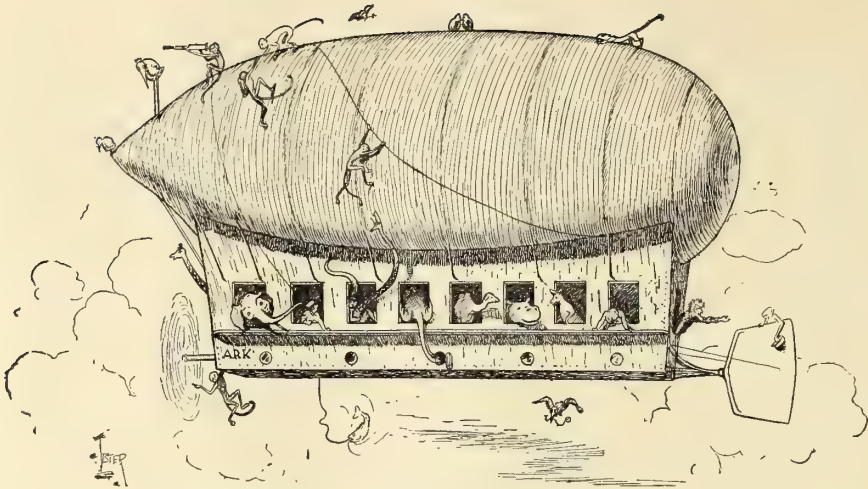
"No," said the magician, "but when it gets small enough, I will crystallize—ossify—transfix it!"

And when the whirlwind heard that, it was so frightened that it seized hold of the straight hair of the little girl, and at that identical moment the magician said the magic words that transfixed it.

And what do you think had happened? The little girl's hair was no longer straight, but hung in beautiful curls and waves! I simply can't describe how delighted she was. To have her hair all in whirls and swirls and curls seemed to her the loveliest thing imaginable, and all the other children admired it so much that they followed the magician about for days, in the hope that he would discover another whirlwind.



"THE LITTLE GIRL'S HAIR WAS NO LONGER STRAIGHT, BUT HUNG IN BEAUTIFUL CURLS AND WAVES!"



"IF NOAH HAD IT TO DO TO-DAY." DRAWN BY CHARLES F. LESTER.

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

A FALLING OUT

THE next morning Cal awoke with a feeling of excitement difficult to account for during the first moments of consciousness. Then he remembered that to-day was the day of the second foot-ball contest, and that his new suit of clothes awaited him in the closet. He was n't sure which excited him the more, the foot-ball game or the new clothes. Anyway, the latter came first. He sprang out of bed, washed, and then got the suit from the closet. Ned, sitting on the edge of his bed, looked on silently, unwashed and undressed, while his room-mate clothed himself in the new apparel. Cal pulled at the waistcoat in a vain endeavor to make it set better, and yanked the coat up at the back in the hope that it would somewhere come into relationship with his collar. Both efforts were fruitless. All the time he was embarrassingly aware of Ned's unflinching stare. At last Ned said quietly: "Take them off."

"W-what?"

"Take them off."

"Why? What for? What 's the matter with them?" Cal faltered.

"Matter!" cried Ned. "What is n't the matter? They look—they look like a couple of gunny-sacks! They don't fit anywhere! The

trousers are the same size all the way down, and are three inches too long for you. The vest wrinkles across the top, and the coat"—words failed him for a moment—"the coat is the worst I ever saw! It does n't touch you anywhere except on the shoulders, and one sleeve 's an inch longer than the other! Matter with it! My, what 's right with it?"

"It—it was cheap," Cal defended.

"It looks it!" was the disgusted reply. "It 's the ugliest cloth I ever saw in my life. We used to have a Newfoundland dog that was about twelve years old and had grown gray and grizzled. I could n't stand looking at that suit, Cal. It reminds me too much of poor old Charlie."

"Well, I 've bought it and—"

"Take it off!" commanded Ned, inexorably. "I 'm not going to have any fellow that rooms with me make a show of himself before the whole school if I can help it."

"But—but what can I do?" asked Cal, mournfully, eying the subject of Ned's disparagement with sudden distaste. "I 've paid for it."

"And you paid enough for it, too. What can you do? You do as I tell you. Take it off and bundle it up. After breakfast, I 'll go to the village with you, and I 'll pick out a suit that does n't look like poor old Charlie."

"You mean—change it? Will they let me?"

"Of course they will, though they won't want to, maybe. I'll wager the clerk that rid the store of that suit at your expense got a raise in salary last night!"

"It looked a lot better in the store," murmured Cal.

"Yes; well, we'll take it back to the store. That's where it belongs. My, but you were easy, were n't you? How much did you say it cost?"

"Nine dollars and eighty-five cents," replied Cal, meekly.

"Nine dollars too much, then. Was that all you could pay?"

"No, but it looked like a perfectly good—"

"Yes, I know. They hypnotized you, Cal," sighed Ned, beginning to dress himself. "Don't let the other fellows see it, *please*; take it off right now before anything happens to it."

Cal obeyed. He did n't for a moment resent Ned's criticism, for the suspicion that his purchase was not all he had thought it had already taken hold of him. Besides, it was comforting to have Ned talk to him, even if he was cross. He got into his old suit again, folded the new one back into the pasteboard box, and tied it up.

"I guess you don't have to go with me, Ned," he said.

"Don't I? I would n't trust you to buy a—a paper collar after this! I certainly am going with you!"

So after breakfast they started off together, Cal with the big box under his arm. Now that the matter was settled, they seemed to have nothing more to say to each other, and trudged along in perfect silence for the first quarter of a mile. Cal would have liked to talk. His resentment, he discovered to his surprise, had disappeared, and his liking and admiration for Ned, which, he saw now, had only been smothered out of sight, made him want to get back again to the old friendly footing. When they turned into the cross-road, Cal summoned courage and spoke.

"It's good of you to bother, Ned," he said.

"Why?" asked Ned, grimly. "When I pay for anything, I want it decent; that's all." The tone was decidedly ungracious, while the more Cal pondered the words the less he liked them.

"When *you* pay for anything?" he repeated, questioningly.

"That's what I said," answered Ned, without turning.

Cal felt the blood creeping into his face, but he went on in silence for a minute. Then,

"What do you mean by that, Ned?" he asked quietly.

"What I said," was Ned's cool response.

Another minute went by. The resentment and

anger that had been simmering in Cal for a long time was threatening to boil over, but he strove hard to hold his temper in check.

"I paid for this suit myself, did n't I?" he asked presently. Ned made no reply. Cal repeated the question: "Did n't I, Ned?"

"So you say," answered the other, carelessly.

"Don't you know that I did?" Cal's voice was trembling.

"Sure!" said Ned, but ironically. Cal scowled, and clenched his hands. Then,

"Look here," he burst out, "you think I stole that money of yours, don't you?"

"I never accused you of it," replied Ned, in an ugly tone.

"But you think so."

"My thoughts are my own, I suppose."

"No, they're not! You might as well say it as think it. I never even saw your old money. Now, do you believe that?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Ned turned and looked his room-mate squarely in the face.

"What's the use of bluffing, Cal?" he asked, with a shrug of his shoulders. "You were the only fellow who knew the money was there, and Spud saw you at my bureau that night."

"I was n't out of bed!"

"Yes, you were," replied Ned, calmly, "for I saw you, too."

"You—saw me!" gasped Cal, in amazement. Ned nodded.

"Yes, I woke up for a minute, and saw you by the window. I was sleepy and paid no attention, and went to sleep again. I did n't think anything of it until Spud spoke of it after I'd missed the money."

"You must have dreamed it! I tell you I was n't out of bed that night, Ned!" declared Cal, earnestly.

"All right, say I did dream it," answered Ned, wearily. "Say Spud and I both dreamed the same thing. It does n't matter now. Only, for goodness' sake, don't act as though I'd hurt you. I won't stand that—that confounded, injured innocence of yours! Hang it, I did all I could to keep the other fellows from guessing, but I'm not going to pretend that you did n't take it just to please you! You needed the money and you took it. You ought to be satisfied."

"That's false, Ned!"

"It is, eh?" said Ned, angrily. "Where did you get the money to pay for those clothes, I'd like to know."

"My mother sent it. I wrote home for it. I can show you her letter. I did n't take your money, whether you think so or not, and—and—"

"Don't try to bluff it out, I tell you!" cried Ned, hotly. "If you must steal—"

"I cal'late we 'd better settle this right now," interrupted the other, ominously calm. He dropped the box at the side of the road and stepped toward Ned with white face and blazing eyes. There was no one in sight in either direction. Ned shrugged his shoulders.

"I 'm not going to fight you," he sneered. "Why should I?"

"You 've got to," said Cal, grimly, clenching his hands.

"I like that! First you take my money, and then you want to lick me!"

The next instant he was reeling back toward the grass, for Cal had struck him fair on the face with the palm of his hand. Ned steadied himself and stared.

"That 's different," he said quietly. "I don't want to fight you, but I will!"

Ned was Cal's senior by nine months, but his superiority ended there, for the younger boy was stronger and harder of muscle. Perhaps had they stuck to scientific methods, Ned would have won that short engagement, for Cal knew little of boxing. His methods were primitive but effective. He met Ned's rush as best he might, receiving a blow on his chin that staggered him for an instant, and then sprang past the other's guard, threw his arms around him, and strove to throw him. Ned rained blows against Cal's head, but they were too short to do much damage. For a moment they swayed there, panting and gasping in the middle of the dusty road, Ned hammering short blows against the back of his adversary's head, and Cal paying no heed to them, intent only on getting Ned at his mercy. At last he managed to get one arm across Ned's chest and gripped his shoulder. At the same instant he put a knee behind the other, and in a twinkling they were flat in the weeds by the roadside, a cloud of dust about them. But Cal was on top, and although Ned struggled and writhed, he held his place. There were no blows struck now. Cal had Ned at his mercy and knew it. And it was n't long before Ned realized it, too, and stopped struggling.

"Go ahead," he panted. "I 'm down. Hit me!"

"I 'm going to if you don't take it back," answered Cal, grimly. "I 'm going to hit you till you say you believe me. Do you?"

The white, strained faces were close and two pairs of angry eyes glared hatred at each other.

"No!" cried Ned.

Cal raised a fist.

"You 'd better, for you 've got to. I did n't take your money, and I 'm no thief. Believe that?"

"No! I don't believe you. Go ahead and strike." But the blow did n't fall. Cal's eyes fell instead.

"I cal'late I can't," he muttered.

"Go ahead! You—you thief! Hit me! I dare you to!"

Again Cal raised his closed hand, and again it dropped back. Tears came to his eyes. "Ned, I just can't!" he sobbed. For a long moment the two boys looked at each other. Then Ned's eyes closed.

"Let me up, Cal," he said quietly.

Cal released him and arose. Ned climbed to his feet, picked his cap from the dust, and examined his bleeding knuckles.

"Suppose there 's any water around here?" he asked. Cal shook his head.

"There 's the brook farther along," he answered, glumly. He picked up his own cap and rescued his box.

"Come on, then," said Ned.

They went on along the road to the brook in silence. There Ned laved his bruised and swollen hand, and Cal, wetting his handkerchief, held it to his chin. Presently they went on again, Cal hugging the box. Nothing was said until they reached the main road and the village lay in sight ahead.

Then Ned turned curiously to his companion, and looked at him quizzically.

"Why did n't you hit, Cal?" he asked. Cal shook his head.

"I don't know, Ned. I just could n't, somehow."

"It 's pretty certain," said Ned, presently, "that we 're a couple of idiots, Cal."

Cal nodded without looking at him. It was almost a block farther along that Ned spoke again.

"You did n't, Cal," he said. "I don't know how I know it, but I do. I—I 'm sorry."

Cal nodded, his gaze straight ahead.

"That 's all right," he muttered.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SECOND GAME

NED took entire charge of the negotiations at the clothing store, and all Cal had to do was to stand by, listen, watch, and try on the various suits that were brought forth. Ned refused to consider anything under twelve dollars.

"Those cheap things don't pay, Cal," he said decisively. "They 're just shoddy; not an ounce of wool in them; and they won't wear two weeks without getting to look like rags."

"The suit I brought back," confided Cal in a

voice lowered so as not to pain the salesman, "seemed to be most all splinters and pieces of bur."

"All wood and a yard wide," commented Ned, with no effort to moderate his voice, and no concern for the clerk's feelings. "Probably made from one of those wooden sheep you see in the toy-shops."

At last Ned was suited, and, without intending a pun, so was Cal. The suit selected was a rough mixture that the salesman called a Harris tweed, but which Ned was certain had never crossed the water. It was gray in effect, but close examination revealed a little of every color known. It was really rather stylish, and had at the same time the merit, approved by Cal, of not readily showing dirt. The price was twelve dollars, and Cal went down into his pocket for an additional two dollars and fifteen cents. Then Ned insisted on the purchase of a blue necktie, price thirty-five cents, and a leather belt at half a dollar. Cal was growing uneasy, and was very glad when the suit was boxed and delivered to him and he could hurry out before Ned discovered any further extravagances for him to indulge in.

On the way home they talked quite frankly of the mystery of Ned's missing eight dollars.

"Of course, Cal," said his room-mate, "I might have been mistaken about seeing you up that night, but it's hard to believe. Still, you ought to know whether you were up or not."

"I don't understand that," said Cal. "I'm just certain sure that I was n't out of bed. But both you and Spud saw some one."

"Yes, and I'd say it was a burglar, only it is n't likely a burglar would parade around in night-clothes, is it? Of course, it might have been one of the other fellows in there for some joke or other. Maybe when he heard about the money being missing, he did n't like to 'fess up."

"I'll wager that was it!" cried Cal, with relief. "Only—only where did the money get to?"

"Well, I've been saying lately that I thought I'd just naturally put it somewhere and forgotten about it, and now I'm beginning to think that's what really happened, Cal. Only where the dickens *did* I put it? I've looked all over the shop."

"You're quite sure you did n't spend it?" asked Cal.

"Of course I am. If I spent eight dollars, I'd have something to show for it, would n't I?"

"I hope so," laughed Cal. "Unless you blew it all in on sodas and candy. Well, I hope you'll find it some time, Ned."

"So do I. Say, how's your chin?"

"It hurts, Ned. So does my head. I cal'late

I've got some lumps back there." Cal felt and nodded gravely. "Dandies," he added.

"I'm sorry," Ned said. "But I want you to know that I've got a bunch of sore knuckles here, too." He viewed them soberly. "We'll have to fake up a yarn to tell the fellows at the house, you know."

"Say we were scuffling and fell," said Cal. "That's true, is n't it?"

"True enough. Though I don't just see how you managed to fall on the side of your chin."

"I cal'late we won't have to give any details," answered Cal. "What time is it? I'm fearfully hungry."

Ned looked at his watch and they hastened their pace, reaching West House a quarter of an hour before dinner-time. At table, Cal's chin did n't go unnoticed, and although the explanation tendered was accepted without protest, the rest of West House knew very well that Ned and Cal had had more than a scuffle. But whatever had happened had cleared the air. That was very evident. The occupants of the Den now seemed as unwilling to lose sight of each other for an instant as before they had been unwilling to remain together. Dinner was an excited function that day, for every one's thoughts were on the foot-ball game at two-thirty, and the coming contest was talked of over and over.

"We'll get licked worse than last time," declared Sandy.

"Then there won't be any third game?" asked "Clara," disappointedly.

"Oh, yes, there will. We play three games anyhow," The Fungus reassured him. "And it is n't very often that the third game is n't the— the crucial one."

"Great talk, Fungus," Dutch applauded.

"Yes, that's a peach of a word," agreed Spud. "Got any more like it, Toadstool? I like to use 'em when I write home. It makes my little brother think I'm really learning lots." Then, seeing his opportunity to engage Sandy in dispute, something that Spud loved above all things, he turned to the House leader. "You're all wrong, though, Sandy, about our getting licked this afternoon. It can't be did."

"I hope I am wrong," answered Sandy, pessimistically, "but I can't figure it out that way."

"Well, I can. For one thing, you know mighty well that House has improved about fifty per cent. in team-play this last week."

"It has improved, yes, but not any fifty per cent. And what do you suppose Hall has been doing? Standing still? Young Hoyt told me this morning that they've come on like anything in every part of the play," said Sandy.

"So have we," said Spud, stoutly. "Our backs are every bit as good as theirs, while as for the line, why, I can't see but we had a bit the better of it last game."

"If only we had a couple of good ends!" lamented Hoop.

"Oh, dry up and blow away, Hoop! Is it true that Brooksie is going to let you carry the water pail to-day?"

"If I do, you won't get any of it!"

"And you won't be able to carry it if you don't stop eating pretty soon. Better rescue the dish of potatoes, Sandy."

"I 've only had potatoes twice; have n't I, Marm?" growled Hoop.

"I don't know, Hoop; but they won't hurt you, surely. Potatoes never hurt any one. Vegetarians always eat lots of potatoes."

"So do Episcopalians," murmured Spud. "Pass 'em this way, please, somebody."

"You 'd all better go slow," cautioned Sandy. "The game will be called in an hour and a half."

"Pshaw, I 'll be hungry again by that time," said Dutch.

At half-past one they set out for the gymnasium, all save "Clara," who had promised to take Molly over to see the game, and who went over to the Curtises' to get her. Even Mrs. Linn was going, but could n't leave her house yet. As the first contest had taken place on the Hall gridiron, to-day's was scheduled for the House field. On each side settees from the gymnasium were being strung along for the accommodation of the audience, a small and select one. The faculty, in order to avoid any appearance of partiality, distributed themselves on both sides of the gridiron. To-day Dr. Webster and his family were seated amongst the Hall supporters, while Mr. Spander, Mr. Kendall, and Mr. Fordyce, although residents of the Hall, were mingling with the wearers of the red. Mr. James, attired in a pair of gray trousers and an old Dartmouth sweater, was to referee. The umpire was a man from the village. The afternoon was bright and fairly warm, with a mild westerly breeze down the field. The scene was a very pretty one, the red and blue of the players scattered over the green field and of the substitutes on the side-lines supplying spots of vivid color.

"Clara" and Molly reached the field only a few minutes before the game began. The rival teams were already practising, and foot-balls were arching up and down against the blue of the autumn sky. They found seats near the middle of the gridiron on the House side, amongst a scattering of non-combatants. Molly had plenty of attention, for by this time she had be-

come acquainted with most of the boys of the two Houses and not a few Hall residents. Young Hoyt, a substitute back for the Hall team, joined them and tried to persuade Molly to substitute a blue arm-band for the red streamer she wore. But Hoyt was in the enemy's country, and was speedily driven away, laughingly defiant.

"You 'll wish you had this when the game 's over, Molly," he warned her. "Get your winning colors!"

Mrs. Linn arrived on the scene, flushed and out of breath, just as Frank Brooks and Pete Grow were tossing for choice of goal. Mrs. Butterfield, matron at East House, made room for her beside her, and a discussion of the art of preserving began at once and lasted practically all through the game. Marm declared afterward, however, that it was the most interesting foot-ball game she had ever seen. Grow won the toss and took the west goal, thus getting the wind in Hall's favor, and the teams arranged themselves while House and Hall cheered their warriors.

It was evident even from the first moment that Brooks had succeeded in gaining a big improvement in his team, for after getting the kick-off, House gained the ball well past the middle of the field, making two first downs before losing it by an on-side kick that went wrong. And when placed on the defensive, House still showed improvement over their form of the week before. But Hall had been coming, too, and Sawyer, the big full-back, made good gains through the red line. Grow realized, however, that with the wind favoring him, his game was to punt, and so get the ball within scoring distance. In the middle of the field Grow himself dropped out of the line and sent off a long high spiral that the wind helped considerably, and The Fungus caught it on House's ten-yard line and dodged back to the twenty before he was downed. Boyle and Ned, alternating, took the pigskin back to the thirty-five yards, and there M'Crae punted. The ball was Hall's on her fifty yards, and after two plunges that fell short of the required distance, Grow kicked again. This time the ball went over the goal-line and M'Crae touched it back.

House elected to put it in scrimmage on the twenty-five yards, but was soon forced to punt once more. This time luck favored the red, for Hall's right-half misjudged the ball, tipped it with his fingers, and was then pushed aside by Spud, who fell on it on the Hall's forty-five-yard line. The handful of House supporters cheered wildly. But House lost the pigskin presently on downs, and Hall tried an end-run that worked

beautifully around Miller and landed the oval just inside House territory. Sawyer was thrown

being off-side. M'Crae, therefore, was forced to kick. It was a poor attempt and went out near the center of the field. Hall worked Miller's end again, and once more tore off a good gain there. A second attempt, however, was spoiled, and Hall tried a forward pass. It succeeded nicely, and it was first down for the Hall near the side of the field on House's thirty-five yards. Hall tried a skin-tackle play toward the center of the gridiron, but House was expecting it and Hall was piled up for a scant gain of a yard. Sawyer tried a plunge straight through center, and found an opening that suited him beautifully, and would have made his six yards a touchdown had not House's secondary defense been on the alert. With three yards to go on third down, Grow decided to try a drop-kick at goal although the angle was a difficult one. Very calmly he stepped back and held out his hands, and along the side-lines substitutes and spectators held their breath. Center made a good pass, and although House came tearing, jumping through with upstretched hands, the pigskin sailed away in a low curve toward the cross-bar. But the wind, which so far had aided Pete's fortunes, now favored the adversary by turning the ball's flight to



"'I CAL'LATE WE 'D BETTER SETTLE THIS RIGHT NOW,' SAID CAL."

for a loss and again Grow punted. M'Crae did n't do that punt justice, for he misjudged its distance sadly and had to chase back to almost his goal-line after it. Luckily he was afforded good protection from the Hall's ends, and was able to scoop it up and dodge back to his fifteen-yard line before he was smothered.

House set to work then and uncovered a couple of new plays that caught Hall off her guard and advanced the ball to the forty yards. There, however, Hall's line tightened, an end-run lost ground, and House was set back five yards for

the left so that it passed a scant foot outside the post, and the possible score was lost.

House capered with glee, and the wearers of the red along the side-lines expressed relief in cheers. That was the last time either goal was threatened in the first half, and when the twenty-five minutes of playing-time had expired, the pigskin was almost in the exact center of the field, just about where it had started; which, when you come to think of it, must have been a trifle discouraging to the pigskin, whatever the players thought about it!

FAMOUS PICTURES

THIRD PAPER—CHILD LIFE

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL"

By Sir Joshua Reynolds of the English School
(Born 1723, died 1792)

"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL," which was exhibited in 1773, was considered by Reynolds himself as one of his best and most original pictures. He has said that it was one of his half-dozen original pictures, a number which few can exceed in a life's work.

The model was the artist's little niece, Miss Theophila ("Offy") Palmer, who came to visit him in London.

Miss Palmer, like Reynolds himself, came from the country-side of Devonshire, England, long before the time of railroads and trolleys.

The old village where the family lived was a place of peace and quiet, and it is easy to see why Sir Joshua liked to paint her as a little village maiden.

In the picture her big eyes are lifted to ours half timidly, but she seems ready to smile if encouraged. There is a feeling of old-fashioned dignity about her artless pose and the way in which her hands are folded.

The strawberries are probably in the basket, and we can imagine her whole day's work and play from the glimpse we have of her—how she would behave at school and how she would go about her little tasks.

It almost seems as though he painted, not a child whom he saw before him, but the essence of childhood which he saw shining through and was able to catch and keep for us.

Reynolds was eminent as a portrait-painter, but his work is never reviewed without special mention of his portraits of children. In these he seemed to see farthest into the heart. "If it were only for his love of children," writes one, "and his power of interpreting the fascination of childish beauty, he would still amply deserve the fame he has won."

Miss Palmer, simple as she looks as the model in the picture, was destined, at her uncle's house in London, to meet the fashion and intellect of her time. Sir Joshua loved her as a daughter, and later on, when his eyes were disabled, she read to him and helped him in other ways. One of his friends afterward became her husband; and the model for another of Sir Joshua's most famous child pictures, "Simplicity," was no other than

the daughter of "The Strawberry Girl." More than that, she lived to be ninety, "cheerful and affectionate to the last."

Doubtless the great painter loved children well, and though this will account for much, it is probable he also kept in his age something of the boy heart of his own childhood.

ANECDOTES OF REYNOLDS

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father was a clergyman, but wished Joshua to be an apothecary.

At seventeen Joshua had overcome the objections to his becoming a painter and had gone to London to study art with Hudson, a popular artist of that day. The pupil soon outstripped his master, and this led to their separation.

After only about two years in London, Reynolds returned to his home and set up as a portrait-painter. He began at Plymouth, where he obtained work at once, painting about thirty portraits with good success.

When he was twenty-five, Commodore Keppel, a friend of his, invited the young man to accompany him to the Mediterranean, whither he was going in his own ship. From Rome, Reynolds wrote: "I am now at the height of my greatest wishes, in the midst of the greatest works of art the world has produced."

Reynolds worked hard in Rome for two years or more, copying and studying the old masters. Here, in the cold and drafty halls and galleries, he contracted the deafness from which he ever afterward suffered. Of all the masters he admired Michelangelo the most, and the work of that master inspired and influenced him all his life.

Afterward Reynolds went to Venice and spent another year in Italy, studying Titian and Tintoretto, famous for their beautiful color.

Returning to London, he worked for more than thirty years with uninterrupted success. He painted very rapidly, frequently finishing a portrait in four hours. It is believed that over three thousand canvases came from his brush. He is said to have related that at one time, when he was receiving only about £30 (or \$150) for a portrait, his income was £6000 (or \$30,000) a year. His life was full of honors, too. In 1768 he was elected president of the Royal Academy by acclamation and was knighted by King George III.

In his sixty-sixth year he lost the sight of one of his eyes while he was at work upon a canvas, and in a few weeks his sight was totally gone.

As president of the Academy he delivered a series of "Discourses," which are still valued by

but Johnson himself said: "Sir Joshua Reynolds would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him."

One of his great portraits was that of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, as the "Tragic Muse."

Mrs. Siddons was then in the height of her beauty, as of her glory. The king said of her: "She is the only real queen; all others are counterparts." Mrs. Siddons's account of the portrait is that Sir Joshua bade her "ascend her undisputed throne and bestow upon him some idea of the Tragic Muse." The pose she assumed so well satisfied him that it was never altered.

Sir Joshua was anxious to learn how the old masters painted their pictures and how the rich colors were attained. It is said that he even scraped off the paint from some that he owned in his attempt to find out. He was constantly trying new ways of mixing paint, and artists to-day find that many of his works are cracked and injured by the bad mixtures he made.

The character of this artist is one we like to read about. There were many men living in London in that time whom the world has not forgotten—men like David Garrick, the great actor; Oliver Goldsmith, the famous author; Samuel Johnson, maker of a great English dictionary; and these men were such great friends that they used to meet together very frequently. One of them was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and much of his conversation and numerous



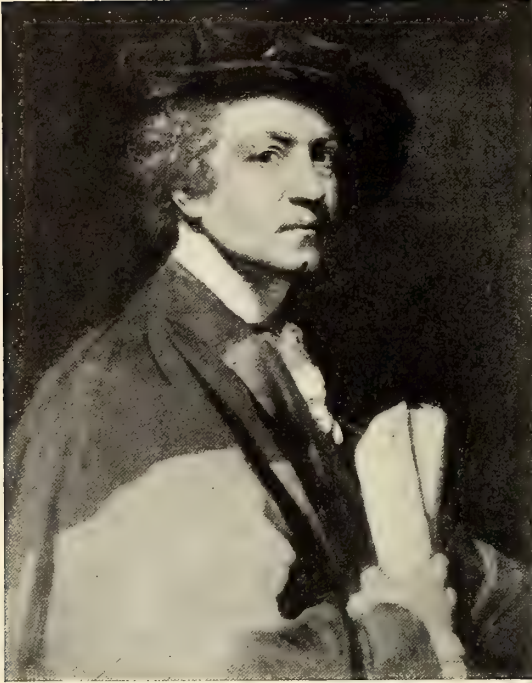
From a Perry picture.

"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

art students. The final discourse was delivered in December, 1790, and after a long illness he died and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in February, 1792.

It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson, who lived at the same time and was intimate with Reynolds, added some polish to the "Discourses";

incidents of his life are preserved to us in the biographies of the day. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, ever eager to serve others, and many are the chronicles of his goodness. He liked to write, and early composed some rules of conduct. One of these was: "The great principle of being happy in this world is not to be affected by small things."



REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.
In the National Gallery, London.



THE CHILD SAMUEL IN PRAYER.



"CHERUBIM," OR "ANGELS' HEADS." (SEE PAGE 901.)

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

"SOMETHING NEW"

(See picture "Cherubim" or "Angels' Heads" on preceding page.)

ROBERTA was having her portrait painted. Every Wednesday and Thursday morning her mother buttoned her into her most buttony white dress, and tied blue bows on her hair, and took her to a great house called "The Studio." The Studio was large and roomy. It had tiger and polar bear skin rugs on the floor, and it had pictures of every kind, framed and unframed, water-colors, pastels, and engravings, hanging on the walls. It had a great deal of rather queer-looking old furniture scattered around, and it would have made a beautiful place to play hide-and-seek in. But Roberta could n't play in the Studio. She could n't even *move*. She could n't do anything at all except sit in a huge carved chair, with her hands folded, and keep mousy quiet. This is a rather difficult thing to do, and sometimes poor Roberta did n't exactly "look pleasant, please." But Mother and the artist were very amusing, and had a story about everything in the Studio.

"What shall it be to-day?" asked the artist, one Thursday. Roberta considered. Yesterday it was a fairy tale about a Chinese candlestick.

"Please, another story," she said, very politely, "a really-truly, honestly-did-happen story, quite new, all about the five little angel-heads in the picture with the brown frame."

The artist, who was very good-natured, as well as a splendid story-teller, laughed. "Five little angels, indeed!" he said. "Don't you see that there is only *one* little cherub-head in that picture, and that *it* is n't a little angel but a little girl?"

Roberta's eyes grew round as saucers. This seemed a story, indeed, but not of the kind that she had expected. Even Mother looked surprised. "She is speaking of that copy of Reynolds's 'Cherubim,' Mr. Van Alstyne," she explained.

"So was I," answered the artist, mysteriously. "But there is only *one* cherub in that picture. Reynolds himself would tell you so if he were alive to-day." The artist's eyes were twinkling.

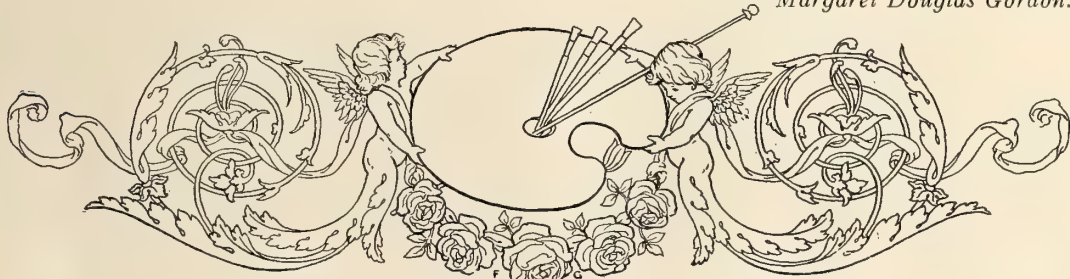
"It is n't All Fools' Day, Mr. Van Alstyne," said Roberta, sharply. "There are *five* dear little angels, just count them—one, two, three, four, five. One looking exactly toward us, one looking at her from above, one looking at her from the side, and two, the sweetest of all, singing up in the sunshine."

"Yes, I know," said the artist. "But, if you look more closely, you will see that each of the five little faces is really a view taken from some new point of one and the same little girl. It is a curious way to paint a portrait. This picture was painted in 1787, at a time when what are called 'character portraits' were in great fashion at the English court, and when every beautiful countess and duchess who sat to Mr. Reynolds, or Mr. Gainsborough, posed in the dress of a Greek nymph, or a Roman goddess; and when all the little boys and girls painted were cupids, or cherubs, or something else equally unlike their real selves, and when there were numerous queer fashions in art. But I do not think I have ever seen, even in the galleries of that strange time, another instance of five portraits of one person being painted on a single bit of canvas. I suppose this little girl's father and mother wanted her likeness to be something *very* much out of the beaten track. She was an only child, and a very great little lady indeed, in those days—Miss Frances Isabella Gordon, daughter of Lord William Gordon and Lady Frances Ingram-Shepherd. One of her grandfathers was an earl, and the other a duke."

"I shall tell Joanna about the picture," said Roberta. "She has the picture over the mantelpiece on her nursery wall, but I don't believe that even her mother knows that the five little cherubs are *one* little girl."

"Very few people do," answered the artist. "But I read all about it in an old leather-bound 'Life of Reynolds'—and it is so old that it is really something new."

Margaret Douglas Gordon.





AN AUGUST MORNING AMONG THE WATER-LILIES.

THE COCKSWAIN

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK

"Not so deep, Four! You're behind, Six! Now, altogether—one! two! three! That's better, men. Hit up the stroke a bit, Brown."

Little Franklin, the cockswain, was driving the crew to its utmost. A late spring, with the lakes ice-bound long after the usual time, afforded ample reason for rushing the practice.

The coach himself, over in the launch, was urging the man at the engine to put on more speed. For some reason, the motor was balking, exploding angrily with reports that ran into a continuous roar for an instant, and then choked off altogether. Franklin found himself watching the exasperated official, and warily studying the charging boat. The engineer was also helmsman, and this steering duty was suffering from the attention the barking motor required.

Suddenly, as the boy watched, the engine

awakened into redoubled energy, full-speed ahead, and the man before it sprang back, probably from contact with the spark. As he did so, his shoulder hit the steering-line sharply, and the launch swerved straight toward the shell.

Franklin's face went chalky white. With a quick command to the starboard men to back water, he pulled his own rudder to one side.

But he was a second too late. The capricious motor of the launch drove the boat's nose directly into the frail rowing craft.

The cockswain remembered little that happened. He felt the delicate shell beneath him list suddenly to port with a convulsive shudder, heard a ripping, smashing sound as the thin boards gave way, and found himself plunged into the icy water of the lake.

Two minutes later, he was on the launch itself,

very white, painfully cold, and thoroughly frightened. Coach Creardon was shouting sharp, concise directions; already they were heading inshore, toward the gymnasium. He had been ordered to his feet with the others, and made to flap his arms grotesquely, and to stamp up and down as best he might in the crowded space. It was a fight against colds, with the illness and stiffened muscles that often resulted.

When they had taken their shower-baths, very hot and extended longer than usual, the trainers and rubbers were set at work. A half-hour after the accident, the crew-men were joking among themselves over the catastrophe—all except Franklin.

Creardon noticed his cockswain, standing apart from the others, and looking pale and disquieted.

"What 's the matter, Frankie?" he asked cheerfully. "You 're not cold? Nor worried over the loss of the shell? It was the old one, you know. Not *frightened*, are you?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

As a matter of fact, he was still shaking with fear. He had hoped that nobody would notice it, and he found small consolation in watching Creardon's clouding face as he questioned him. The other fellows were big and muscular, with strong constitutions. At 100 pounds the beam on the scales did not tremble for him. A dip in icy water, with a quick rescue, meant nothing to them; but he knew the accident would haunt him in his dreams, and that after this every threatened collision on the water would stop his heart and make his breathing jerky and gasping.

The crew, of course, was being brought to form for the Poughkeepsie inter-collegiate regatta, late in June. This year, however, the manager and coach had decided that one race on the lake, before they went east, would do much to show them exactly what they could hope to accomplish on the Hudson. Coulter College had been selected to furnish the opposing crew in this preliminary.

The race came late in May, while there was still a touch of coolness in the air. At the start, little Franklin shivered as the north breeze swept into his face, and remembered that other cold day when they had plunged into the water. And, with the coaches' launches circling about, the recollection of the accident kept recurring to him.

He was glad when the pistol rang clear and they were off. The men in front of him were pulling evenly and recovering with the long, graceful slide that does not retard the progress. Brown, setting the stroke, looked at him questionably, fearing they were left, and grinned when the boy said: "Our nose is at Number Eight, and we 're gaining."

Franklin had expected to be thrilled over the race. It was his first real test in the 'varsity shell, and the coach had not been particularly optimistic, probably with the idea of demanding everything the men had in them. But there was no excitement. The whistling launches that ran along the course seemed more perturbed than he. Brown was pulling smoothly, with a powerful, mechanical stroke, and back of him every man was in time. Once in a while he shouted a bit of advice, or a warning, through the stubby megaphone strapped about his head; but for the most part he sat, keen-eyed and alert, watching the rippling blades dip and rise in front of him, and studying the other narrow racer at his side.

At the mile-mark, the shells were nose and nose, both going strong. At the two-mile, Franklin had Brown raise the stroke, and they drew away into a lead. At the three-mile, where the final test was about to come, they were a full boat-length in front, with every man pulling with a precision that sent the shell throbbing through the blue water.

Then, for no apparent reason, Brown made an error. Recovering from his last stroke with a little jerk, he dipped the blade too lightly, threw his shoulders and back into the pull, and "caught a crab," which, in every-day parlance, means simply that the blade did not grip the water, but slipped over it, splashing and wasted in effort. The cold water dashed into Franklin's face, and the boy shivered with a sudden fear, and for a second lost control of himself. Instead of steadying the others till Brown caught the stroke again, he screamed out in sudden fear, begging the man before him to be careful.

They lost perhaps half a boat-length before the beautiful precision of the machine had been set again by the stroke-oar. Worst of all, the action of the cockswain had bred in the others a certain nervousness. It was necessary to ease off a trifle until all were pulling evenly once more; and in that jiffy the Coulter crew crept up alongside.

The other cockswain saw that the advantage was too good to be lost, and began the final spurt to "get the jump" on his opponents. By the time Franklin, through Brown, had his crew working normally, the shells were on even terms.

Then, with only a half-mile to go, something happened. Little Franklin's nightmare became a reality. Edging out from the fleet that lined the finish, driven by the cold north wind, drifted a rowboat. The youth in it did not seem to appreciate he was on the course, but the cockswain, staring straight over the eight bobbing heads in front of him, knew that he must swerve to the south or chance crashing into the boat.

White-faced and trembling, the boy tugged frantically on his starboard line. Perhaps fear made him pull too hard; at any rate, the shell began to point sharply toward the shore, almost at right angles to the course, before he could swing it back again.

Chagrined and angry, he looked for the offending rowboat. It was back with the other craft, quite out of the danger zone; moreover, it



MT-S WATSON

"THEY LIFTED THE DRIPPING SHELL FROM THE WATER."

had been so far ahead that now he realized, with absolute certainty, he had blundered.

Over to the right the Coulter shell crawled ahead. Franklin called upon Brown for a spurt, and the big stroke-oar bent to his work. Inch by inch they crept up, outrowing the other crew man for man. But the finishing buoys were close now, and they were still behind. The cockswain cried shrilly that they were gaining, that they must raise the stroke, that they must win, that—

They swept across the finishing-line, beaten six feet by an inferior crew. And Franklin, huddled down in his seat, knew he alone was responsible for the defeat.

Coach Creardon was broken-hearted, but mingled with his disappointment was an anger against the cowardly cockswain. Later, at the boat-house float, as they lifted the dripping shell from the water, Brown, tired, hot, and discour-

aged, was the only one of them who spoke to the boy.

"Coward!" he sneered. "I've seen your streak of yellow for weeks, and knew it would crop out. Well, it has! Pity it is too late to get a substitute for you for the Poughkeepsie race."

Franklin raised his hand. "Don't," he pleaded; for, after all, the cockswain was only a nervous, high-strung boy. "Don't, Brown. I—I could n't help it. I'm not a real—a real coward at heart."

"No?" scoffed the stroke. "Now, who'd believe it, judging by your actions?"

So it happened that when the rowing squad went east in June, the relations between the stroke and the cockswain were those of suspended hostility. For the good of the college, they fulfilled the demands of their rowing co-partnership; when they sat facing each other in the shell during the long hours on the hot river, they spoke only when occasion demanded. Brown considered Franklin a coward, and the boy had yet to prove, not only to the stroke, but also to himself, that he was not.

Despite this friction, the crew developed as had no other in past years. Its time-rows held out bright hopes of victory, and its steady improvement was an open secret. The prospects for success had never been brighter.

There were no occasions that would serve to test Franklin. The boy was thoroughly familiar with every angle of the sport, and contributed largely to the coaching of the new men. Except for the question as to his bravery under fire, Coach Creardon ranked him as the best cockswain the college had ever produced.

But for all that they worried a little—Creardon, Brown, and Franklin himself. When the allotment of courses was made by chance, and they drew Number 1, the worry grew. They must row nearest the shore, where the danger of floating obstacles was the greatest.

The day of the races dawned clear and hot. At noon the thousands of visitors, bedecked with college pennants and ribbons of various shades of red and blue, piled upon the chugging little ferry-boats until they were almost hidden, and journeyed across the river to the observation-train, and to the rocks and hills that commanded the best views of the courses. First came the four-oared, which whetted the appetite. Next came the freshmen race at two miles, which stirred up anticipation for the final climax of the great day. The tide, on which the 'varsity struggle always waits, presently grew sluggish; the wind died down; the long shadows of afternoon crept out over the water. When Creardon gave his final instructions, it was six o'clock.

Once at the starting-line, with the shell's rudder held by a man in a skiff, little Franklin again felt the old fever or impulse of fear. On his right stood the long observation-train, impatient to be away, with its thousands of critical spectators heaped upon the circus tiers of seats. Back of him, somewhere in the network of boats, was Coach Creardon, fully aware of the boy's condition. Directly in front of him, Brown was sitting motionless, squinting at him with a curious

boats; but he kept his brain active, and ordered Number Two to back water until the sharp snoot of the slim craft was pointed dead ahead. What was the trouble with the other crews, anyhow?

At last, when his nerves were jangling aloud at the tension, he caught the sudden hush that always precedes the start. Then came the sharp, explosive-like boom of the referee's shout:

"Are you ready?"

Nobody answered. The silence was so intense



"WHEN CREARDON GAVE HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS, IT WAS SIX O'CLOCK."

foreboding in his eyes. Far ahead, down the river, and around the big curve under the bridge, loomed the courses of the various crews, hedged closely with floating craft of every description. Despite the constant activity of the police-patrol boats, Franklin knew that the river was never quite clear and free from danger of wreckage.

From the shore drifted the singsong hum of the college yells. In the boy's ears they drummed like sharp pains. Back of him the referee's voice was mumbling directions about the courses, and the methods of starting them, and something in reference to calling them back if there was an accident in the first twenty strokes. Already Creardon had told him all this. Why, oh, why did n't they start?

An eddy caught the shell, and swung it to one side. Franklin gulped as he thought of the possibility of colliding with one of the other racing

boats; but he kept his brain active, and ordered Number Two to back water until the sharp snoot of the slim craft was pointed dead ahead. What was the trouble with the other crews, anyhow?

The cockswain, white-faced and nervous, leaned forward until he found himself staring straight into the stroke-oar's eyes, and watching with fascinated gaze as the man's lips moved in speech.

"Keep your nerve," whispered Brown, "if you've got any to keep!"

The tone, even more than the words, was an insult. Something in the challenge, and in the implied lack of faith, drove the chalky pallor from the cockswain's face and flooded it with red. He would show—

"Bang!"

The shell sprang into life with a hideous jerk

that wrenched his neck. It leaped forward, lurching frightfully, under the impetus of a stroke of forty. The race was on.

It took all of Franklin's coolness and experience to steady the crew. Brown, calm and deliberate, was obedient to his sharp commands; but Rathbone, at Six, and Tompkins, at Three, rowing in their first inter-collegiate, had apparently forgotten all that Coach Creardon had drilled into them in the weary months of practice, and were fighting the water, and pulling with their arms instead of with their legs and backs. But, presently, under the insistent soothing and rapid-fire commands of the little cockswain, habit asserted itself. When the crew had cleared the rough water, and the stroke had dropped to thirty-four or thirty-six, the shell began to throb and pulse with an easy, stable, powerful drive that sent it skimming over the water like a swallow.

Easing the lines that were cutting cruelly into his hands, Franklin stole a look over his left shoulder. There was little to choose between the chances of the first and the last crews. Not over a boat-length separated them.

On shore the observation-train rolled steadily down the river-side, belching forth its roars of encouragement. On the water the bells and whistles and sirens made a hideous din. Official little speed-boats, with green police flags, swept back the constantly encroaching craft.

At the end of the first mile, they slipped into the lead. Franklin told the crew in a glad falsetto; and the perspiring rowers, after a side-glance that proved the truth of the statement, grinned hopefully, and put an extra effort into the long, effective sweep of their blades.

At the two-mile mark, they had pulled into a smart commanding position. Franklin, lulled into a false sense of confidence, lost a little of his alertness, and was content to keep the stroke as it was. He knew he could count on the reserve strength of the men if there was no greater strain than the present.

And then—then when the boy had been studying the other crews instead of his own, and the river to one side instead of dead ahead, it happened. An innocent little berry-crate, caught in the swirl of some propeller, drifted aimlessly out into the course. When Franklin turned from his contemplation of the other shells, it loomed fifty yards in front of him, as great and as menacing as might have been the Rock of Gibraltar.

His action was governed by impulse. He might have swung slightly to one side, without sacrificing many feet of the precious lead; certainly, with the other race gnawing constantly

at his heart, he would have done so if he had stopped for a second's thought. But his brain clogged suddenly. His heart stopped beating. His face went white. And he sawed desperately at the port line.

The shell veered sharply, listed dangerously to starboard, and for an instant threatened to turn turtle. The blades splashed and "caught crabs," and a convulsive shudder swept through the frail boat. Rowing blindly, and depending entirely upon the cockswain, the crew knew instantly that something was wrong. Brown's countenance went black with rage: he divined the danger.

Until they had recovered the stroke, and swung back into the middle of the course, nobody offered any comment. They were now a length or more behind the first of the little fleet farther out in the river. As they passed the soggy berry-crate, far to one side, the stroke looked at it, and hissed out a disdainful, "Coward!"

Franklin fought an insane desire to cry like a baby, and to toss aside the rudder-lines and give up. His chance to offset that other display of cowardice had come, and he had failed ignominiously.

But somewhere deep in his impulsive nature, there was a basis of real courage. It demanded bravery, now, not to admit defeat, but to keep on trying in spite of the open anger and contempt upon the faces of the eight men who were helplessly dependent upon his judgment.

He leaned forward.

"Hit it up a little, Stroke," he cried shrilly. "Faster—faster—faster, I tell you! There! Hold it!"

It was the man's place to obey, but he battled in his heart between loyalty toward the college and enmity toward the boy. To his credit, he it recorded, that he passed the test. Gradually, the stroke climbed higher and higher, until it was forty again. They were driving the shell to the last ounce of their endurance—and the third mile was only begun!

Whatever might be the ultimate result of the generalship, it had its immediate effect. Foot by foot, inch by inch, they gained on the leaders, out there in the middle of the river, until Franklin, sighting over his left shoulder, found himself on equal terms with the other cockswain. Could they hold to the pace?

"We've got 'em," the boy told Brown exultantly, forgetting the tragedy of the past minute in his greater ambition. "Ease off a bit."

The stroke grunted, partly in derision of the cockswain's hope of winning by spurting in the middle of a race, and partly in relief. After two miles of steady rowing, at high pressure, under a

boiling sun, it is not child's play to set a faster pace.

As they finished the third mile, a new factor entered the race. On the next course to the left, a shell nosed up, eagerly parting the tiny waves,

mile of nerve-racking, muscle-tearing physical demands.

Whatever the final outcome, this dual struggle for supremacy had eliminated the other shell out in the river, which faltered and fell back, beaten off by the agonizing monotony of grinding muscle.

Franklin became the personification of demon energy. He coaxed every ounce of strength from the men by entreaties, threats, and vituperation. Brown, a few feet away, looked at him with murder in his eyes; but the cockswain grew more scathing and accusing. It had its effect, too, as he knew it would; for the stroke put his anger into the long sweep of his blade, and drove the men behind him, even as Franklin drove him.

They swept under the great bridge together. For a second the stone and iron of the pier blotted out the other shell, and the cockswain watched with quick-beating heart. But when the shells emerged on the other side, they still raced as one team.

Franklin studied Brown with critical eyes. Loyal to his college and its crew, the stroke ignored the boy who sat facing him, and tried only to do his duty. He was suffering intensely; the cockswain had called for too many spurts to offset the result of his own faltering, and the big man fought to keep his arms and body alive to their function.

At the half-mile, when the last grueling spurt began, Franklin splashed a great wave of water over the stroke-oar, who nodded in grudging recognition. Then he bent to his task with half-closed eyes and gritted teeth, aching in every muscle and limb, winded, burning up from the hot glare of



"AT THE END OF THE FIRST MILE, THEY SLIPPED INTO THE LEAD."

until it was upon even terms. There it hung as Franklin, reluctantly but of necessity, called for another spurt; and together they began the last quarter of the long contest. Here was a crew that had been nursed along, that had met with no halting accident, that was possessed of wonderful reserve strength. There seemed to Brown no chance to hold it on even terms over the final

the sun, ready to collapse through sheer exhaustion—but fighting grimly to the very last. Here was splendid courage.

But the other crew was the fresher. This spurt was their first, and it called upon a reserve energy untapped by previous accident or bungling management. So it happened that, despite Franklin's vehement urging of his weary men,

and Brown's determination to row until he dropped, they settled slowly to the rear. The race was practically over—and lost!

The tired stroke, looking inquiringly at his cockswain through little trickles of perspiration, saw the boy's face suddenly blanch and pucker in queer, tiny lines of fear. Had it not been for his trick of paling only in the face of danger, Brown might have believed the other shell had met with an accident, or was slowing. As it was, he realized that Fate must have thrust forward another tripping foot.

"What—is—it?" he gasped; not that it mattered much, with the race already lost.

Franklin swallowed quickly. Then he shook his head, with an exaggerated effort at nonchalance.

"Nothing," he said. "Quit talking and hit 'er up! All at one time, now—one! two! three! Easy, Four! Hit 'er up, Stroke! I tell you, we 're gaining! Oh, fellows, row! Row!"

Something of his excitement instilled a final drop of power in the demoralized crew. Back and forth they surged, pulling, pulling, pulling, over and over, over and over, over and over, as they had done a thousand times already.

Brown dug his finger-nails into the handle of his blade, and set the stroke without faltering. How they could hope to gain on the crew that had easily rowed away from them, he could not understand; but he was far past the point of clear reasoning. He knew only that he was the vital part of this engine-machine back of him. When he weakened, it would fly to pieces. His duty was clear.

Of a sudden, it seemed to him to grow insufferably hot. Even the grotesque whiteness of Franklin's left cheek was relieved by a splotch of scarlet, as if some one had held a glowing coal close to it. His own back and right side seemed burning to a cinder in the torrid glare.

As the shell swished forward, his startled eyes caught a blur of red, slightly to the left and just out of reach of the blade-tips, that appeared to be floating upon the water. His brain grappled dully with the problem, and was baffled. He could not see clearly. But his physical prowess was unaffected; mechanically, blindly, desperately, he rowed, dipping, pulling, lifting, recovering, only to repeat, time after time, the same heart-breaking routine. The scarlet blot retreated, but he could see it spread and trickle, as an over-turned bottle of red ink might saturate a paper. Probably it was a vision of his distorted eyes; certainly, Franklin, there, gave it no attention at all. And yet—yes, there was smoke above it, too, he noticed; there was—

Abruptly and without warning, as he watched

it, the thing disappeared. Where he had seen it last, there was absolutely nothing except a circle of swirling water, specked here and there with charred scraps of wood. It—

"'Vast! Brown! Brown! We 've won, old man; we 've won! We 've won the race!"

It was Franklin's voice, keyed to a high treble of excitement, but still weak and uncertain, as if he too had been struggling. Brown wondered dully why the boy should be trembling and his face wet.

As he rested his blade, and wiped the perspiration from his eyes, memory and sight returned. He poured forth a flood of questions: "What had become of the shell that had led? What was that red thing almost in the path back there? What—"

"It was a motor-boat that had evidently caught fire," explained Franklin, gravely. "They must have deserted it, fearing the flames might reach the gasoline-tank. It floated across our course to the next."

"You saw it and knew it might explode any second?" asked Brown. The cockswain flushed at the implication of former cowardice. "No," he said shortly, "I knew we were safe."

"How?" demanded the stroke-oar.

"The fire was aft, in the cockpit," wearily explained Franklin, "and it was eating its way through the side planks. The tank was forward. I calculated that the water would rush in and sink the boat, or at least smother the flame, long before the gasoline grew even warm."

"Oh!" grunted Brown, reflectively, "you—you 'calculated' it." He turned the problem over in his mind. "You saw the fire and knew the danger of explosion; and then, without even unnerving me by showing the slightest symptom of fear, you carefully weighed the chances, and drove us on to victory. Um! What about that other crew that should have won?"

"Oh, they stopped—pulled out of the way of unnecessary danger, as sensible people should."

"You mean," accused the stroke-oar, "that the sight of that burning boat made their cockswain turn coward and run. And he was right. For if he had gone on blindly, recklessly, inviting death for his whole crew, he 'd have been worse than a coward. But to see danger, and fight fear with clear-headed, calculating brain, is—why, Frankie boy, that 's the very highest type of courage. Will you shake the hand of a chump who once doubted you?"

"Why, sure," said the embarrassed cockswain; "I—here, let 's get out of this jam of boats. You fellows are too tired to swim if one pokes us. Ready! Starboard! Port! Let 'er go, boys!"

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER VII

HAL IN DIFFICULTIES

"WHY, Hal, my boy, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Ward, as Hal put in his appearance at the breakfast-table, after everybody else had gone. "Your father left for town a half-hour ago, and I did n't wish to disturb you if you were needing sleep. But you look as if the Fourth of July had been too much for you."

"I'm afraid it was, Momsy; just a trifle. But don't mind me, and don't wait for me. I know you've a lot to do, and I'm sorry I was so lazy," said Hal, as he took up his spoon and began to toy with his breakfast.

A few minutes later—for Hal ate almost nothing that morning—Dorothy heard a light tap at her door.

"May I come in, Dot?"

"Yes, indeed, Hal," said his sister, looking up from a chair in the sunny window, as he entered the room. "But what's the matter?" she asked, as she caught sight of his solemn face.

"I'm in a deuce of a fix, Dot; and I've come to ask your advice. I was arrested last night for speeding."

"Arrested, Hal! What do you mean?" asked Dorothy.

"After leaving you last evening, I took Jack home, and, as I was anxious to get back early, I put on speed. Perhaps I got careless, for just after crossing the City Line Bridge, a cop arrested me."

"Oh, Hal!"

"He said I was driving recklessly, and insisted that I should go with him to the station-house. One of the officers in charge there seemed fairly decent, so I tried to explain to him, but he just looked me over and said: 'The law must be enforced.' I had to leave my gold watch and chain as security that I would appear in court to-day, and he said there had been several bad accidents lately, and the authorities were determined to break up the reckless driving, and were inflicting heavy fines. He thought I would have to pay fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"That's the trouble, Sis. I have n't the money, and I can't ask Dad for it. I was staggered when the officer named such a fine, for my July allowance is gone, and I've overdrawn on August."

Hal was not really a spendthrift, but he was

far too generous. His college chums knew where to go for help, and his father was constantly reminding him that it was n't a good plan to lend the boys money.

"You must learn to discriminate," Mr. Ward would often say. "Of course, there are boys who have to go through college on very little, and some boys even have to work their way through. I'm glad to have you help them, when it is necessary, if you can. But, as a rule, they are not the ones who get into debt. So use your discretion, Hal."

"I can earn the money, Dot, if I only have time, but to-day I must have the fifty by noon."

A sudden idea came into Dorothy's head, and her face lighted up with joy.

"I'm glad you came to me, Hal. Please don't tell Dad. I have some money in the savings-bank, and you shall have all you need. Is n't it lucky that I have it?"

"I can't take your money, Sis. I did n't know that you had any."

"It is n't taking my money, Hal. You can pay me back some day."

"But I've always had more money than you, Dot, and I've been a fool with it. Heaps of fellows owe me small sums, but I can't collect them, this term, and Dad wrote me last term to be careful of my allowance, as this would be an expensive year for him. Your doctors' bills and my college fees have been pretty steep, and most of his money is tied up in his new storage battery. As soon as that is on the market, everything will be easy, I know."

Dorothy had gone to her desk to get her savings-bank book. Now she handed it to Hal, saying: "I've over seventy dollars, and I want you to take it."

"I can't accept it," said Hal. "I really can't."

"You must, Hal. It's the only way, and Dad must n't be worried just now."

"I hate to do it, Sis," said Hal, as he held out his hand. "And I'll accept your offer, Dot, on only one condition—that I'm to pay you back with interest in two months."

"You foolish old boy," said Dorothy, kissing him. "How can you earn fifty dollars in two months?"

"I'll show you," replied Hal.

And Dorothy let him think he could, for she knew it would make him feel more comfortable in accepting the loan.

"We will go right to the bank now, Hal. I

shall have to draw the money out. You get the motor while I put on my hat."

The bank opened at ten o'clock, and Dorothy felt very important as she walked in. This was her first experience in drawing money from a bank, and she thought she caught the suspicion of a smile in the cashier's eye when she asked him what she must do.

"I was just thinking, Hal," she said when she came back a few minutes later, carrying with her the crisp, new bills, "that this experience may be a blessing in disguise. Suppose I had been arrested instead of you!"

"It *could* n't have happened to you; you are too sensible, Dot. I was a chump to be so thoughtless. I deserve what I got. But it's rough on you, dear."

Hal took his sister home, put the motor in the barn, and went by trolley down to the police court. He listened silently to the judge's reproof, paid his fine of fifty dollars, put on the watch and chain that were returned to him, and went home a wiser and sadder boy.

The thought that humbled and troubled him was that he should have been the first one to be careless with his sister's machine—the prize that up to now had brought only happiness into the family. All day he seemed so quiet and absorbed that both Mr. and Mrs. Ward noted it with anxiety. Dorothy, who knew what the trouble was, tried to prevent her father and mother from questioning him. In the meantime, all kinds of ideas and possibilities were being mulled over in Hal's mind.

"I don't care what I do," he thought to himself, "but fifty dollars looks big when you've got to earn it. Money burns too big a hole in my pocket, for fair!"

Hal sat up very late that night. He was carrying out an idea which had been haunting him all the afternoon. Before him, on the table, was a letter he had written. It read:

July 5, 1910.

DEAR MR. SYKES:

I am writing to ask your help out of a difficulty. To make a long story short, I was arrested last night for speeding an automobile. My sister helped me out of my trouble by lending me the money. Now I want to earn enough to cancel the loan.

Of course, Dad would have given me the coin, but I was ashamed to ask him. Could you get me some coaching to do for a couple of months? Or a position as tutor? You know what my capabilities are, and I promise to do my level best.

Your sincere friend,

HAROLD WARD.

Hal addressed and stamped the envelop, slipped down-stairs, out of the front door, and crossed the street to the letter-box. Mr. Ward happened

to be at the window and saw him mail the letter. "Something is on that boy's mind and is worrying him," he said to his wife. "I hope he has not got into trouble at college."

Two days later, Dorothy and her father were talking together. Hal had gone to meet the postman. Suddenly, he rushed into the room, holding an open letter in his hand.

"Mr. Sykes wants me to go camping with him the fifteenth of this month, and to stay all through August. Can I accept, Dad?"

Mr. Ward looked suddenly troubled, and Dorothy exclaimed: "Why, Hal! You know Aunt Alice has invited us to spend August in Jamestown, and Arthur and Edith are to be our guests there. You can't leave us."

Hal's face looked grave. For a moment, he was tempted to say, "Oh, I'll write to Mr. Sykes and tell him I can't go," but something within him whispered: "Be a man. Take your medicine, and pay your sister's loan." Here was his opportunity, and he must not miss it.

Mr. Ward saw how disappointed Dorothy was, so he asked quite coldly:

"Do you want to go and leave us, Hal?"

A great lump rose in the boy's throat as he hurried toward the door. "I'm very sorry, Dad," he said, "but I would like to accept this invitation."

"Very well, then, Hal. This is your vacation, so we won't stand in your way; but I am greatly disappointed."

The Yale junior was not good for much that evening. He kept saying over and over again to himself, "I've made a nice mess of things, all right. What a dub I am!"

Hal knew that his sister did not need the money and would wait, just as she had said, until some future day. But this was a debt of honor, and already he felt a manly contempt of himself for having accepted his sister's loan.

And that night, hard as it was to do, he wrote to Mr. Sykes, promising to be with him on the fifteenth, without fail.

Mr. Sykes was an instructor at Yale, and had always shown an especial interest in Hal. Every summer he took twenty or thirty boys to his father's camp in Maine, and it happened that at the very time when Hal's letter reached him, he was looking about for an assistant. So the letter solved his difficulty at once, as he said to himself that Hal would be "just the man" he needed, and so he quickly responded with a favorable offer.

The one of all the family who felt Hal's going most keenly was his mother, and she seemed unusually preoccupied the next morning. Up- and down-stairs, in and out of the house, she went so

many times that Dorothy at last called to her, "Mother, dear, do come and sit down a little while. You must be tired."

But Mrs. Ward was watching for an opportunity to get Hal alone. She had been awake

going to run away soon and leave us. What are we going to do without you, boy?"

Hal was silent a moment. "Don't do anything desperate, Mommy. But I know *you'll* trust me. In fact, you've got to. I can't explain this now,

but it will all be cleared up before long, Mother, dear. Don't you go back on me."

Mrs. Ward was satisfied. She knew her intuition had been right. There *was* a reason for Hal's going, and she would trust him. He never had failed them, and he would not now.

"Let's have lots of fun during the next few days," she said that evening to Dorothy. "We don't wish Hal to go away unhappy."

So nothing more was said about the camp, and, to all appearances, Hal was as gay as of old. Dorothy noticed that often, when they were alone, he was sad, but one day when she suggested such a possibility, he put his arm around her and began to carol, with affected gaiety:

"My wife shall dance and I
shall sing,
And merrily pass the day;
For I deem it one of the
wisest things
To drive dull care away."

Arthur had remonstrated when Hal had confided in him, under pledge of the strictest secrecy, "Your father would gladly pay the fine, and I don't believe you are doing right, Hal!"

"Say, Art, what's the matter with you?" Hal had

replied. "A nice sissy I'd have been to run to Dad for help. But, remember!—'mum's the word!'"

So July the fourteenth came all too soon, and the camp assistant must leave. Mrs. Ward had begged her husband to give the boy a good send-off.

"Wait; only wait, Robert; I know you will be rewarded."

Hal had wished to take nothing but old clothes with him, but his mother said: "No, Hal. Your



"I'M IN A DEUCE OF A FIX, DOT; AND I'VE COME TO ASK YOUR ADVICE."

most of the night, and, having a mother's intuition that there was more to explain than had so far been divulged, she had begged Mr. Ward not to judge the boy too quickly.

Hal followed his mother down to the summer-house a little later. "I have come to take you by brute force," he said laughingly, "and carry you up to the veranda. These are my orders."

"Come in and sit down with me a few moments, Hal. It is so cool and restful here. So you are

clothes may come back old, but along with your old things you must take a good suit or two. Remember, you're a Ward, and you must be a representative one."

Dorothy and her mother had hidden several packages in his trunk to be discovered later by him: a splendid hunting-knife having four blades and some half-dozen other "attachments"; a new bathing-suit to replace Hal's old one; a neat little compass to hang on his watch-chain; a tiny hatchet, and other trifles dear to woodsmen.

"This is rather a warlike trunk, but I suppose camp life calls for such things," said Dorothy.

Hal kissed them all good-by, but he did not trust himself to say very much. Dorothy took him to the station in the motor, and, while John was checking his trunk, the brother and sister had a little talk.

"I shall miss you, Dot; you know that—and the being with you all—but when September comes I'll have paid my debt."

"Oh, Hal! Nonsense, Hal! Is *that* what you are going for? Then get your trunk and come straight home again, you foolish fellow! I'd rather have you with us than anything on earth, and I don't care if you never pay that old money."

"Yes, but I *do* care, and I'm going to earn it, and pay it just when I said I would. Don't you squeal on me to Dad, dear."

The train whistled just then, and after kissing his sister tenderly, Hal rushed up the steps and got aboard.

Dorothy sat for some time spellbound. The reason for Hal's going had never once occurred to her, and that night at dinner when her father remarked, "I can't help feeling hurt with Hal. He has been very selfish," Dorothy was just on the point of telling him the whole story. But she had given her promise to keep Hal's secret, and she must not betray it.

CHAPTER VIII

VACATION DAYS

UNCLE PAUL and Aunt Alice had gone to Jamestown at the end of June. Mrs. Mortimer sailed for England on the twentieth of July, and Edith and Arthur were now visiting the Wards.

"Completing the new storage battery and putting it on the market has been a very great undertaking for Robert," Mrs. Ward wrote to her sister, "so we have decided, instead of taking the boat to Jamestown, to go by motor. Robert seems so tired these days, that I think the novelty of motoring will do him good. We are leaving on Friday morning, and will be with you on Sunday in time for supper, if, as we hope, all goes well."

Later it was arranged that Paul and Peggy should go by boat with Nora.

Hal had written twice, long, newsy, affectionate letters, and his mother had read between the lines, and felt satisfied that everything would be explained in time.

The day to which they had long looked forward arrived at last, and at ten in the morning they started on their three-days' trip. Peter was as busy as anybody in the party, but, being a well-behaved dog, he simply danced about in great excitement until told to take his place in the car.

Dorothy was running the car that day, and whenever she came to a long, straight road, she would go at quite a thrilling pace. The ride through New Jersey was delightful, and, crossing the ferry at Perth Amboy, they made a detour through beautiful Staten Island. Reaching St. George, they again took the ferry and came into New York. Dorothy was somewhat nervous when she reached the big metropolis. The streets seemed so crowded, and going up Fifth Avenue, they were literally hemmed in by automobiles.

The first night was spent at a quaint little inn in Westchester; the second, at Fenwick on the Sound; and on Sunday evening, just as the sun was setting, they reached Jamestown.

Aunt Alice and Uncle Paul gave them a joyous, warm-hearted welcome, and after supper everybody sat out-of-doors and watched the lights of Newport, which seemed but a short distance away, though, in reality, they were nearly three miles across the water.

"Where is Peter to sleep?" Dorothy asked.

"I have a nice little bed ready for him on the back porch," said Aunt Alice. "Our new puppy, Towzer, has his kennel there, and I'm sure he and Peter will become fast friends."

Presently the Fall River boat passed by, a great floating palace, with its myriad lights, moving majestically down the long seaway.

"That is the signal for every one to go to bed," said Uncle Paul. "As soon as the boat passes, we all say good night."

"And we are quite ready," replied Mrs. Ward.

Aunt Alice and Dorothy went to the back porch and formally introduced Peter to Towzer, but Towzer's only recognition of Peter was a low growl. "They will be friends before long," said Dorothy.

Aunt Alice then took the two girls up-stairs to the pretty bedroom, overlooking the water, which she had fitted up for them.

"Oh, Aunt Alice, this room is lovely! See, Edith, everything is trimmed with blue for you, dear."

"Blue for Edith, and books for Dorothy," said

Aunt Alice, with a smile. "By the by, your Uncle Paul bought you that set of Walter Scott the other day, Dot."

Dorothy gave one look at the books, and then rushed over to her aunt, put her arms around her waist, and waltzed her all over the room. Aunt Alice was helpless, and quite breathless, too, by the time Dorothy let her go.

"I think I had better make my escape, dear," she said, "while still alive. Good night to you both, and happy dreams."

An hour later, Edith, who had already been sound asleep, wakened to find Dorothy absorbed in "Rob Roy."

"Come to bed, Dot! Diana Vernon won't run away!" said Edith, in a sleepy tone.

Dorothy had been sitting on the sofa ever since Aunt Alice departed, re-reading that favorite book of hers, finding the spell of the Wizard of the North as great as ever. After much persuasion, she very reluctantly put out the lights, and before long, both girls were in the land of dreams.

The next morning, after breakfast, while everybody was sitting on the veranda, Towzer, the puppy, suddenly became obstreperous. He tried to eat up Mrs. Ward's shoes, seized Aunt Alice's knitting, ran off with Dorothy's work-bag, and tore it almost to pieces. Uncle Paul finally brought a light rope, and tethered the puppy to a tree. Peter, from a distance, was watching proceedings, and, seeing Towzer tugging violently at the rope and whining to be free, he sidled up and caught the rope in his teeth at a point just about the middle of the long strand. Slowly, he began to gnaw, while everybody on the veranda looked on in wonderment. The stupid Towzer, not realizing how Peter was befriending him, became frisky at times and tried to pull the rope away. But, whenever this happened, Peter settled himself firmly upon the grass and clenched his teeth more tightly over the already partly gnawed place, and, as soon as Towzer quieted down, continued his vigorous work, till, lo! in a jiffy the hempen strand parted, and the astonished Towzer, finding himself free, dashed frantically up the steps again with half the rope dangling at his heels.

"Jiminy crickets!" exclaimed Uncle Paul. "Did you see that? Peter, you deserve a chair in Columbia University."

"Bully boy, Peter! You're a wonder!" echoed Arthur, and Dorothy's delight over her pet's cleverness knew no bounds. She called him to her lap and hugged him until he fairly yelped, though his stump of a tail was wagging vigorously, despite his struggles to escape.

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"Who can say now that dogs don't reason?" she said. "Dear old Peter! You certainly did reason it all out. Yes, you did!"

Mr. Ward had to leave that evening by the boat. As he crossed to Newport on the ferry, he looked back and saw Aunt Alice's garden ablaze with red fire, and on the veranda all his dear ones waving caps and handkerchiefs. A bystander on the ferry explained that this was an old custom at Jamestown. It was a farewell salute from one's friends, to "light up the scene" for him as long as possible.

"WHAT are you going to do with yourselves to-day?" asked Uncle Paul the next morning.

"There is so much to be done, Uncle, we hardly know where to begin."

"Did you bring your tennis-rackets, girls? The court is in fine condition just now."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorothy; "and Arthur and Edith are crackajack players. They will leave us nowhere."

"Suppose, then, we make a program," said Uncle Paul. "We can play tennis this morning, and go in bathing about eleven. After luncheon, we might make a little expedition to Newport in the motor. The roads are splendid, and the ride along the beach is delightful."

"That sounds ideal, Uncle, and I think your program is perfect. Don't you, Edith? Let us get our rackets now."

When the two girls came down-stairs, they were both dressed in white outing-suits, and looked very athletic.

"They evidently mean business," said Uncle Paul. "Come, Arthur. We shall have to challenge them."

They tossed for court and service, and the girls won. Arthur and Edith were well matched, and Uncle Paul and Dorothy played about the same game. Edith had a wonderfully swift drive and a splendid backhand stroke, while Arthur's net attack was fine. The rallies were long, and kept every one on the jump, and, although the games were wonderfully close, the girls, aided somewhat by luck, won two out of the three sets.

"This makes one feel like a swim," said Uncle Paul, as he sat down on the steps looking uncomfortably warm from the exertion of the game, for the girls had made their opponents work very hard. "Next Saturday when your father comes, we must motor to Narragansett Pier and bathe in the surf. It is magnificent there."

Presently they all went down to the shore and had a glorious swim. The water was very still and just cool enough to make them all glad to keep moving. Both girls were good swimmers,

and their prowess in the water won the hearty admiration of Arthur and Uncle Paul.

"Have n't we had simply a gorgeous morning, Dot?" asked Edith. "I would like to repeat this 'program' every day."

During luncheon, Aunt Alice told them of a garden fête to be held on the fifteenth, and Edith and Dorothy volunteered their services, saying, "Do let us help you all we can! We both would love it."

Carrying out Uncle Paul's suggestion, they all motored to Newport that afternoon, and for two happy hours they sped along the great ocean driveway, lined at intervals with its stately villas and curving around to the rocky shores, which rang to the thunder of the "roaring breakers."

It was a memorable afternoon for the girls, who were great lovers of the sea. On their return, they moved leisurely through the shaded streets which boast so many palatial summer homes, and which were crowded with huge motor-cars and handsome equipages, in which the fashionable residents were taking their afternoon drive.

And by and by they swung into the narrower byways of the old town, where there was much to interest them. One house in particular Uncle Paul pointed out as the home of "Susan Coolidge," whose books had been eagerly read by the two girls in their younger years.

"I am so glad to see her home," said Dorothy; "and you know, Uncle Paul, Father loves and often quotes that dear poem of hers:

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new."

On the homeward ferry to Jamestown, there was much animated conversation in a low tone between the two girls, and when they alighted at the door, Dorothy exclaimed: "Oh, Aunt Alice, we've thought of a wonderful scheme for your garden fête! Why can't we run our motor from the ferry to the fair and charge fifty cents for the round trip? Just think of the money we could make for you. Every trip would mean two dollars or more. Edith and I thought we could decorate the automobile and call it the 'Sunflower.' We could put a huge paper sunflower on each wheel and real sunflowers all over the machine. Then Arthur could paint a big placard to hang on each side, something like this:

"To the Fête
"While you wait!"
Right this way! Here you are!
Take the 'Sunflower' Motor-car!"

"Fine!" said Uncle Paul. "Hurrah for the girls!"

"A beautiful idea!" echoed Aunt Alice.

And Arthur, who had once taken part in a flower carnival, promised to help decorate the car.

Saturday morning brought Mr. Ward again. He had to hear of all the fun they had been having, and was much interested in their plans for the garden fête.

"I've a jolly letter from Hal," he said, as they adjourned to the veranda after breakfast. "The boy only says a few words about himself—that he is well and as happy as he can ever be away from us—foolish fellow that he was to tie himself up this way. But his letter is such good fun and just like him, bless his heart! Listen to this."

I know you are having great times at Jamestown, Dad, and I'm not in 'em—worse luck! But we have a fair share of 'em, ourselves, too. Mr. Sykes is still a good deal of a boy, and I must tell you of the sport we had here last Saturday, when Mr. Jamison, who has another camp not far from here, came over with his boys to spend the evening.

Bert Jenks, the practical joker of our camp, had bought somewhere a number of "fake" giant crackers that looked just like the real thing. And while we were all sitting around the camp-fire, telling stories, singing songs, and doing stunts, he came up to me, and said with a wink: "Excuse me, Mr. Ward, but will you back me up if I have a little fun with Mr. Sykes and Mr. Jamison?"

"Sure, Bert," I said, "if it's nothing very bad. This is a fun-making night."

So, with that, he stole up behind the two, placed one of his fake crackers under the chair of each, and lit the strings. The boys, seeing the sputter of fire, yelled: "Look out! Look out, sir!" and pointed under the chairs. Gollywhack! it was great to see those two dignitaries run! And as they stood at a safe distance, listening for the explosion, Bert went up to the fake fire-crackers, pulled off their tops, and offered the two "profs" some candy!

Of course, the boys roared, and I had to laugh as hard as any of 'em.

But, about five minutes later, there was another sudden yell, "Look out!" with everybody pointing at my chair. And did your Uncle Harold jump and run? Not a bit of it. I was "in on the joke," you see, and I just sat still and smiled knowingly. But this time, bedad! that young rascal had substituted a real giant cracker, and the next minute there was a roar that seemed to lift my chair about a foot in the air, and I sprawled out of it, flat on the ground, feeling as if a thirteen-inch gun had gone off just under me. *Tableau!* And the worst of it was, that Bert, the young scapegrace, went up, smiling, to Mr. Sykes and Mr. Jamison, and they actually patted him on the back as a hero! How's that for a lesson in discipline?

Here Mr. Ward had to stop until the laughter of the assembled company had subsided a little, and Mrs. Ward, mother-like, had been heard to say, "Poor old Hal. I don't think that was a bit fair!"—which, to her amazement, only caused the laughter to break out again, worse than before.

"Oh, but wait. There's a sequel, as you shall hear," said Mr. Ward. "Trust Hal for that."

Well, last night the chance came for me to get square with Master Bert. A nice crab happened to come my way, and I asked Billy Tomlinson, Bert's tent-mate, to assist me.

"Just before you put the light out, Billy, I want you

"Billy, is this *your* doing?" I said sternly.

But there was no answer from Billy. He was too convulsed. He was simply stuffing the bedclothes into his mouth and rolling about under them with stifled laughter that threatened to shake the springs out of his cot. No word *could* come from Billy! He was helpless! But Billy is a "dead game sport," as the boys say, and since then has never said a word to give me away. And the camp is unanimous that for once Bert "got what was coming to him."

This is all for the present—and more than enough, I admit.

Yours affectionately,
HAL.



"MR. WARD FLEW THE ONLY FLAG OF DISTRESS HE HAD—
HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

to smuggle this crab into Bert's bed, down around the foot somewhere. We'll see what happens!" I said.

And did anything happen? "Sure thing!" In about five minutes after the light went out, a blood-curdling yell, that fairly shook the island, came from that tent. Again and again it was repeated, bringing Mr. Sykes and the other boys, most of them in their pajamas, to the rescue.

Sitting up in bed was Bert, gazing wildly at his foot, to which the crab had attached itself, and each time the animal took a firmer grip, Bert's wild yell would announce the fact—in tones that could n't be mistaken.

Again there was riotous mirth as the letter ended, and this time, strange to say, Mrs. Ward laughed the loudest of them all. For, mother-like, she fairly chortled over her son's cleverness in "getting even."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, they started for Narragansett Pier. Peter went with them as usual, and seemed to enjoy the fun. The ocean was in sight almost all the way. Now and then a splendid wave would splash up against the shore, making a great roar as it receded.

"That sound which never
ceased since time began,
And first around the world
the shining tumult ran!"

said Mr. Ward, who often quoted those beautiful lines.

As soon as Narragansett was reached, the bath-houses were engaged, and, in a very few minutes, they were all in the surf. Dorothy's mother and Aunt Alice sat on the beach and looked on.

The two girls were very picturesque in their pretty satin bathing-suits. The rollers were very high that afternoon, and, at times, all those in the surf were completely hidden from view for a moment. But Arthur would dive through the waves and not appear for long intervals, coming to the surface yards away from where he went under—for Arthur was a very expert swimmer.

As they drove home, great fountains of spray

rose up in front of them, along the curving beach. But they had not covered more than a few miles when the motor, beginning to sigh as if it did not intend to go much farther, suddenly decided to stop, and no amount of persuasion would induce it to show any signs of life.

"Carbureter dirty, I'm afraid," said Mr. Ward, as he and Arthur got out of the car. The hood was opened, the engine inspected, and, at last, Mr. Ward said: "I've found out the trouble. You people forgot to feed the poor thing. There's not a drop of gasolene!"

And, sure enough, the tank was empty!

"Well, here we must stay," said Mr. Ward, "until help comes."

"Suppose it does n't come?" suggested Aunt Alice, who was always more or less nervous in the machine.

"Well, at least, Auntie, dear, there is no danger just now in 'riding over a gasolene tank!'" said Dorothy, with a laugh.

"It will surely come if we wait long enough," said Mr. Ward, and, as he spoke, the "honk! honk!" of an automobile was heard in the distance.

As it drew nearer, they all realized that it was coming at great speed, and apparently it was a racing-car. Mr. Ward knew the car would rush by unless he signaled, so he flew the only flag of distress he had—his white pocket-handkerchief—and the racer came to a standstill.

There were two young men in the machine, and Dorothy at once recognized them as George and Alex Chase, the "U. P." students whom they had met at Mr. Lawton's.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," she said, after their first greeting. "Could you spare us enough gasolene to get us home to Jamestown?"

"We certainly can, Miss Ward, but have you anything to draw it off in?"

"Here's a howdy-do!" said her father.

Now, Dorothy, quick as a flash, thought of the tea-pot in her tea-basket, the poor little tea-pot which held but a quart. They filled it eight times before the Chase boys declared that they were satisfied. Then George handed it to Dorothy, with the remark, "If Tom Moore were here, he'd say:

"You may clean, you may scour the tea-pot at will, But the scent of the gasolene will hang 'round it still!"

"We'll take the risk of that!" said Dorothy; "and we're a thousand times obliged to you."

The two boys asked to be allowed to call on Mr. and Mrs. Porter in the near future. They were now making a fast run back to Newport from New York after meeting an ocean steamer.

"We got out of that scrape better than we deserved," Arthur remarked later. "I plead guilty."

"Don't you love motor-car adventures?" said Dorothy to Edith, as they reached home.

"If they all end as happily as this one did," replied Edith.

The next day the rain came down in torrents, so there was no motoring for any one, and on Sunday evening Mr. Ward had to leave them again.

"I am longing for the time to come, Dad, when you can be with us for good," said Dorothy, as she kissed her father good-by. "You are working much too hard."

Time always flies when people are enjoying themselves, and the days at Aunt Alice's fled so rapidly that no calendar could keep up with them. The date of the fair arrived, and Dorothy and Edith were busy all the afternoon in taking the garden fête visitors to and from the ferry. At the end of the day, they handed to the committee over thirty dollars.

Mr. Ward could n't come the following week, nor the week after.

"As I am to be away all September," he wrote, "I find that my business will require every moment of my time."

Dorothy's little brain was evolving a plan for September, but she said nothing about it, as she wished to consult her father first of all. If he should think her proposition an impossible one, why, nobody except herself would be disappointed.

Every one noticed her air of suppressed excitement, but they put it down to Hal's return on the first of September. Dorothy's plans, however, had grown in greatness, and it was all she could do to await her father's arrival.

(To be continued.)

THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XIV

THE BOYS ARE LEFT ALONE

WHEN Harden came in, Bill was at the stove building a fire and making ready to fry the steak.

"Do you think Bob is better?" asked Harden.

"He 'll be either better or worse in the morning," answered Bill, without looking up.

"Seemed kind of hot to me."

"So? You run along now and give him some water. Soon as I 've got this started I 'm going to wash his cuts again."

As Harden crossed the threshold, Wenham greeted him with this: "Look here, Phil. Bill says you were a regular hero."

"I?" exclaimed Harden.

"Said you stood right up to the moose with your camera and never turned a hair."

"Did he tell you what *he* did?"

"Yes. He said he had considerable trouble before the moose fell. I guess this is worth about ten pages in the log. Give me your hand, Phil. I wish I 'd been there too."

"Well, if Bill told you all that stuff," exclaimed Harden, "I ought to tell you the rest."

From the kitchen Harden heard a warning cough.

"What do you mean by the rest?" questioned Wenham.

Harden hesitated. The crash of a tin pan to the floor he knew to be a further warning, but Wenham's bright eyes were now leveled straight into his.

"What is it, Phil?" insisted Wenham.

"Oh, nothing," answered Harden, uneasily, "only Bill put up a hand-to-hand fight with the brute armed with nothing but a butcher-knife."

"He did!"

But at this point, Bill appeared at the door.

"Will you come out here and watch this steak?" he said to Harden. "I want to fix the boy's cuts."

Glad of the opportunity to escape a second time Wenham's questioning, Harden hurried out.

"See here," warned Bill, "he 'll have the whole business out of you first thing you know."

"I told you he would," answered Harden. "He seems to have pumped you pretty dry, too."

"I did n't tell him nothin' except about you," squirmed Bill.

"And now," grinned Harden, "what he particularly wants me to do, is to tell him about *you*."

"Then he 'll have it all—before we can help it."

"Sure."

"Except the walk home," added Bill, quietly.

Harden did not wince.

"Give him a chance," he said slowly, "and he 'll know more about even that than I know."

Bill frowned. Then without another word he took his basin of hot water and went into the next room. As Harden tended the steak, he heard from time to time a suppressed groan from Wenham, followed by Bill's low,

"So, sonny, so. Most over now."

The process was evidently hurting Wenham more this morning than it had yesterday. It left Harden feeling decidedly uneasy. When Bill himself finally came out, his brow was wet with perspiration.

"How d' you find the cuts?" inquired Harden.

"I guess they don't feel very comfortable," answered Bill.

Harden clenched his fists.

"He ought to have a doctor," he declared.

"Maybe, now, you 'll step around the corner and call one," answered Bill.

"I 'll tell you what I *will* do, if he does n't get better quick!" exclaimed Harden.

"What 's that?"

"I 'll make a dash for the railroad."

"So? Which path will you take?"

Harden groaned. If he only knew the direction, he would start that moment, if it meant a walk of a hundred miles. As it was, his dash might only lead him still farther away from help. If he only had some clue, however slight—the blood leaped to his cheeks as he thought of a new idea. If those were human tracks which had so frightened Bill, why could n't he steal away from camp, find them, and follow them? If he stuck to them, they would in the end lead inevitably to human help. That was, of course, provided the snow did not come and wipe them out before he reached the end of them. At any rate, this was a chance worth keeping in mind. If Wenham was not better in the morning, it was a chance he would take.

Bill removed the steak from the fire, salted and peppered it, arranged it neatly on a clean plate, and took it in to Wenham. The latter really made the best meal he had eaten in two days. There was enough left, however, for both Bill and Harden, and they licked the platter clean.

Harden turned in early that night, in fairly

good spirits. He saw a fighting chance out. Give a healthy man or boy this hope, and there is something wrong with him if he can't sleep soundly, no matter how hard pressed he may be.

THE morning broke cold and gray, with every sign of another long storm approaching. Harden woke up to find Bill bending over him.

"Come out in the kitchen as soon as you're dressed," he whispered.

Harden scrambled into his clothes and crossed to Wenham. He found the latter tossing restlessly with his eyes closed. His cheeks were flushed, and his lips dry.

"Bob," cried Harden, "are you worse?"

"It's so hot here, Phil," murmured Wenham. "Can't you open a window?"

"Hot? You hot? Why—" But he did not finish the sentence. He saw Bill standing by the door with his fingers to his lips in warning. Mystified, Harden hurried into the kitchen. Bill appeared anxious, and looked as heavy-eyed as though he had been up all night.

"Boy," he began abruptly, "I don't want to worry you, but those cuts look ugly this morning."

"They are poisoned!" gasped Harden.

"I'm afraid so," admitted Bill. He paced the room once or twice, as though turning over something in his mind. Suddenly he stopped short and faced Harden.

"I saw some man tracks yesterday," he said slowly.

Harden did not answer. He was taken off his feet by this frank confession.

"I'm going to follow them to-day," went on Bill, "even if they lead to—"

He checked himself.

"They'll lead you to a doctor, anyhow," exclaimed Harden.

"Yes," answered Bill, "and to something else."

Harden knew what he meant—they would lead to jail. He stepped nearer the man.

"You stay here. Let me follow the tracks," he urged.

"You!" smiled Bill; "they might lead fifty miles. If it snows they might lead farther."

"But we must follow them to the end," said Harden.

"I'd do that if it meant hangin'," answered Bill.

"And if you don't get back, then I'll have a try."

"Steady, boy, steady," Bill interrupted him. "Your place is here by your chum—to the finish."

Harden drew back.

"I could not wait here and do nothing, Bill," he answered. "I'd rather freeze to death trying."

"So you would," answered Bill, gently. "But you've got a harder job than that: you've got to stay here and wait."

"Supposing it snows?" asked Harden.

"Then it *will* snow," answered Bill. "But what I want you to do before that happens is to blaze a trail to that moose. I've left a few marks, but you want to make a path so clear you can find it in the dark. There's grub enough there to keep you from starvin' until spring."

"But Bob—" choked Harden.

"He might come round all right *without* a doctor. Make him eat all he can, and keep the cuts washed with boiled water. I ain't startin' out because he ain't got a chance; I'm startin' because I don't want him even to take a chance."

Harden felt a queer straining at his throat. Whether Bill was a bank thief or not, he certainly was proving himself a man. Whether guilty or not, he was risking not only his life, but what was worse—ten years or more in jail. Yesterday he had not been willing to do it because he saw no necessity for it, but with Bob worse, he did not hesitate a second.

"Bill," said Harden, "if you make the railroad, we'll get square with you for this in some way."

"That Christmas dinner made things square, anyhow," he answered briefly.

"But *you* made the dinner," protested Harden.

"I did not make the Christmas," he answered, and turned away abruptly to begin his preparations for the long walk.

He had already cooked a large piece of the moose and baked a mixture of flour and salt and water. These he thrust into a meal bag he had found. In addition he took one half the remaining matches, the butcher-knife, Harden's hatchet, an extra coat, and a blanket. He figured that with this supply he could live at least four days, no matter what the weather. After that he must rely upon his bow and his single arrow. The latter had one advantage over a bullet: if it missed its mark, he was pretty sure of being able to recover it. It did not take him long to get his things together, and then he sat down and made a hearty breakfast. During the meal he seemed light-hearted, and tried to arouse Harden to better spirits. But the latter could neither talk nor eat.

"Bill," he choked finally, "you are not doing this for just Bob and me. There's Dad, and Mother, and Frances. If you can get there before Mother finds out—"

"Don't you suppose she knows yet?"

"No. Dad would not worry her until he had to."

"Mothers have a knack of finding out things whether you tell them or not," answered Bill.

Harden started, and was near to breaking down. "Howsomever," added Bill, quickly, "maybe she hain't. No—I reckon she hain't. But I would n't risk it for no longer time than we has

"Are n't you going to say good-by to Bob?" he asked.

"No," answered Bill, determinedly.

"Won't he think it strange?" Harden went on.

"Tell him—I guess you 'll have to figure out what to tell him yourself. I ain't goin' to risk any more of his questions."

He moved to the door, and there began to buckle on his snow-shoes.

"We 'll have 'em on straight this time," he said.

"I was n't quite square to you yesterday, Bill," confessed Harden.

"What about?"

"The walk home."

"I don't blame ye," answered Bill.

"But I 'd trust you now as I would Bob."

Bill straightened himself.

"Honest?" he demanded, almost eagerly.

"Honest!" answered Harden. "Yes, Bill, I would."

"I 'm glad you said that, boy," answered Bill. "It will help find the path—if it snows."

"Good luck, Bill."

"Good luck to you. An'—if anything should turn up so 's I could n't make it, will you say to Bob there—" he hesitated; "well, say just this, 'I know Bill done his best.'"

"You bet I will!" answered Harden.

"And don't give up hopin'," he concluded.

"'Cause it will take a whole lot to kill me now."

He turned quickly and, with his bag over his shoul-



BILL STARTS TO BRING HELP AND THE DOCTOR.

to. And so," he concluded, shoving back his chair, "I guess I 'll be startin'."

To Harden's surprise, he picked up his bow and arrow, his bag, and without more ado than as though he were only going around the corner, held out his hand.

"Don't forget the things I 've told you, and don't worry," he said simply.

Harden grasped his hand and clung to it.

der, swung off down the trail of yesterday. He did n't turn back, and in less than a minute had disappeared from sight. Harden, dreading to face his chum, half-heartedly poked up the smudge fire. But he heard his name called from within the cabin, and was forced to go in. He found Wenham half out of bed.

That was a long day for Harden. Wenham grew rapidly worse. He complained of fever

and of extreme pain in his leg. He was restless, and asked continually for Bill.

"Where 's he gone?" he demanded.

"He took the snow-shoes and went off into the

"He did!" exclaimed Harden in astonishment. "He did n't tell me that—not a word about it."

"He kept bathing my leg," said Wenham.

"And I—I slept like a horse all night. Why did n't you call me?"

"I wanted to—once. But Bill said it was better to let you sleep."

For a moment Wenham lay still, his lips twitching with the pain. Harden turned aside his head at the sight.

"Perhaps, Bob, if I bathed your leg, it might feel better," he suggested.

"Guess I'll wait until Bill gets back," answered Wenham. "He knows just how to do it. Phil, I dreamed last night that Dad was here. Do you believe in dreams?"

"Sometimes they come true," answered Harden.

"Bill said they did. He thought that dream was a good sign."

"I think so, too. If your father is down here—"

"He *is*, Phil," Wenham interrupted. "I just know it. I feel it."

Wenham spoke the words with so much confidence, that Harden unconsciously glanced toward the kitchen door. He would not have been greatly surprised if Mr. Wenham had walked in at that moment. But somehow this very conviction left Harden a bit uneasy.

"Bob," he said, "it would be a good thing if you could sleep a little now. I might go down and fish awhile."

"Fish?" broke in Wenham. "That would mean taking down the kite. We must keep that up for Dad."

Harden twisted and squirmed uncomfortably. "Is it up now?" demanded Wenham.

"No," answered Harden. "Not right now, Bob." Wenham spoke impatiently.

"Why not? Supposing Dad should strike the lake, he might go right by if he did n't see that!"



"'WHAT IS IT, BOB?' ASKED HARDEN.—'LISTEN!' EXCLAIMED WENHAM."

(SEE PAGE 922.)

woods," Harden answered evasively. "He 'll be back before long, Bob. Don't worry about him."

"What did he go for? Why did n't he stay here with me?"

"He thought he might run across some of the searching party," replied Harden, uneasily.

"I should think he 'd be sleepy. He sat up with me all last night, Phil,—yes, all night long."

"There 's the smudge fire," Harden reminded him.

"But that is n't enough. We must have both signals out to-day."

"Well, I 'll see," answered Harden, weakly.

"See? Go out and do it now."

Harden remained silent.

"What are you waiting for?" questioned Wenham. "I tell you Dad is somewhere around here, perhaps at this very minute."

"Bob," faltered Harden, "I can't put up the kite."

"Can't? Why not?"

Wenham was impatient—fretful.

"Because there is n't any kite," Harden answered.

Wenham twisted about until he faced his chum, though the pain made him writhe.

"No kite?"

"It got away, Bob."

"When?"

"Night before last."

"And you never told me?"

"I did n't want to worry you."

Harden rose abruptly. He wanted to get away from this questioning. He knew that if Wenham persisted, he would get at the truth. At such a time as this, it seemed unfair to Bill to allow that story to reach Wenham, who trusted him so implicitly. It might throw the boy into a fever. He started toward the kitchen, mumbling some sort of a pretext, when Wenham sharply called him back. Harden's heart sank. It was impossible to evade a fact when Wenham once got started after it. He returned and, sinking down by the bunk, turned away his eyes and waited. He was being tortured.

"Phil," said Wenham, quietly, "what are you trying to hide from me?"

"Oh, let it go," exclaimed Harden. "It is n't of any importance now. I 'll tell you later."

"I want to know now. How did the kite get loose?"

"It broke loose."

"But there was n't any wind night before last."

"No."

"Then?"

"The string was cut."

Harden spoke as though the words were dragged out of him.

"The string was cut! Then—Bill cut the string?"

"Yes."

For a moment Wenham was silent. But Harden knew well enough that if his own slow brain had jumped from this fact to the real truth, that it would not take Wenham long. And it did n't.

"So, Phil," he faltered, "you think that Bill here is—the man you read about in the paper?"

"Oh, I don't know," exploded Harden. "I don't want to think so. He 's been mighty square to us. So what difference does it make?"

"Bill—a bank robber?"

"Bob, whatever else he is, he is a white man. He 's squarer than even you know. He 's gone out to get a doctor for you. That means he 's gone back to the railroad—back where he 'll be recognized. He does n't know that I know about him, but he realized his danger. He said that he might not come back himself. He knew the danger, and yet—he went!"

"When?" gasped Wenham.

"He went this morning with four days' grub. And I know that he 'll die in the woods before he gives up."

"Phil," said Wenham, "you ought to have told me this. I would n't have let him go."

"You? You could n't have held him back. No one could. I tell you, Bob,—bank robber, or no bank robber, he 's a *man*."

"Bank robber? He 's no bank robber!"

"I don't believe he is. I think he told the truth when he said he was innocent. He stuck to it to the end, you remember."

"And if Dad gets back here, he 'll prove it. I 'll *make* him prove it! He can do it; he can prove anything."

Harden sprang to his feet.

"Now you 're talking, Bob," he exclaimed; "that 's something we can do for him. If we can get him free—"

"We will," interrupted Wenham. "When Father learns what Bill has done for us, he 'll spend the rest of his life getting at the truth."

Harden grasped his comrade's hand.

"I feel better, now that you know," he stammered. "I did n't like the idea of having a secret from you. It was Bill's idea—not telling you. He thought you might worry."

"His going looked queer to me from the beginning," said Wenham.

"Well, now that you know all, can't you sleep a little?"

"With Dad on his way—yes. It 's more than a chance—with Bill out there."

"He 'll get help if any man can, but you must remember that he himself does n't know these woods."

"Bill will bring Dad back with him, I know," answered Wenham.

His tense face seemed to relax after this. He settled back more comfortably. Before he knew it, he was actually asleep.

Harden stole away and went out to look after

his fire. It was burning briskly, and he spent the next hour in gathering green boughs to throw upon it. When he came back, he found Wenham awake, and complaining of the pain, which now seemed to extend the whole length of his leg. Harden resolved to bathe it, and, getting clean water, uncovered the limb. The wound itself was an ugly sight, and the whole leg was red. The water gave some relief, but even the slightest pressure of the cloth made Wenham cringe.

It was a long afternoon which followed. Harden spent half his time at Wenham's side, and half the time outdoors, scanning the horizon. So night came. Harden did not undress but, sitting by Wenham's side, managed to doze off for a few minutes at a time. The latter grew still more restless, and talked a great deal in a rambling sort of way.

"I don't see where Bill is," he complained, again and again.

"We don't know how far it is to the railroad," Harden reminded him. "And even then he is n't going in a straight line; he may have to travel three times as far as a crow would fly."

"I know, but Bill has been gone weeks."

"He left only yesterday morning."

Wenham was silent for a long time, and then he broke out.

"Dad is n't much of a walker; do you think he can make it?"

"Make it?" exclaimed Harden. "I'll bet a dollar he'll make it, if it's a hundred miles. And my dad with him, if it's a thousand."

"Yes," nodded Wenham, "he will. Dad makes everything."

Harden bathed the wounds again, and the sight made him still more anxious. The angry red blotch now covered the whole leg. The skin looked feverish and swollen.

Harden opened a can of soup for Wenham's breakfast and, heating it, stood over him until he drank a cup of it. Wenham objected strongly. He was n't hungry, and pushed it away like a fretful child. But Harden was insistent.

"Bob," he lectured him, "we've got to do our part; and that's to hang on like grim death. You must keep up your strength."

Wenham choked down some of the soup and agreed to eat the rest later.

As the second night approached, Harden found himself in almost as much of a fever as Wenham. He could neither eat nor rest. He paced the cabin like a caged animal. After dark, he took the rabbit out of his box, and, feeding him, brought him to Wenham for company. The little animal had now become quite tame, and cuddled cozily down into Wenham's arm like a kitten.

"Phil," said Wenham, "what are we going to do with Bill when we get out?"

"Why, we'll let him out, too."

"I thought we might bring him home with us, but he seems as anxious to get back among the trees as we are anxious to get away from them."

Before bedtime, Harden forced Wenham to drink another cup of soup, and then he settled down prepared to spend another night in his clothes. He must have dozed almost immediately, for he remembered nothing more until he felt Wenham clutching at his arm. He awoke with a start.

"What is it, Bob?" he asked.

The latter was on one elbow.

"Listen!" he exclaimed.

Harden held his breath. For a moment he heard nothing, and then, far in the distance, muffled by the trees until it sounded like the faintest of echoes, he heard a shout. He was on his feet in an instant.

THE proposition Frances had made to her mother on the evening before the boys' departure on the trip which was fated to be so eventful to them, was this: that two or three days before the boys were due to come out of the woods, she and her mother should take the train to South Twin, enjoy the long snow-shoe tramp to the cabin, surprise the party, stay over night, and come out the next day with them. Mr. Harden had consented, and so it happened that at just about the time Bill was starting to head them off, they stepped from the train at the little way-station on the edge of the woods. At sight of them, a small group of men on the platform shrank back a little to make room for a pale, haggard man who clumsily hobbled forward on crutches. For a second Frances stared at her father, too astonished by the change in his appearance to speak. Then she rushed forward with a little cry.

"Dad!" she exclaimed. "What's the trouble?"

Mrs. Harden followed at her heels, and the two waited, pale and trembling, for his answer. Mr. Harden opened his lips, but he found himself unable to utter the words.

"Phil—where is Phil?" demanded Mrs. Harden, looking wildly about.

Mr. Harden stared at her in dumb agony. For a second she recoiled, and then steadying herself, asked more calmly: "Our boy is hurt, Jim?"

"I don't know," he stammered. "He is lost—in the woods."

Mrs. Harden closed her eyes as if stunned. Frances seized her hand and held it tight.

"My dear," pleaded Mr. Harden. "Be brave. There is still hope. We have had no bad news."

"Let me sit down a minute, Jim," she answered. "And you—you are hurt?"

"Nothing but a sprained ankle," he answered.

The station served as a small hotel as well as railroad office. Mr. Harden led the way in, and a half-dozen men sprang to get chairs for the ladies, and then retired to leave the little family to itself.

"I could n't wire you or write to you about it," explained Mr. Harden to his wife. "I hoped up to the last moment to spare you this."

"My place was here with you, Jim," answered Mrs. Harden. "Tell me about it—from the beginning."

Mr. Harden stammered out the brief story; of how he returned to camp to find the boys missing; how he and Peter Cooley followed the tracks in the dark and snow as well as they were able with a lantern; how they lost the trail at the head of the lake and were unable to pick it up the next morning; how he sprained his ankle, and, with Peter's aid, made his way back to the station here for help.

"We've had twenty men out ever since," concluded Mr. Harden, "but as yet we have found no clue. Mr. Wenham is out now with a party. I persuaded the local reporters to publish nothing until after you arrived, for the city papers would have been full of it."

"Oh, Jim, my boy—my boy!" groaned Mrs. Harden.

"There, Mother," Frances comforted her. "He may be all right. I'd trust Phil anywhere in the woods."

"The men think the boys may have found another camp," put in Mr. Harden. "If so, they have been able to keep warm."

"But what have they done for food?" asked Mrs. Harden, with a sob.

"That depends upon what they may have found in the camp," answered Mr. Harden. "But they'd be sure to find something, dear."

Frances had risen and crossed to the window in the rear of the room. Through misted eyes she saw the lake stretching level and white to the edge of the forest. From where she stood she could see a thousand trees, and that was only the very rim. Somewhere in this tangle, like a thimble lost in the grass, the two boys were hidden. Active by nature as she was, and coming fresh upon the scene, she felt it impossible to wait calmly here while others hunted. She must go a little way among the trees, and search with the others. The boys might be on their way out even at this moment, and she might meet them. She recalled a hundred kindly acts Phil had done for her. Once when they had been out together, she

had hurt her foot, and he had insisted upon carrying her the last half-mile, pick-a-back. And now he might be staggering about hungry and half frozen. And there was Bob Wenham with his brave blue eyes. With his slight body and embarrassed manner, he had won her sympathy at once on that first evening she had seen him. That he would be as courageous as Phil in such an emergency as this, she had no doubt, but he would not be able to endure as much. She pictured him lying prone in the snow, and drew back with a little shudder.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Harden had regained control over herself, and had turned her attention to her husband. The strain of the long days and the sleepless nights had told severely even upon his strong physique.

"Jim," she said with authority, "this will never do. You must go to bed, and let me sit by you until you sleep."

"Sleep!" he groaned.

"Sleep," she answered. "When my boy comes out, he must not find his father in a worse condition than himself."

"If he would only come soon!"

"He will, Jim. He *must* come. My boy must come home soon, now."

With Mrs. Harden on one side of him and his daughter on the other, Mr. Harden suffered himself to be led to his cheerless room.

"Now, Dad," whispered Frances, kissing him, "mind Mother."

"You are to have the room next to ours, dear," he answered. "I will order a fire built."

"Don't you worry about me, Dad. I will tend to that myself."

Frances went down-stairs again, and asked the proprietor to bring up her bag. As soon as he had retired, she instantly slipped into her heavy walking-clothes and sweater. Then, with her snow-shoes under her arms, she came down again. If she only trudged around within sight of the hotel, she must walk until she forgot the ache in her throat. She must battle for a while with the same icy air that was biting Phil; she must feel beneath her feet the same snow that was holding him prisoner. She would even like to be cold and hungry as he was. It did not seem fair that she should be so snug and warm when Phil was suffering.

The loungers about the platform watched her curiously as she put on her snow-shoes, but she did not even see them. She swung down the short incline to the edge of the lake, and then to the level surface, now marked with the tracks of the many snow-shoes which had crossed and recrossed the little pond during the last few days.

(To be continued.)

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY



THIS Scottish folk-song radiates with the gay, sweet spirit of summer-time. Read aloud, and if possible memorize, Burns's charming poem. Then play over the voice part separately. The skips in the melody suggest that it was adapted to the "fiddle," and the lack of a regular final note shows that it was a dance-tune which went on indefinitely. Conclude it with the refrain, as in "Charlie is My Darling." When you play both parts of the song together, imagine a bag-pipe droning in the bass, as in "Leezie Lindsay." If taken up to time, the song makes a fine two-step. A delightful and appropriate way of rendering the old folk-song is to play it on the violin out-of-doors as an accompaniment to the singing and dancing.

ROBERT BURNS'S POEM

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

REFRAIN.—*With animation.*

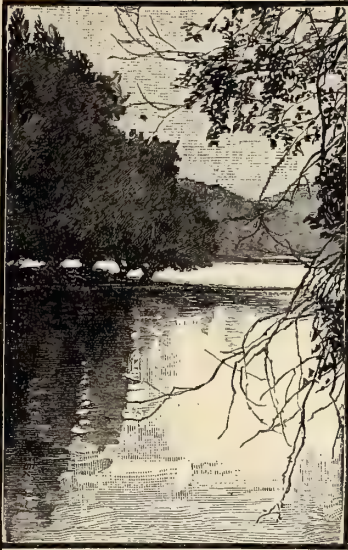
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go,... Will ye go,... will ye go,....

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy?
(birches)

Slower.

1. Now sum - mer smiles on flow - 'ry braes And o'er the crys - tal stream-let plays;
2. While o'er their heads the ha - zels hing, The lit - tle bird - ies blythe - ly sing,
(banks)
(hang)

Come let us spend the light - some days, In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
Or light - ly flit on wan - ton wing, In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.



AFTON WATER

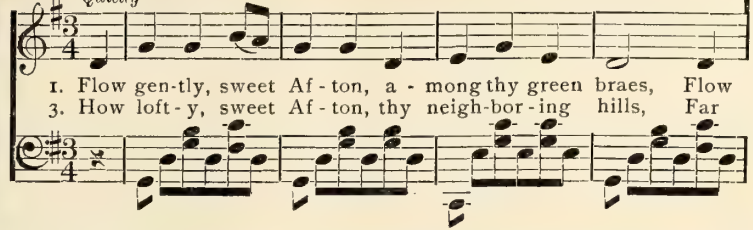
SCOTLAND is indebted in great measure to Robert Burns for the wide-spread popularity of her folk-songs. He put new life and beauty into numbers of the old airs by setting poems of his own to them or remodeling the original words.

This is one of the best-loved of all Scottish folk-songs. The tune is comparatively modern and simple. The poem is a gem which should be treasured in the memory of every one. Render it with the hushed and tender feeling of a lullaby sung to "Highland Mary" as she sleeps in her cottage by the lovely murmuring river. An accompaniment to the voice may be gained by playing the low notes of the bass in octaves and the connected notes an octave higher.

ROBERT BURNS'S POEM

Edited and Arranged by
MABEL LYON STURGIS

Quietly

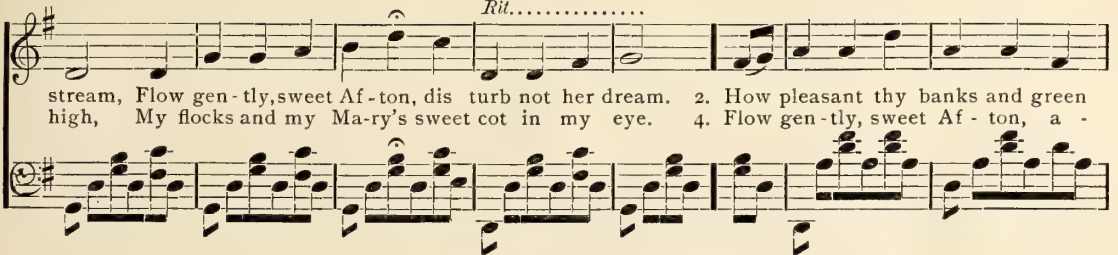


1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow
3. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far

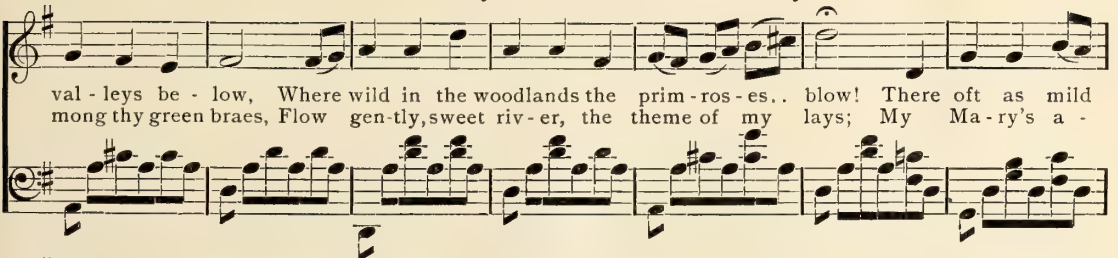


gen-tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing
mark'd with the cours-es of clear, winding rills; There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es

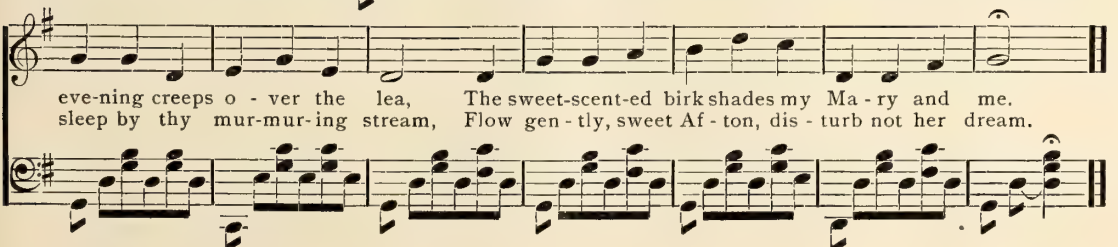
Rit.....



stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis turb not her dream. 2. How pleasant thy banks and green
high, My flocks and my Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. 4. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-



val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the prim-ros-es.. blow! There oft as mild
mong thy green braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays; My Ma-ry's a-



eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis turb not her dream.

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders"

CHAPTER VII

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOLF

IN sight of the platform, the bear was forgotten.

"Fine, Dick! Splendid! Like a jolly big nest," said Bob Colbourne, as they halted beneath the green-domed structure in the trees—indeed, not unlike a huge bird's-nest hung in mid-air.

"A dandy job!" Lincoln Adams declared. "But where is the door? You surely have n't forgotten a door?"

"It's at the other corner. Go on up."

They climbed aloft, and on Dick swinging aside a heavy fan-like bough, entered a round-topped hut six feet high in the center and sloping to the full limits of the three-cornered platform. It was undeniably cozy, and promised to keep out all but the heaviest weather.

"It's pretty solid, too; would stand quite a gale, I think," said Dick, shaking the walls.

Descending again to the ground, the boys first returned over the way Dick and Lincoln had come in their flight, and recovered the coats and scattered cones, meanwhile keeping a sharp lookout for any "sisters, aunts, or cousins" of the bear, as Bob put it. And again at the fire, Lincoln set about the preparation of the turkey for dinner, while Bob and Dick, having procured the necessary material from the adjacent oak thicket, began the making of another bow and a number of arrows.

Lincoln's task proved the more difficult. The plucking of the turkey was comparatively easy, but with the rigging up of his "patent automatic roaster"—a small branch, trimmed and driven through the bird, and supported by two crotch sticks driven into the ground close to the fire—Lincoln's troubles began. First, one of the crotches gave way, precipitating the bird into the midst of the "coals." Then, a new crotch having been found, the branch supporting the carcass began to bend. A substitute procured for this, on attempting to turn the bird, Lincoln discovered it to be lopsided on the spit, necessitating his standing and holding it in order to present other than the one side to the heat. And, finally, the wind veered and began whisking the smoke jauntily into the perspiring cook's eyes.

Boylike, Bob and Dick watched Lincoln's efforts and tribulations with amusement, but when at last he lifted from the fire a smoked and

scorched fowl that gave forth a most inviting odor, his companions began to sniff hungrily.

"You jolly well don't deserve any," he declared, adopting one of Bob's expressions; "but I suppose I could n't eat it all myself. How are you getting along with the artillery?"

"Not so bad, I think." Bob held up a neatly turned arrow which he had just fitted with small turkey feathers.

"Fine! Six of them, eh? They look as though they would go a mile," said Lincoln, approvingly. "Where did you get the thread to fasten the feathers?"

"The lining of my coat."

Dick had completed his new bow, as well as three arrows; and despite a keenly sharpened interest in Lincoln's savory dinner, the turkey was returned to the fire while all stepped to a near-by open space to test the new arrows.

At one side of the opening was a huge tree not less than a hundred and fifty feet in height. Choosing an arrow, Bob fired straight up. Seemingly, the arrow rose a hundred feet beyond the topmost branch, turned over, and fell like a plummet within six feet of them. Lincoln and Dick gave vent to a shout, and fitting arrows to their bowstrings, drew simultaneously. Both shafts went, if anything, higher.

Much pleased with the success of the new missiles, the boys tried a few more shots, and returned. They were within a few yards of the fire, when, suddenly, a low, running figure shot out from the trees and made a dash for the bird on the spit. With a cry of "The wolf!" Dick and Lincoln darted forward to intercept it. Bob halted, caught an arrow on his string, aimed, and fired. Like a streak the shaft flew, and struck the animal fairly in the side, just as he sprang at the fowl. Uttering a sharp howl, he paused and hesitated. With a shout Dick and Lincoln were upon him, lashing at him with their bows, and turning, he bolted, followed by another shaft from Bob.

"Well, it did n't stick into him, but it saved the bird," said Lincoln, picking up Bob's first arrow. "It was a neat shot, Bob."

"I wish I had been nearer. I might have landed him for good. We'll have to find something to make proper arrow-heads of."

Laying aside their bows, the boys addressed themselves to the dinner they had so nearly lost,

and found it to be all its savory odor had promised. The flesh was sweet and tender, the only drawback being an almost pungent wild taste. This, however, as Lincoln pointed out philosophically, "simply made up for the salt."

"I suppose it was the smell of the turkey that brought him," remarked Dick, referring again to the wolf. "We will have to stand guard over our meals in the future."

"We jolly well will," said Bob, suddenly, pointing. "There the beggar is again."

"Let 's try to get him on the run toward the precipice, and chase him over, just as we did the bear," said Lincoln, after watching the distantly skulking wolf a moment.

The idea was agreed upon with avidity; and on completing the meal and removing the remains of the turkey to the safety of the platform, the boys set about carrying out the design.

Their plan was simple. Armed each with a bow and three arrows, they separated as far as possible without losing sight of one another, and began moving slowly toward the point at which they had last seen their undesirable neighbor. Within a few minutes a whistle from Bob, who was in the center, announced that he had discovered the quarry, and they continued more slowly, their purpose being not to unduly frighten the wolf until they had him within a short distance of the brink of the plateau.

It was soon evident that the task was not to be an easy one. Despite their efforts to swing him out to the west, the wary animal continued due north, well in the center of the plateau. The boys stuck to him, however, and at last, to their satisfaction, a break in the trees announced their approach to the ravine separating them from the main plateau.

The animal also began to realize that he was in danger, and headed first to one side, then the other, only to be turned back by Lincoln or Dick.

Finally the full open light of the ravine appeared through the trees, and Lincoln from his wing shouted to Dick, on the left, to move on ahead, and swing the wolf farther to the east. "There is a point jutting out here," he called. "Just the place to corner and rush him!"

Dick did as directed, Bob also moved in to the right, and a few minutes after, came the cry, from Lincoln, "He 's out on the point! Rush him!"

Shouting at the top of their lungs, the three boys dashed forward, broke from the trees, and made for the cornered animal. Momentarily the wolf stood with bared teeth, then, with a vicious snarl, darted at Dick. Instantly Bob's bow was up, and an arrow struck the animal in the flank.

Whirling about, the beast sprang toward Bob. Before Bob had time to draw another arrow, the wolf was upon him. But at the moment the animal leaped, an arrow from Lincoln struck him in the neck, and as he swerved, Bob sprang back, drew his bow, and sent a shaft squarely into the animal's mouth.

Uttering a howl, the wolf shook the arrow free, and, turning tail, sped back in mad panic toward the brink of the ravine, hotly pursued by the boys.

Suddenly they pulled up in their tracks.

Projecting some fifty feet into the gorge just ahead of them, was the trunk of a fallen tree. This the wolf had mounted, and was racing madly along it.

As they watched, expecting to see the panic-stricken animal plunge into the abyss, he reached the end, without a moment's hesitation shot into the air, and while they gasped, just gained the opposite side, an instant scrambled desperately, and drew himself to safety.

The boys' amazement at the feat was quickly followed by further surprise. On landing, the wolf had hesitated, as though dazed. Suddenly he straightened up, like a dog scenting game, sniffed about him a moment, then with a sharp, quick yelp was off on a bee-line through the trees, running like a hare, and every few yards again sending up the short, glad note.

Exchanging looks of mystification, the boys listened as the yelping grew more distant, still in a straight line. Finally it ceased.

"Well, what do you think of all that?" said Dick, beneath his breath. "One would almost—"

From the direction the wolf had taken rose a long-drawn, wailing howl, like the note of a dog baying at the moon. It came again and again, apparently from the same point.

"I say!" exclaimed Bob, suddenly, "did you chaps notice when he was close that he was sort of mottled, brown and gray? You don't suppose, after all, he could be a—"

"A dog?" cried Lincoln and Dick together.

"Yes, a dog! And that there is some one over there? But why should he make a noise like that, then?" as another mournful note arose.

"They may be hurt, or sick—or even dead. Perhaps a prospector."

"But a dog, if that 's what he is, had used the cave back near the camp a long time, though, and was certainly as wild as any wolf," Lincoln argued. "You would think a dog would have been crazy glad to see human beings.

"Another thing—how did he get over to our 'island' in the first place? He surely could n't have reached the log here by jumping from the other side. It is a leap of nearly twenty feet."

"He may have been chasing turkeys, and followed them in the excitement," Dick suggested.

They had approached the trunk projecting over the chasm, and Lincoln went to his knees beside it.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "Hoof-prints! The mountain-sheep went this way, too, and not down a path!"

The others bent over him anxiously. If this was so, it meant another hope gone—the possibility of descending from the plateau by a wild-sheep path.

"Yes; that 's jolly well how they went," said Bob at length, gloomily. "And we 'll not follow them—not having wings."

"But the bear could n't have jumped it!" interjected Dick, hopefully. "He must have come up by a path!"

"Let us make another circuit of the 'island' right away, and settle the question," proposed Lincoln.

Two hours later the three lads, undisguisedly depressed, stood once more by the trunk projecting over the ravine. A most careful examination of the precipitous walls on every side of the plateau had failed to discover the slightest suggestion of a path leading below.

"There can be but one explanation for the bear's being up here," declared Dick. "He must have made his way to the top by a path that has since disappeared—wiped out by a big storm, or an earthquake.

"And the only escape for us I can see is to build some kind of a bridge across here. Without tools, or ropes, though, how can we do it?"

"Could n't we get a small tree across from the end of this log?"

As he spoke, Lincoln mounted the prostrate trunk and walked carefully out over the gorge. Before he had taken a dozen steps, the log began to tremble under him. He ventured a few feet farther, and turned back.

"No go," he announced. "The roots are too near the edge. The tree is not much more than balanced."

Bob had moved along the cañon some distance to the right, and was gazing up into a towering pine. Dick and Lincoln joined him.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether we could fall this pine over the ravine."

Lincoln regarded him a moment quizzically, then passed gravely about the tree. It was not less than six feet in diameter.

"Well, we might," he observed seriously. "But really, Bob, it would take quite a while, would n't it? Whittling it down with our jack-knives?"

"Suppose," responded Bob, "we dug down be-

neath the roots on the southern side, and burned them? The tree already has a slant toward the gorge."

"You 've hit it!" cried Lincoln and Dick together.

CHAPTER VIII

A GREATER MYSTERY

Two weeks had passed—a full week spent in undermining the great pine, and a week in burning through the huge, hard roots—and hurrying to the scene, following a heavy all-night wind-storm, the boys had found the tree had fallen and was stretched almost squarely across the gorge.

"The gale swung it a bit, but not much," observed Dick as they promptly mounted the prostrate giant.

Without trouble they passed over, and leaped to the ground on the opposite side. "As safe and easy as Brooklyn Bridge," declared Lincoln. "You 're a fine bridge-builder, Bob.

"And now, what? Look for a path down, right away? or first solve the mystery of the howling wolf?" Lincoln asked.

Despite their anxiety to find a means of descending from the plateau, both Bob and Dick voted "wolf."

"And I 'm going to have a good heavy arrow ready," Bob added, drawing a new thorn-tipped shaft from the round, basket-like quiver of woven green twigs which each now wore over the left shoulder.

The others followed his example, and they were off in the direction in which the strangely acting animal had disappeared.

The boys had proceeded half a mile, amid great trees similar to those on their own plateau, when they approached a group of small oaks. Suddenly there was a commotion in the thicket, and a number of wild turkeys burst forth, followed by a large gray animal.

It was the wolf.

Uttering a shout, the boys ran toward him. As they had hoped, after a momentary show of fight, he turned and fled in the direction they had taken. Running at their best, they kept the animal in view for some five hundred yards. Then he disappeared.

Continuing their pursuit without slackening, the boys pulled up on the brink of an abrupt shallow valley, filled with oak- and thorn-trees. As they stood there for a moment, in doubt, from apparently directly across the valley came a low growl.

They ran down the slope, and headed across. The next moment, without warning, the wolf

burst into view and rushed savagely upon them. Lincoln, who was foremost, attempting to spring aside, stumbled and fell. In an instant the beast was upon him, and had him by the shoulder. Darting to Lincoln's assistance, Dick and Bob

Disheveled, and torn and scratched in many places, the boys arose and studied the animal more closely.

"Yes, it's a dog, sure enough," said Dick; "a big, cross-bred wolf or deer-hound."

"But how is your arm, Bob?"

"He did n't get through the cloth. You had him too quickly. Linc fared worse than I did."

"No; I'm O.K. He only bruised me a bit," declared Lincoln, rubbing his shoulder. "Let us get on after the mystery."

Recovering their bows and arrows, the boys continued, and a few yards distant came on traces of an old path in the long grass between the trees. With quickened steps they followed it, and a short distance from the farther side of the valley, found that it disappeared beneath a screen of bushes. Stooping, the boys crawled through.

"A cave!" cried Lincoln.

Excitedly they ran forward, and halted before an opening in the side of the valley some ten feet wide and a little higher than their heads.

The cave was deserted, but a glance told that its former owner had occupied it for some time. Across the rear was a low couch, at one side a table fashioned of hewn pine, and a bench; and, opposite, a fireplace. Beside the latter, on a small pile of fire-wood, was a rusty hatchet. Hanging above was a frying-pan.

The last-named articles brought an exclamation of satisfaction from Dick, as the three stepped inside.

"We have struck a find, boys," he exclaimed. "It has been the home of some sort of a hermit, and he has disappeared."

"And findin's is keepin's," said Lincoln, making toward the cot. "Here is just what you and I need, Bob." So saying, he reached down from above the couch two high-crowned Mexican sombreros, worn, and somewhat moth-eaten, but still



"BOB HALTED, CAUGHT AN ARROW ON HIS STRING, AIMED, AND FIRED."

belabored the beast with their bows. Whirling about, it leaped at Bob, caught him by the arm, and bore him to the ground. Dick dropped his bow and threw himself bodily on the animal's back, clutching its throat with both hands. Lincoln sprang to his aid, and there followed a terrific barehanded struggle, in which the powerful and maddened animal tossed the three boys about like dolls. But grimly they hung to him, Dick's grip on his throat began to tell, and finally he subsided, and lay limp and silent.

in fairly good condition. For since the exciting night on the plains, Lincoln and Bob had been bareheaded.

"How do we look, Dick?" he asked, clapping one hat upon Bob's head and the other upon his own.

"A fine pair of pirates," laughed Dick. "But what is that you are standing on, Linc?"

Lincoln stooped and picked up a red-backed note-book, mottled with mildew. In some excitement, the boys passed to the front of the cave, and opened the book.

A low ejaculation came from the three of them. On the fly-leaf, poorly written in pencil, they read:

This is the last words of Joseph Howver, of Fort Worth, Texas, one of Crook's chief scouts in this country after the Apaches.

Lincoln uttered a second exclamation. "That tells us where we are at last, boys," he said. "In northern Mexico!"

But even this great discovery lost its importance as they read the sentences that followed.

I come here to find a Cliff-Dwellers temple [they read on, breathlessly], with gold vessels and other treasures. The temple was found by a ole hermit that Jake Leary found in this cave, sick, wen he was scoutin'. Jake nurst the ole man, and the ole man dide and give Jake the secret of the temple. Then Jake got sick and in his feever told me about it. Then before he dide he give me a leter to his wife in New Jersey. I opned it, and found it tole about the temple, but the directns to find it was in a puzzle, Jake bein educated. But there was a map too, and I figgerd I could find it with that. So I came back to find it, but I coulndent. Then I started home, and the Mounten Injuns got me with two arros wen my last catridge was fired, and I jest managed to get back here. And now I am gone. It serves me—

A full minute the boys stood in silence. "He probably wandered off, in a fever; perhaps walked off the plateau," observed Bob, in a subdued tone. Then the fascination of a "treasure map" and cipher drove thought of the unfortunate writer into the background, and Lincoln turned to the rear of the book.

There, in a pocket, he found two folded pieces of heavy writing-paper. Hastily he opened one. "Yes! Look!"

It was a carefully drawn map of what, at first sight, appeared a small island, with certain trees and other points marked.

"It must be this plateau; and it means there is another ravine just north. But if the scout could make nothing of it, we can't," commented Lincoln, and turned to the second paper.

From the three lads came an "Ah!" of delight.

Across the top was rudely lettered the words,
"Key to Cave Temple Map."

Beneath ran the enigmatic lines, as follows:

U N S 8 R 2 R ; 6 E T O R * R E T D U 7
N R T 7 S A 4 H S R 7 N E T * A U N S H
N R T O D U H 5 S C E H S 7 U E A T D U
A 7 R ? S U S 8 2 6 S ; 5 H E S O 3 A A
O S T ; A : ; S T S R U N ; 5 D N 9 H A
7 I U N E H U 9 2 R 7 S D D A 5 U N N S
H 8 E U 7 R ? S T E T S U S S T S R D U

"The scout's name of 'puzzle' was a good one, was n't it?" remarked Dick, after they had silently studied the mysterious square for some minutes. "It looks like an acrostic."

"It does. But I can't get a start on it that way," said Lincoln.

"It 'll probably not be solved very easily," declared Bob.

This opinion was strengthened when, after a full hour's serious endeavor, seated at the hermit's table, the boys had failed to wrest a single promising word from the cryptogram. By no means discouraged, however, they laid it aside and set out to discover the path by which the scout had gained the plateau.

"We can work over it nights, by the fire," said Lincoln. "For it will be a week or so, anyway, before we have enough provisions together to risk the start for home."

IN the search for the scout's path below, the boys were doomed again to disappointment. Their exploration discovered no more promise of a way of escape from this flat-topped mountain than they had found in examining the precipitous sides of Balloon "Island."

The ravine to the north, however, the boys found to be but twenty feet in width, and passing over on a stout limb, they hopefully resumed their search on that side of the gorge.

A short distance from the improvised bridge, Bob halted and pointed amid the trees. "Look there! Is n't that the light of a clearing? Come on, let 's find out!" he exclaimed.

A few minutes later the three lads stood on the brink, not of a clearing, but a third east-and-west ravine, fully a hundred feet across.

The exclamation with which they had halted was not directed at the chasm, however. Rising above them, and projecting abruptly into the ravine, was a great Gibraltar-like rock. And in the face of it, fifty feet above them, was a great cavern, half filled with tiny mud-walled dwellings.

The boys needed no one to tell them they had discovered an ancient cliff-dwellers' village.

Hastening forward, they halted on the brink of the gorge, immediately beneath the inner end of the cave. "Look," said Dick, pointing out smoothly worn spots on the rock at their feet, "where the cave people had their ladders."

"And there is where the ladders were fas-

roof rising in an arch to a height of forty or fifty feet, and projecting over the platform.

There were two groups of the diminutive yellow-brown adobe dwellings. That at the farther side of the cavern was the larger, extending, terrace-like, with its row of small doors and win-



"'AS SAFE AND EASY AS BROOKLYN BRIDGE,' DECLARED LINCOLN."

tened," said Lincoln, indicating a number of worn projections on the face of the wall.

"Boys, we must get up there!"

"Even if we have to fly!" declared Bob.

It did not prove a difficult problem. Finding a small dead tree, and roughly trimming it, the boys raised it against the cliff, and while Dick and Lincoln steadied it, Bob climbed safely to a ledge half-way up the wall. In turn Bob held the improvised ladder for Lincoln and Dick. And a few moments later, easily scaling the remaining slant of the cliff, the three lads were standing within the great cavern.

In awed silence they gazed about them.

The cave, which was some twelve feet in height where they stood at its inner limits, was probably a hundred and fifty feet in width, the

dows, to the center of the cave, then back toward the rear. The smaller group rose to the ceiling some ten feet back from the edge of the platform.

It was the latter that first drew the particular attention of the boys. The smooth, light-colored walls were covered with grotesque drawings in black and red of men, birds, and reptiles, and fancy checkered designs of much ingenuity. With a mixture of awe and amusement, the boys examined the crude pictures before stepping to the nearest of the silent, narrow doorways.

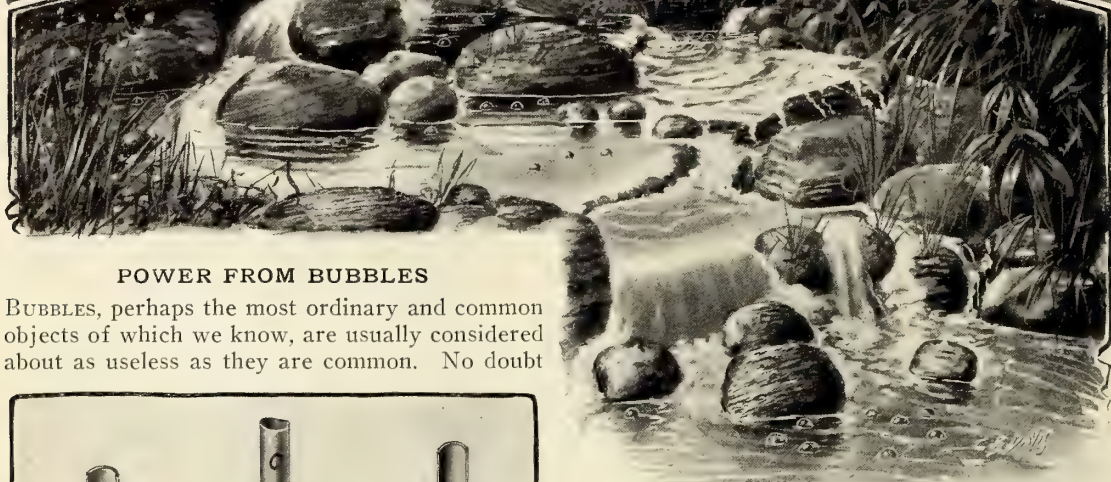
"It's no bigger than a fair-sized chicken-coop," said Dick. "These cave-dwellers must have been next thing to pigmies."

"No furniture," Lincoln observed. "It would all have gone to dust, though. Let us go in."

(To be continued.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



POWER FROM BUBBLES

BUBBLES, perhaps the most ordinary and common objects of which we know, are usually considered about as useless as they are common. No doubt

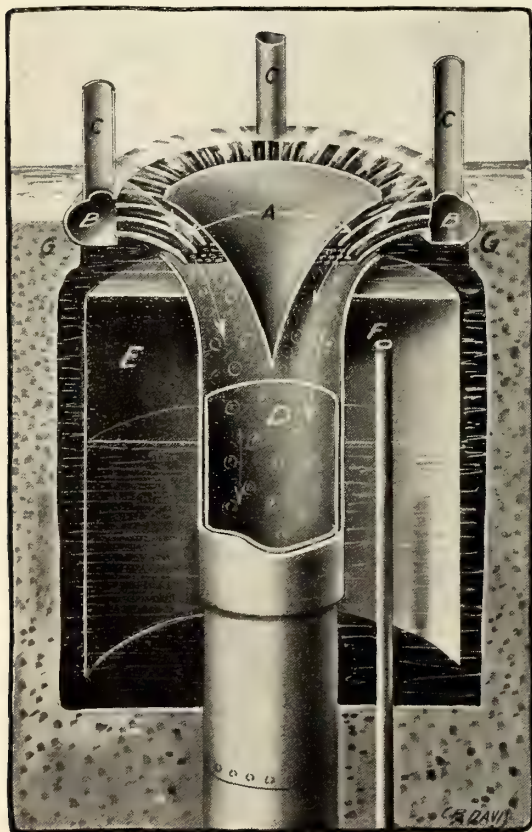


FIG. 1. A DEVICE THAT MIXES BUBBLES IN THE WATER.

A Air-pipes. B Air-chamber from which the tubes A lead. C Air-supply pipes supplying air to chamber B when it is below surface of water. D Shaft leading to lower air-chamber (E in Fig. 2). E Bell to lift intake ring (B) out of water. F Pipe to admit air to bell.

the only use you have ever known for them was when, with a dish of soapy water and an empty spool, they furnished you with an afternoon's

BUBBLES IN A BROOK.

amusement. That bubbles are worth anything, or are able to do work, not one person in a thousand ever suspects. In these days of machinery, however, and the constant endeavor to find the cheapest power, ingenious man has levied on nearly everything. The earliest power was from falling water, which ran the wheel of the water-mill, then the windmill and the steam-engine. Now the bubbles have been harnessed, and are working for you and for me as meekly as if it had been their business since the beginning of time.

If the film of a soap-bubble were tough and elastic, you could grasp it in your hand and squeeze it into a smaller size. You would need to use considerable force to keep it small, and as soon as you released your grasp, it would return to its original size. All who have shot air-rifles have unconsciously been making bubbles work. When you pressed the lever, you were compressing the bubble, which, in this case, had metal walls. When you pull the trigger, you set the bubble of compressed air to work, which it does by expanding to its original size and expelling the shot. If you squeeze enough of these bubbles into a reservoir and connect it with an engine, the compressed air will run the engine. Machinery in mines is best run by compressed air, which in most cases is supplied by huge compressors opera-

ted by steam. In northern Michigan, however, there is a mine that compels a river to make bubbles and compress them for use. Fig. 2 shows a section of a mine, but as it is only the top and the bottom that are of interest, the middle part has been left out and the bottom moved close to the top to save space in the drawing. The irregular, white line running across the drawing represents this omitted portion. The part above the line is at the surface of the earth. That part below the line represents the bottom of the compressing plant. Water is brought from the river in a canal (A) to the intake head (B) in the little house (C). As the water flows down the shaft (D), bubbles of air are drawn in and carried down with the current, which flows faster than the bubbles can rise, so they must go along with it. As they descend, the pressure of the water increases, and they are compressed and grow smaller and smaller as they go lower and lower. At last they reach the bottom of the shaft. The water here flows through a large chamber (E)

chamber soon grows great enough to force down the water in the chamber, as shown in the picture. To prevent the air from lowering the surface sufficiently to blow off at the outlet (F), two safeguards have been installed. The first is a pipe (G) that leads up to a hollow inverted tank (H) under the intake head. When the air-pressure in the chamber (E) lowers the water so that the air can ascend the pipe (G), it raises the inverted tank (H), or bell, as it is called, and lifts the intake head out of the water. This immediately stops the bubbles from descending, and no more air can get into the chamber until the head is again lowered into the water. When the quantity of air is lessened in the chamber (E), the bell drops and bubbles once more go down. A further safeguard or blow-off (J) is provided which is some inches lower than the end of the pipe leading to the bell. If the pressure is great enough to lower the water to this level, the air escapes up the pipe (K-K). As a quantity of water is carried up with the air, an

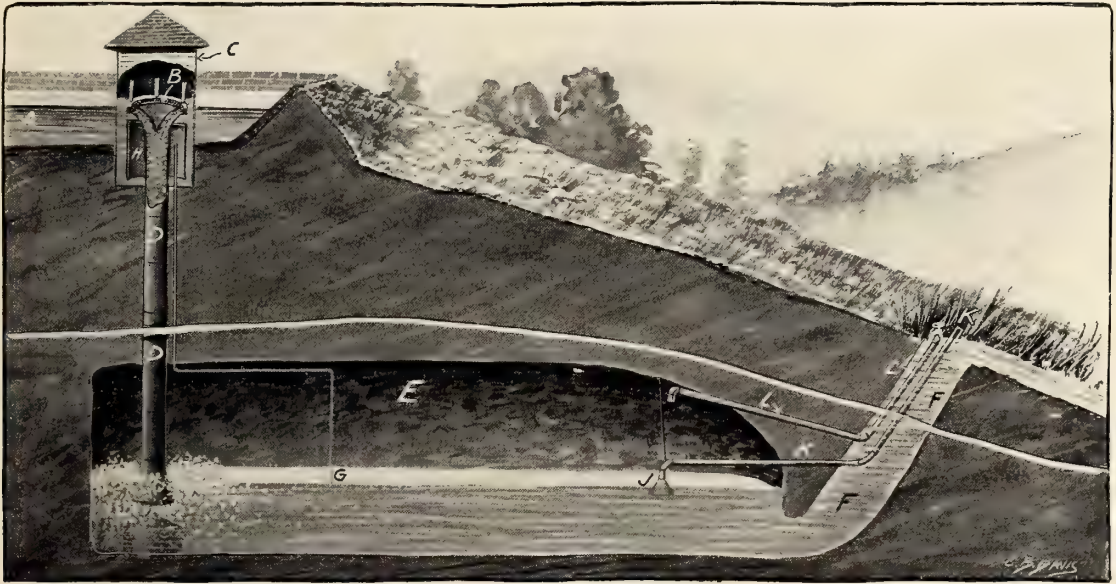


FIG. 2. A SECTION OF THE MINE.

A Canal containing water. B Intake head. C House over intake head. D Shaft leading to air-chamber. E Air-chamber. F Water outlet. G Air-pipe leading to bell. H Bell to raise intake out of water.

cut out of the solid stone three hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the land. As the outlet (F) is much larger than the inlet shaft, the water flows slowly through the chamber, which is two hundred and eighty-one feet long, about eighteen feet wide, and twenty-six feet high. The bubbles now rise to the surface and burst, liberating their air into the chamber. As these bubbles are carried in by the million, the quantity of air in the

immense geyser is created which rises from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet high. In winter the frozen spray forms huge icebergs. The air is delivered to the machinery through the pipe (L-L). This runs up the outlet (F-F), which reaches from the chamber (E) in the rock to the surface of the ground. This outlet is in the side of the hill seventy-five feet lower than the intake head (B). It is this difference in

level that causes the flow of the water through the chamber and up the outlet to the surface of the ground. The pressure in the chamber is about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds per square inch, more than that of the ordinary steam-boiler.



THE OUTSIDE END OF THE BLOW-OFF PIPE (J).

To understand how the intake head causes the bubbles to go down, look at Fig. 1, which shows this head much enlarged. This is not exactly like the actual head, but is simplified so as to be more easily understood. A number of small tubes shown at A surround the head of the shaft. These are connected with a large ring-shaped air-chamber (B), from which rise large tubes (C) for the entrance of air. The water flows around the tubes (A) as it goes down the shaft (D). Bubbles of air are sucked through each of these pipes, of which there are eighteen hundred to a head, and are carried down with the current.

A more technical description of this hydraulic air-compressor was published in "Scientific American," 1900 and 1907.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SILHOUETTES

EVERY one is familiar with the quaint, black, paper silhouettes of our grandparents' time, but very few persons realize that it is a simple matter to reproduce, by means of photography, this attractive art.

Three things only are needed to make successful photographic silhouettes, namely, a camera or kodak, a window which may be lowered from the top and which will then show in this open space a fairly clear view of the sky with no near buildings or trees, and a model, who should wear dark clothes and stand in front of the window on a chair or other even support, so that to any one farther back in the room his head and shoulders appear in profile outlined against the open space.

Have your camera pointed directly at the window, and at such a height that the head and shoulders of your model will appear in the center of the finder. Give quite a short exposure. If your camera shutter is marked for fractions of a second, about one fifth will be plenty on a bright day. As you will readily see, the negative should show a perfectly transparent profile outlined against a densely black sky, and very little practice will tell you what exposure to give. If the eye or any details of the dress show very plainly in the negative, the exposure has been too long; while too little contrast between sky and profile means that a longer exposure is needed.

Many of my readers are doubtless familiar with velox or other gas-light papers, and know that these come in soft and contrasting grades. Choose the latter, and of a rather smooth but not glossy surface. Regular velvet or regular carbon velox will do very well. If the sky is dense enough, you may make an ordinary print, only



PHOTOGRAPHIC SILHOUETTES.

using a mask of black paper the size of your printing-frame, with an opening in the center just large enough to include the portion of the image you wish to print. If you expose to gas-light about half as long as for an ordinary nega-

tive, your transparent profile should develop out perfectly black, while whatever portion of the sky was left uncovered by the mask should be pure white. Generally, however, it is difficult to find a sky clear enough to give this effect, and then it may be necessary to cut out the silhouette after printing and paste it on a white card. If this is carefully done, the result is almost exactly like the original cut paper silhouettes which were so popular many years ago.

F. I. ROBINSON.

THE GREBE, HER NEST, AND HER YOUNG

THE grebe, which spends most of its life upon the water, is a brownish bird somewhat smaller than a duck. Its legs are set so far back upon the body that it walks or runs with difficulty, but its peculiar feet are good paddles, and its thick feathers shed the water perfectly. It swims



THE EGGS IN THE NEST.



THE EGGS COVERED WITH MOIST VEGETATION.



THE GREBE'S LEGS ARE FAR BACK ON THE BODY.

among the rushes or in the open water of lakes and ponds from morning till night, scrambling out upon dry land only at rare intervals, and never taking flight except when it is migrating, for its wings are short and its body is heavy.

In the spring, almost as soon as it returns from its winter home in the South, it builds a rude nest of water-soaked cattail stalks and rushes, brought up from the bottom of the pond. The



YOUNG GREBES CARRIED BY THEIR MOTHER.

nest apparently floats on the surface, but upon examination you will find that it is supported by

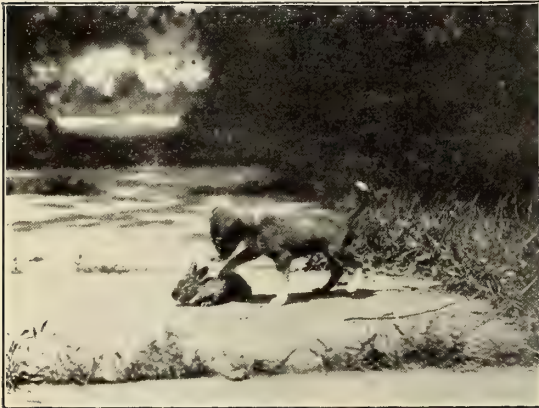
a foundation of dead material. It is always water-soaked, and the eggs themselves are often wet. These are seven or eight in number, bluish in color, and covered carefully with moist vegetation. They are then left to be hatched by the warmth of the decaying mass and by the heat of the sun. During the day the grebe swims about and pays no attention to them, but at nightfall she returns to the nest, uncovers the eggs, and broods over them until the morning sun relieves her.

The young grebes are the quaintest little creatures imaginable. They are covered with fine black down, with broad white stripes running lengthwise of the body. Within a few hours after being hatched they enter the water and at once begin to swim. When frightened, they get on the grebe's broad back, and she, carrying them, swims rapidly away to a place of safety.

ROBERT B. ROCKWELL.

A PUPPY AND RABBIT INTRODUCTION

A STRAYING or homeless puppy was picked up on a street of Cleveland, Ohio, and taken into the country. At about the same time, one of the



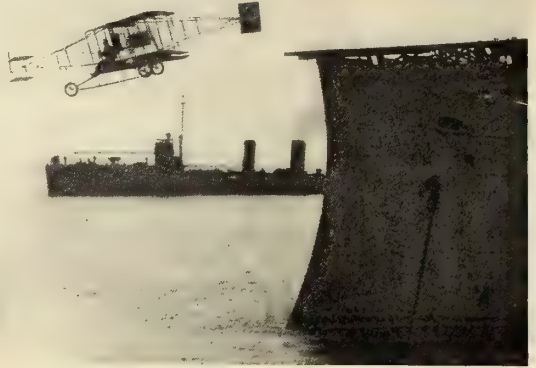
"HE GENTLY PLACED HIS PAW ON THE RABBIT'S BACK."

farm boys caught a rabbit in a box-trap in the wheat-field. That we might see what each would do at the first meeting, we placed them on the ground near together. The rabbit did not offer to run, nor did the puppy make an attack. The rabbit crouched close to the ground, as if to say, "Come and get acquainted." The puppy seemed at first not to see the rabbit, and with some difficulty was induced to go near it, when he gently placed his paw on the rabbit's back, as if offering to shake hands. The rabbit did not run away nor did the puppy injure it. They were evidently friends from the first introduction.

The photograph was sent by Fred W. Oldham, Bedford, Ohio, whose pets are much admired.

FIRST FLIGHT FROM A WAR-SHIP

HEREWITH is an illustration of Eugene Ely in his Curtiss aeroplane starting on his flight from the deck of the United States scout cruiser *Birmingham*.



THE AÉROPLANE LEAVING THE WAR-SHIP.

mingham in Hampton Roads, toward Willoughby Beach, seven miles away. The photograph was taken just after the flying-machine had cleared the deck of the vessel. Since this first experiment, various others have been made, with the view of utilizing the flying-machine in the Navy for despatch or reconnoitering purposes.

HOW WOODPECKERS STORE ACORNS

THE accompanying photograph shows the way woodpeckers in California prepare for winter. They dig holes in dead trees and place acorns in

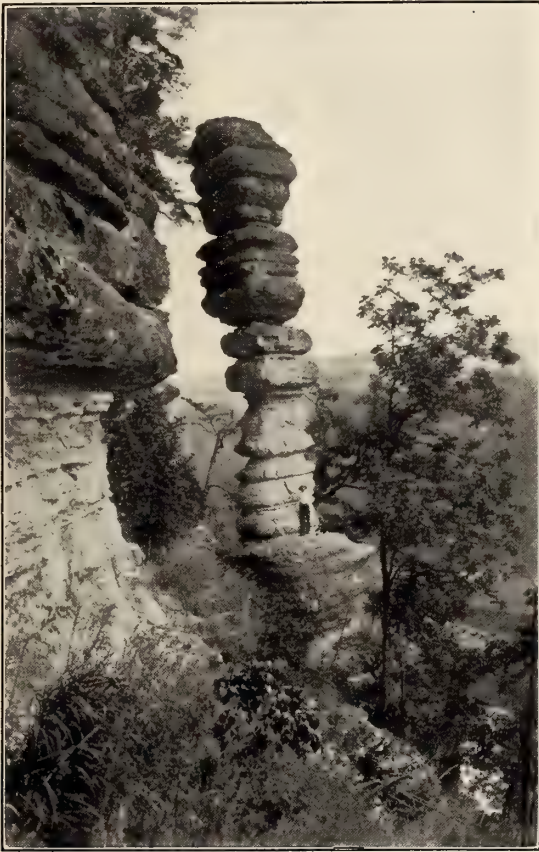


HOW WOODPECKERS STORE ACORNS IN DECAYING WOOD.

them in the autumn, and there the acorns remain until spring, when they are full of insects, making a dainty morsel for the birds.—PETER KIRCH.

CHIMNEY ROCK, KENTUCKY

FIFTEEN miles south of Lexington, Kentucky, on the banks of the Kentucky River, stands "Chimney Rock." It is on a bank that extends almost perpendicularly downward for two hundred feet



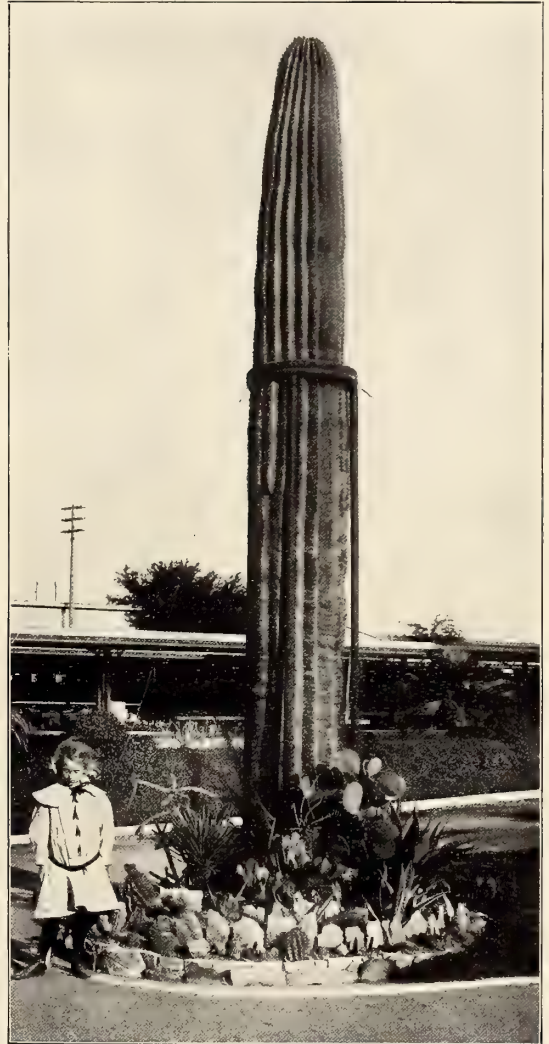
CHIMNEY ROCK.

to the water, and upward from the rock for nearly one hundred feet more. The height of the rock is about seventy-five feet, as one can judge by comparison with the man in the picture. The distance through the base is only about six feet, but at many points above, the diameter is much greater. Why the air and water acted upon this limestone cliff to form a figure in just this shape, is not easy to discover; but it is probable that the top is of a harder substance than the surrounding rock, and has thus formed a kind of umbrella-like protection against the rains. Geologists have computed the age to be about forty-five thousand years; so that this rock may be much the same as it was ages ago. One can see at a glance that with a comparatively slight tremor of the earth this huge structure would topple over. For this reason we have here nature's record of the ab-

sence of earthquakes in that region for many ages past.—J. J. WILLIAMS.

A REMARKABLY TALL CACTUS

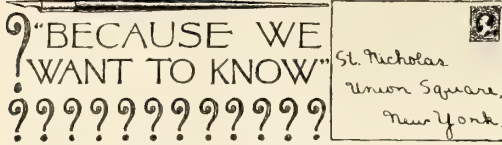
HERE is a picture of Miss Agnes McDevitt of San Antonio, Texas, standing by the side of a big cactus that is almost twenty feet high.



THE REMARKABLY TALL CACTUS.

Mr. Harry Adams, a landscape-gardener of that city, writes to ST. NICHOLAS an interesting letter, from which we quote the following:

The giant cactus was transplanted from Gila Valley, Arizona. It is eighteen feet ten inches high, two feet nine inches in diameter, and weighs six thousand pounds. It is fifty years old. This specimen of cactus is one of the varieties from which some very delicious candy is made. On June 15 of the year 1910 the cactus was in bloom.



THE WHIRL OF WATER IN THE SPOUT

LAPORTE, IND..

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I ask you the question, why does water form a circular motion when entering the drain in a sink, hand-basin, or the sewer in the gutter? If you have not noticed it, please do.

Yours truly,

REX A. HABER.

The cause is not positively known, but is supposed to be due to the rotation of the earth.

THE THORN-LIKE GROWTHS ON A LEAF

MONKTON, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a leaf which has fleshy-looking briars on it. I should like you to tell me what they are.

Yours truly,

CHARLES PLUMMER (age 10).



THORN-LIKE GALL GROWTHS ON LEAVES.

The growths are caused by the "sting" (egg-placing in the leaf-tissue) of a gall-fly. The irritation causes the forms commonly known as the grape-vine tube-galls.

THE SLANT OF THE EARTH'S AXIS

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the effect upon the seasons and upon day and night, if the earth's axis were inclined forty-five degrees or more.

Your constant reader,

MARIAN BETTMAN (age 13).

Professor S. A. Mitchell of the Department of Astronomy of Columbia University, New York City, replies to your question as follows:

"If the earth's axis were inclined forty-five degrees, there would be enormous changes in the periods of day and night and in the seasons. At midsummer the sun would not set in England nor in Canada (except in a small section of Ontario).

In New York City the sun would set a few minutes before midnight and rise a few minutes after. New York would be in the tropics, and at midsummer the sun would go north of the zenith (the point directly above your head). At midwinter it would rise only a few degrees above the horizon. Our seasons depend on two conditions: (1) whether the sun's rays fall vertically or slantingly, and (2) the relative length of daylight and darkness, for the earth receives heat in the daytime and parts with it at night, so that the longer the day the hotter the earth becomes, and the longer the night the more heat it throws off.

"If the earth's axis were inclined forty-five degrees, the summers would be much hotter and the winters much colder, and we should find the change very disagreeable."

THE HOMES OF THE SEA-HORSE

SHELDON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly inform me in what location the sea-horse is found in the Atlantic Ocean, or the Gulf of Mexico, and how they are caught? One was given me not long ago and was bought in Florida.

Sincerely yours,

HAROLD SNOW.

There are a number of species of sea-horses on the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. The common one of this region is *Hippocampusudsonius*, found from Cape Cod to Charlestown, and not generally common. Our supply is secured by purchase from Atlantic City, New Jersey, where they are picked off the pound nets. They may occasionally be picked up at sea from among the floating seaweed. There is one species that is found in the West Indies and extends across the



Photographed at the New York Aquarium.
Copyright, 1906, by The New York Zoological Society.

SEA-HORSES.

Atlantic to West Africa. Two others are more locally confined to the Florida coast.—R. C. OSBORN.

HOW TO MAKE A HAIR HYGROSCOPE

KENMORE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please advise me as to where I can purchase a hair hygroscope of the type illustrated in the "Nature and Science" department of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours very truly,

E. L. OUCHIE.

The word hygroscope is composed of two Greek words,—hygros, wet, and skopos, watcher,—the instrument enabling us to watch the varying amount of water in the air. There are several elaborate forms to be purchased of dealers in scientific apparatus, but a simple form may be easily made with a human hair, because such a hair varies slightly in length according to the amount of moisture in the atmosphere.

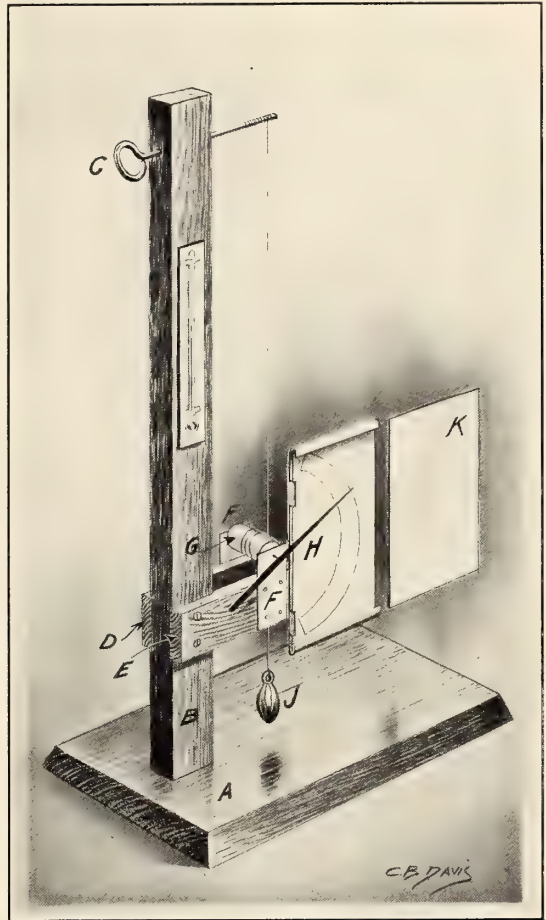
A simple hair hygroscope consists of a base (A) about five inches by seven, to which the upright (B), about twenty inches high, may be fastened by a screw from beneath, or, better, by being well glued into a snugly fitting hole.

Near the top of this upright, a heavy wire (C) is thrust and made to fit tight. Near the bottom of the upright, say from three to four inches above the base, are two cross arms (D and E). About one inch from the upright, two pieces of tin (F-F) are fastened to the cross arms, as shown. Near the top of each of these pieces is a small hole through which passes a needle carrying a cork (G). This should be perfectly cylindrical, and the needle exactly through its center (axis). A pointer or hand (H) is cut out of thin Bristol-board and painted black. The eye of the needle is put through a hole in this pointer and fastened with glue. This hole should be so located that the two ends of the pointer will balance. A hair, or a very slender catgut violin string, is suspended from the wire (C), passed around the cork two or three times, and a weight (J) fastened to the free end. This weight should be just heavy enough to keep the hair of string tight and straight. A graduated arc is fastened farther out on the arm (E). This may be a piece of cardboard, or, better, a tin form, as shown, to hold different cards with differently divided arcs, which may be slipped in or out, as at K, which shows one in readiness to be put into place.

The blank cards have the arc of a circle drawn on them, so that when in place the center of the circle will be at the needle that supports the cork. This may be easily done by removing the needle, putting the cards in place, and drawing the arc with one leg of the compass in the hole through which the needle passes.

The arc is best divided by experiment. One way is to leave the instrument in a moist place for an hour or so. The pointer can then be

placed where desired by turning the wire (C) and winding up the hair or letting it out, according as you desire to raise or lower the hand. The



A HOME-MADE HAIR HYGROSCOPE.

instrument should then be put in the driest place available. The thread will contract as it dries, and make the cork rotate, which in turn will make the hand move. These two points will denote the extremes of humidity. You may then divide the arc according to your fancy.

The longer the hair and the smaller the rotating cork, the greater will be the distance traveled over by the pointer. Several holes may be bored in the upright to accommodate hairs of different lengths, and corks of different diameters may be tried until the instrument works to the satisfaction of the experimenter.

A thermometer may be added if you wish to record the temperature in connection with a record of the moisture. The weight (J) is merely a small fish-line sinker or a split bullet. This holds the hair firmly to the cork (G).—C. B. DAVIS.

JOHNNY'S NEW RIBBON

(A New England Mother Goose)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN



THERE was once a dear little boy named John and Johnny and Jack. For his father called him John, his mother and little sisters called him Johnny, and a little boy next door called him Jack.

Johnny liked nothing so well as bright colors. When he and his two sisters, Letty and Mary, were shown the full moon coming up behind Grandpapa's barn, Letty said: "Oh, how *big* it is!" And Mary said: "How *round* it is!" But little Johnny cried: "It 's like my orange ball!"

And when Aunt Greta took the children to the village store, and let them each choose something, Letty wanted a hoop, and Mary chose a doll's cooking-stove, but Johnny asked for a book.

"But you can't read yet, deary," said Aunt Greta. "See here! look at this trumpet."

"I just want the book, please," said Johnny.

"He wants it because the cover 's such a bright green," said Letty.

So Aunt Greta bought the green book, and Johnny took it to bed with him every night.

Johnny was almost always merry and glad, because there are so many beautiful colors everywhere. In the spring he saw the purple violets and pink May-flowers and the green grass.

In the summer he saw the changing colors of the sea, and of the shells. He thought the shells looked like bits of the sea, grown hard.

Then in the fall he liked to fill his hands with shining brown nuts. But he liked even better to gather the bright red and yellow leaves.

When winter came, the colors were quite different, but Johnny liked to run, in his scarlet coat and cap, to look at the frozen pond. The

pond was a silver mirror, and he could see the blue sky in it.

But one thing Johnny did n't like at all. Letty and Mary wore hair-ribbons, and he did n't have any. "You're a boy, Johnny," said Mary. "And boys don't wear hair-ribbons."

But Johnny still looked longingly at the yellow ribbons tying Letty's brown braids, and the blue bow topping Mary's yellow curls.

"I want a ribbon," said Johnny. Now when Letty's birthday came, Mama was in bed with a bad cold. So Letty could n't have any party. But Mama said that she and Mary might, after school, go to the fair.

The fair was in Miss Lucy Hale's parlor; and one could buy toys and lemonade and other things. "Shall we take Johnny?" asked Mary.

"Oh, dear, no!" cried Letty. "He would be such a bother."

So the two little sisters got ready, and went to the fair. Mama had given each of them some pennies to spend, and at first Letty felt very happy, and did n't give a thought to Johnny.

She bought a little doll's pump. It was a real pump, and if you put water in, and then worked the handle, up and down, the water would run out of the spout.

Mary spent all of *her* pennies buying glasses of lemonade. "It's so good, Letty!" she said.

When Mary had finished, she looked all about for Letty, but Letty was nowhere to be seen.

The truth is, Letty had asked if she might exchange the toy pump for a piece of ribbon. It was a charming ribbon—sky-blue.

Letty had remembered Johnny, playing alone at home, and how he wanted a hair-ribbon.

So Letty ran home with her parcel. First she went up to her mama's room, and, softly opening her door, said: "Oh, Mama, *can* Johnny go to the fair?"

"Why yes, darling. I don't mind if you take him for a little while. But put on his thick coat and his new fur bonnet. Don't forget his mittens!"

Then Letty hurried to the nursery. There sat Johnny, all by himself in the window-seat, for Nursie had slipped down to the kitchen to gossip with the cook. Johnny looked quite forlorn.

Letty ran over to him, and how bright his little face grew when he saw her. She drew the pretty blue ribbon from her pocket, singing:

"Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair;
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

"And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?"

So Johnny had a hair-ribbon at last! And he went to the fair and stayed a whole half-hour, and had a beautiful time with Letty and Mary.





THE writers of prose came to the front this time—with a tribute to August which accords to the midsummer month a very high place in the calendar. Several of these little essays are delightfully written, and we should have been glad to award the gold prize to three or four of them if their authors had previously won the silver badge. They have won it now, however; and all this applies, as well, to the fine bit of verse entitled “Midsummer Joys,” on p. 948.

We owe hearty thanks, also, to our young friends of the camera this month, for many beautiful outdoor scenes, and our only regret is that we can find room for so few of them in the crowded pages of the League.

The young artists are well represented, too; and their clever contributions included, likewise, many drawings almost as good as those here printed, but that, willy-nilly, were barred out by the pressure on our space.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 138

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Elisabeth Haerle** (age 12), Indianapolis, Ind.; **H. Hardy Heth** (age 14), Montpelier, O.; **Elizabeth Ferguson** (age 14), Pasadena, Cal.; **Mary Swift Rupert** (age 13), Marshallton, Del.; **Mary Carver Williams** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.; **Isabel Briggs** (age 13), Washington, D. C.; **Winona Jenkins** (age 15), Augusta, Me.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Winifred Ward** (age 16), Beaulieu, England; **Caroline C. Roe** (age 17), Tacoma, Wash.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Margaret A. Foster** (age 16), Wallingford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Ruth Seymour** (age 11), So. Orange, N. J.; **Carlotta Hamilton** (age 14), Mobile, Ala.; **Pauline Kerkow** (age 14), New York City; **Elizabeth Terribery** (age 15), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Harold R. Griffith** (age 16), Montreal, Can.; **Dorothy I. Dickey** (age 17), Landlock, Alaska.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class “C” prize, **Arthur Blue** (age 17), Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Mary Chapin** (age 14), St. Paul, Minn.

Silver badge, **Dorothea Flintermann** (age 13), Detroit, Mich.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Irving Keegan** (age 17), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Joseph B. Kelly** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.



“A TRAVELER.” BY ELIZABETH TERRIBERRY, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



“A SANDPIPER.” BY ARTHUR BLUE, AGE 17. (PRIZE, CLASS “C”
—GOLD BADGE—WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

MIDSUMMER JOYS

BY ANNA B. STEARNS (AGE 15)

THERE 's bathing, and boating, and driving, and such;
 When feeling too cool, there 's base-ball;
 But give me a dory, a hook, and a line,
 For fishing 's the best of them all.

You just put some bait on the end of your hook,
 Then, tied to the line strong and tight,
 You let it sink down to the home of the fish,
 And patiently wait for a bite.

Perhaps after waiting about half an hour
 (One reads, during this, a nice book),
 You feel a great tug, pull your line up, and find
 A sculpin has swallowed your hook!

'T is not what one catches so much as the thrill
 Of something alive on your line,
 That makes you go home thinking (if you 're like me),
 "Well, fishing is certainly fine!"

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY ELISABETH HAERLE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

AUGUST is not as pleasant and flowery a month as May
 or June, but it means a deal of happiness to me, because
 it is the month in which comes my mother's birthday.

That is always a gala-day in our little green bungalow
 in the country. The sun shines its brightest, the birds



"A SHADY NOOK." BY FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET, AGE 17.
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

sing their sweetest songs, and the flower buds open
 especially for this day.

My two brothers and I get up very early (five o'clock
 is none too soon) and run to garden, field, and wood to
 get flowers to decorate the table. The birthday cake is



"A SHADY NOOK." BY DOROTHY I. DICKEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

artistically adorned with fresh dewy nasturtiums and
 tender green ferns. A large bouquet of black-eyed
 Susans and early goldenrod decks the table near by,
 and a wreath of leaves lies ready to crown the queen of
 the day.

When all the many gifts are arranged, my mother is
 ushered into the little screened porch that is our dining-
 room. Then happiness reigns supreme!

All the relatives from the city are invited out for
 the day. The arrivals of gifts and their givers take up
 the morning, and in the afternoon an exciting game of
 croquet is played.

But the crown of festivities comes in the evening.
 A little half-hour play is given by my brothers and my-
 self, for the family only. It is written by "Miss Elisa-
 beth Haerle," as the playbill says. As there are but
 three actors, several parts must be taken by one. It is
 usually about a princess, her lover, and a fairy, or witch,
 my younger brother acting as page. But this year the
 play must be more elaborate. Perhaps you see now
 why August means much happiness to me.

AN AUGUST ADVENTURE

BY WINONA JENKINS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

EVERY year since I can remember, we have spent our
 summers by a certain quiet lake in Maine, and, until a
 few years ago, our chief boat had been a sail-boat. This
 boat (called the *Goldwing*) belonged to Grandfather
 before Father, and it was his pride that it *could not*
 tip over.

This particular day I speak of was, I think, about



"A SHADY NOOK." BY PAUL F. ALLAIS, AGE 15.

four years ago. It was a pleasant day, just right for pleasure-sailing. We had had some friends out with us, and had left them at the shore. When we started out again, Papa told Tom (one of our neighbor's boys) that, as it was his birthday (and there was not too much wind), he might handle the sails going back. He was

much delighted, for, though only twelve years old, he understood quite a lot about sailing.

We started out all right, and had gotten quite a little away from the shore, when a quick gust of wind came. Now, of course, the proper thing to do was to let the sail out, but Tom had the rope tangled up among his feet (and so had Papa, though we did not find that out till later), so he thought he would draw the sail in for just an *instant* so as to untangle the rope.

But, alas! it was an *instant* too long, for the next we knew, the boat was filling with water, and Mama had barely time to tell me to hold on to the edge of the boat, before we were in the water. Papa had seized



"A SHADY NOOK." BY E. GERTRUDE CLOSE, AGE 14.



"A SHADY NOOK." BY HAROLD R. GRIFFITH, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

was Edna who gave the "fire-alarm," for she shrieked so loud that some people on the shore heard and came running down to our rescue, and we were soon safe on land. But Mama and I never feel easy in a sail-boat, and Papa sold the *Goldwing* the next year.



"A SHADY NOOK." BY LOUIS WERNER, JR., AGE 14.

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY MARY SWIFT RUPERT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

AUGUST means to me—idleness. Its long, hot days are meant to be dreamed away.

Early, on an ideal August morning, fairy cloaks, sparkling with dew-jewels, are spread out everywhere to dry in the floods of golden sunshine, and everything is fresh and cool. But, later, there is a complete



"A SHADY NOOK." BY MARION EYSE SAVAGE, AGE 15.

Edna (my small sister) and supported her and himself, while Mama and I hung on as best we could. It

change: the air is still, even oppressed, and a soft, blue haze hangs over all. What could be more delightful, now, than to take some dear, fifty-times-read book under your arm, climb some shady, wide-branching tree, and there lose a whole morning in the familiar pages? The morning gone, you go in, have lunch, and then sit out on the porch, twiddling with some sewing, building air-castles, and thinking a long afternoon before you. But, when you take the trouble to look at the clock, it says five quite plainly. Where has the time gone? Now a fresh breeze springs up and cools the parched fields. In an incredibly short time it becomes a wind; the roll of distant thunder is heard—we are in for a summer storm. You run out on the lawn and vainly try to race with the wind, which nearly sweeps you off your feet. The sky is almost black. The storm and wind are struggling together. Flash! Crash! again and again; the scream of the wind, the moan of a falling tree, and, above all, the dull, heavy sound of the blinding, drenching rain, which falls in sheets. With one last, wild spurt, you gain the porch just as the rain and wind slacken; they cease altogether; a rift shows in the clouds, and through this the sun breaks, glorious, flooding everything with light. But soon he, too, goes, sinks into a wonderful red-and-purple bed, sends long golden shafts across the sky, and the day ends.

MIDSUMMER JOYS

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

ONE August morning, dew-empearled,
I stood and watched the waking world
As it lay smilingly unfurled
Upon my raptured sight.

One August evening, glory-filled,
The air with richest gold instilled,
I heard a thrush's night-song trilled,
And watched the sunset light.

And oh, the mystery that stirred,—
The thousand silent sounds that whirred;
The breathing of the earth I heard,
One starry August night!

AN AUGUST ADVENTURE

BY ISABEL BRIGGS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

To this day I do not know exactly how it happened. Daddy and I had paddled across from the camp to watch



"A TRAVELER." BY RUTH SEYMOUR, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

a regatta on the other side of the Potomac, and as we were skirting the deep fringe of canoes that lined the

shore—crash! I saw the edge of our canoe rise up, and had barely time to grasp it, when I caught one last vivid glimpse of the deep blue sky and the river with the sun on it, and the water closed over my head. Instantly I realized the situation: we had tipped over; we were having an adventure; but I feared my adventure might



"TRAVELERS." BY EDITH B. PRICE, AGE 14.

not be orthodox; it was very difficult to hold my breath, but I might be still more uncomfortable if I did n't hold it. To breathe or not to breathe, that was the question.

But I never decided it, for just then my head bobbed out, and I found Daddy and half a dozen chivalrous strangers in the water hunting for me. I was immediately lifted into a canoe, and told to "Sit still, little girl; just sit still." Then I was handed to the man in the next canoe, who, repeating, "Sit still, little girl; just sit still," passed me on. When I finally reached the shore, I was hurried to the club-house and arrayed in some extra clothes belonging to a child some four years younger than I. And then, to my chagrin, they capped my adventure, my long-wished-for adventure, by wrapping me in a pink baby-blanket, paddling me back across the river, and carrying me to Mother!

MIDSUMMER JOYS

BY WINIFRED WARD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

On a cold winter day, when pleasures are few,
You have some excuse if your manners are blue;
But when all the world in gay raiment is decked,
A snap or a snarl has a monstrous effect.

A cross word or so, when the trees are unclad,
Might make folks remark that your conduct was bad;
But when the "Queen Summer" has clothed every bough,
Bad tempers are evils she cannot allow.

When we share in the joys of a midsummer's day,
We wish that the queen of all seasons could stay;
But, alas! she must journey away on the breeze,
To visit our sisters far over the seas.

MIDSUMMER JOYS

BY MARIE LOUISE HERSEY (AGE 16)

OH, now, for those midsummer joys I am wishing.
 For ducking and diving, and swimming and fishing,
 For boating and sailing, or driving and riding,
 Our thoughts in the woods to wild nature confiding;
 For sea-shore and cottage, or canvas and camping,
 With stories by firelight, and days spent in tramping,
 With berries in thickets and flowers in the hollow,
 With thunder-showers often but sunshine to follow,
 With freedom and gladness and bountiful pleasure,
 The midsummer joys are the joys without measure.

AN AUGUST ADVENTURE

BY CLAIRE H. ROESCH (AGE 13)

"SAY, Cary," cried Gordon Williams, one sultry afternoon in August, as he sauntered into his friend's den, "how 'd you like to go a little way up the river with me in my canoe?"

"Very much," replied Cary. "When are you going?"

"Right now."

"All right, I 'm with you."

It was a beautiful afternoon. The river was as smooth as glass, and here and there on its broad bosom lay a patch of sunlight that had filtered through the leaves of the overhanging trees. There was no sound

shore. Both boys were good swimmers and reached the bank in safety.

They came back in the canoe, and Cary sat very still.

When they were on land again, they hurried home and kept out of their friends' way until they were once more in dry clothes.

They are both grown men now, but Cary still remembers his August adventure, and never tries to stand in a canoe.

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY ELIZABETH FERGUSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

AUGUST means to me the pleasure of lying on a pile of sweet-scented, newly mown grass and watching the white clouds go floating listlessly across the blue, blue sky; watching the bees as they buzz and sup about the flowers opening under the hot rays of the midday sun; hearing the sweet melody of those little birds who are not discouraged by the heat, and who seem to be verily running over with the joy and pleasure of living; feeling the sweetly scented breeze brush softly across my cheek, and whispering into my ear of the joys of other lands, perhaps fairer and more beautiful than this.

Or August means the pleasure of paddling idly down a mountain stream, close to the banks, where one may see many wonderful flowers, hear the sweet, contented songs of many birds as they dart here and there among



"TRAVELERS." BY HELEN ALDIS BRADLEY, AGE 16.

to break the drowsy stillness except the lazy chirp of some bird, or the swish of Gordon's paddle as it made its way through the clear water.

"Cary," he said, after they had gone about half a mile, "I 'll bet you can't get a leaf from that tree," and he pointed at one whose branches seemed almost to touch the water.

"I bet I can," replied Cary.

Gordon paddled over to the river-bank, and Cary, without thinking, and before Gordon had time to stop him, stood up and reached for the branch. The canoe wobbled unsteadily, there was a splash, and boys and canoe went under the water.

They arose instantly, and Gordon grasped the canoe with one hand, and with the other struck out for the

the trees, and the gentle murmuring of the water as it softly laps against the sides of the canoe. Then can one dream dreams of pleasure and joys of days to come.

Or August means a walk in the cool and peace of twilight through the calm woods, still, except for the sweetly tender, yet strong, note of the wood-thrush, as he sings his mate to sleep, with his beautiful serenade "U-a-li-alo u-a-li."

So August is the month of lazy happiness, of idle wanderings, of the returning to Nature, of sweet-scented breezes, of happy day-dreams, of crooning sounds, and bird songs; of opening flowers, of hot mid-days, of cool evenings. Certainly, though August has its unpleasantnesses, it is one of the happiest of happy months that make up one happy year.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY MARY CARVER WILLIAMS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE of my favorite sports and pastimes is archery. It requires not only patience and skill but concentration and forethought.

In England, archery, as a sport, may be traced back to Robin Hood's time, and as an agency of war, to a much earlier period, but has only been established in America within recent years. It has grown rapidly, however, and spread all over the country. Every year, in August, a national tournament is held; archers coming all the way from Seattle to Boston join in this reunion competition.

For the last five years it has been held in Chicago, on the open green in front of the Refectory in Washington Park. It lasts four days, at the end of which prizes and medals are awarded.

On the first day of the shoot, ropes are stretched to keep out the onlookers, policemen pace to and fro to prevent strangers from venturing near the targets, and yeomen string their bows and fill their quivers. As a bugle blows, an archer at each target rises, and, standing with bow in hand, nocks his arrow, and lets it fly. One of the prettiest sights is the flight-shooting on the last day, when each archer tries to see how far he can send an arrow.

And so, in practising for this annual event, and in the enjoyment of its pleasures, it may readily be seen that August means a great deal to me in the way of delightful recreation.

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY MILDRED A. BOTSFORD (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

AUGUST always calls to my mind a mental picture of a peaceful country-side wrapped in stillness, except for the occasional buzz of a bee as he lights on a meadow-daisy. Not a breath moves the white clouds; not a rustle whispers among the trees. The brook flows along so quietly you can scarcely hear it rippling over the stones; and the birds—the heat has hushed their chirping for the present. In the field across the dusty road are mowers busy at their work. I can see the farm-hands in overalls and big straw hats, deftly swinging their scythes and leaving in their wake a pathway close-cropped and smooth. From my lazy retreat in the hammock beneath shady maples, I can sniff the delicious

fragrance of fresh-cut hay. I close my eyes and sink back among the pillows, drinking in the calm and beauty of this August afternoon. A favorite book I have been reading falls from my hand; it is John Burroughs's



"A TRAVELER."
BY CARLOTTA
HAMILTON,
AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A TRAVELER." BY PAULINE KERKOW, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Birds and Poets," and I lie still, letting my thoughts wander at random over the delightful pages. Suddenly across the hills a mellow-toned church bell rings out—six o'clock, and tea-time. An August day is over.

WHAT AUGUST MEANS TO ME

BY H. HARDY HETH (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I PICTURE to myself a narrow, country road, covered an inch thick with fine, dry dust. On either side are withered weeds and grasses, choking for lack of mois-



"A TRAVELER." BY ELSIE L. RICHTER, AGE 14.

ture, parched with heat. Above, in the tree-tops, each leafy bough rests in perfect stillness, for not a breath of air is stirring; and, looking down upon this scene, a blazing sun glares in a cloudless sky. Now a bird sails forth from some shaded dwelling, but finding itself the only sign of life about, soon again retires.

At last! some one is approaching! Here comes a fisher-lad; torn overalls, big straw hat, red bait-can, and all. A fish-pole dangling over his shoulder, his bare feet making little clouds of dust rise at every step, he trudges listlessly on, till, reaching a small brook (which is nearly dry), he baits his hook, and idles the hours away in dreamy silence.

But, while I linger, a change in the whole atmosphere takes place, as wondrous as if done by magic. The sun now penetrates from the west, where golden-tinted clouds have gathered to bid the day farewell. One by one the stars appear; a fresh breeze makes each leaf dance with delight. Twilight wanes.

Finally the fisher-boy stirs from his reverie to find a fish waiting on the hook. Perhaps it has been there for hours, unheeded by him. He plods homeward with his prize, and darkness falls. The moon, with a soft, cool glow, melts the world into a dreamland, and all cares of day are washed away in the pure light. And I decide, e'er the picture vanishes, that August, with its dreamy days and nights, is the most beguiling of all months.

MIDSUMMER JOYS

BY CAROLINE C. ROE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

ON midsummer morn, the sun comes up
O'er the hills all flashing with dew,
And the wind blows, full of the singing of birds
And the joy of the morning new;
On the crest of the hill a shepherd lad'
Pipes soft to the boundless blue.
And oh, for the joy of the midsummer morn,
For the scent of the flowers, for the thrush on the thorn!

In the midsummer noon, the poppy buds
Droop drowsily in the sun,
All through the silent and quivering air
The hummings of insects run;
The shepherd boy is asleep in the shade,
With his song but just begun.
And oh, for the joy of the midsummer noon,
For the shady pool with the lilies strewn!

In the midsummer night, the moonlight pure
Turns darkness into gold;
The glamour lies on the landscape still,
And magic breathes from the wold;
The shrilling joy from the shepherd's pipe,
Sounds from the sleeping fold.
Oh, praise for the joy of the midsummer night,
For the moth's silver wing, and the star's clear light!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Kate Duncan Smith
Ruth K. Gaylord
Velona B. Pilcher
Frieda Haden
Louise M. Anawalt
Lucie Morton
Dorothy M. Rogers
Virginia F. Ballard
Sidney B. Dexter
Ruth Burleson
Mary Shannon
Webster
Doris Swift
Myra Adams
Mittie Clark
Bessie A. Chown
Harriet Watson
Jessamine D. Jurisch
Gladys Pollock
Marian Wightman
Frances K. Renney
Katharine Walton
Dorothy Buell
Dorothy W. Lord
Marcelle Ellinger
Gwen Allen
Robert Deane
Hattie Tuckerman
Barbara Burgess
Susie W. McGowan
Katharine Prescott
Cox
Muriel Ives
Vance S. Utz
Ralph L. McCombs
Lydia S. Chapin
Marion Carter
Florence A. Priest
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Dorothy Greene
Alicia M. Wertenbaker
Richard Haupt
Naomi Lauchheimer
Ruth Gilbert
Henry Wilson Hardy
Mary Lee Thurman

PROSE, 2

Elizabeth Finley
Lucy Dunham
Henry J. Zolzer
Hazel Sawyer
Margaret C. Bland
Olive Brooks
Mary V. Farmer
Eleanore Maule
Dorothy H. Eaton
Alice Moore
Helen Sinzheimer
Laura Hopping
Marion B. Dale
Mary Daboll
Hélène M. Roesch
Lisbeth Young
Katie Bermingham
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Eleanor Hayden
Elizabeth Walmsley
Miriam R. Small
Elsie Daubert
Edward P. Furber
Grace Baldwin
Ruth Stevens
Chas. H. Kirschbaum
Wallace Brown
Frances Wolvorton
Deborah Iddings
August Madsen
Hope Heggie
Dixie Harris
Nora M. Mohler
Margaret E. Taylor
Douglas Brown
Marion Smith
Duncan Hagan
Eleanor B. Lane
Gertrude A. Miller
Katharine Herrick
Ethel R. Van
Steenbergh
Constance De B.
Watkin
Jenny Agnes Heyne
Edith Manwell

Anna De Witt
Harriet T. Miles
Julia E. Lancaster
Fred Hummel
Dorothy Stewart
Caroline F. Ware
William P. Fowler, Jr.
Marian Wallace
Betty Penny
Helen E. Dougherty
Stuyvesant B. Wright
Jean MacKenzie
Louise Wells
Bertha Hirschberg
Nell Upshaw
Effie C. Ross
Lavona Ruby
Marguerite Sisson
Helen Terrell
Caroline Newson
Gladys L. Bagg
Blanche Laub
Olga Van S. Owens
Ethel C. Litchfield
Elizabeth S. Bier
John Terrell
Frances N. Tucker
Walter L. Chapin, Jr.
Marion Hunt
William W. Ladd
Doreen L. Lavell
Gaylord W. Anderson
Emma Ellis
Olive Cale
Alme Idle
William Allen Putnam,
Jr.
Dorothy Watt
F. Marie Brown
Miriam V. Hershey
Elizabeth Talley
Frances Sweeney
Eleanor Thomas
Margaret M. Barker
Elizabeth Van Order
Charity B. Hampson
H. Norwell MacIntyre
Priscilla Robinson

Janet Nevins
Elizabeth Stewart
Fannie M. Bouton
Richard de La
Chapelle
Winifred G. Whiton
Gladys Durell
Phyllis Coate

Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Russell Howard
Dorothy Groman
Olivia Johnson
Lesley E. Cody
Ethel M. Sparks
Phyllis Kennedy
Helen Hendrie

Beatrice Wineland
Ora Elizabeth Tyrivier
Marie Maurer
Walter K. Frame
Laura E. Hill
Henrietta H. Henning
Pearl Miller
Marion Doll

Herschel V. Johnson
C. Pardee Erdman
Ralph Farwell
Mary Tabitha Wilson

Roy Stewart
Dorothea Klenge
Mildred R. Tim
Lorraine Nelson
Elizabeth Hayes
Charlotte A. Stickney
Annie S. Reid
Addison Brown, Jr.
Mary Smith
Dorothy Deming

Marguerite Ellis
Ralph G. Brown
W. Robert Reud
Cecilia Brewster
Charles Ingalls Morton
Margaret E. Hoffman
Adelaide W. Moffat
Ruth Young
Laura L. Sexton
Philbrick McCoy

VERSE, 1

Harriet B. Foster
Lillie G. Menary
B. Cresswell
Doris L. Huestis
Winifred S. Stoner
Eunice G. Hussey
Rachel Lyman Field
Stanley Daggett
Susan C. Duffield
Doris F. Halman
Margaret Osborne
Amy I. Jennings
Ruth E. Lewis

VERSE, 2

Katharine Barron
Stewart
Agnes Nolan
Margaret Weldon
Mary J. Smith
Mary Lee Sullivan
Gertrude Russell
Mary F. Atkinson
Betty Humphreys
Edith M. Levy
Rose Schwartz
Mildred G. Wheeler
Annette Merritt
Isabel Worthington
Louise M. Rose
Aveline Kent
Ermina Carry
Russell Van Nostrand
John Landon Cooley
Anna Rimginton
Edith W. Childs
Margaret M. Cronin
Alice Lovell
Anita G. Lynch
Mamie Hoeck
Henry H. Blodgett
Mary Frances
Williams
Agnes H. Smith
Sydney B. Smith
Fannie W. Butterfield
Gwendolyn V. Steel
Forest Hopping
Olive Perks
Beulah E. Amidon
Louella Still
Jane Langthorn
Josephine Gaughan
Mary Thayer
Lorena J. Cross
Margaret Beattie
Mary E. Marsh
Alexander Despres, Jr.

DRAWINGS, 1

Caroline Cox
Lucy F. Rogers
Harry Till
Huntes Griffith
Alvan C. Hadley
Vernet Lee
Virginia Reynolds
Helen D. Baker
Beryl H. Margetson
Olive M. Smith
Bodil Hornemann
Marie Sanderson
Harold J. Harding
Marion Robertson
Rebecca O. Wyse
Helen J. Coates
Adelaide Lovett
Mabel Howell
Dorothy Seligman
Margaret Brate
Eleanor Powell
Jean Hopkins

DRAWINGS, 2

Margar t Million
Zelina Comegys
Linn E. Hoffman
Kathryn R.
MacMahon
Mary R. Glover
Emma Stuyvesant
Charlotte Cummings
Louise Ellsworth
Robin Hill
Martha Zeiger
Dorothy Wright
Catharine F. Playle
Lawrence Riley
Winifred Irvine
Jean J. I. Beattie
Theresa Rion Abell
Helen W. Speakman
Nelda Kreisle
Margaret K. Turnbull
Marian Luce
Julia Lilly
Montgomery
Margaret W. Golding
Victor Carrara
Lucie C. Holt
Howard W. Schwarz
Allen McGill



"A TRAVELER." BY MERRIL W.
SEYMOUR, AGE 12.

Marion Kelly
Wheelock
Harold Schwartz
Amy Owen Bradley
Edna Vinton
Jean Dorchester
Jennie A. Wilson
John Hilzinger
Frank Paulus
Marguerite
Vandervoort
Doris Louise Potter
Frank Martin
Caroline H. Parker
John Hamilton Rush
Edward M. Schirvitz
Marjorie Robarts
Margaret Pratt
Elizabeth Weld
Natalie Morgan
Dorothy C. Partridge
Jennie E. Everden
Louise Wallace
Helen J. McFarland
Aline M. Crook
Katharine H. Seligman
Isabel B. Huston
Katharine G. Culyer
Ellen Campbell
Sybil A. Fletcher
Berenice Livingston
Daphne Kimball
Margaret E. Knight
Catherine Harley
Grant
Mary F. Lerch
Anne Lee Haynes
Mildred Luthardt
Lily King Westervelt
Margaret F. Foster
Genevieve K. Hamlin
William DeVette

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Dorothy White
Mary H. S. Pittman
Margaret Fife
Herbert B. Pawson
Bronson H. Davis
Helen Wallis
Eunice A. Holme

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret C. Burton
Clarence Oppen

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 142

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 142 will close August 10 (for foreign members August 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Kind Hearts."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Gifts," or "A Cheerful Giver."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Caught by the Camera."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Good Friends," or a Heading or Tail-piece for December.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

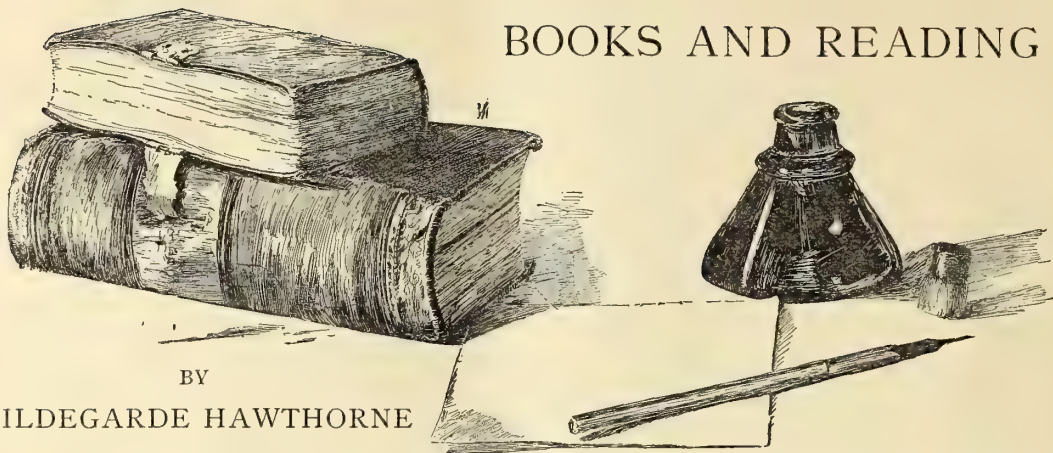
ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING



BY
HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

BEGINNING A COLLECTION

THE collecting habit is almost as deeply rooted in human nature as the eating or sleeping habits, though it is not so continuously in evidence. But hardly any one escapes it; young or old or in between, it strikes us sometime, with collections of all kinds, from pressed wild flowers to mountains—or, at least, scrambles to their summits, which is a collecting mania with a few. I know one woman who thus collects mountain climbs, though from my point of view she has never so much as seen a mountain. She goes all over the world, adding new climbs to her collection; the difficulties overcome in securing her last specimen, the time occupied in its attainment, that is all a mountain means to her; its sublimity, its beauty, its wild and lonely grandeur, and the soul-awakening view to be enjoyed from its slopes or peak, these things concern her not at all. It was the number of feet ascended, the rests she was obliged to take, the camps she made overnight, the quarrels with her guides, the false trails she followed, that formed the sole object of her conversation. She had put her foot on the mountain's neck, as it were; but nonetheless she had somehow lost the mountain, and any one whose heart is really stirred at the sight of a fine photograph of any of the peaks she has climbed, has got more of the mountain than will ever fall to the share of my adventurous acquaintance. She simply takes her own small personality to such or such an elevation above the sea, at a greater or less expenditure of fatigue and time and risk of life and limb; but with the mountain itself she has nothing to do.

This is, however, a digression. Many mountain climbers really do collect mountains, and have not only the courage and strength of their successful effort tucked away in their memories,

but also the glory of what they saw and felt for a permanent possession. This kind of collecting is worth while. The sort that excludes everything but the mere getting and holding, the sort, for example, that collects useless, absurd, and ugly things simply for the excitement of running them down and saying triumphantly, "I have more paper match-boxes or iron nails than anybody else on earth," this sort of collecting is a foolish indulgence and a waste of time.

But to collect something truly worth while is to add an interest to life and provide an unfailing source of pleasure. There are many kinds of such collections, from simple inexpensive natural objects, like the wild plants of your State, its butterflies, or moths, or geological specimens, to rare prints or old china; you can collect old coins or new post-cards, Colonial furniture or photographs—and, what brings me to my mutton, Books.

Now, collectors of books can be quite as absurd as mountaineers or paper match-box enthusiasts. There is many a man with a passion for first editions who never looks within the covers of his treasures, and to whom a book is nothing unless it possess a certain stamp or date or frontispiece or what-not, things that have nothing to do with the real book, any more than the number of feet ascended in a day has anything in common with the real mountain.

But to collect books as books, because of what is inside them, is an excellent thing, and one almost any boy or girl can engage in with the greatest possible results of use and delight. Books are concerned with all the interests of life; they are most of them by no means expensive, they are easily taken care of, good to look at in a room, and they lead to a constantly widening knowledge, not only on their particular subjects, but on many others. They reward collectors well,

The collecting of a library is the work of a lifetime, and if any of you feel like beginning it, I should advise your choosing some special subject or author as a starter. Not that I think you ought to exclude other books or reading; but that your chief efforts be directed along a definite line, toward what attracts you more strongly than anything else.

Suppose you are devoted to an outdoor life, to camping, rowing, sailing, fishing. Perhaps you don't care for books at all, and think them rather stuffy and tiresome. The woods and lakes and sea are good enough for you, you think. But try getting a book or two by men who have also loved nature, and who have come to know outdoor matters very well indeed. Get Walter Camp's books, for instance, books full of definite information in regard to sports and life in the open. Stewart Allen White's stories will be good reading. Spread out a bit then with Burroughs and Jefferies, with their charming descriptions and intimate knowledge of so many things belonging to outdoor life, things you might never discover for yourself, or would not understand if you saw. By that time it will be strange if the charm of reading has not begun to take hold of you. You will want the books of Audubon and Wilson, who not only knew more than most people about birds, but who spent a large part of their existence in the forest and field, had many amazing adventures, and wrote of them in a way you cannot help liking. By this time your collection is beginning to look interesting. Get other books on birds and animals, on hunting in strange lands, study about trees and wild plants and fruits, read Thoreau, and add his "Walden" and "Maine Woods" to your shelves. By this time you may even find you like Emerson's poems on nature, full of love for and observation of this wild world you love yourself.

Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

If you have ever paddled your canoe in a lake and watched the widening ripples slip away, you will read those lines with pleasure—and you will love your paddling all the better for the memory of words that fit it so well.

But don't be content simply with the better known books. Explore for yourself; there is where one of the collector's joys is to be found. Hunt up volumes that have anything to tell you; but never get any that are n't good just because they are on your subject. One of the first things to learn in making any sort of collection, is what

to eliminate. It is an excellent plan, once or twice a year, to go carefully over your books and decide upon each volume on the shelves. There will be some that are not really worth while, to you at least. Don't keep them; give them away, or exchange them for something you do want. I don't mean that you should turn out any good book, just because you have read it. A good book should be a permanent possession. Don't be hasty in deciding that a book is not worth keeping, but when you are sure it is not up to the mark, is slovenly, or incorrect, or poor in any way, chuck it out.

If your bent is toward fairy tales, you can make a beautiful collection of the good ones from all over the world. These will lead to folk stories, to old ballads and border songs, to sagas and runes of ancient times. The first book you get with an aim is a magnet that will attract and attract, proving to be the nucleus of a real library. People, knowing what you want, will add to your books, taking trouble to give some special volume you need; and from your main stem will spring countless branches. A story on sea voyages will lead you to Samoa, where you will cross Stevenson's trail and find yourself deep in his delightful letters and sketches of the South Sea islands. This will awaken your interest in other islands, in savage tribes, their art and customs. Exploration is allied to this, and what wonderful books there are on that topic, with all their romance of unknown lands and unsailed seas!

Tap the book-stream anywhere, and there's no telling to what it will not grow, to what splendid ocean it may not lead. Say that you begin with a single author, Scott, for example. First you get all the books he wrote, then books about him, like Lockhart's famous *Life*, or a biography such as that by Florence MacGunn, "*Sir Walter Scott's Friends*." You won't stop there. You will add books on the Scotland of Scott's own day, and the periods in which his romances are cast. You will get the enchanting *Border literature*, volume by volume. You will want histories of the two Pretenders, of the great Clans, of the old towns and wild islands. You will stumble on other Scottish authors, and take up the lives of Scotch statesmen, to follow their influence in England, their adventures in the colonies. That will bring you to government generally, and the wonderful struggle of humanity toward freedom, of which we told our story last month.

It is an excellent idea, after you have been acquiring books along a certain line for some time, to take up another and quite different subject as a minor, a side, issue. If you are devoting yourself to travel, for instance, it might be good to

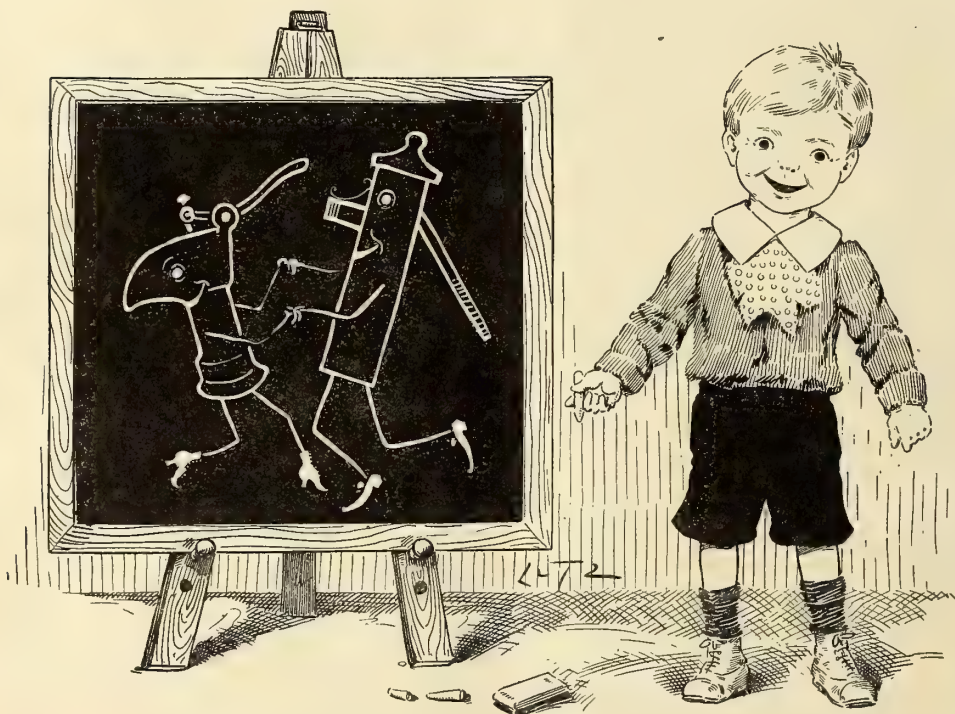
take up, to a smaller extent, books on a special period of art, or history, or works of imagination. For you must be careful, in becoming a collector, not to narrow yourself down. A main interest is not good if it excludes too much. Besides, if you read only your own subject, you not alone cut out other and just as important interests, but you really lose along your own line, too. For instance, to know and love the fairy stories you ought to know how they came to be written, how for ages man expressed his ideas of the universe and human life by such tales, and how all true stories are linked with them.

Indeed, if one takes up anything in this world and really learns it thoroughly, its greatest lesson, and its most amazing one, is this very fact of the interweaving of everything about us, of the relationship of things to one another, even those that seem farthest removed. Somebody said once that when you blew a whistle, you set the entire universe in motion; this is an exaggerated way of putting the matter, but true it is that you can hardly touch upon anything that has an end until you reach the confines of space and time. Of

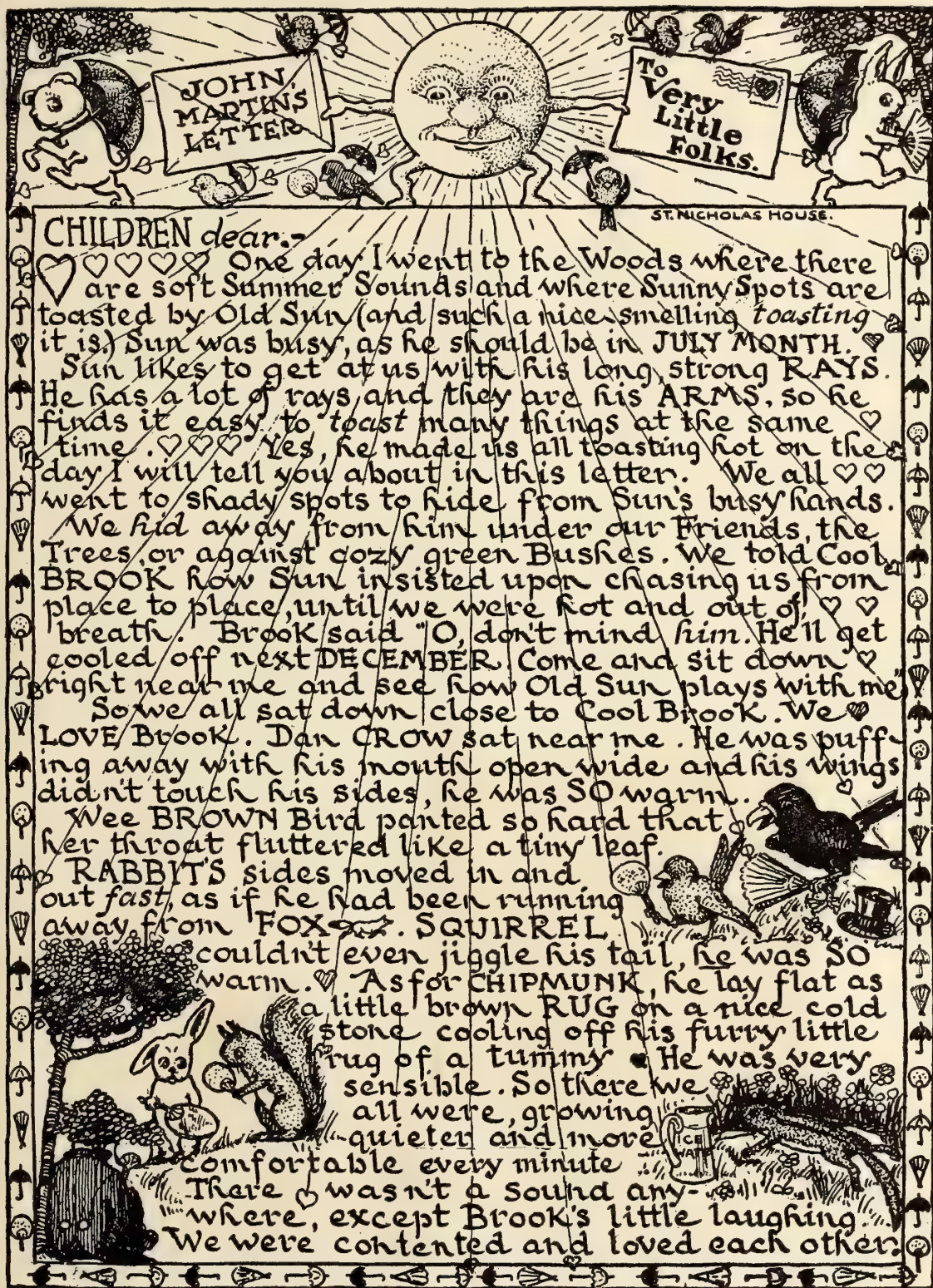
course, in the multiplicity that surrounds us, we must put the emphasis on one, or, at best, a few, out of the many, but we must not be afraid of following wherever these go. If you are tramping along in the track of your pet hobby, collecting, let us say, the lives and memoirs of the brave pioneers who opened the wilderness for settlers, and you run across something concerning a modern engineer that excites your curiosity, don't turn away because it is n't "your subject."

Find out all you can, and you will soon discover that the links between the leather-clad woodsmen who preceded civilization across the Plains and the Rockies, and this scientific conqueror who is subduing their obstacles, are numerous and interesting; your time will not be lost.

The point is, to begin somewhere. Start in, and start in at the turn that allures you most. There is no knowing where it will end, if it ever ends; but you are going to enjoy every step, to have something to show for each of them, and to have an interest that will last you all your life.



"A PAIR OF DANCING PUMPS"—(ACCORDING TO LITTLE BOBBY.)



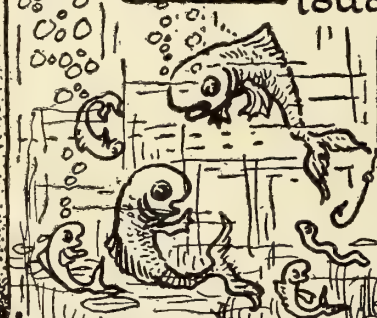
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WE were startled out of our peace-ful-ness by screeching, screaming **KING FISHER**, who is your **JULY BIRD**. He thinks he is **KING** of everybody and all the Woods besides. (but he isn't). **HE DOVE** into our quiet place like a flash of blue lightning, scolding and sputtering. His language was naughty and naughty and IM-polite. **HE** grabbed at least a dozen little branches and shook them. He jumped on at least **SIX** harmless little stones - but worst of all, he pecked at some little flowers for just smiling. O, wasn't he a disturber of our peace? Crow got black all over with rage. Squirrel threw an acorn at him. The rest of us couldn't say a word, we were so shocked at his naughty-naughty be-havior. He screamed **I am KING, KING, ROYAL KING FISHER. I FISH, FISH, FISH**, just where I please and I catch and scratch just what I please. Of course, what **KING** Fisher said hurt our feelings and I can't tell you how he fished on that hot **JULY DAY**, so I will write about it all, as **DAN CROW** would **SING** about **How King Fisher Went A-Fishing**.


A NAUGHTY King Fisher went fishing one day, dressed up in his **ROYAL** ous togs. He thought he was grand in a **GLORI** ous way, so he screamed at the fish and the frogs. There never was any one nearly so proud or half such a tyrant as he. And never did any one yell quite so loud, or act so out-rageous-ly **FREE**.

He cried to the **WORMS** with arrogant looks to furnish him **WORMY**-FUL looks. He tried to scare all of us out of our boots, by scolding and **DANGEROUS** LOOKS.






So, ramping and raging, he came to our stream that made believe shiver with fright. Then stamping his claws and screaming a scream, he ordered his Subjects to BITE.



A LAZY old CatFish just grinned at the hook. Young Polly-wog wobbled at it. A silly young Minnow gave only a look and took a most violent FIT. Then jolly old Sun Fish sniffed hook with his NOSE. Pete Pickerel gave it a poke. And funny Bill Mussel just twiddled his toes and gurgled with JOY at the JOKE.

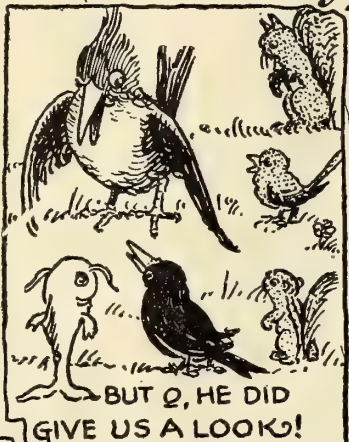


THEY sputtered with laughter. They bubbled with glee. They rolled on the floor of the brook. They fluttered their tails in amusement to see a KING Fisher fish with a HOOK. They whirled in a jumble. They babbled with joy and wiggled and jiggled and swished. They swirled in a tangle. They tried to annoy that saucy KING Fisher who fished in his MUD for a while. BILL MUSSEL kept still in his MUD for a while, collecting his mud-dlesome wits. "That Fisher" said he with a choice clammy SMILE, "will give us ALL dozens of fits. I vote that you gentlemen give me a boost. I'll bite at his hook good and tight. I'll haul ROYAL Fisher down off of his roost. I'll give the old SCOLDER a fright. So CatFish and Pollywog gave a big heave and Sun Fish gave Mussel a tug. Young Minnow then tickled him and I believe, sly Pickerel gave him a hug. They heaved and they boosted, they wobbled and worked, till Mussel got hold of the hook. Then all gave a PULL and Fisher was jerked with a YELL to the floor of THE BROOK."



A FUNNY KIND
OF CAT FISH.

OF COURSE old King Fisher's big YELL got all wet, as Fisher just spluttered and choked. Of course he was flustered and slightly upset and more than a trifle provoked. But what was most trying-along came Sir Drake, just busting with QUACKY-FUL pluck, he gave him a BUMPERTY CRUMPERTY shake and one more AD-DI-TION-AL DUCK. AT LAST we all thought that old Fisher had had a duck-ing and wetting enough. (But still, he deserved it, because he was bad and also his manners were ROUGH.) So, Squirrel and Chipmunk and Brown Bird and I pulled Fisher up out of the Brook. He said not a word. He cried not a cry, but O, he DID give us a LOOK.



BUT O, HE DID
GIVE US A LOOK!

WE rubbed him and scrubbed him and cuddled him till we made him all fluffy and fine. From the tip of his TAIL to the end of his BILL we made that King Fisher just shine. And then we persuaded him kindly to try to always be gentle and Good. With another BIG LOOK from the tail of his eye, he carefully said that he would.

THERE, DEARS THAT IS ALL of Dan Crow's Song Story of how KING

Fisher got a duck-ing, so I only need to add, that Fisher stopped being naughty for all the MONTH OF JULY. So Sun and all the rest of us had a good, cozy

time of it, beside Cool Brook. AT LAST, one day, old Sun went to bed a little earlier than usual and the MOON was a silver bowl in the sky. Little FROGS in the Meadow called - "Wait, wait! It isn't late. Whip-poor-Will whistles in Willow Bough Gate." And the Hide-away BUGS whispered "List-list-LISTEN!" As we waited still as still, we heard the song of Whip-poor-Will come trembling over the meadow and hill. Whip-poor-Will is your AUGUST Bird. So listen to



WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG ☆ ☆ ☆

O, I sit all alone and I wait and I wait;
 O yes, all alone, POOR ME!

O, I wait and I whistle on Willow Bough Gate,
 Or up in a lonesome Tree.

O, I hope and I hope that Some One will come
 Up over the Sundown Hill, -
 Just Some One to love me and find me a HOME,
 A Home for POOR "Whip-poor-Will".

O, I fly through the Sky in the dark of the Night.
 I sail on the Moonlight Sea.

I whistle and whistle with all of my might,
 But Nobody answers me.

There are hundreds and hundreds of Birdies and Things
 All sleeping so sound and still,
 As poor Whip-poor-Will his poor Lullaby sings.

O, pity poor Whip-poor-Will!

O, I sing my poor Song, for it's all that I know, -
 Poor song of three notes, - just THREE.

I sing it as well as I can, just to show
 How lonely a Bird can be.

O, I'm sorry and sorry, the way my Song's made;
 So little and short and shrill.

And I wonder and wonder if you are AFRAID
 Of ME, your poor Whip-poor-Will!

O, I say "Whip-poor-Will", for I want Some One to.
 Yes, that's why I call and call.

If Some One should whip me, perhaps when they're through
 I wouldn't be lonesome at all.



And sometimes and often, when whippings are done,
 Some body gets CUDDLED, until
 Somebody is happy, for surely Some One
 Will LOVE ME and HUG Poor-Will!



WHIP-POOR-WILL'S
CRADLE.



WHIP-POOR-WILL
IS CUDDLED

There, Dears, is Whip-poor-Will's sad little Song. Of course no one would *think* of whipping poor Will; in fact Mrs. Dan Crow  went straight to Willow Bough Gate, the very  first SEPTEMBER evening and rocked Whip-poor-Will to sleep in a kind, cud-dle-some Mother-like way. And Will was very happy. Now I must say "Good night", Dears, for all the Night Things are nodding and a Candle Star is fluttering over a drowsy Tree. I wish for You, GOOD DREAMS and bright Sunshine in your Hearts to-morrow. Ever your loving



JOHN
MARTIN

THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a remarkably impressive picture of a volcano in the Philippines, and an interesting letter about it from a young friend of St. NICHOLAS, Anna Doris Hyer. The letter and picture were forwarded by Captain B. B. Hyer, now stationed at Manila.

FORT WM. MCKINLEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a photograph of Taal Volcano in action.

Fort McKinley is about forty miles from the volcano. There was an aerial explosion which occurred at half-



TAAL VOLCANO IN ACTION.

past two A.M. It woke us up. We watched the electrical display that followed for a long time. The volcano is in the middle of Laguna de Taal, or Lake Taal, Philippine Islands.

Sincerely,

ANNA DORIS HYER.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS more and more each year, and in the three and one half years we have taken it, I have wondered each year how I could enjoy it more.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My little sister is too little to know that there is a ST. NICHOLAS. My little brother thinks it's just lovely to get the magazine, when Sister is n't looking, and tear the pages. My little sister likes the "Betty" stories, "The Brownies," "Team-Mates," and the League, and I like it all.

I go to school and am in the eighth grade. I think some things that happen in school are very funny. Last year there was a boy in a seventh-grade history class who was writing a paragraph on Ethan Allen. When he finished, the teacher asked him to read it, and in it he said: "Ethan Allen was a Green Mountain Boy." The teacher asked him what a "Green Mountain Boy" was, and he said: "Oh, he was a boy who lived high up in the mountains and did n't know much, so people called him green." Another boy, in describing the life of the early New England settlers, said: "If we envy our brave descendants in their fireplaces, surely no one will envy them when, on cold winter mornings, they arose, and, on feeling no fire, freedzed themselves to death." A little sixth-grade boy in a grammar examination was asked to tell what was placed at the end of a declaratory sentence. His answer was: "A period, called the decimal point, is placed at the end of every sentence."

Hoping that some day I will be able to sign my name as an honor member of the League, I am

Your loving and interested reader,

ELIZABETH VIRGINIA KELLY (age 13).

HAMILTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always enjoy reading the letters in the Letter-Box, and I thought I would write you a letter and tell you how much I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS.

Our grandpa gives my sister and me ST. NICHOLAS every year. When I passed my examination my grandpa gave me the dearest little gold watch imaginable.

Hoping to receive you for years to come, I remain

Your "Can-hardly-wait-to-get-it" reader,

MIRIAM LOUISE MARSHALL (age 13).

GAZELLE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you about the entertainment that we are going to give. It is going to be on the last day of school. I like the part of the "Springtime" best. I like the "Rose Drill" pretty well. I don't like the drill the boys have because some of the girls have to march with the boys, and I don't like to. Then there is a dialogue called "Playing School," too.

Our teacher reads ST. NICHOLAS to us, and I think it is fine. We live one mile from the school and walk it every morning.

Yours truly,

BERTHA WELCH (age 11).

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading your interesting continued stories.

I live in Rome, near the queen mother's palace. I pass by there every morning on the way to school. I go to the American and German schools. The apartment in which I live has a nice large terrace. From the front we catch a splendid view of St. Peter's. The sunsets behind it are magnificent. From the back of our terrace we catch a glimpse of the Sabine hills. Some of them are covered with snow. When I lived in Rome in 1905, I received you as a Christmas present. My mother took you when she was a little girl. I am going to live here until I am ready to go to college in America. I like America a great deal better than Italy.

Your interested reader,

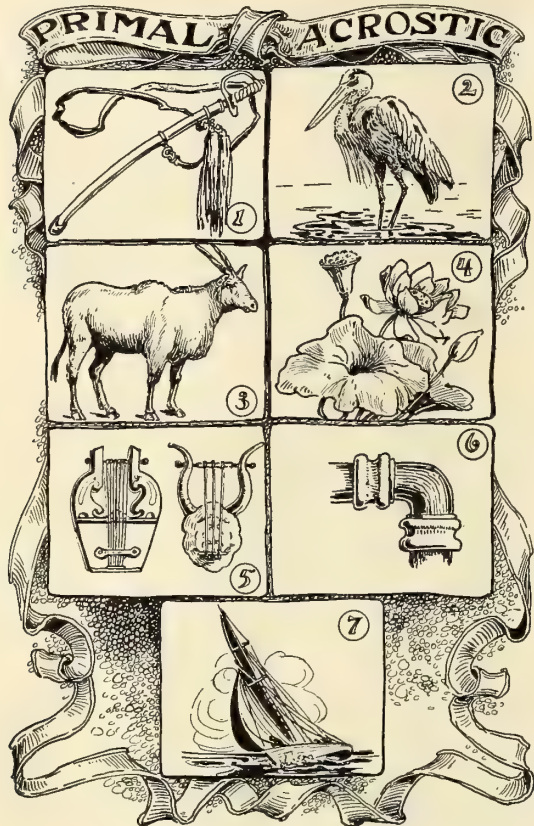
CHARLES FAIRCHILD GILL (age 11).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty-four letters and form a quotation from "The Two Paths."

My 11-2-24-20 are playthings. My 13-5-18-16 is situation. My 23-10-1-21 is of sound mind. My 7-15-12-6 is a smile. My 4-17-3-9 is possesses. My 14-22-19-8 is walk.

B. B.



ALL of the seven objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet who was born in August. Designed by

CORNELIA KEPHART (League Member).

CONCEALED DOUBLE ZIGZAG

IN the following sentences are concealed eight words of five letters each. When these are rightly guessed and written one below the other, in the order in which they occur, take the first letter of the first word, the second of the second, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, etc., and spell an age which League members regret to reach. Then take the third letter of the first word, the fourth of the second, the third of the third, the fourth of the fourth, etc., and spell what they are obliged to say to the League when they have reached this age.

Does n't it make you feel fine to see something by yourself in a lovely magazine like ST. NICHOLAS? What shall I send! Shall it be drawing, or essay, or

poem? I decide on a riddle. If it is published, I rush, red with pleasure, to show it to Mother. I make her read it again and again, and she is very glad to. "Well, well, is n't it lovely that it's printed!" she exclaims. For the first few minutes, every one of my thoughts is centered on my own riddle. After that, I decide to guess the others. Then, laying ST. NICHOLAS on the table before me, I set to work, feeling very grateful to the League for the great fun clever riddles always bring.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

A PUZZLE IN ADDITION

ADD to a drink a letter
And make what people eat;
ADD to this food a letter
And make what 's full of heat,—
For this will surely cook the food
And make it tender, sweet, and good.

NOW add another letter—
Here 's a river flowing fast!
AND still another letter—
It rides upon my last.
ADD yet another—to make your goal,
And lo, this floats above the whole.

EMMA C. DOWD.

SYLLABLE TRANSPOSITION

TRANPOSE the syllables of one word and make another word. Example: Transpose a citizen of a powerful European country, and make part of a stable. Answer: German. Manger.

1. Showering, and make a kind of carpeting. 2. Esteem, and make an apparition. 3. The head-dress of a bishop, and make to forgive. 4. Criminal, and make pertaining to the Alps. 5. To hearken, and make to engage for military service. 6. To debase, and make faithful in allegiance.

The initials of the transposed words, in the order here given, will spell the name of a famous and ancient race of people.

WORD-SQUARES

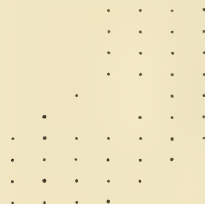
I. 1. KEEN enjoyment. 2. The pen-name of an English essayist. 3. Part of a door-frame. 4. A narrative.

II. 1. Outer covering. 2. Cattle. 3. Hosteltres. 4. A snug home.

F. V.

BOX PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



COVER: 1. Plastic earth. 2. To forfeit. 3. A continent. 4. A period of time.

FRONT: 1. Plastic earth. 2. A narrow way. 3. A feminine name. 4. A period of time.

RIGHT SIDE: 1. A period of time. 2. Comfort. 3. Small serpents. 4. Repose.

LEFT SIDE: 1. Plastic earth.

DOROTHEA FLINTERMANN.



Hungry?

Well, I should say so!

¶ Eat PETER'S, the Standard Eating Chocolate.

¶ When people are out of doors a lot, as they are in August, they feel the need of sweets.

¶ Eat Peter's—a food and candy combined.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes

Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate

Peter's Bon-Bons

Peter's "Thimbles" with Roasted Hazelnuts

Time to hand in answers is up August 10. Prizes awarded in October number.

For the 116th Competition we shall ask you to correct the following letter, copying it with your correction, and sending it in neatly written and free from errors. Do not change it except enough to make it correctly written, spelled, and punctuated:

August second, '11.

DEAR SAINT NICKOLAS;

I have been reading over some of the advertisement pages; in a recent no., and notised the firm's names and addresses. Carefully. Here are a few have I got them alright! or not!

A candy chicklets was 1 Gold Meddle Flower and the northen Pasific was another, wile Kinsford's Korn starch was mentioned for blank mänge.

The folding browny is a chimera for taking lithographs, and Kel-log's corn flacks are good two ate, Four a way to clene rings and broaches Ivery Soup $994\frac{4}{100}$ per cent is reccomended. Miss Libbey peers coily above a advertizement of Dried Slice Beaf, and Peet R's chockolate has a fine color ilustacion. The Ponds' Ecstrat pic-

ture made me laf extreemely—it was so humerus? And quaint.

Breaker's Bakefast Coco I have scene many times, and I wished I'd brung a package; to eat with my Rogers Bros. Spoon, and Poast toasties and poach egg; Which I all ways have. My appurtite is ecselent at altimes; For desert, give me jelly-O, rasbery flayvor.

Then, on my Raceicle bicicle, I would of taking a ride to my Ken-yon Take Down-Play house.

Thats what I call tip top past time do'nt you?

Faithful your friend

“MOLLY MAKE-BELEIVE.”

The prizes will be awarded for the best letters received, age being considered.

Here are the rules and regulations:

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nich-

(See also page 8.)

Hot Summer Days

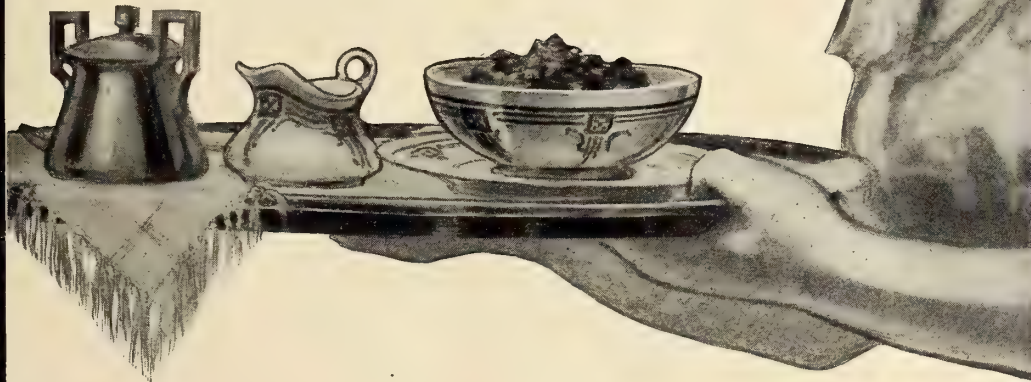
Bring enough necessary housework without the fuss and heat of cooking.

One can avoid some hot work and come to table "fresh as a daisy" by serving

Post Toasties

with cream

for breakfast, lunch or supper.



The appetizing flavor and wholesome nourishment found in this ready-to-serve food makes hot days more comfortable for the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

olas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (116).

3. Submit answers by August 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for

League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 116, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 114.

When the Judges looked over your sentences they realized what a careful and studious trip you boys and girls took through the list of names of twenty ST. NICHOLAS advertisers. This competition was not an easy one. It required skill, and most of all the ability to make a good sentence. Some of you did n't follow the rules and, of course, your sentences could not be considered. Always be careful to make your answers according to the rules of the competition, because if you fail to do this your contribution is not considered.

It was rather difficult to select the winners of this competition because of the large number of excellent sentences.

Here is a list of the prize-winners. Their answers were all good:

One First Prize, \$5.00 :

Marie Lawton, age 11, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each :

Annie Smithee, age 15, Colorado.

Mary K. Culgan, age 16, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each :

Fred Roterberg, age 15, Illinois.

Dorothy M. Smith, New Hampshire.

Louise Hansen, age 19, Norway.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each :

Mrs. N. S. Bentz, New York.

Kathryn E. Smith, age 10, Colorado.

Dora A. Pomeroy, age 13, Ontario.

Grace Featherstun, age 13, Mississippi.

Eleanor E. Kelso, Massachusetts.

Estelle Philpotts, age 11, Virginia.

Paul Olson, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Louise Down, age 15, Virginia.

Catherine Holderness, age 13, Arkansas.

Edith C. Smith, age 12, Colorado.

(See also page 6.)

Be Sure You Are Right Then Go Ahead!

This is Roasting-ear Season—time to roast sweet corn over the camp-fire embers,—Oh, Yum, Yum, Yum! Eat it from the cob with butter and salt. It will blacken each side of your mouth, but my! who cares?

This is also the Harvest Moon of the Indians and the Crockett Moon of the Boy Pioneers. By the way, W. H. Huddle painted a bully portrait of Davy Crockett. A reproduction of it is in Pennypacker's History of Texas. The picture shows a splendid type of man holding a coonskin cap in his right hand; his long hair thrown back from his forehead falls over the fringed cape of his long-skirted buckskin tunic (called a wamumus). A broad strap crosses his breast, passing over the left shoulder, and supports a lynx-skin bullet-pouch on his right side, over which hangs a cow's-horn powder-flask, while his left hand grasps the long octagonal barrel of "Betsey," his trusted rifle.

David Crockett, politician, statesman, philosopher, humorist, stump speaker, pioneer, expert woodman, scout, hero, patriot, and warrior, was a man with little book-knowledge, but he was a Dead Shot and he hit the bull's-eye when he said "I leave this for others: When I am dead, be sure you are right, then go ahead!"

Let that filter through your heads, boys, until it is part of your thought; then select a Remington .22.

It's the right gun for you because it is accurate, dependable, and safe.

A man's rifle built to your size;

it is stanch, perfectly balanced, and handsome. And it is solid breech, hammerless, too.

There's little or no possibility of the Remington-UMC .22 getting out of order, because it has few and big and strong and simple parts to its action.

You can shoot any kind of .22 cartridges you choose: .22 long, .22 short, or .22 long-rifle. You can put some of each into the magazine at the same time, and your rifle won't clog.

There are numerous pestiferous creatures on which to exert your skill as a marksman—creatures known to Crockett as "Varmints" which should be shot on sight. The plague-spreading, egg-sucking, chicken-killing, disgusting "Norway" brown rat is one of them, and .22 UMC leaden pills are what it needs. The blood-sucking weasel is another.

Our rapidly diminishing gray squirrels need protection, but their black-sheep cousins, the pigeon-killing, the birdnest-robbing red squirrels need subjection. There are many other varmints for which we might prescribe UMC pills for the good of our farms, gardens, wild and domestic live stock, but you know them.

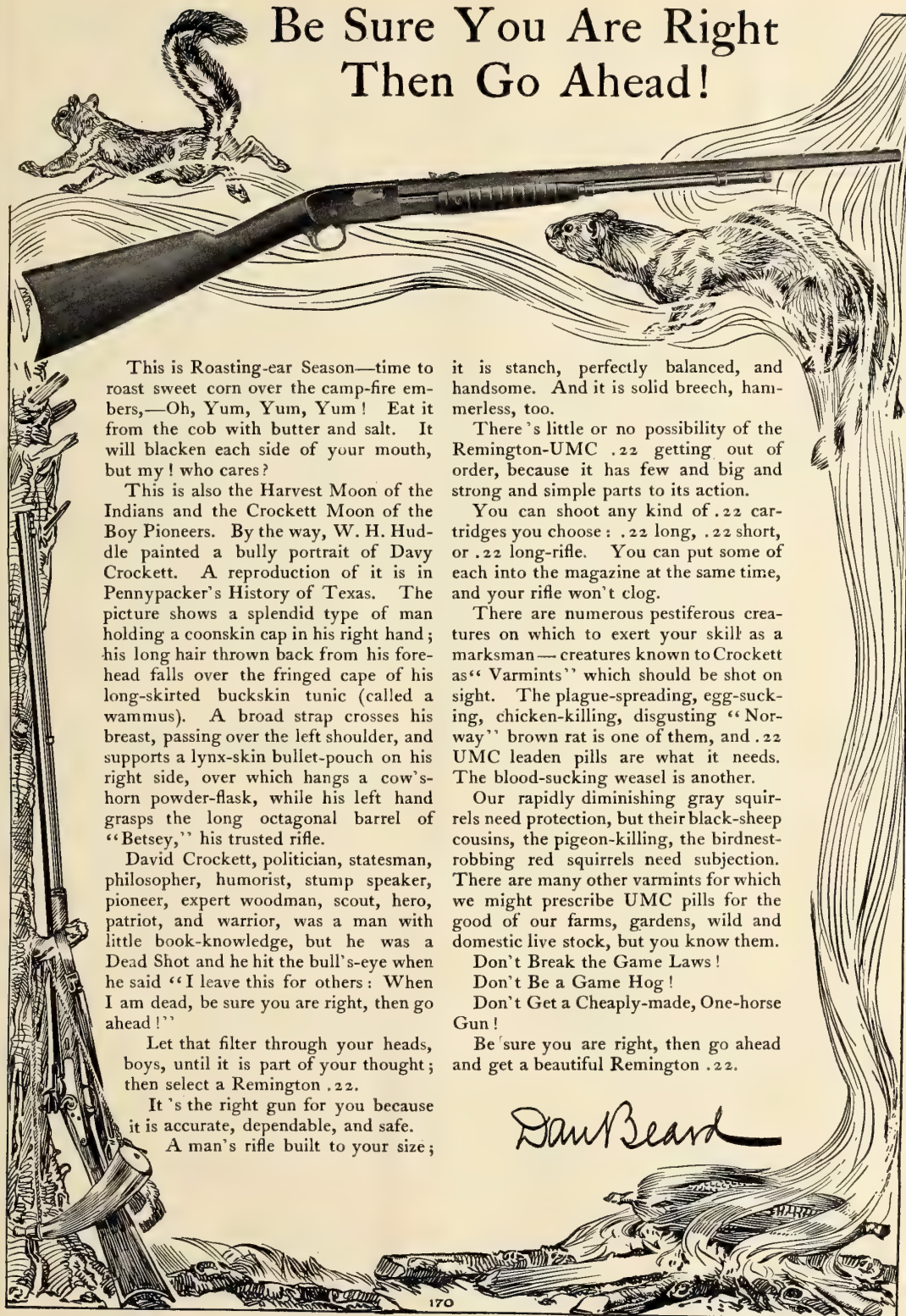
Don't Break the Game Laws!

Don't Be a Game Hog!

Don't Get a Cheaply-made, One-horse Gun!

Be sure you are right, then go ahead and get a beautiful Remington .22.

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Good-bye, Boys—Good-bye, Girls

We,—that is, pa and ma, sister and I,—also Bill, our cat,—are going to the country. We take the train, then a trolley, and at last arrive at our farm after a ten-mile wagon ride.

Ma has taken some "1847 Rogers Bros." spoons (made in our town), to give the church people. I do not like old spoons, and last year at their suppers the spoons they used were something awful.

Do not forget to write me at the old address; it will be forwarded. G.S., Box 846, Meriden, Conn. P.S.—(Written by my sister). Yes, and they made me carry the cat instead of my doll, which was packed in a trunk, but we got there all right. L.S.

1847 ROGERS BROS.



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Who
Play.



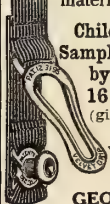
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NOTES ON PERU

PERU is an exceedingly interesting country from a stamp-collector's point of view, yet it is neglected by many for the reason that its various issues are not understood. The object of this article is briefly to throw a little light upon the reason and sequence of the various surcharges which seem so confusing and purposeless.

Stamps of the first issue (1857) are rare and are seldom seen. They were not issued by Peru itself, but were bought or borrowed by that nation from the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. There is no way of telling the uncanceled stamps of Peru from those of the Navigation Company. But the used stamps bear several kinds of cancellation. Those canceled with a number were probably used by the Company, while those canceled with the name of a town (Lima or Callao) are considered genuinely used Peruvian stamps. All stamps of this issue can be readily identified. Stamps of the design used in 1858 to 1862 present some difficulties to the beginner. This is the first distinctive issue of the Peruvian government. The differences between the numbers described in the catalogue are to be found first in the large or small lettering, and second in the lines of the background, which are either curved wavy lines or zigzag lines with sharp angles. These last may be either continuous lines or broken at the angles. The issues of 1862 to 1873 are easily identified, but we must notice the appearance of a stamp designed for especial use in Lima and its neighborhood. Why this was done, we do not know; but the same thing occurs frequently in the subsequent issues of surcharges. The issue of 1874-79 again presents no difficulties, but in 1880 appears the first of that puzzling series of surcharges which is the source of so much trouble to the beginner. This series of single and double surcharges which seems so confusing and aimless has really a purpose and an interesting meaning when we once grasp the sequence and the necessity which brought it about. There are three circumstances, or periods, to be borne in mind when studying the surcharges of Peru. First, the entrance of Peru into the Postal Union; second, the war between Peru and Chile; third, the reconstruction of Peru after peace had been declared.

PERIOD I. The first surcharge (the "oval plata"), 1880, indicates on its face that Peru has now joined the "Union Postal Universal," and that hereafter stamps must be paid for in silver (plata) as required by the laws of the Postal Union. This "oval plata" surcharge is of two types, one for Peru generally and one for Lima. Both were roughly applied with a rubber hand stamp by the local post-office authorities. It will be readily appreciated that such a process would not be a permanent one. Nor was it so. The American Bank Note Company of New York had the contract for printing Peruvian stamps, and word was sent that all future shipments of the design then in use should be over-printed by machine with the words "Union Postal Universal" in some suitable design. The now familiar surcharge called the "horseshoe" was adopted, perhaps that it might not deface the arms of Peru in the middle. But be-

fore the surcharged stamps reached Peru great changes had taken place, as will be seen later.

PERIOD II. In 1881 war broke out with Chile, and success at once crowned the efforts of the latter nation, which speedily obtained control of all the seaports and many inland towns of Peru. The management of the postal affairs in the conquered territory was now in the hands of Chile, which at first used its own stamps. These Chilean stamps, used as Peruvians, can be distinguished from the ordinary stamps of Chile only by the cancellations, which bear the names of Peruvian towns. (See Scott's Catalogue, numbers 44 to 52.) A little later, in 1882, the Peruvian stamps found in the captured post-offices were used. In the pillaging of towns and cities which characterized the war, many stamps of Peru were stolen; there were also large supplies of them in the unconquered provinces, and hence it was necessary for Chile to apply a control mark to such Peruvian stamps as were issued by its postal authorities in the sections under Chilean jurisdiction. The control mark adopted was the so-called "arms" surcharge,—the arms of Chile. This was applied to the regular 1874-79 issue, and also to the stamps with the horseshoe surcharge previously mentioned, shipped from New York by the American Bank Note Company. For when they arrived all the seaport towns had been captured, and the stamps fell into the hands of the conquerors. This completes the surcharges due directly to Chilean occupation.

PERIOD III. After peace was declared between the two nations, Peru again took up the Postal Department for the entire country. This Department was in great disorder. The authorities found on hand stocks of stamps in varying quantities of the following varieties: Unsurcharged stamps of two issues; plata surcharges of both Peru and Lima types; stamps with the horseshoe surcharge, and many also which bore the arms of Chile. The use of these last was of course out of the question,—national pride would not permit it. The others were all available, but the postal revenue must be protected from loss through possible use of thousands of stamps of various issues which had been stolen during the war. For this purpose the "triangle" surcharge was devised. All stamps, except the "arms" surcharge were now over-printed with the triangle in one or another of its various forms. The different types of triangle are distinguished by the single or double inner frame, by the size of lettering of "Peru," and by the corners of the triangle which are either solid or broken with flower-like ornaments. The application of the triangle completes the confusing surcharges. Subsequently there were two surcharges for Lima alone, but these are easily understood. All of the surcharges described were superseded by a new issue in 1886. We can now group the surcharges as follows: first, the Postal Union, of which there are three,—Plata Peru, Plata Lima, and horseshoe; second, Chilean occupation,—Chile stamps canceled in Peru, Chilean arms alone, and Chilean arms with horseshoe; and lastly, the restoration surcharges; these are all of the triangle type,—triangle alone, and triangle in connection with each of the three Postal Union types (Plata Peru, Plata Lima, and horseshoe).

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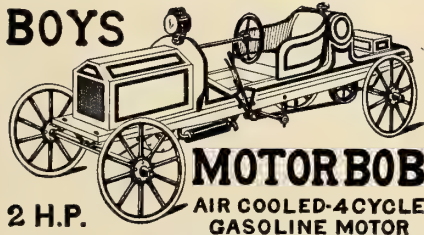
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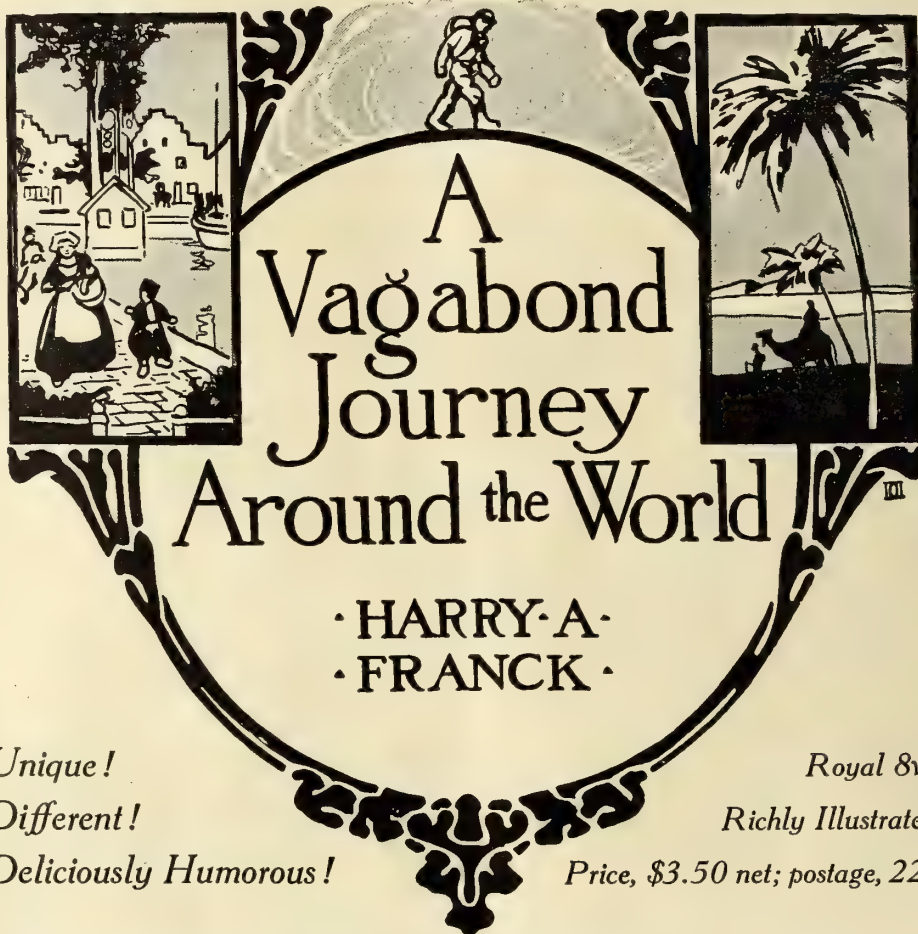
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SEPTEMBER, 1911

ST. NICHOLAS

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One morning Polly and Peter went out for a walk in one of the beautiful hillside parks overlooking the city. Two little beggar boys saw them coming. One had his arm tied up in a bit of rag.

As Polly and Peter came near he stretched out the bandaged arm and begged for a few pennies in a very pathetic way.

"Oh, Peter," cried Polly, "look at the poor little fellow! His arm must hurt awfully. Do give him something."

"I haven't a single cent," replied Peter. "Don't you know we spent everything Father gave us this morning? But I'll give him something that will make him feel good." Taking out of his pocket the little sample bottle of

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that he always carried with him, he gave it to the little beggar boy and said: "Here 's something, little boy, that is lots better than money. You can have it all, for Mama always keeps plenty on hand."

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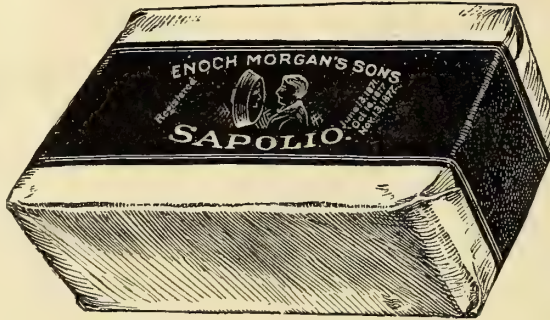
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FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 11

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THE TWINKLE-EYE

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

RED, red hair and a small pug-nose,
Freckles on chin and cheek;
These belong to the little girl
Who moved to our street last week.
She peeped at me over the garden hedge,—
Neither was very high,—
And the moment I saw her, I said to myself:
"That child has the twinkle-eye!"

Now, twinkle-eye 's a contagious thing,
When children together mix;
One little girl with the twinkle-eye
Can give it to five or six.
And that 's just what little Red-locks did;
For before the week was out,
Every child in the neighborhood
Had caught it, beyond a doubt.

Why, when little Babykins bumped her head,
Instead of a doleful cry,
She looked right up with a merry laugh,
Because of the twinkle-eye.
And when it rained, on a picnic day,
And Bobby could n't go out,
He wrinkled his face in a pleasant grin,
Instead of an ugly pout.

Red, red hair and a small pug-nose,
Freckles on chin and cheek;
These belong to the little girl
Who moved to our street last week.
And we hope that she never will go away,—
To keep her we mean to try,—
Till all of the grown folks, too, have caught
The wonderful twinkle-eye!





"WITH SHOUTS AND GESTICULATIONS HE SIGNALLED TO THE WATCHERS BELOW."

CHILDREN OF THE ACROPOLIS

BY WUANITA SMITH

It was late afternoon in Athens. All day long, on the highest point of the Acropolis, a lone watcher had not lifted his straining eyes from the white ribbon of highroad which lost itself, as a tiny thread, in the sun-baked sands at the horizon. A light breeze had sprung up from the sea. Gratefully it had fanned his parched cheeks, yet had failed to cool the fever of his anxiety. From his high place on the forbidding mountain he watched unceasingly.

Suddenly a small blur obscured the furthestmost view of the thread of roadway. The solitary watcher arose, with an exclamation of excitement. He would have sprung to his feet, but he was crippled, and his rising was painful and slow. The blur lengthened, and, as its size grew, revealed itself unmistakably as a cloud of dust. And in its midst a tiny speck could be

seen moving forward. Nearer it came, and nearer. It was—yes!—a runner; a runner from Marathon; a runner bearing a message which meant life or death for the Athenians!

New strength came to the cripple on the rock of the Acropolis. With shouts and gesticulations he signaled to the watchers below: the city's patriarchs, aged, white-bearded archons, soldiers of days long past, women, and children. They, too, had been watching anxiously, but the unrelenting heat of the sun had driven them one by one into the shade of the porticos of the temples. The weak and helpless on the Acropolis had waited since daybreak for news from the strong men and youths who had gone forth to the plains of Marathon to fight for their beloved city, Athens.

News of the impending battle had come on the

preceding day. Word had been brought that by noontime the armies probably would meet, and before the sun was up the watchers had begun to toil up the long winding slope of the mountain. Ahead of all came the crippled youth. The hand of nature had restrained him from accompanying the armed host to Marathon, but his heart was with the warriors, and now it was his voice that brought other watchers from their retreats, and his eye that first caught sight of the runner.

As all saw the advancing speck, they made their way down the hill as fast as their infirmities would permit. Through the nine gates they struggled forward, passing on the news to those in the streets of the city. Bands of young boys, fleet of foot, outdistanced the feeble ones in the frantic race to meet the messenger.

Yet for these there was no news. He who had run from Marathon seemed unconscious of their presence in the road. His destination was the market-place in Athens, and until he had reached there, he spoke not a word nor glanced to left or right. Those who had rushed forward to meet him, however, gained hope from their glances at his dust-flecked face. Surely the agony of disaster was not stamped on those drawn features!

As he reached the entrance to the market-place, a hundred eager hands were outstretched to sustain him, for it was seen that his last strength was gone. Faint and exhausted, he was able to shout only one word: "Victory!" Loving arms encircled him as he fell, and he was borne away to be rubbed with wine and oil and revived by tender ministrations. Beside his couch, as in a seat of rare honor, the crippled youth was permitted to chafe the cold hands, moisten the parched lips, and await the ecstatic moment when he might greet the returned consciousness of the courier with the story of his own lonely watch on the Acropolis, and how it had been rewarded.

Many hundred years have passed since the Athenians shrilled their war-joy, following the arrival of the runner from Marathon. Many other battles have been fought by the Greeks—many won, many lost. But, even to-day, the crippled lad's vigil is a favorite theme for tellers of Grecian folk-tales, and because of it no Athenian grandpa, from time immemorial, has lacked for acceptable material for a "good-night story."

IN the great, modern Athens, her youths no longer climb the Acropolis heights to scan the distance for runners with tidings of momentous



"A MERRY TROOP OF MAIDENS WITH GREAT WATER-JARS."

events. In Greece, to-day, electricity speeds the news across mountain and plain. Yet Marathon has its runners, and the young men still train for

the Olympian contests. When the games were restored, in 1896, all Greece rejoiced that a native son finished first in the heartbreaking foot-race of twenty-five miles from the Mound at Marathon to the Stadium in Athens. The Acropolis, the most famous hill in all the world, still rears its stately, silver-capped head in an aureole

longer is it the center of great festivals which the whole population celebrate with dances, games, processions, and chariot-races. The chants of worship, the sounds of revelry and acclaim, are stilled forever. Nothing of the past remains but the mystery. This grips the soul of the traveler to-day as he climbs the long winding



"HER CHARIOT WAS A BOX-CAR OF HOME CONSTRUCTION."

of violet wreaths, and the Parthenon remains the wonder of tourists who forgather there from all the ends of the earth.

The ravages of time and the ruthlessness of man have not robbed the Parthenon of its glory, and its mystery has defied the ages. Athena, goddess of wisdom, was worshiped there for many centuries before the altar-fires of the ancient gods flickered out in the light of Christianity. Then came the Moslem invaders, and for hundreds of years those magnificent columns enshrined a mosque dedicated to Mohammed. Generation after generation of vandals of many creeds and nations have plundered the temple for building materials and for objects of art. Now it is no longer a place of religious devotion; no high priestess holds sway, no little maids of royal birth carry water from the sacred springs. No

way to the top. At one's feet lies Athens, encircled by purple hills.

Peopled by Athenians, yet spreading out beyond the boundaries of the city proper, tiny houses cling to the slope of the Acropolis—primitive huts that look like mere pebbles strewn across the face of the mighty rock. Little children play around and about the ruins. It was here, on a recent visit, that we met a typical child of the streets of Athens, a bronze-skinned, black-eyed sprite who held up her doll for us to admire. How proud she was of her "baby," gay in its blue plush coat and looking very modern with a plait of human hair sewed on by white thread! Fleeing from the importunities of a group of small boy post-card merchants, we paused to enjoy the sight of two tots gleefully tossing sand into the air. Blissfully they made

their miniature simooms from the last remains of some marble column that had reared its majestic height, perhaps, even before the time of the battle of Marathon.

The hour when the big red ball in the western heavens sank from sight in a sea of crimson brought forth from the houses a merry troop of maidens burdened with great water-jars. Gaily they hailed one another as they drew nearer the same fountain at which the heroes of ancient Athens quenched their thirst. The water-carriers gave place in the roadway to a charioteer as proud as any of bygone days. Her chariot, it must be admitted, was a box-car of home construction, and she was denied the triumph of cracking a whip, for her young brother, serving for the time as a prancing charger, had thoughtfully possessed himself of the lash.

Sunset imparts to the ruined pediments and columns of the temples on the Acropolis a wonderful glow. The white marble becomes a warm

red, silhouetted against the deep, bright blue of the sky. Later, from behind Hymettus—the famed mountain of sweetness and honey—the moon emerges, and the broken shafts, bathed in silver rays, gleam with electrical whiteness. The inky shadows are elusive and mysterious. Darkness falls, but it is blue—not black.

The stranger is spellbound. One does not even whisper. But the children of the Acropolis, gifted with imagination, make rare sport of the mystery.

It affords them a fine, new variation of blind-man's-buff. Draping themselves in long white sheets, they stand motionless on the shattered capitals and bases in the moonlight. The seeker passes them by, again and again, mistaking them for marble fragments. Thus is one blinded and deceived by the witchery of the moonlight.

Of all awesome things only one is more mysterious than the Acropolis by day. It is the Acropolis by night.



"CHILDREN PLAY AROUND AND ABOUT
THE RUINS."

Wm. J. Smith

A SONG OF SUN AND SEA

BY MAUD GOING

THE sun in his splendor shone down on the sea
And the ripples at play there, and said: "Look at me
And show forth my image. No clouds now conceal me,
The clear heavens reveal me."

Said the ripples: "O sun-god, far off in the sky,
We last but a moment—we cannot rise high.
And the wind has its will with us. How dare we try,
In a little life ended as soon as begun,
To image the sun?"

"Yet we *will* try," said they, "in this sunshiny weather."
So the millions of ripples all tried it together,
Each ripple, as long as it lasted, uplifting
Its mirror so tiny and transient and shifting
To the sun in his splendor and might,—and behold,
All the ocean flashed gold!



COACHING THE COACH

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK

"It was n't much of an argument," Coach Emerson confessed to his relay team. "I simply suggested that we have each runner pass the stick to the next, rather than merely touch hands. Rogers alone objected. He runs the last lap."

None of the four to whom he was speaking offered any comment.

"You see," explained the coach, "he probably

figured that if the race were very close, he could get away an instant before the third runner touched him."

"Oh, you 're wrong, Mr. Emerson; I 'm sure you 're wrong," said "Midget" Blake, flushing with the earnestness of his defense. "I know Rogers. He is n't that sort at all. He would n't even think of taking an unfair advantage."

"I suppose not," agreed the coach, in a tone that meant nothing of the sort. "Anyhow, the use of the stick obviates any possibility of trickery; that is why it has been adopted so widely. Now, if you are ready, we might as well go out to the track."

As he turned to follow the leader from the dressing-room, little Blake allowed his brow to pucker into a worried frown.

"I wish," he told himself, "that he understood college honesty a little better. I'm afraid he has seen so much of professional sports since he graduated, that he has grown cynical. If he could only be made to recognize our point of view!"

But once the boy was out upon the main floor of the gymnasium, with its saucer-like running-track, and its delirium of lights, and pennants, and moving crowds, and crashing band, he forgot everything save the desire to be instrumental in winning the race. This indoor meet was to serve as the first public exhibition of the new relay team, but even the Midget, modest to a fault, knew that it could run as had no other within his memory, unless it were last season's champions, whom they met to-night. To vanquish them, therefore, meant the elimination of the most dangerous four they would be asked to face in the struggle for final honors.

Almost before he realized it, the race began. The band stopped suddenly, and the great crowd gasped and fell silent. Then a shot rang out; and around the queer, slanting track ran Stone, of his team, and some tall, thin chap of the visiting four. Side by side they raced, neither able to wrest a yard's advantage from the other. The great room was a babel of noise.

"Get ready, Shaw," he heard his coach say, and good old Terry, who ran the second relay, walked, trembling with excitement, to the starting-line. The Midget puzzled gravely over his team-mate's display of emotion, and could not understand it until he recalled that he himself must take up the race where Shaw dropped it. His own cheeks reddened hotly, and his fists persisted in clenching and unclenching spasmodically as he watched and waited.

Stone swept around the last sharp curve, with his body leaning far inward, and held out his little crimson block of wood. Still running by his side, the other man thrust forward a blue one. Two clutching hands closed upon them, and Shaw and his opponent were off upon the second relay.

Midget Blake walked out upon the track. He was breathing hard, and his knees wobbled treacherously. The great spluttering arc-lights blinded him. It was suffocatingly hot, too, and already his forehead was moist with perspiration.

He waited seconds for the runner to reach him.

To his tortured brain they seemed hours. At last, when the suspense was driving twitches through every muscle of his body, he heard the grateful *thud-thud* of feet behind him. Half turning, he held out his hand. But it was not Shaw; he knew that when he saw that the extended stick was blue rather than red. Terry had stumbled somewhere on one of the deceiving curves, and lost a full five yards. When the Midget finally had the precious block of wood in his hand, the runner against whom he was pitted was already at the first turn, his twinkling legs showing with grotesque clearness against the padded canvas of its slanting background.

Midget Blake fixed his eyes on the bobbing red head of the boy in front of him, and urged himself toward it with every muscle of his lithe legs and every beat of his stout heart. On the straight-away portions of the track, he leaned forward till it seemed he must fall; on the curves, he leaned inward till those near the racers moved rapidly away in alarm. Always he kept his unwavering gaze upon the stubby shock of red hair that flaunted before him; and, bit by bit, it grew nearer and more distinct.

His wonderful burst of speed brought the spectators to their feet, and set them cheering frantically. He did not hear them. He did not even know they had arisen. He was dumb to everything but the *thud-thud* of the other runner's foot-beats, and the beckoning auburn of his jerking head. His only thought was the dogged determination to reach and pass that other boy. If he could do that, and reach his mate, Clarke Gordon, in time to give him a slight lead, he was confident of the ultimate result of the race.

The time came when the red head was before his very face. He swerved, ever so slightly, and parted his lips in a grin as he saw from the corner of his eye that it was by his side. Then he was in front of it, almost at the end of his relay, with Gordon holding out his hand and smiling encouragement to him. By Clarke's side, Rogers, of the visitors, waited impatiently.

But just as he came within a few feet of Gordon, he tripped suddenly, and fell, plunging toward his team-mate from the impetus of his running. The accident was embarrassing, to be sure, but it could hardly have occurred at a luckier spot. Even as he sprawled helplessly toward Clarke, that runner took a quick side-step, to prevent a violent collision, and dashed forward upon the last relay of the race, with a clean lead of three yards.

Midget Blake jumped ruefully to his feet, and rubbed the bruised spots upon his elbows. Nobody was watching him now; every eye was fixed

upon the two runners circling the track. Never were two sprinters more evenly matched. From start to finish, they ran separated by almost the

of proud friends and classmates. Shaw and Stone fared no better. But the Midget, who had gone through all this before, slipped out of the door to the stairway that led down to the baths. He was the second runner to reach them. Rogers was the first. Blake grinned at him, said, "Tough luck!" and asked him why he was in such a hurry.

"I am going back home on the ten-thirty train," explained Rogers. "I think I have just time to make it. The other fellows, you know, are to stay over for the morning express."

In the meantime, an argument had arisen in a corner of the main room above. Banner, the little red-haired runner of the visiting team, had rushed aggressively to his coach, who in turn had found one of the officials.

"Did Gordon have his stick when he finished?" he demanded.

Near them, Emerson turned suddenly to listen. The official looked annoyed.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," the latter replied. "There he is now; I'll ask him."

A minute later, he returned to the little group. From his look, Emerson knew what to expect.

"Gordon tells me," the man explained, "that he dropped it somewhere while he was running the last lap."

"He never had it," exploded Banner. "Blake fell just as he reached him, and forgot to hand it over at all. Why, I was just where I could see what took place."

"Directly behind Blake, eh?" It was Emerson's cynical voice. "Oh, this is all nonsense. The race is ended and won."

"It's not ended, by any means," declared the other coach, angered by Emerson's positive decision, "and it's not won. I shall protest."

"You have no grounds for argument."

"Have n't I? Have n't I now? Who proposed the adoption of the stick? Why, if Blake admits that he failed to pass it, Gordon must be disqualified for running without it. Banner here knows the truth, and Rogers—"

"Where is Mr. Rogers?" asked the official.

"I—I'm afraid he has gone. He wanted to catch a train at ten-thirty, and had to leave."



"EVERY EYE WAS FIXED UPON THE TWO RUNNERS CIRCLING THE TRACK."

precise number of inches that had marked the initial lead. After it was over, and Gordon had won, the Midget insisted that his mate's final advantage was three yards and one foot, but this extra gain Clarke solemnly denied. He had defeated Rogers, he said flatly, by exactly the same margin with which Blake had led his opponent to the finishing-line.

Then the cheering students who had watched the race charged upon the contestants. Gordon was caught and lifted high upon the shoulders

The man pondered. "Well," he decreed, "it rests with the runners' evidence. So far as I am concerned, I failed to notice any violation of the rules. If you care to thresh out the case, and bring me the affidavits of all concerned, I shall be forced to re-open it."

"You will have to prove that Blake really did not pass the stick," Emerson reminded.

"Oh, you admit now, do you, that we have grounds for argument?" smiled the other coach. "All right. I tell you, I shall protest the race."

It was useless to prolong the discussion. Emerson nodded shortly, and marched to the dressing-room, where he found the rest of his team.

"Do you remember, Midget," said the coach, "whether you passed the stick to Gordon as you fell?" Blake looked up with a smile. "I was so excited," he confessed, "that I might have thrown it to the ceiling. Why?"

"Because," explained Emerson, "young Banner, who was finishing the third relay behind you, says you did n't give it to Gordon. If this is so, we shall probably have the victory taken from us."

"But we won it." The voice was that of Stone.

"It 's this way," explained the coach, setting forth the arguments of the excitable Banner. When he was done, they all fell silent for many seconds. Blake himself was the first to speak.

"But they were beaten fairly enough, anyhow," he persisted, wrinkling his brow over the matter, "and it 's hardly sportsmanlike to quibble over a technicality."

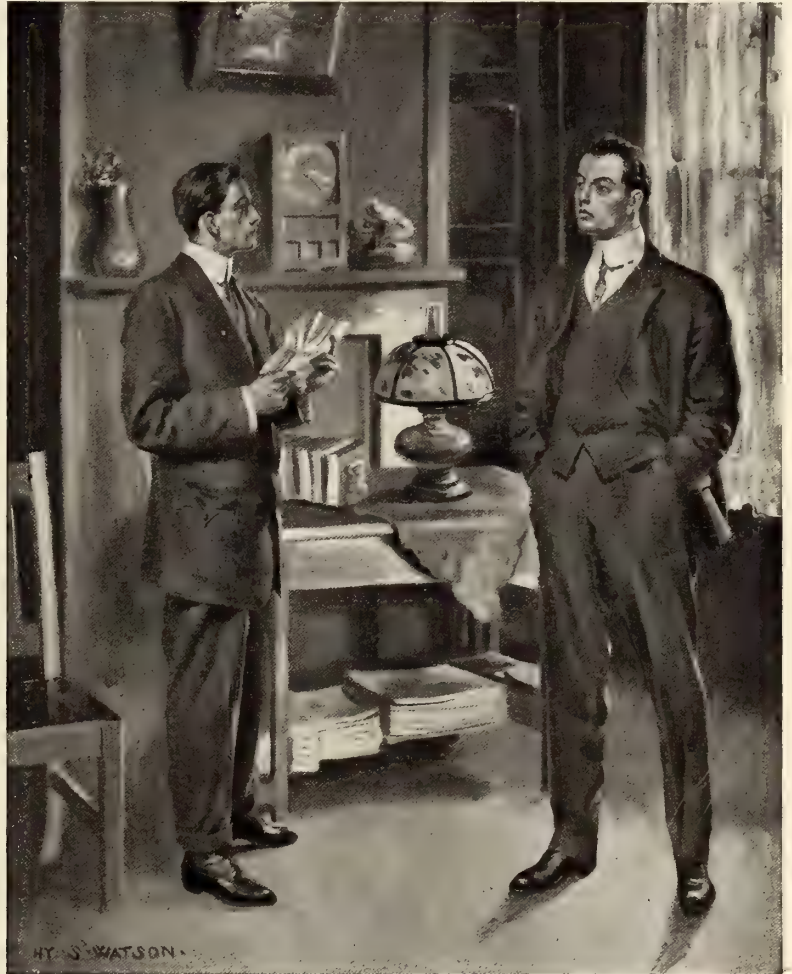
"It 's anything to win," Emerson pointed out with an expressive shrug. "The race may have to be run over. But if they are going to such desperate lengths, we can match them. You see, they must prove Blake failed to pass the stick."

"But did he fail?" asked Terry Shaw, in all innocence. "How about it, Mister Runner?"

"I can't recall," answered the Midget, shaking his head and looking away at the low murmur of

disappointment. "I think—no, I have no right to guess. Gordon says I did; he would n't lie. On the other hand, Banner says I did not; I know he believes he is telling the truth. Fellows, I was so excited that I have n't the faintest recollection of what happened as I fell."

"Suppose," suggested Emerson, "that you are called upon for your evidence. If you say you don't remember, it will be equivalent, so far as the officials are concerned, to a confession that you did fail to pass it, but don't care to admit the fact."



"'WHY, OF COURSE WE BELIEVE IT,' THE RUNNER SAID."

"But that 's all I can say, is n't it?" mildly protested the boy.

"Not at all," dissented Emerson. "If you are not certain, I don't want you to say that you gave it to Gordon. But the chances are that you really passed it to him. When your evidence is asked for, testify that you believe you did, but are not

absolutely sure. That is merely a more convincing way of confessing you don't know."

"I—I can't say that, Mr. Emerson."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be misleading. I do not know what I did. You don't. Banner was as excited as I was, and I don't believe he does, either, although I am certain he honestly thinks he is right. So, you see, I can't say I think I passed it to Gordon."

"Oh, come now, Midget, that's drawing the line altogether too fine. I don't ask you to lie, do I?"

"No," agreed the boy, a little uncertainly, "but—well, I am afraid we two do not look at it in just the same light."

Emerson tried a new tack. "Blake," he said, "we are rounding into a splendid team. If this victory stands, we have an excellent chance to win every race this spring. Now, I am asking you to do what you can to make this victory count; and I am asking it in the name of the other fellows on the four. How about a sacrifice of conscientious scruples for their sake? You are not the only one concerned."

The boy looked at the others. Gordon's lean, frank face wore an expression of harassed suspense. Stone's was plainly a scowl. Even Shaw's had lost its usual cheery smile. The Midget's decision meant a very great deal to them all.

"And then I want you to consider me," went on Emerson's persuasive voice. "I've tried to help you, Midget, as well as the others, and I have done it gladly, freely, without the thought of exacting return from you. But, now that the opportunity has come, I ask you, for the sake of the fellows and me, to do as I suggest. Will you?"

Midget Blake did not hesitate. "I can't do it, sir; I must tell the truth. If I believed I passed the stick, I should say so. But I do not remember, and I cannot even suggest that I did."

"Not even for the sake of your team-mates?" asked Emerson, confident of their attitude.

"Ask them if I shall."

The coach turned to the still little group about him. There was no need of putting the question into words. It was Gordon who acted as spokesman for the trio.

"I think, Mr. Emerson, that Blake is right. He can only say that he does not know. Do you fellows agree with me?"

The other two murmured "Yes," with emphatic nods of their heads.

To Emerson the decision was a shock. He had been confident of their sympathy. To him the victory was the thing, and, although he detested all that was dishonorable, this mere *rè-wording*

of a sentence meaning so much had seemed entirely justifiable.

There was a long silence, embarrassing in its intensity and duration. Presently Emerson walked over to a window that fronted toward the campus. The little clock on the wall ticked off a minute or more before he turned and came back.

"Blake," he said, holding out his hand, "I want to apologize to you, and to you others. I was wrong. I see it quite clearly now, and I'd give a lot—a whole lot—if I had n't said what I did, and if I had n't believed it myself. Losing the race does n't matter half so much as losing one's respect for oneself. I have been out in the professional world so long that I am afraid my moral nature was warping a little. It's straightened again, though; I've had my lesson. And, fellows, it will stay straight if we don't win another race this spring."

Then, before they could speak, he was at the door. As he went out, he called back, "Thank you—all of you!"

An hour later, Emerson called up Blake on the telephone.

"The other coach has just been here," he informed the runner, "and he apologized for his attitude this evening. They have been talking it over, and have decided that it is hardly sportsmanlike to protest. He says"—here the voice of the speaker became unusually gruff—"that we won fairly enough. His boys have no desire to take advantage of a technicality."

The Midget moistened his lips. "What did you tell him?" he asked.

"I—why—hello—I said we could not consider accepting his decision. If his team won, it won, that's all. I told him we wanted an honest victory, technically and actually, or none at all, and that we would n't accept a doubtful victory."

"Good for you, Coach!" shouted Blake, who understood how much the sacrifice of the victory meant to Emerson. "I'm going to drop around and see you to-morrow. Good night."

When he called the next afternoon, the coach greeted him with a smile, and held out a telegram. "Read it," he said. "It's from the protester."

Midget Blake read:

Profound apologies. Rogers says Banner wholly mistaken. Former saw Gordon drop stick half-way around track. Banner misled by excitement during race; begs you believe claim regretful error, not wilful misrepresentation.

"Why, of course we believe it," the runner said unhesitatingly.

"Of course," the coach echoed sincerely.



HAPPY DAYS!—A PERFECTLY CONTENTED PAIR.

COMPANY FROCKS

BY D. K. STEVENS



MARGARET
FITZMAURICE
BROWNE

I CAN'T endure the
starchy things
My mother puts on
me
An hour before the
door-bell rings
For folks that come
to tea.

The chairs and sofas do not fit,
My frills are in the way;
I'm quite uncomfy when I sit,
But Mother makes me stay.

My play-day frock I like to wear,
The blue-check gingham kind,
For I can sit down anywhere,
And Mother does n't mind.



"MOLLIE, MY SISTER, AND I FELL OUT.
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS ABOUT?

SHE LOVED COFFEE, AND I LOVED TEA,
AND THAT WAS THE REASON WE COULD N'T AGREE."

—Mother Goose.

BOYS AS MOTOR-BOAT BUILDERS

BY HARRY DAVIS



WISE men can find something of interest at every point, something of which they have not heard before. In this enlightened age that provides so much to see and to do, great strides are being made by the coming generation—"Young America." Unknown to many grown-ups, American boys have been quietly at work in an effort to contribute to our country's vast supply of practical ideas and achievements.

In the building of motor-boats, for instance, the youngsters of this country have earned recognition within the brief period of a decade. Motor-boat construction in the United States has been known as a profitable enterprise for nearly twenty years. While professional boat-builders have been devoting much time and attention to the new form of craft, many boys, too, have started in to build the boat which now figures conspicuously in American sports. Naval architects and boat-builders who have seen the models and designs produced by these youngsters, still in their teens, have accorded them unstinted praise and admiration.

In the beautiful northern district of New York City, near Columbia College, away from

the din and clatter of the central metropolis, may be found a school which has set aside a class for the designing and building of model motor-boats. This is the seventh grade of the Horace Mann School. And, though the class was formed only two and a half years ago, a number of worthy models have already been turned out by the students. The credit for the formation of the class belongs to Mr. Howard Brundage, a graduate of Columbia University. Believing that the study and making of small motor-boats would prove a good mechanical test for the boys of the school, and enable them at the same time to acquire a valuable knowledge of boat construction, he suggested and instituted the boat-building class. Of course, this addition to the course of study was, at first, intended only for those students who were especially interested in mechanics; but, needless to say, a small army of future citizens joined the class.

The boys took to their new work diligently and with enthusiasm. They worked industriously for months, and in the spring of 1910, a liberal-minded person offered a handsome silver cup as a prize for the fastest boat produced by one of

the students. The cup was a handsome and ornamental trophy, a prize, indeed, that might well inspire grown-up contestants; and consequently the hustle and bustle that prevailed about the classroom up to the day set for a trial of the boats may readily be imagined.

In the late spring, the regatta, or race, was held in the sixty-foot swimming-pool in the school building, and a large crowd of friends and enthusiasts were on hand, besides the young yachtsmen themselves. About twenty boats were started in the contest, and the racing craft were divided into four classes: Class A, consisting of boats 24 inches in length or under; Class B, boats 24 to 30 inches; Class C, 30 to 36 inches, and Class D was made up of boats 36 to 40 inches in length. In all, five races were run, four of which were trial-trips in the four classes, and the "finals" decided the winners in the respective classes.

In the first event, eight little speeders appeared ready for the voyage, and a rough voyage it was for some of the boats. Seven of these were fitted with electric motor power, and the other contestant, known as *Suffragette*, was propelled by clockwork. The rules of the race were that the motors in the boats were not to be started unless the boats were in the water. Disqualification threatened the owner who violated this rule. Keen competition was witnessed in all of the races, and the winner was accorded a measure of honor that would please a victorious admiral. Joseph Gest, a diminutive member of the class, is now the proud possessor of the cup, which he received as a result of the regatta. This series of races is now an annual event, and the boys of the class look forward to the day with eager interest.

The motor-boat class of the school, which has been the scene of much spirited activity during the past two years, is now known as the "Seventh Grade Motor-Boat Club of the Horace Mann School of New York City," and a challenge has been issued by the members for a race between the club fleet and that of any similar organization of youngsters.

A design of a motor-boat showing beautiful lines was drawn by Lambert Prettyman of the class, and he supplemented it with specifications for building the boat, which delighted the other members. In the way of neatly constructed models of boats, Morton Cronk also devised a number which reveal speedy and well-shaped hulls. The hulls designed by Master Cronk are of a low, pointed type, an important and essential detail in the matter of speed.

The handling of boats has a fascination for nearly every boy, and "Young America" is now

constructing boats, real boats of the sea-going type, which embody many helpful suggestions for even experienced builders.

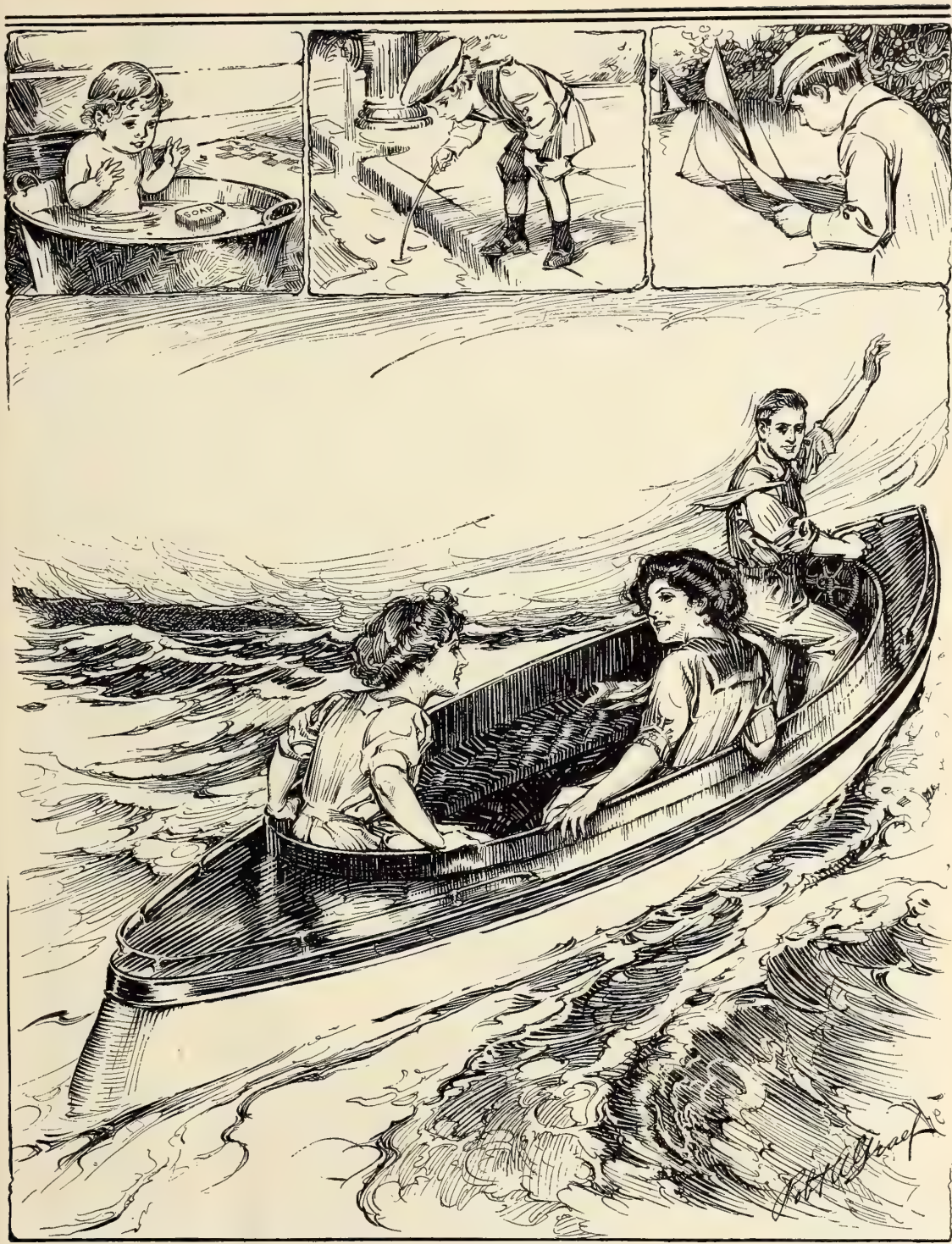
In every part of the country the desire to build "fast boats" has spread among boys, both in large cities and in country districts. The town of Wellston, Missouri, boasts two youngsters, Irl R. Hicks, Jr., fifteen years of age, and Adrian E. Donahue, seventeen years old, who have built a motor-boat 16 feet long, and have equipped it with a five-horse-power motor. The boys are pupils at the Wellston High School, and before undertaking the boat, they constructed an automobile, which they also fitted with a motor. These young mechanics have been encouraged by their fathers in this work, and often rode about town in their automobile, and to Creve Coeur Lake, where they built and launched their motor-boat.

Leo Spencer, Charles Coffey, and Howard Gildersleeve, three students at the Oakland (California) Manual Training Commercial High School, enjoyed several trips in a motor-boat which they constructed during the early part of 1910. One of them drew the plans for the craft and did the greater part of the woodwork in the shops of the school, while the other two looked after the equipment and installation of the engine. The boat measures 16 feet long, 28 inches deep, and 4 feet wide; and the youthful owners get much speed and pleasure out of the boat in the waters near their home.

Miles Erbor, fourteen years of age, of North Coplay, Pennsylvania, built, without the assistance of an older person, a motor-boat in which he motored up and down the Lehigh River on hot days during July and August, 1910. He purchased an old $2\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power motor, which he overhauled thoroughly and installed in the boat. The boat is as good, generally speaking, as many a professionally built craft, and is the pride of the young owner.

For several months during the summer of 1910, Harry Lothrop Farnham, a youth of Dover, New Hampshire, gave all his spare moments, and his entire vacation, to the building of a motor-boat which measures 20 feet in length and 7 feet in width. The boat is of very neat finish, and if purchased of a boat-builder would have cost about \$400. The entire trimmings are of brass, and the boat has a seating capacity for ten persons. Young Farnham and his friends have had many days of pleasure on outing-trips in the boat, the *Helen F*—named after his sister.

The song of the waves seems to be heard each spring all round the world, and alike by youngsters of high and low degree. In July of last



THE EVOLUTION OF THE YOUNG MASTER OF A MOTOR-BOAT.

year, Ivan de Ravensky, formerly of the Russian navy, visited this country for the express purpose of purchasing a motor-boat for the six-year-old Grand Duke Alexis, the son of the Czar of Russia. The boat purchased for the young heir to the Russian throne measures in length 16 feet; it is made entirely of hardwood and finished in nickel. The arrangement is so simple that the boat can be controlled by the wheel and one or two levers. The young czarevitch is permitted to operate the boat in a smooth sea, and it is said that he soon acquired considerable skill in handling the craft.

A motor-boat, too, is a favorite "toy" of a son of the President of the United States, for Charlie Taft, the youngest son of our Chief Executive, made known last summer his desire for a boat of his own. This happened at Beverly, Massachusetts, and for a time the President expressed a preference that his son learn the game of golf

instead. He feared that the youngster might some day capsize the craft, although a seasoned sailor accompanied him on all his trips. Notwithstanding the President's suggestion, Master Charlie held to his favorite sport—motor-boating—while his father was playing golf. William Jackson, an experienced member of the crew of the President's boat, was always "the crew of the captain's gig" when Charlie was "captain"; but it goes without saying that the youngster manipulated the wheel most of the time.

In the construction of motor-boats, many boys have revealed decided skill and ingenuity, and are to be heartily congratulated upon their achievements. And it is quite possible that from this new generation of boat-builders, several may arise who, with experience and an accumulation of advanced ideas, may yet take a leading part in the evolution of this new industry, which has so increased the utility of all small boats.



THE FIRST LESSON IN DRIVING.



• From a painting by H. M. Walcott.

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“PICNICS”

SING a song of picnics;
Down the hill we run,
To the wood across the brook,
My! it's lots of fun!
Nurse has got a basket
Full of things to eat,
So we dance, and skip, and play;
Picnics are a treat.

Sing a song of picnics;
Now it's time to go;
Home seems miles and miles away,
Feet are dragging so.
Oh, so tired and sleepy!
Soon we're tucked in bed,—
But “it was a lovely picnic,”
Everybody said.

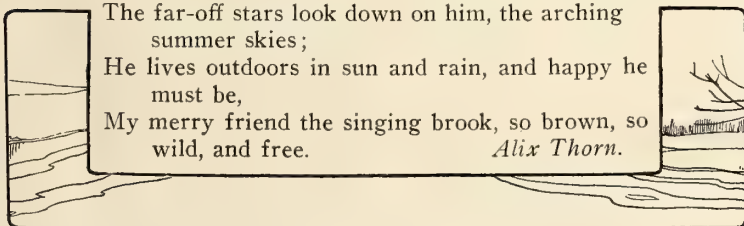
Christine K. Davis.

MY FRIEND

HE hides among the rushes tall, he hurries through the grass,
He knows the birds and nodding flowers, and all the winds that pass;
He runs across the daisy-fields, I cannot make him stay,
Then down the hill, beneath the bridge, across the white highway.

He whispers to the tasseled grass, and airy butterflies,
The far-off stars look down on him, the arching
summer skies;
He lives outdoors in sun and rain, and happy he
must be,
My merry friend the singing brook, so brown, so
wild, and free.

Alix Thorn.



THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XV

FRANCES'S DISCOVERY

FRANCES kept close to shore and always within sight of the flimsy one-story-and-a-half building behind her. In this way she reached the head of the pond, all the while straining her eyes through the bordering trees, though she could not see twenty feet into them. However, the brisk exercise relieved her mind. She felt that she was doing something, no matter how little. From where she stopped, the tracks swung off to the left, along an old wood road known as the first carry. She looked back at the hotel. In the clear air it seemed so near that she was urged to venture a little farther. So long as she kept to the beaten path, she knew she would be safe enough.

She pushed along over the first few hundred yards a little bit timidly. There was a different atmosphere in here among the trees crowding all about her. On the lake she was still in the front dooryard of the hotel, as it were; now she was in the land of shadows and the unknown. Her better judgment warned her to turn back, but with every clump of evergreens furnishing a possible hiding-place for Phil, her loyalty drove her on. Every few minutes she stopped to listen or, stooping, to peer in among the tangle of low-hanging trees and dead limbs. It was so silent and still there that she felt as though she were the only living thing in the world. When she started on again, her own snow-shoes, creaking over the snow, frightened her. She was afraid lest the noise should rouse a hundred unseen sleeping things.

But the swish of her skirts and the creak of her snow-shoes roused nothing at all, and that was even more terrifying. She felt as though she were trudging through a cemetery. So she faltered on for perhaps a half-mile. Once she shouted her brother's name, but the silence which followed was so oppressing that she did not venture again. Receiving no answering shout, it made him seem a thousand miles off. She began to sob a little, and turned back. She knew she must reach the hotel before she was missed, or her adventure would only add another worry to her mother's already heavy burden. But she had not gone a hundred feet before she heard, to the left, what sounded like a feeble shout. She stopped short and listened. Again the sound reached her, and in answer she shouted back. This

time she heard a distinct reply. Without hesitation she swung off the wood road and into the unbeaten snow beneath the pines. At the end of a hundred yards, she repeated her cry, and again received an answer, though, if anything, it was fainter than the first. But it came from the same direction. She dared not ask herself what it meant, although once it had sounded much like Phil's voice. It was rough going in among the trees, so that her progress was slow, but she had all the encouragement she needed in the cry which always came in answer to hers, ever a little nearer.

She proceeded in this way some two hundred rods, when the voice ceased to respond. She shouted again and again, but only the faint echo of her own voice answered. She began to think it must have been from the first an echo. Her excited imagination recalled a dozen wild stories of will-of-the-wisp calls in the woods which had summoned old guides to their doom by enticing them onto hidden cliffs or into pathless swamps. She had half turned to hurry back, when she heard the call once more, this time muffled and near, as though it came from just over the knoll facing her. It took courage to answer it; it took still more courage to go on. But she had the Harden spirit, else she would not have come out here, and the Hardens never turned their backs upon danger. Though her heart was beating in her throat, she pushed on up the hillock, paused a minute, and then peered down into the hollow beyond. There, prone upon the ground, she saw a human form.

She called. She received no answer. The form was not Phil's. It was that of a tall, lank man. It lay there immovable, the head resting upon an outstretched arm, the face turned away. The man wore snow-shoes, and in one hand clutched a bow and arrow. She started back, unable to go on. The man was either unconscious or dead, and evidently was unaware of her presence. She could safely beat a retreat, hurry back to the hotel, and summon aid. But if she did that, the man might in the meanwhile freeze to death. Possibly he was one of the searching-party overcome by his efforts. That decided her. She crossed the intervening space and knelt by the man's side. As she touched his arm, he tried with an effort to rouse himself. He turned upon his back and struggled to open his eyes.

At sight of the rough scraggly beard, Frances

drew back in terror. She rose to her feet and started away. This was such a face as one sometimes saw in a nightmare. With his sunken eyes and unkempt hair, he looked as though he might

"I 'll go back to the hotel and get help for you," she stammered.

He muttered something that she could not understand, and continued to look at her stupidly.

"The men will be back—in an hour," she hurried on. She pulled off her sweater.

"Here," she called, tossing it to him. "Put on this."

It fell by his side, but he made no motion to take it.

"Put it on," she called. "I will hurry."

She started off, and the man, with a strangely agitated face, watched her go. It took the last ounce of strength in him to mutter one word; but it was enough to stop the girl in her tracks.

"Harden!" he groaned.

The name came to her like an electric shock. She hurried back so fast that she stumbled. She was on her feet in an instant, and in another by the man's side.

"Harden?" she cried. "You have found Phil and Bob?"

He nodded weakly.

"They are alive?" she choked.

He nodded again.

"Where? Oh—near here?"

He shook his head.

"Fire," he gasped.

It was clear that he wished her to start a fire. He was numbed. If she left him here in this condition, his secret might die with him. Not only his life but Phil's life and

be a half-crazed hermit. The bow and arrow which he still convulsively clasped strengthened this theory. No sane man was ever armed after this fashion. She started back up the knoll, when she was again checked, this time by a groan.

"Are you hurt?" she called back.

At the sound, the man struggled to his elbow and blinked drowsily at her. He did not answer.

Bob's life depended upon reviving him at once. But she had no matches. He might as well have asked her for hot soup. She knelt by his side.

"Listen," she said. "Have you matches?"

He nodded.

"In your pocket?"

He nodded again. She ran her hand into the side pocket of his coat. She drew out a match-



"FRANCES KNELT BY THE MAN'S SIDE."

safe—Phil's match-safe. The sight of it was almost like a sight of the boy himself. She needed no further incentive. There were birch-bark and dry twigs enough about her, and with feverish haste she began to gather them. In a few minutes she had started a tiny blaze, and in a few more had added enough of the larger sticks to make a good-sized fire. She helped the man to a sitting posture, and he held his purple hands over the flames. The heat very quickly showed its effect. His stiffened fingers thawed out and sent the warm blood through his whole body. Frances kept busy gathering more wood. It seemed to her the happiest task she had ever done. Like a song, she repeated again and again the words, "Phil is safe! Phil is safe!" She wanted to run all the way back and burst in upon her father with the glad tidings. In her eagerness she almost forgot the man who was still struggling for speech. But as she hurried back with a last armful of wood, he found his voice.

"You know—where Mr. Harden is—do you?" he faltered.

"Yes, yes. Why, he's my father. He's within an hour's walk from here."

"Thank God!" he cried.

"And you said Phil is safe?"

"Yes. But the other boy—"

"Bob Wenham! Is anything wrong with him?"

"He's hurt. I—I came for a doctor."

"Oh, then I must n't wait. I must get back at once."

"Yes," he nodded quickly. "Bring Mr. Harden here. Bring a doctor."

"You feel better now? You can wait here till I come back?"

"Yes," he answered. "Hurry! We must get to the camp to-night."

"But you—"

"I'll rest here by the fire. I'll be all right before long. Don't wait."

"Won't you let me help you put on the sweater?"

"Don't wait," he answered. "Hurry!"

He seemed such a pathetic figure sitting there alone in the snow that she still felt uneasy about leaving him, but clearly the sensible thing to do was to reach the hotel as soon as possible and bring back those who could be of some real help. She started over the back trail to the first carry as fast as she could go. But that was n't half fast enough. She needed wings to speed her on this errand. The boys were evidently, from what the man had said, in some camp, and poor Bob Wenham injured. She reached the carry before she knew it, crossed to the lake, and started down the white stretch to the hotel, which she could now

plainly see. She could hardly wait; she felt like shouting the glad tidings from the middle of the lake. She had never swung her snow-shoes with such speed and ease. In spite of her impatience, it seemed but a few minutes before she was scrambling up the slope to the railroad tracks. The same group of loungers was lingering outside, varying their speculations and theories with frequent stares at the horizon line. They were aware of some new development as soon as they saw her. One of them ventured to step to her side as she was feverishly unfastening her snow-shoes.

"Anything new, Miss Harden?" he asked.

"I've found them!" she cried.

"You?"

"A man back there in the woods told me. Is there a doctor here?"

"There's one coming on the next train to see your father."

"Oh, tell him to hurry," she gasped.

She ran into the hotel and up the stairs two at a time. She burst into her father's room. Her mother, sitting by the bedside near the sleeping man, held up a warning finger.

"Oh, Mother," she half sobbed, "let him wake up! Phil is found!"

Mrs. Harden sprang to her feet.

"Found!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Harden rose to his elbow. He stared at his daughter, half awake.

"Found?" he repeated. "Am I dreaming?"

Frances threw herself about her father's neck.

"No, dear Dad," she cried. "Phil is safe. But Bob is hurt."

"But, Frances—" exclaimed Mrs. Harden, scarcely daring to believe.

"Wait till I catch my breath," answered the excited girl.

For a moment she lay in her father's arms sobbing as heartily as though it had been evil news instead of good that she bore. Mrs. Harden stood with her hands clasped upon her breast. Mr. Harden lay back with his eyes closed, waiting, not daring to think.

Finally, still breathless, Frances stammered out her story in broken little sentences. As she told of leaving the man by the side of the fire, Mr. Harden jumped from the bed. For a second he forgot his bandaged ankle, but a wrenching pain warned him to move more carefully.

"My crutches!" he said.

Frances seized them and handed them to him. He hobbled to the door. In the hall he shouted for Mr. Brown, the proprietor. The man came running up the stairs two at a time.

"Wire the doctor to come down here on the two-thirty train," Mr. Harden ordered.

"He said he was coming anyway," was the reply.

"Nevertheless wire him to come without fail."

"Is there any good news? What has happened?"

"The boys are found," Mr. Harden answered briefly. "Get ready a can of hot soup, and tell all the men here I shall need them."

Frances had stopped only long enough to hug her mother as tight as she could hold her a moment, and now hurried out to join her father.

"Frances," he said, "I guess you'll have to show them the way."

"All ready, Daddy. We'd better not wait a second."

"Johnson," Mr. Harden called to a tall young fellow.

"Yes, sir."

"Go out and see if you can find Mr. Wenham's party. Tell him to report here at once."

"Yes, sir."

Frances had adjusted her snow-shoes again, and by the time the men were ready, one of them with the can of steaming hot soup, she was already by the edge of the lake.

The party found Bill by the side of the fire, sound asleep. But as the first man pushed ahead with a shout, Bill half rose to his knees, and clumsily attempted to fix his arrow on the string of his bow.

"We're friends," shouted the man, taken aback for a second.

"Friends?" repeated Bill, thickly.

He stared at them a second, as though startled.

Then the bow dropped from his numbed fingers.

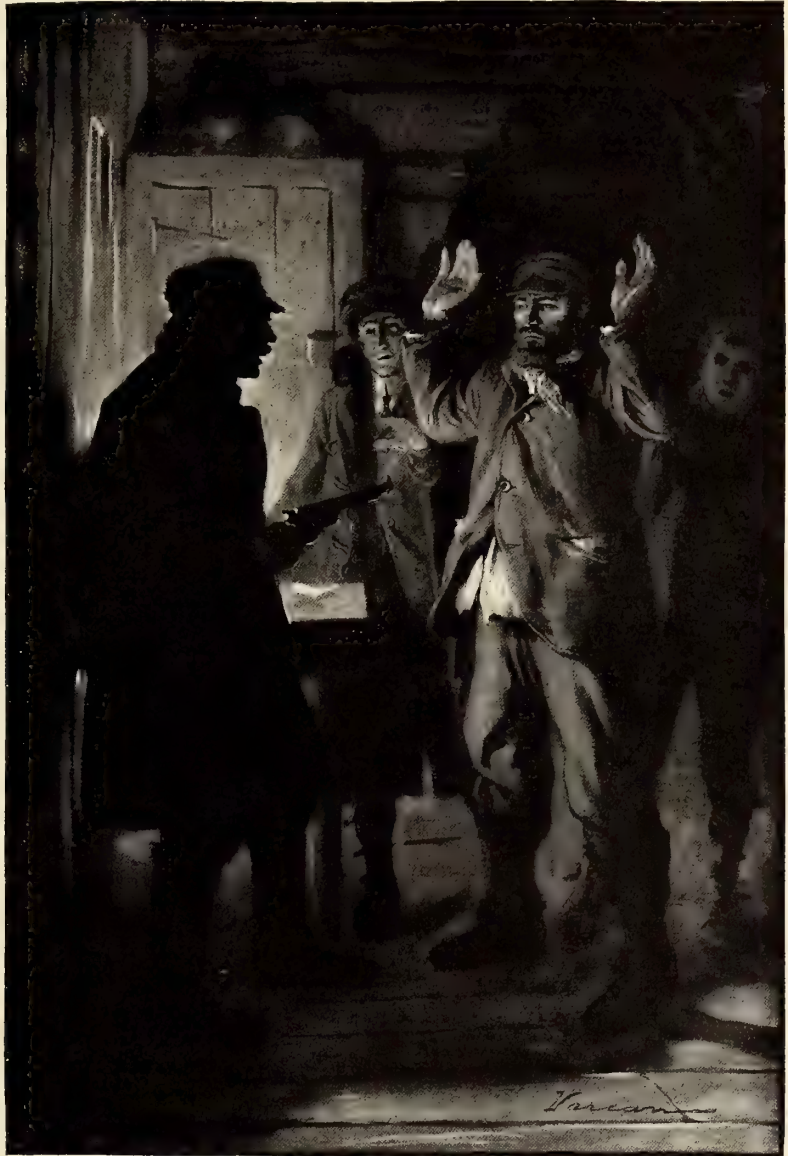
"It don't make no difference," he muttered.

But when Frances reached his side, he seemed to recover. It was she who held the cup of warm soup to his lips. He drank it greedily, with his eyes still fixed dully on the rest of the party.

"Is Mr. Harden here?" he feebly inquired.

"No," answered Frances. "He has hurt his ankle. He's waiting at the hotel for you."

Bill struggled to his feet, but he fell back, too weak to stand. Frances again knelt beside him.



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS!" THE SHERIFF COMMANDED."

"You can't walk, man," cried one of the party. "Here, fellows, help me make a stretcher."

In no time they had cut a couple of long sticks. A half-dozen men offered their coats, which they bound between them, and then, in spite of Bill's protests, they lifted him on the rude affair and

started back. Before they had gone a hundred yards, Bill was asleep again.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ARREST

As Phil stood in the center of the room, tense and rigid, he heard a second shout. This seemed nearer. He ran across the room, through the kitchen, to the outside door. Here he let out a yell that surpassed anything he had ever accomplished at a foot-ball game. An answering cry came back. He rushed out into the dark and shouted again, straining his throat until it ended almost in a shriek. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from plunging headlong into the snow and hurrying forward.

It seemed an age before the first dim form emerged from the trees, and, followed by a half-dozen others, swung across the open space to the cabin. A tall thin man was in the lead. He almost toppled over Harden at the door.

"Where is Bob?" he demanded. "Where is my boy?"

"In here," choked Harden, and led the way into the next room. Mr. Wenham stooped and gathered his son into his arms with sharp cries that were half-prayers and half-groans.

Harden hurried back into the kitchen just as the others were entering, bearing Bill on a stretcher. Harden scanned every face to find his father. Bill insisted upon disentangling himself from the blankets and getting on his feet. Harden rushed to his side.

"Where is Dad?" he asked breathlessly.

"He 's all right, sonny," answered Bill. "Sprained his ankle, that 's all."

He turned to a slight man who was getting out of a heavy coat.

"The sick boy is in there," said Bill, pointing to the other room.

"You 'd better lie down yourself," answered the doctor, curtly.

Bill found one hand grasped tightly by both of Harden's.

"You *did* it, Bill!" exclaimed Harden.

The rest of the group were crowding about the two.

"Is this the boy? Is this young Harden?" they exclaimed, studying him as though he were a fit subject for a museum.

But neither Bill nor Harden seemed conscious of the attention. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts.

"How far did you have to go?" asked Harden.

"I don't know," answered Bill. "I walked all day, most of the night, and half the next day."

"But you made it," repeated Harden.

"I guess I would n't if it had n't been for your sister," said Bill.

"My sister!" exclaimed the boy in amazement.

"I dropped in my tracks, and I guess I 'd have stayed there if she had n't come along."

"Then they knew? Then Mother knew?"

"They arrived at South Twin that morning," explained one of the men.

"And Mother is there now?"

"Yes."

"But what was Frances doing in the woods?"

"Hunting for you," answered another of the group. "Say, but she 's a plucky one. Had all we could do to keep her from coming with us to-night."

Harden's eyes grew moist. It would be hard to tell why. It was a mixture of pride and joy, and a dozen other emotions. Bill had turned away, and was keeping in the background as though anxious now to eliminate himself. He glanced toward the kitchen door. He saw a tall, silent man standing there, back to it. At first he thought it a mere accident that the man had taken up that position as though he were on guard. To test it, he moved with apparent unconsciousness a few feet nearer. The man straightened himself and half drew one hand from his overcoat pocket. Bill saw that the fingers were clenched around the handle of a revolver. He moved back again, and the man followed him with his eyes as a cat does a mouse. Bill took a chair near the stove and waited.

At this point Mr. Wenham came out from the other room.

"Bill," he said, "where are you? My boy wants to see you, Bill."

Bill hung his head a bit, and did not move. Harden rushed forward and seized his arm.

"Come on, Bill," he exclaimed. "I 'll miss my guess if you don't have some questions to answer."

Reluctantly Bill rose. As the three moved into the room, the man at the other door crossed the kitchen and took up a position where he could still keep his eyes upon Bill. As the latter came toward the bed, Wenham rose to his elbow. The doctor was still bending over his leg.

"Bill," cried Wenham, "the doctor here says you saved my life."

"If I did, it 's no more than you fellers did for me," he answered.

"But how did you find your way?" asked Wenham.

"Found some tracks."

"Did Dad tell you that some of the party came within a half-mile of this place two days ago?"

"No," said Bill, "I had n't heard of that."

"Thanks to you," put in Mr. Wenham, "we were luckier than we thought we were."

Harden glanced swiftly at Bill. He found the eyes of his friend upon him as though in a dumb plea for silence. Harden turned back to the kitchen, leaving Bill to answer Bob's questions as best he could. As he was leaving, he heard Mr. Wenham say to his son:

"My boy, the doctor says he must probe the wounds a little. Can you stand it?"

"Yes, Dad. May Bill stay with me?"

"If he will."

"Of course I will," answered Bill.

As Harden came back into the kitchen, the group pounced upon him and put question after question. The man by the door listened intently.

They wanted to know how the boys found the camp, what they did for food, and how Bob met with his accident. The man by the door seemed particularly interested whenever Bill's name was mentioned.

"How did you happen to run across him?" he inquired.

"He ran across *us*," answered Harden. "He was starving, and we shared what we had here with him. But he shot a moose after that, and more than paid us back in grub alone."

"What did he shoot the moose with?" asked the man by the door.

"With a bow and arrow he made."

"Then he has n't any gun?"

"Only an empty one."

"Did he tell you anything about where he came from?"

For some reason Harden found himself resenting the questioning of this man. "No," he answered curtly.

"Say how long he had been in here?"

"No."

"Say what his name is?"

"He told us to call him Bill."

"Kind of skittish about telling his last name, was n't he?"

"He did n't tell it anyhow," answered Harden.

"Look here, Seaver," broke in one of the men, "what are you driving at?"

"Never you mind," answered Seaver.

"How far are we from the old camp?" asked Harden, anxious to change the subject.

"Twenty miles to the south," answered one of the group.

"And how far from South Twin?"

"Ten miles in a direct line. About twenty, I guess, the way Bill there took us."

"Only ten miles? Do you suppose I could get back to Dad to-night?" asked Harden, eagerly.

"In the dark? Guess not, sonny. You 'll have to hold your hosses till morning."

Mr. Wenham came from the other room, wiping his brow. His face was the color of white paper. The group turned anxiously to him.

"What does the doctor say?" they inquired in chorus.

"He says he reached here in the nick of time," answered Mr. Wenham. "The poison has n't spread enough yet to be dangerous."

He turned to Harden as though he now saw him for the first time.

"Phil," he said, "you look well. I expected to find you as thin as a rail."

"We 've lived like lords, thanks to Bill."

"It all seems thanks to Bill," answered Mr. Wenham.

"You wait till you see the pictures I took," exclaimed Harden, enthusiastically, "and you 'll see what sort of a man he is."

"Pictures?"

"I snapped him when he was fighting the moose."

"I never want to hear again of a moose," answered Mr. Wenham. "It was a moose that got you into this."

"And got us out again," answered Harden. "We 'd have gone hungry and would n't have found your tracks if it had n't been for the moose."

"And Bill," smiled Mr. Wenham.

In the meanwhile Bill had come from the other room and moved straight across the kitchen to the outer door. But Seaver had preceded him, and now barred the way. For a second, Bill scowled at him as though determined to force a passage. The group turned to watch the two, not understanding what it meant.

"Where you plannin' to go?" demanded Seaver, his right hand still in his overcoat pocket.

"I left my snow-shoes outside," answered Bill.

"Then I guess they 'll stay there," replied Seaver.

For a second Bill hesitated, and then, in a flash, brought his hand back toward his hip pocket. But Seaver, who had been watching for this, was a second quicker. He whipped out his revolver with an ugly growl.

"None of that," he snapped.

The two stood as tense as animals about to spring at one another. Mr. Wenham took a quick step forward.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means this man is under arrest," answered Seaver.

"Upon what authority?" demanded Mr. Wenham, turning to the speaker in surprise.

Seaver threw open his coat, and dramatically displayed a constable's badge. Mr. Wenham stared at the two men in amazement. Bill turned his head a little away.

"What do you accuse the man of?" demanded Mr. Wenham.

"Escaping from the State penitentiary," answered Seaver. "This man here is Manson, who robbed the Wareham bank."

Mr. Wenham's face hardened.

"Are you sure of this, Seaver?" he asked.

Bill's hands had fallen to his side. He was breathing rapidly. He glanced at Harden, and then away again. The group closed in with a murmur of surprise. Harden stood transfixed. Seaver faced Bill with the question:

"Do you deny it?"

"I don't deny my name," he answered. For a second you could have heard a pin drop. Then Harden recovered himself. He seized Mr. Wenham's arm.

"You must help him," he cried. "He's innocent."

The sheriff gave an order sharp as a revolver shot.

"Put up your hands!" he commanded.

Bill obeyed. The sheriff stepped forward and went through his pockets. With a smile of satisfaction, as though this were all the further proof he needed, he drew out a revolver.

"But that's mine," exclaimed Harden; "and it's empty, anyhow."

Seaver tossed it into the middle of the room, and Harden picked it up.

"See!" he exclaimed, as he broke it open and showed the empty chambers in the cylinder to Mr. Wenham; "Bill used his last cartridge in getting a partridge for Bob."

Mr. Wenham stepped to Bill's side.

"Is what this man says true?" he asked.

Bill raised his head. "It's true I got out," he answered. "It ain't true I robbed the bank."

The sheriff displayed a pair of handcuffs, and was about to put them on, when Mr. Wenham checked him.

"I'll be personally responsible for this man," he said. "There's no need of irons."

"He's a desprit character," warned Seaver.

Bill smiled. He had n't enough strength left to walk a half-mile.

"It's all over," he said. "You've had a long chase, Constable. You must be hungry."

"What of it?" demanded Seaver, suspiciously.

"If you'll leave my hands free, I'll make you some biscuits," answered Bill.

In a chorus the whole group backed up Mr. Wenham. "You know he *could n't* run. He's

too weak," they said. "Let him alone. We'll see that he does n't even try to get away."

The constable lowered his revolver. "All right, gents," he agreed. "But I'm goin' to sleep in front of this door to-night."

"You can sleep outside the door if you want to," returned one of the men.

The doctor stepped from the next room.

"The boy is sleeping," he said quietly. "And I am starving. Anything to eat here?"

Bill moved to the bread board, took out what was left of the flour, and calmly proceeded to mix some biscuits.

With moose steak and hot bread, the rescue party made a better dinner than if they had been at the hotel itself. After they had finished, the constable leaned back in a chair against the door, and Mr. Wenham, drawing Bill to one side, proceeded to cross-examine him. Bill told a simple story: he had been out of work and was tramping from town to town in search of employment. He had been at different times a lumberman, a sailor, and a farmer, but had no regular trade, being by nature a wanderer. The night of the robbery he had slept in an old barn, and while there had met a stranger. He had talked with him, and after supper had gone to sleep, thinking no more about it. He woke up late in the night, and heard the man come running into the barn. The latter waited there a few minutes, and then started out again, calling to Bill to run for it. Suspecting something was wrong, and knowing he would be arrested as a tramp if found there, he had followed at the man's heels, but was soon left behind. He hid in the bushes, but the next morning was arrested by a posse and accused of robbing the Wareham bank. He could only protest his innocence, but it did no good, and he was sentenced. Later, finding a chance to escape, he took it, got into the woods, and would doubtless have died there if he had not stumbled upon the boys and their camp.

Mr. Wenham listened, and then began to ask questions. They were shrewd questions, designed to test the truth of the story from every angle. Bill answered them all simply and directly. At the end of two hours, Mr. Wenham would have staked his professional reputation as the sharpest cross-examiner in New York that Bill was telling the absolute truth. In his opinion, if the man had had the services of a good lawyer at the trial, no jury would have convicted him. When he had concluded his questioning, Mr. Wenham said:

"Of course, the thing for you to do now is to return peaceably with the constable. The thing I'm going to do is to see the governor, put these facts before him, and ask for a pardon. Unless

I'm very much mistaken, you 'll be a free man within a month."

Bill smiled sadly.

"Thanks, Mr. Wenham. But I dunno as I care much. I've had enough of freedom these last few months."

"You 'll get a taste of a different kind when this is settled," answered Mr. Wenham. "Now lie down and get some sleep. I guess you 'll rest better than the constable."

As Bill moved away, Harden hurried to Mr. Wenham's side.

"You can get him free?" he asked breathlessly.

"He gave me back my boy. You can rest assured I will do whatever is possible."

"Bill is too brave a man to steal," said Harden.

"It is generally the coward who stoops to that," admitted Mr. Wenham. "Still, sometimes thieves show a sort of physical courage."

"Bill showed more than that when he risked his life to kill the moose for Bob, and he risked it again to save me."

"He certainly showed the highest type of courage when he risked his freedom to get help for you boys. That is n't a bad argument, Phil. I 'll remember that when I see the governor."

"The governor?"

"I mean to try for a pardon through him," said Mr. Wenham.

"And I 'll show him my pictures if they come out, to prove what I say is true."

"Good. I 'll remember that suggestion, too."

(To be concluded.)



AT THE WILDWOOD INSURANCE OFFICE.

MR. FOX: "Well, sir, what can we do for you this morning?"

MR. CAT: "Make me out nine policies, please. I want to insure all my nine lives."



RACHAEL ROBINSON

FAIRY SNOW

WE TOSS THE THISTLE-DOWN
AWAY
AND WAIT TO SEE IT FLY;
'Twill MAKE A RATHER
SNOWY DAY
FOR FAIRIES IN THE SKY!

THEN AFTER ALL THE
SUMMER RAIN
WHEN WINTRY WINDS SHALL
BLOW,
THEY'LL SEND IT DOWN TO US AGAIN
IN LITTLE FLAKES OF SNOW!

TEAM-MATES

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

CHAPTER XX

VICTORY BY A NARROW MARGIN

"If we can do as well in the next half," said Spud to Sandy, as they trotted back to the gymnasium, "we 'll stand a good show of scoring."

"I think the wind is going down," answered Sandy, gloomily.

"Going down fiddlesticks! You 're an old grump, Sandy!"

Back on the field, Molly had a very good time during the intermission, for the Second Juniors of House and Hall were very attentive. Mrs. Linn discovered her, too, and she was presented to Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Kendall, the latter matron at the Hall and wife of the mathematics instructor. When Mrs. Kendall invited Molly to come and see her at the Hall, "Clara" scowled. To visit at the Hall savored to him of high treason, especially during the foot-ball season.

House began the second half of the game with the breeze at her back, and Brooks's kick-off went over the goal-line. From the twenty-five-yard line Hall worked back to near the center of the field, and there lost the ball on a fumble. The Fungus got a nasty whack on the head in this mêlée, and had to be doctored up a bit before play could go on. A few minutes later, Brooks sent him off, and H. Westlake took his place. M'Crae kicked on second down from Hall's forty yards, and the ball was caught on the five-yard line. House cheered mightily at that, but Hall started in to rip things up, and tore off twenty yards by a bewildering variety of smoothly working plays before House got together and stopped her. Then over-eagerness cost House five yards for off-side, and after another attempt at the line, Hall kicked. Westlake, at left half, ran the pigskin back fifteen yards by excellent dodging, and House started for Hall's goal. For the first time in that period, House got thoroughly together, and the plays went on like clockwork. Across the fifty-five-yard line the teams went, Hall retreating stubbornly, and across the forty-five, Ned and Boyle making good gains through the left of Hall's line. There, however, the blue tightened up. A plunge by Ned netted a scant two yards, and Boyle could do no better. M'Crae went back to kick, but for once Hall broke through, and the quarter, finding himself besieged, dodged off to the left with the ball under his

arm. But although he ran half-way across the field, throwing off tackler after tackler, he was unable to find a place to turn in, and was at last brought down on the side-line. House had failed of her distance by a couple of yards, and Hall took the pigskin.

For the next ten minutes, play was confined between one forty-yard line and the other. M'Crae and Brooks took turn at booting the leather, but their gains on kicks were not great, for Hall's backs always managed to run the ball in five or ten yards before being stopped. Spud showed himself a good end that day, but Miller was slow and uncertain, and it was n't long before Welch was given his place. Hall made two changes: Harris substituted McDonald at quarter because of his greater kicking ability, and Barnes took Borden's place at left half. Already fifteen minutes of the twenty-five had expired, and the spectators were beginning to reconcile themselves to a scoreless contest. But there is no predicting what is to happen in a foot-ball game.

It was House's ball on her own forty-five-yard line. Boyle plunged at center and secured three yards. Then M'Crae dropped back as though to kick, and the ball went at a side pass to Ned, who ran wide into the field, with good interference, and found his chance of turning in. Apparently a run of any distance was out of the question, for the blue-stockinged youths were all about him. But Westlake spilled one, Ned dodged a second, Spud put a third out of the way, and almost before any one realized it, Ned had a practically clear field before him. Behind him came friend and foe alike, stumbling, falling, going down together often enough, and in front of him were quarter and left half. Ned feinted near the forty-yard line, and shook off the clutch of the half-back, but quarter was wary, and in a moment that run was over, and Ned was down, thrown out of bounds on the thirty-yard line. But it had been soul-stirring while it lasted, and House cheered from the side of the field.

In came the ball fifteen paces, and it was House's first down. If she could only work nearer the center of the field, a goal from placement or drop-kick would be practicable. But naturally Hall was expecting such an attempt, and Westlake's try around Smith's end lost House a yard. But the ball was in front of the

right-hand goal-post, and Boyle, on second down, smashed through left tackle for a dozen feet. It was now House's chance to win the game, if win she could. Brooks and M'Crae consulted hurriedly. The ball was near the twenty-five-yard line and a placement kick was more certain if the House line could hold. But it had given way once to-day, and Brooks feared that it might again. So M'Crae was directed to try a drop-kick. The little quarter-back turned and walked to his place behind the thirty-five-yard line, held out his hands, and gave the signal.

"Now hold them!" called Brooks.

Back went the ball, straight, but too high. The lines heaved for an instant, and then the blue-jerseys broke through here and there, and sprang toward the path of the ball. M'Crae's foot swung forward, and the ball sped upward and away, barely missing one eager, frantic hand. Down went M'Crae, with the Hall center on top of him. There was one tense instant of suspense, an instant in which it seemed at first that the kick would fall short of the bar. But M'Crae had counted on the wind, and the wind did its duty. Down settled the pigskin, turning lazily over and over, and for a brief moment something obscured it. That something was a wooden cross-bar. House had scored!

Eleven blue-shirted youths leaped about like maniacs. Spud did a series of handsprings, and Boyle, only one generation from the Ould Sod, jumped into the air and cracked his heels together gaily. On the House side of the field, Molly stood on a settee and shrieked shrilly, small juniors shouted and capered, substitutes waved blankets and sweaters, and members of the faculty smiled and clapped their hands approvingly. Across the gridiron, the Hall supporters cheered earnestly in the face of defeat.

Three to nothing was good enough, if only House could keep the score at that. With seven minutes of playing-time left, she started in again with every effort bent on defense. Hall now had the wind in her favor again, and Harris put all his strength into his kicks. Slowly House was forced back. But the sands were running, and now there was but five minutes remaining. And now, with the ball in House's possession under the shadow of her own goal, but four. A plunge at left guard; two yards. A slide off right tackle; two yards more. Brooks, tired and panting, stepped back under the cross-bar.

"Hold them hard, fellows!" he cried hoarsely.

Back came the ball, but with it, alas, came half the blue team! Yells and grunts; the crashing of bodies; confusion and pandemonium! The whistle shrilled. Behind the goal-line was a

writhing mass of blue legs and red, but where was the ball? Into the pile dived the referee.

"Get up! Get up!"

Off tumbled one player, Williams, of Hall. Another, that was Sandy, and a third, that was Pete Grow. It was like pulling sacks of meal from a pile. A blue player and a red, a red player and a blue, until, finally, the bottom was reached, and Jim, squirming through with his hand, found the ball. "Get up, I tell you!" he demanded. And there at the bottom, with every breath crushed out of him for the moment, lay Dutch, with the ball clutched to his breast in a death-like grip.

"Safety," said Mr. James. "Look after that man, Brooks."

House players slapped each other on the back and grinned joyfully. Hall had scored a safety, but it had looked for a moment like a touch-down. House was still in the lead, the score three to two. Dutch was sponged with cold water, and his arms were pumped up and down, and presently he rolled over and drew a dozen good long breaths, and then was pulled to his feet.

"You go off," said Brooks. "Send in Boland."

So Cal had his first baptism by fire in the succeeding two and a half minutes that remained, a time all too short for him to get over his stage-fright. Luckily the enemy did n't assail his position very strongly, and none discovered what a state of nervousness he was in. A few flights of the ball, an end-run that was nipped in the bud, a half-dozen hopeless, desperate plunges at the red line, and the game was over, and House ran joyously off the field, victory perched on her banners.

CHAPTER XXI

RUMORS AND EXCITEMENT

THE Houses celebrated that night. There was no telling what might happen a week hence, and it was well to make the most of the opportunity. There was a bonfire down in the corner of the field, a place sacred to such occasions, and West House and East House cheered themselves hoarse, while Hall, standing apart, jeered and tried to drown the sounds of triumph. Heroes had been made that day, and their names were William L. M'Crae and Otto Zoller. Brooks made a speech. He said he did n't want to throw cold water on the joyous occasion, but wanted to remind them that there was another game coming.

"Cheer and shout all you want to, fellows, but while you 're doing it, make up your minds to go into the next game and do a whole lot better.

If you do, we 'll have a celebration here next Saturday night that will make this look like a flash in the pan. Remember that there 's something hanging in the living-room at the Hall that must come down from there. Play for the Silver Shield, fellows, and the Houses!"

Even after West House was home again, nobody was able to quiet down, and when bedtime came, the boys went down in a body and secured an extension of time from Mrs. Linn. "Just a half-hour more, Marm," pleaded Sandy. "You know we don't win every day, and I dare say we won't again for a while."

"Well," said Marm. "But I declare I don't know what the doctor would say!"

"If you behave very nicely, Marm, we 'll never tell him," Spud assured her.

So they went back to the Ice-Chest and talked it all over again for the twentieth time, and were very excited and jubilant. And Cal, who had played in his first game, was foot-ball mad, and could n't hear enough of it. And the next day, even had they been ready to talk of something else, which they were not, Molly would n't have let them. The Pippin Club met in the club-house on Apple Avenue after dinner, and Molly had to hear the personal experiences of each of the players.

"And, oh, Dutch," she exclaimed rapturously, "how did you ever manage to get that ball so wonderfully?"

Dutch shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"I did n't," he said. "The ball was bobbing around on the ground there, and some one came along and gave me a shove that sent me sprawling on my nose. Then I happened to see Mr. Ball rolling along nearby, and a Hall chap trying to snuggle up to it. So I reached out and got it just in time. He did n't want to let go, but I pulled it away somehow, and worked it under me. Then they began falling on my head and back, and I did n't know much more until they turned me over."

"Modest youth!" murmured Spud, admiringly.

"Anyhow, you saved the day," insisted Molly, beamingly. "And Ned made a beautiful run, did n't he?"

"I 'd have made it beautifuller," grunted Ned, "if I had n't turned my ankle when I started. That lost time, you see."

"It was a very good run," said Spud, judicially. "I 'll say that, Ned. But you all realize, of course, that it was only made possible by my excellent assistance."

"Why, Spud," said Molly, "I did n't know you helped."

"You did n't? Why, I was the interference.

It was this way, Molly: 'Spud,' said Brooksie, 'what shall we do now?' 'Give the ball to Ned,' said I, 'for an end-run. I 'll look after him.' 'Good boy!' said Brooksie, 'I wish you would.' So Ned took the ball. 'This way, Ned,' I called, and started off around the end. 'Just a moment,' said Ned, 'I 've turned my ankle.' 'Well, I would n't stop too long,' I told him, 'for I think I see the enemy in the offing.' So Ned rubbed his ankle a bit, and then we started off again. 'Bear to the right, Ned,' I called, and Ned bore. About that time a few of the Hall team sauntered madly up. The first one I gave the straight-arm to, and he turned over twice—no, thrice. It *was* thrice, was n't it, Ned?"

"Oh, rats!" laughed Ned. "How about the apple crop, Molly?"

"Ned," went on Spud, getting warmed up to his narrative, "was now running strong at my heels. The enemy surrounded us. 'One—two—three! I pushed them aside. 'Come on! I shouted in a clarion voice; 'never say die!' So Ned came on. The enemy fell about us like tenpins. We crossed the thirty-yard line, the twenty-five. The goal was in sight. But poor Ned's strength was ebbing fast. Finally he called to me faintly, 'I can go no further—farther!' Did you say further or farther, Ned? Anyhow, defeat stared us in the face. The hungry horde of Hall desperados snapped at our heels. What to do? There was not a minute to spare. Seizing Ned in my arms, I staggered on, and fell fainting across the goal-line. The day was won!"

"I don't see," laughed Ned, "that there was any one on that team but you and me, Spud."

"They did n't count," said Spud. "Who said apples?"

"I 've got something lots nicer," said Molly. "Do you like cookies? I persuaded our cook to make a whole panful yesterday. Shall I get them?"

"Shall you get them!" cried Hoop. "What an absurd question."

"Cookies for mine," said Spud, smacking his lips. "What kind of cookies are they, Molly? Have they got sugar sprinkled on top of them?"

"Of course. Cookies always have sugar on them. I 'll get them. And there are plenty of apples if you want them."

"I think," said Sandy, as Molly disappeared, "that the—the cuisine at our club is very satisfactory, fellows."

"Yes," drawled Spud, "the new French chef is doing very well. I think the house committee should be complimented. Oh, see who 's here!"

Molly returned with a big yellow bowl filled with crisp cookies, and passed them around.

"I can smell the granilla," said Spud. "Granilla's my favorite scent. My! but they're simply swell, Molly. You tell that cook that she's the best cooky cook I ever listened to."

"Give us a rest, Spud," commanded Sandy. "You talk too much."

"All right. You talk for a while. I'm going to be too busy."

The club continued in session until the last cooky had vanished and the afternoon shadows were slanting across the lawn outside. Then West House, surfeited with cakes and apples, said good-by and went home to supper.

Neither Cal nor Ned were very demonstrative, and so their reconciliation was a seemingly matter-of-course event attended by no outward manifestations of satisfaction. Boys of their age have n't much use for what they call "gush," but the nearest approach to it occurred on Sunday night, when, returning to their room after the usual Sunday night concert in the Tomb, Ned "squared off" at Cal, fainted, and then landed a vigorous punch on his chest that sent him reeling backward onto his bed.

"You old chump," said Ned, affectionately.

But the next instant he evidently concluded that even that might be construed as "gush," and so thrust his hands into his pockets, turned his back, and whistled carelessly. Cal grinned, and picked himself up.

"Remember the night you woke me up, Ned, and I thought you were a robber?" he asked.

"Yes, you nearly killed me. I'll wager you knew who it was all the time!"

There was no lack of conversation nowadays, and instead of avoiding each other, they seemed hardly satisfied out of each other's sight. West House saw and marveled.

"They're like the Siamese twins," commented Spud; "sort of stuck on each other—what?"

But if they had n't much to say about their quarrel or their renewal of friendship, the mystery of the missing money was often discussed. On Monday night they went to work systematically, and ransacked the Den from end to end. But they found nothing; or, at least, nothing they were searching for. They did discover what Ned called "a disgraceful state of affairs." In his lower bureau drawer, under a top covering of underwear, lay about a half-bushel of apples, of which many were in the last stages of decay.

"Gee," said Ned, "I'd forgotten all about them. Are n't they awful? I've thought for a week or so that this place smelled a good deal like a cider-mill. Roll the waste-basket over here, Cal, and I'll throw out the rotten ones."

"You'd better not do that, Ned. Marm'll see them and wonder."

"That's so. What'll we do with them?"

Cal smiled mischievously. "Don't ask me. They are n't my apples!"

"You've got a disposition just like that," said Ned, holding up one far-gone apple. "I think I'll leave these until to-morrow, and then lug them outside somewhere. Have one?"

"Not one like that," answered Cal. "But if you've got a good one—"

"Oh, there are plenty of good ones left. I wonder how long they've been here. I guess it's too warm for them."

"Yes. Why don't you take them over and let Spud keep them for you? They would n't be too warm in the Ice-Chest."

"Oh, I don't want them frozen," laughed Ned. He closed the drawer again, and they went on with their search. In the end they had to acknowledge defeat, although, as Ned pointed out, their search had not been "*fruitless*."

"I've got over five dollars myself," said Cal. "I cal'late I'd better hide it somewhere, or it may disappear too."

"You can put it in my collar-box," suggested Ned, with a grin.

But Cal declined. "That box is a hoodoo," he said. "There's something wrong with it, Ned. I don't want my money collared too."

Ned laughed, but Cal did n't see the joke until his unintentional pun had been explained to him.

"I've got it in my trunk now," he went on, "but it is n't locked, because I've lost the key somewhere."

"Oh, I would n't worry," said Ned. "Lightning does n't strike twice in the same place, they say."

There had been only light practice that afternoon, but on Tuesday Brooks "held their noses to the grindstone with a vengeance," as the team declared. He had decided to discard two plays which had been tried and found wanting, and to substitute two others which, he believed, were more likely to succeed against Hall. Besides this, several of the players were sent back to the dummy for some needed eleventh-hour instruction in tackling, and the effort to perfect team-play went on unceasingly. The weather turned suddenly cold Tuesday night, and when Wednesday dawned, there was a heavy white frost on the ground. After breakfast that morning, Cal found Sandy standing in the Tomb gazing at the wall over the mantel.

"I was looking for a place to hang the Silver Shield," Sandy explained; "that is, if we get it."

"Do you mean," Cal asked, "that it will come

here to West House if we win it?" Sandy nodded.

"Yes, East House had it last time we won, and now it's our turn. I guess I'll get Marm to take down that picture there. I never did like it, anyhow. Maybe she'd let you have it for your room, Cal, if you asked her for it."

was very ill with tonsillitis or something, and would n't be able to play. Now it was said that Andy Westlake, the House Team center, was in trouble over studies and had a week's work to make up. Another day Will M'Crae had sprained his ankle, if reports were to be credited. As it happened, none of these direful things had really

taken place, but the news of them served to add frenzy to the excitement. The nearest approach to a catastrophe affecting either team came when Barnes, a substitute back for Hall, hurt his knee in practice on Wednesday, and said farewell to foot-ball for the rest of the season. But Barnes was hardly necessary to Hall's success, and so his accident did n't create the commotion it might have.

Even Molly became hysterical and talked foot-ball whenever she could find some one to listen to her. She spent several days making a House flag. She could easily have bought one in the village, but she preferred to fashion it herself. It was of white silk with a red W H on it. She worked madly, but on Thursday it looked very much as though the flag would be still unfinished when the game began on Saturday.

"It's a perfectly lovely affair," said Spud, when she exhibited it to him that noon; "but why does the W look so rakish?"

"It does n't, does it?" she asked anxiously, holding the banner at arm's-length and observing it critically. "Well, maybe it is a little

crooked. But the H is all right, Spud!"

"Yes, it's a dandy H. I wish, though, the two had n't quarreled, Molly. It seems so sad. Are n't you going to—what do you call it—hem it around the edges?"

"Of course, but I wanted to see how the letters would look first. I ought to have a stick for it."



CAL GETS INTO THE GAME—FOR A FEW MINUTES.

"Thanks," Cal laughed. "That's thoughtful of you, Sandy. I'll take it, though, if it's to make room for the shield."

If Oak Park had been foot-ball mad before, it was hopelessly and violently afflicted with the mania this final week. Excitement succeeded excitement. Now rumor had it that Pete Grow

"I 've got one you can have. It has a flag on it now, but I can take that off. I say, if we win Saturday, I think you ought to give us that for a trophy."

"I will!" Molly clapped her hands delightedly. "And you must put it over the Silver Shield. Hoop says the shield will hang in the parlor."

"All right. Now I have something to fight for. What I 've needed right along, Molly, was an incentive. Consider the game won!"

Oddly enough it was Cal, practical, matter-of-fact Cal, who had entertained a vast contempt and hearty dislike of foot-ball a few weeks before, who, of all the West House fellows, lost his appetite toward the end of the week, and had what Spud called "the jumps." Cal's short taste of battle had left him with a wild, impatient desire to return to the ranks and match his strength and skill with the enemy once more. He pestered Ned for days asking whether the latter thought he would get a chance in the last game.

"I wish Brooks would put me in," he said wistfully. "I guess, though, he won't while Dutch or Griffin hold out. Goodness, but I 'd like to get in and make a run such as you made, or kick a goal the way M'Crae does."

"You 'll get in for a while, anyhow," Ned assured him on Thursday for the twentieth time. "Griffin 's the fellow who 'll come out, though, and not Dutch. You 'd have to kill Dutch to make him quit. He *might* get sick, I suppose."

"He—he 's looking pretty well, is n't he?"

"Fine," laughed Ned. "So you need n't hope for that, Cal."

"Oh, I would n't want him to be sick," said the other hurriedly. "Only—if he *was*—"

"Just so; you 'd get his place. I 'm going to tell Dutch to watch out carefully. You may try putting poison in his food."

Cal laughed apologetically. Then, "I suppose you could n't say anything to Brooks, Ned?" he asked. "Just sort of mention my name to him. I sometimes think he forgets about me!"

"No, he does n't. Don't worry, you old chump. You 'll get a show. But you must n't expect to make a blooming hero of yourself, 'cause when you play in the line you don't have much chance at that sort of thing, Cal. You just plug away and do your little best, and then, after it 's over, you read about how wonderful the backs were. Perhaps you might read that 'Boland at left tackle proved steady and effective, and held his own with his opponent.' The only way a line player ever breaks into the hero class is when he blocks a kick. And that 's more luck than science."

"How do you block a kick, Ned?" asked Cal, so thoughtfully that his companion grinned at it.

"I 've never heard any recipe for it," he answered. "I guess it 's by playing your level best and getting through on defense. Thinking of trying it?"

"Yes, if I get a chance," said Cal, seriously. "I cal'late I could get by that fellow Dixon, Ned. Anyhow, I 'd try mighty hard!"

THURSDAY was the last day of real practice, although on Friday there was a short session of signal work, the fellows jogging through the plays, and Brooks explaining and propounding. After supper that night, West House made its annual pilgrimage to East House, and was entertained with lemonade and cake. It was a very merry and enjoyable evening. Cal was privileged to sit for a while in Frank Brooks's room and hear foot-ball discussed by masters of the game—Brooks, M'Crae, the Westlake brothers, Ned, and Joe Boyle. Brooks proved that he had n't forgotten Cal's presence on the substitute list.

"How are you, Boland?" he asked. "Feeling ready for trouble to-morrow?"

Cal assured him that he was fine, and longed to insinuate some little hint to the effect that a place in the team on the morrow would n't be unacceptable.

When half-past nine came, West House took its departure, but not before it had cheered East House and East House had returned the compliment, and both Houses had cheered loudly for the team. It had been a busy and exciting day, and sleep did n't come readily to either Ned or Cal that night. Even when Ned did finally drop off to slumber, he was the victim of disturbing visions, and so, when, hours later, as it seemed, he awoke with the vague impression that some one was stirring in the room, he was unable at first to determine whether he was really awake or still asleep and dreaming.

But he finally convinced himself of consciousness. The room was fairly light, for in the November sky the remains of what had been a full moon was sinking westward. There was plenty of light to make easy recognition of the white-clad figure. Ned blinked a moment and then stared. Cal was lifting the lid of his trunk. Ned wanted to ask him what he was doing, but he was very sleepy. Cal fumbled about the trunk for a moment, then closed the lid again and arose. Ned expected to see him get back into bed, but he did nothing of the sort. Instead, he walked leisurely around the end of the two beds, knelt in front of Ned's bureau, and opened the bottom drawer.

"Great Scott," thought Ned, "he 's after an apple! What a joke if he got a rotten one!"

He could hear Cal pushing the apples about. Presently Cal stood upright again, turned, and retraced his steps toward the farther side of his own bed. If he had found an apple to his liking, at least he was not eating it. Ned lifted himself

ments about the room that gave him the hint. At all events, he was positive that Cal was a—a somnambu—well, whatever it was. It was a little bit uncanny at first, and Ned felt a creepy sensation along his spine. By that time, Cal's



MOLLY EXHIBITS THE FLAG.

on one elbow. "Could n't you find a good one?" he asked, with a chuckle. There was no response.

"Oh, I saw you, Cal," he said. "You ought n't to eat apples at this time of night."

Cal stepped silently into bed and pulled the clothes up. It was then that Ned realized that his room-mate had been walking in his sleep. How he knew it he could n't have told, for he had never seen a performance of the kind before. Perhaps it was the deliberation of Cal's move-

breathing was long and regular, and Ned's first impulse to awaken him passed. It would be a shame to spoil a sleep like that; besides, Ned had an idea that he had once read that to awaken a—a somnambulist—that was it; somnambulist!—was dangerous; dangerous to the somnambulist, that is. No, he would let Cal slumber on and tell him about it in the morning. Besides, he was decidedly sleepy himself. He yawned, turned over, and was soon back in dreamland.

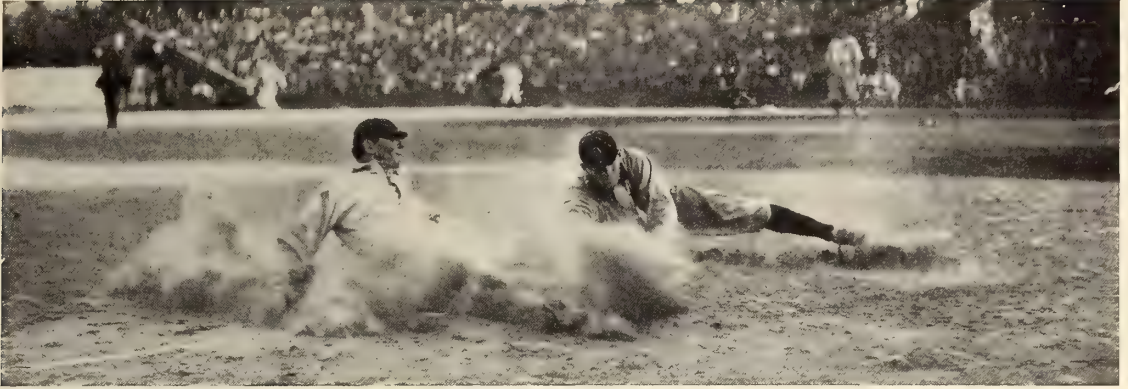
(To be concluded.)



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"FIGHTING FOR IT!"

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

SIXTH PAPER—FIELDING

BY C. H. CLAUDY

WHAT soldiers behind the breastworks, in the forts and trenches, are to the commander of an army, his players, when in the field, are to the base-ball general. On them rests the responsibility of defeating the attack, of meeting the tactics of the opposing general and his soldiers (base-runners), and of cutting short the activities of the offense by retiring the three men necessary to "side out" in the shortest possible time, with the least effort and the utmost certainty.

Even as an army attacked has more than one line of defense—scouts, pickets, outriders, the main body of troops, and the reserves—so has the defensive base-ball army. It has, as its first line of defense, the "battery," the pitcher and catcher, who, together, strive, first, to put the batter "out" at the plate, and, second, failing this, to frustrate his efforts to get "safe" on first base. For the second line of defense, the general has his in-field, and for the third, the out-field—three men in the "far gardens" who do less fielding than the in-fielders, but whose duties are vitally important.

To choose the position you will play, or to choose the proper position for other lads, if upon you, as general, rests that responsibility, involves considerable judgment and knowledge. All of you, in-fielders, out-fielders, pitchers, and catchers, are but soldiers of the defense, all equal, all working for the same end; and when you assign players according to their qualifications for the positions they must fill, you will begin to have a

real ball team—not merely nine boys playing ball together.

The first baseman, in years gone by, was a sort of extra batsman on the team, a mighty hitter, who was expected to do nothing save bat in runs and catch the majority of the throws sent him, but to field little, if at all. To-day, all this is changed. Big League managers still expect a first baseman to be a hitter, but he must also be a star fielder, cover a world of ground, have a cat-like ability to change his position, play with his feet as well as hands, keep his head, and, at the same time, possess height, strength, reach, a "good whip" (or throwing arm), and be as quick as lightning.

Height and reach are cardinal qualifications. Although there are sterling first basemen who are not tall—for instance, Harry Davis, of the Philadelphia Athletics—as a general rule tall men make the best first basemen, on account of ability to reach far to either side; a long distance in front of them, while keeping one foot on the bag; and over their heads, to gather in defective throws. Chance, perhaps the best first baseman of the National League, and Hal Chase, of the New York "Highlanders," a left-handed first baseman who has set a new standard of first-base play, are both tall.

This matter of being left-handed is a tremendous advantage to a first baseman, because he can throw in the act of turning toward second or third base, while a right-hander must make

his stop of the ball, whirl around, and then, with the throw, whirl partially back again, losing time.

The second baseman's work is, by some, held to be the easiest of the in-field, because he has less need of a strong arm to throw than any other in-fielder. On the other hand, he must needs be able to throw from any position, particularly underhanded, and with his body twisted into strange positions. Many balls come to the second baseman all too slowly, slow in-field grounders which seem to linger on the way while a fleet-footed runner is tearing down the line to first. The second baseman, fielding the ball, must be able to throw the instant he gets his hands on it, without waiting to straighten up, take a step, arrange his position, or make it easy for



"CAUGHT AT THE PLATE!"—ALWAYS AN EXCITING PLAY.

him to throw. He must throw instantly, accurately, and strongly, from any pose into which stopping the ball has twisted him. He should be a player who is particularly strong on fielding balls which come to his left hand, because the faster he can move to his left, the closer he can play to second base without leaving too wide a "groove" between him and the first baseman.

If there is one thing more than another which a short-stop must possess, it is cat-like activity. He must be instant in his starting to either side, able to range all the way from second to third base, equally skilful in stopping balls hit to either side of him, able to make the "long throw" to first base (that is, from a position deep in the in-field, well back from a line connecting second and third bases) with perfect accuracy all the time, and, like the second baseman, able to throw from any position. In choosing a lad for this position from among those who are candidates, pick him who is quickest on his feet, combined with agility to field with either hand, from either

side of his position. If, in addition, you have the services of a player who is calm and cool under excitement, able to think quickly and act as quickly on his thinking, who adds to a strong arm a real fielder's quickness of eye and especially able in fielding balls on his right hand, you have a likely candidate for real short-stop work. Generally, short-stops are not big men, nearness to the ground and quickness in moving being essentials to the position, but there are, of course, exceptions to this rule. Little "Donie" Bush, short-stop of the Detroit "Tigers," is at one end of the scale, Hans Wagner, the huge German giant, short-stop of the Pittsburgh "Pirates," is at the other end, and while, of course, there is little comparison between Bush and Wagner when

hitting and base-running come into consideration, Bush, with his small size and stature, makes up in quickness what Wagner has in height and reach. Yet Wagner, and all big men who play, or have played, short-stop, like LaJoie, now second baseman of the Cleveland team, Jennings, now manager for Detroit, or McBride, of the Washington team, are extraordinarily fast on their feet; otherwise, great size would be more of a handicap than an asset.

Quite outside his ability as a fielder, the short-stop must have skill in blocking the run-

ner off second base, and ability to "put it on" the runner—to touch him with the ball in the minimum of time after making a catch. The fraction of a second saved in doing this by a fine short-stop is often what makes the reputation of a great catcher in stopping steals, since, no matter how perfect the throw down to stop the man who would pilfer second base, if the short-stop, who usually takes the throw, or the second baseman, who sometimes does, fails to make a perfect catch and block and touch, the man is safe. Look at the line-up of any great team which has an especially noted catcher, and see if you do not find in short-stop, or second baseman, or both, stars of the first water—the Chicago "Cubs," with Kling and Archer as catchers, and Joe Tinker and Johnny Evers as short-stop and second baseman, is a good example.

Third base is generally conceded to be the most difficult place on the in-field wherein to become a star. Although the short-stop will often have more assists to his credit than the third baseman,

those the third baseman gets usually result from brilliant plays. The ball comes "hotter" to the third baseman than to any other fielder, except, at times, in a liner to the pitcher, and his throw is, all things considered, the hardest to make. For the runner, in hitting to first or second, puts

play. Upon him, too, the catcher depends for many throws in, to stop a man stealing home, or coming home on a grounder, and, inasmuch as a man may slide over home plate as much as he will, the sliding, diving base-runner comes there with more force than to any of the bags,

so that there is the more necessity for accuracy in the throw. Generally speaking, medium-sized and small men succeed better at third than big men, though here, as elsewhere, there are exceptions. Lord, of the Chicago American League club, is rather tall than short, Devlin, of the "Giants," is certainly not small, but McGraw, now managing the New York "Giants," a noted third baseman in his time, is little and stocky, and "Kid" Elberfeld, formerly of the New York "Highlanders," now of Washington, is a sterling third baseman and the smallest man filling that position in either League.

The only way for any in-field to play good ball is to get together,



ONE TENTH OF A SECOND COUNTS—AND THE RUNNER IS OUT!

the ball ahead of him—he and it are traveling, in a way, in the same direction. But the balls the third baseman handles are going in the reverse direction to the runner—the greater need, therefore, for speed of catch, recovery, and throw, to catch him at first. And, be it noted, the third baseman, throwing to first, must throw as far as the catcher does in stopping the stealing of second base, with much less time in which to make the long throw, and after catching a ball from any position or picking it up from any sort of a bad bound.

Because the third baseman gets his hits so swift, he must know all there is to know about the pitch, the style of batter, and the probabilities of where the hit will go. Because he guards the last station before the home plate from the invading army of base-runners, he must have a thinking machine which runs at top speed. It is n't enough for any good in-fielder to field the ball and get the batter, but particularly should it be the third baseman's end and aim in life to put out the *leading* runner, or make a double



ONE TENTH OF A SECOND COUNTS—AND, THIS TIME, THE RUNNER IS SAFE!

stick together, play together, practise together, work together, talk it over together! It is *team-work* which counts. You see the big League men taking ten minutes of practice before a game, but you may know they have hours and hours of it in the mornings, for there never lived a fielder who could n't improve in his work with practice.

In nothing is the success of continual practice seen to better advantage than in the making of double plays. Perhaps the majority of these are from short to second, or second to short and then to first, whence the necessity of continual practice on hot grounders by second and short, who must learn to "scoop" the ball up and toss it

to bunt again, thus "drawing the in-field in," and then "slam it out" for a single, the bunt play is generally recognized, and the in-field able to tell, pretty well, that in such situations as a man on first, second, or third and none out; or, a man on third and one out; or, bases full and one out, a bunt is very likely to come rolling tan-



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SHARP PLAY AT THIRD BASE.

The runner just beginning to slide, the umpire running to see the play, the coacher giving the signal to slide.

to the other man, covering the bag, all in one motion. And the second baseman, who will the more often cover the bag on such doubles, must have the speed of light in his turning and throw to first—the "pivot" or center position of a double play makes its success or failure. Every second baseman of note to-day—Evers, Collins, Lajoie—lands on the bag with the proper foot determined according to the point from which he will get the ball from the short-stop, turns even as he makes the catch from short, and whirls the ball over to first, all with one motion. As, of course, double plays do come from all points, and as first or third are often the "pivot," they too must practise the quick throw, the throw without a step forward, which saves that tiny fraction of a second about which so much fast base-ball is built.

Perhaps the fielding of bunts is as important in in-field work as anything the fielders have to do—and here, too, the pitcher becomes a real in-fielder as well as a human gatling gun for the firing of balls. Every member of the in-field must know when a bunt is coming, and play for it, and while, of course, there will be times when the batter will bunt once and hold his bat as if

talizingly over the grass. Similarly, with a weak-fielding pitcher, much bunting will be done, and certain men on the team, particularly left-handed hitters who are very fast on their feet, will often bunt and try to "beat it to first," even without the situation of a man "on" to be advanced at the expense of a sacrifice.

The pitcher's fielding work here is vital. He must be able to run in, field the bunt, and throw to base, and he must keep his head and know whether or not to throw to first or second. If the ball rolls down the first-base foul-line, he must know instinctively, and decide on the instant, whether he, or the catcher, or the first baseman, can best field it, and if it is not for him to field, he must cover first base on the run. In fact, the pitcher must cover first base whenever the ball pulls the first baseman well forward or far back, for while wonderful defensive plays, in which the second baseman covers first on in-field grounders to first basemen, playing deep, have been devised, it is the pitcher's work, and he should not shirk and should practise, practise, practise, on that sudden run to first and deft catching of the often hurriedly tossed ball.

First, second, short, and third, playing in for

a bunt, must remember that they have bags to guard, and, with runners on the paths, should hustle to their bags the instant they see some one else is fielding the bunt, for, be it noted well, there is no use in simply *fielding* the ball; it must be fielded and thrown, thrown accurately, thrown in time, and thrown *to some one on a base* who will catch it in order to make a play. And, if the play is not a force, it must be thrown in time and low enough to enable a man on the base to catch it and tag the runner. If there is no one on base to take the throw, all the fielding in the world won't put the man out.

Fielders, both in and out, must back each other up. Train your team to do this all the time—there is the more necessity in your case than in the big Leagues, for, naturally, a team of lads will make more errors than a team of professional experts, the pick of the country's ball-playing athletes. All major League teams are practised all the time in "backing up." The center-fielder should run up behind short, and in line with the coming ball and second base, when the catcher throws to stop a man stealing, so that if the throw "gets by," it may be retrieved without allowing still another base; second base gets behind first when first runs in on a bunt, if he is n't covering second; the pitcher will back up any baseman on throws in from the out-field, and should cover home plate on bunts the catcher goes after, if there is a man on third. The pitcher will also back up the catcher on long throws in from the out-field to home plate. Similarly, in running a man down between third and home, the pitcher must "get in the game," running to the plate as the catcher chases the runner toward third, taking the throw home, running himself up toward third, taking the third baseman's place as he, in turn, chases the runner home toward the now waiting catcher, etc., etc. Pitchers who are lazy in fielding are only half-pitchers, and between an earnest, hustling, hard-working pitcher who is fair in delivery, and an expert who is lazy, most managers would prefer the pitcher with ambition.

Plays in which the pitcher fails to cover the plate are rare, nowadays—the pitchers are too well taught by managers who know the game. But they are not rare in base-ball history. Washington, never much of a factor in the pennant race, but always bobbing up and winning games at the wrong time, according to the ideas of teams which are in the race, once lost a chance on this very play. Kittridge was catching—and Kittridge was a quick thinker. There were runners on first and second, and the batter hit to short, who threw to Kittridge, cutting off the

runner on third, who happened to be Keeler, from the plate. The man on second, of course, ran to third, and Kittridge chased Keeler back to third. Keeler dodged, expecting Kittridge to throw to the third baseman, when he, Keeler, might sprint for home. But Kittridge, seeing a chance for a double play, jumped past Keeler to get the runner from second, standing "flat-footed" and "waiting for the bag." But the runner was alert and "beat him to it," landing safely on third. So Kittridge whirled and threw to the plate almost without looking, to catch the flying Keeler. And, as he threw, he saw the pitcher interestedly watching the play, the first baseman also a spectator, and heard the ball hit the grand stand. So, of course, the man on third trotted cheerfully home after Keeler, and Kittridge said—well, you can imagine what he *thought*, at least!

The question between second baseman and short-stop of covering second base is vital. There should be a perfect understanding between the two as to which will take the catcher's throws. The understanding may well be helped by a signal, or a verbal call. Of course, with batters who hit more often to right field, the second baseman is not so near to the base as short-stop, hence it is then short-stop's business to cover second on a throw to stop a steal. On all balls hit through short-stop or third baseman, especially if short is backing up the third baseman, the second baseman must cover second. Never should both cover it, and one or the other should have the command, so that, if both start for the base on a ball neither is to field, the word of one is final. This is particularly vital when it comes to "stopping up the grooves." Every ball-player knows that a space about two feet wide from each foul-line at the bases, a space seven or eight feet wide between first and second basemen, and second baseman and short-stop, and short-stop and third baseman, are grooves down which any fast grounder or line ball is likely to be a safe hit. But, although there is about twenty-five feet—sometimes thirty feet—of in-field territory undefended out of a total of one hundred and eighty feet, only about ten in every hundred and eighty fast in-field grounders result in hits, in the major League. This is the result of "inside base-ball," in which the in-fielders, knowing the batter, his probable direction of hit, and the pitch to be "handed" him, leave some of the gaps wide open, and close others up, by shifting their positions. If short-stop and second baseman have not a full and complete understanding of when each is to cover second base, and a perfectly working signal, this inside play is impossible, and balls will go safe which should never result in hits.

The necessity of covering second by some one, and that "some one" well understood beforehand, hardly needs illustration. But a game between the "Cubs" and the Brooklyn "Superbas" might have been played to illustrate it. It was in 1908, when every game counted—when it was "Cubs" or "Giants," and every game either played was vital. At this particular time, the score was tied, and Hofman was on second. Bergen, catching for Brooklyn, signed for a "pitch out," hoping to catch Hofman napping. The sign was plain, Hofman saw it, and second base and short-stop saw Hofman saw it. Consequently, they thought Bergen would not throw. But Bergen, getting his pitch out, and seeing Hofman—who is very "foxy"—still had a big lead from second, threw. Brooklyn's short and second baseman stood, "flat-footed," in their tracks. The ball went to center field, and the center-fielder, also somewhat napping, had n't "backed up" enough to get the ball in time to catch Hofman, who scored. That game tied Chicago with New York for the pennant!

It is vital that every in-fielder know the outs, the balls, the strikes, and the coming pitch, otherwise they cannot plan their play ahead. And before every ball pitched, each in-fielder must make up his mind, from the men "on" and the state of the score, and the balls and strikes, just what he will do with it if it comes his way, and here, again, second and short must work together and know each other's intentions, otherwise their best efforts may be wasted.

Definitions of "inside base-ball" are many. But perhaps the most comprehensive in the fewest words is this: "Getting in motion toward the spot where the ball is coming, before it starts."

If your in-field can do that—start moving to the point where the ball is likely to come, before the batter hits it—you have developed much of the science of "inside ball." A player in motion can move ten or twelve feet in the same time another player is starting to move. The only way you can know where the ball is to be hit is by studying the batter, knowing his style of hitting, knowing the pitch, and figuring the result. And "inside ball," to be effective, must be played by the whole team, therefore every one must know the pitch and understand batters, their strength and weaknesses.

The out-field is not so busy a place as the in-field, but is equally important. The old idea that "all an out-fielder has to do is catch flies" has disappeared. While fly-catching and ability to hold every ball you can get your hands on, are the foundation of out-field work, they are but a small part of it. The out-fielder must get under

"impossible balls," and, therefore, must be very fast. He must be a strong and accurate thrower and think with lightning speed; the old instruction given to a new out-fielder, "Throw the ball to second base after a single," will no longer serve as the main rule of out-field throws in. True, after a single, the ball belongs at second base, and not elsewhere, unless there is a man on second scooting to third, when it may belong home. If the fly is short and falls a few feet in front of the fielder, who *may* then get the runner at first, if he slows up, the ball belongs at first.

The thinking part of an out-fielder's work is as important as the mechanical part, and the mechanical part of throwing—when, to whom, and why—is just as important as the catching of flies, the backing up of in-fielders, and the rest of an out-fielder's work.

First-class out-fielders back each other up when possible. Of course, right field does not cut across to help left field catch an easy fly, but center goes to right and left to back up deep catches or forward to help in the relay, if necessary, and if short-stop and second baseman are too busy on bags to take their proper part in relays. No good out-field holds "conventions," the "After you, my dear Alphonse" act, as the bleachers call it, when both center and right or center and left chase madly after a ball, stop within ten feet of each other, and watch each other miss it. Have a rule, or a captain, and obey one or the other—there is no excuse for muffing a ball on which you get your hands, and less for letting a ball drop safe "because I thought *he* was going to take it!"

Perhaps the most vital thing an out-fielder has to learn is to "get rid of the ball." You have no use for it, after you have caught it. Some other fielder has urgent need of it. Give it to him. Don't hold it—throw it. Throw it to the right place, but throw it, anyway. When you see Cobb, Wheat, or Speaker making a double play from the out-field, you realize what a quick "get-away" is. Men making ready to run on swift throwers like these are always in doubt whether they can beat the throw; many a man has been caught flat-footed, jogging slowly back to base after a fly has been caught by a lively out-fielder, because he threw in in a twinkling with speed and accuracy, to the base toward which the runner was returning too slowly.

It is as vital for the out-fielder as for any other player to know the strikes, the balls, and the "outs." He, like all other players, must consider the state of the game, the runners on, and decide before each play what he will do with the ball if he gets it. He must know batters and the

pitcher's signal from the catcher, if he can get it. Why? Because there are four huge out-field "grooves" where long flies mean singles, two and three baggers, sometimes home runs. The only way three men can cover all the ground of an out-field is by knowing where each batter is likely to hit, and what sort of a hit he is likely to make from any pitched ball, and then to place himself so that he will be in the best position to field that ball. Getting there before the ball is hit is the inside play of the out-field. Watch any good major League out-field, and see it shift for the different batters, angling in and to the left for the right-handed, weak batter, when a slow ball is to be pitched him, hurrying over to the right and way back when a noted driver of right-field hits has the pitcher "in a hole" so that the next one must be right over. For the certain men who hit almost anything, anywhere—the Wagners, Magees, Cobbs, Lajoies, Speakers, Crawfords, etc.—the out-fielder must trust to his judgment—he cannot play them as he would men whose style and record prove the direction of most of their hits. But even with such men, knowing what the pitch is to be will help, since any right-handed hitter is more likely to hit a fast pitch, on the outside corner, to right field than to left, a slow pitch to left field than to right, and the reverse if he be a left-handed hitter.

Perhaps the most exciting game of base-ball ever played, all things considered, was that which Chicago and New York, tied for first place at the end of the National League season, as a result of a previous game being given to Chicago because Merkle forgot to touch second base on his hit when what would otherwise have been the winning run came over the plate, played off. New York lost the extra game. Chicago won it with a rally starting with a tremendous drive by Tinker, short-stop of the "Cubs," off Mathewson, the famous pitcher of the "Giants." Mathewson, fearing Tinker, who had been hitting him hard, signaled Seymour, in center, to go back. He believed that if Tinker hit the "fade-away" ball at all, it would result in a long, long fly. Seymour disagreed. He thought a low line fly was probable. But "Matty" was right. He pitched the "fader," Tinker smote it with a mighty swat, and it rose and sailed and sailed—and underneath it, no one knows what desperation in his heart, raced Seymour, striving to get there as soon as the ball did, realizing that he had disobeyed the signal. But Seymour is human and that ball was inhuman. And it dropped safely, rolling to the surrounding crowd, Tinker making three bases on it. Had Seymour played the "in-

side game," as "Matty" had given him a chance to do, he would have been where the ball was hit before it started!

Certain out-fields play always the "outside distance," that is, as far back as they dare for the farthest-hit balls, depending on speed to allow them to come in for short flies. Others play the "inside distance," figuring that there are more short than very long flies, and that the difficulty of going back for a long fly is less than that of coming in for half a dozen short ones. Other out-fields play the middle distance, or shift constantly with different batters. But, of late years, the out-field has been gradually creeping in, since inside ball, better pitching, and a knowledge of batters cut down the number of high, long flies, and better out-fielding has enabled men to turn and run with the ball and make "grand stand" catches with one hand. Lajoie, in a moment of disgust, after Milan, a remarkably speedy out-fielder who plays center field for Washington, had speared what appeared to be a three-base-line fly, high in air, on a dead run to deep left center, remarked:

"Out-fielders are not what they used to be. They used to let us hit the fence, once in a while. Now they run three miles, jump fourteen feet in the air, and catch impossible balls at the backs of their necks with their thumbs!"

Plain catching of easy flies is good fun in practice, but little use after the eye and hands are trained. The great fielding out-fielders, like Wheat, or Cobb, or Speaker, must learn to "run three miles and catch them on their thumbs!" Practise catching flies which you can't catch! Practise running, for speed is half the out-fielder's stock in trade; practise making the impossible play, and some day you will pull it off.

Spectacular out-field catches are daily features of almost every game. Some are historic. Among them is "Wee Willie" Keeler's famous catch on the slanting fence in right field at Baltimore, in the old Oriole days, when Baltimore had a club which was world famous. It was in the fag-end of the season, and Boston and Baltimore were tearing each other to pieces to win the pennant. Stahl, always a terrific hitter, drove a fly to right that looked good for a home run. Keeler, always fast, started after the ball. He ran as long as he could at the base of the fence (which sloped upward at an angle), then turned and ran *up* the fence. As he neared the top, the ball began to drop—over the fence! But Keeler caught it, ran along the top of the fence for a moment, holding it aloft—then fell over! You can imagine the ovation he received when he returned, limping, but happy!

(To be concluded.)

The Discontented Woman

by
Ellen Manly



A FUNNY old sexton named Keeple
Enjoyed looking down on the people,
But his poor little wife
Was in fear for her life
When the wind shook their room in the steeple.

Said she: "We must change our location!
For, though 't is a fine situation,
I get so uneasy
Whenever it 's breezy,
I 'm sure I 'll have nervous prostration!"

But some folks are never contented—
When the flattest of flats she had rented,
She discovered, alas!
It was heated by gas,
And she worried till nearly demented.

"Oh, why did I move!" she kept sighing,
"Such trouble for nothing is trying!
'T is as healthy for people
To fall from a steeple
As up in the air to go flying!"



And never she ceased to lament her,
This deeply dissatisfied renter,
Till the gas it exploded,
As she had foreboded,
And back to the steeple it sent her!

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER IX

HAL'S HOME-COMING

ON the day of Mr. Ward's arrival, Dorothy was eagerly watching for him, and was the first to greet him.

"Steal away presently, Dad," she managed to whisper. "I'll be down at the shore, and I want to see you very particularly."

Half an hour later, she heard her father's voice behind her, saying, "Well, Dot, what is that very particular business of yours?"

"Oh, Dad! I am simply wild to tell you of a scheme I've been thinking up!" she exclaimed, taking his hand in hers, as they stood looking out over the sparkling water. "Nobody knows anything about this," she went on, "and I've had such a hard time keeping it to myself."

"Another secret, eh? Well, out with it."

"First of all I bought a road-map of all eastern Massachusetts," said Dorothy. "Then I looked up some guide-books, and now my plan is nearly complete."

"What plan, Dot? You are keeping me too long in suspense. Let's know the worst."

"Well, it's a trip, Dad. I thought we might all go off on a tour together and stay as long as we like at each interesting stopping-place. From here we could go direct to Plymouth, where the pilgrims landed, then up to Boston, and then to the towns round about where so many great writers have lived, like Cambridge and Concord, you know. There's Lexington, too, and Salem, and Gloucester, and perhaps even Portsmouth."

Mr. Ward was becoming enthusiastic as Dorothy described the trip she had planned.

"I see nothing to prevent it, dear. What does your mother say?"

"I did n't tell Mother, Dad, because she said she wanted you to plan your own vacation."

"Oh! So you have been doing it for me!" said her father, teasingly.

"Would n't you enjoy it, Dad?"

Dorothy's voice was almost pleading in its intensity. She had felt sure that this was the sort of vacation that would appeal to her father, and now she was fearful that he might not approve after all. But when they returned to the house and she heard him saying to Aunt Alice, "This little understudy of mine has been prescribing for me, and I'm sure no doctor could have done it better," her heart gave a leap of joy, and she

knew that all the trouble she had taken had been worth while.

Mrs. Ward also welcomed the suggestion, knowing that her husband needed some such open-air diversion.

"And Hal will be with us then," she said fondly. "Having him along will do his father a world of good."

Aunt Alice and Uncle Paul preferred to remain at home. Paul and Peggy, too, begged to be allowed to stay at Jamestown, for they were enjoying every day to the full, and were decidedly unwilling to be separated from a new-found friend, Sancho, the donkey.

"It was a sad day for poor Sancho when you two youngsters met him," remarked Uncle Paul.

Strolling along the road on the edge of town, one day, the children had heard a loud bray in a field they were passing. Over the fence went Paul in a jiffy, and Peggy tumbled after him. A very informal introduction took place, and then Master Paul mounted his steed and rode off. The second day he even managed to take Peggy aboard, and thereafter the ride on the donkey was a great daily event for the two. How many times the venturesome pair had been spilled will never be known, but doubtless the numerous bits of Aunt Alice's sugar which had been mysteriously disappearing had by this time sweetened Sancho's disposition until he was as tame a steed as could be desired.

Great excitement prevailed the next morning, for Hal was expected on the noon boat. The motor was to be decorated with flags, and Hal escorted home in triumph to the house. As the ferry-boat came into the slip and Hal stepped ashore, a chorus of voices greeted him with:

"He's a college boy,
With his college walk and his college talk.
He's come home to tell
That he's learned his college yell, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Let us shout with joy:
'All together now—ahoy!'
Though he left us for a camp,
We will welcome back the scamp—
Because he is *our* college boy!"

Dorothy was running the car, and when Hal jumped up beside her, off they sped for the house. He was as brown as a berry from his six weeks in the woods, but as glad to be home again as a boy just out of school. And when he rushed up to the veranda, saying in his cheery way,

"Well, this is the best ever!" his mother, her eyes dancing with joy, was satisfied that his exile from them all had not been from choice.

At every step Paul was hanging about Hal's heels and tugging at his coat-sleeve, calling out to him: "Come and have some real fun, Hal! Come and take a ride on my donkey!"

But the returned camper, who was as great a talker as ever, had many "hair-breadth scrapes," as he called them, to narrate, and whenever he saw Aunt Alice looking particularly horrified, it was the signal to make that especial narrative as blood-curdling as possible.

"My, but I'm as stiff as old Rip Van Winkle, from that stuffy sleeping-car," said Hal, at last. "Where 's that donkey?"

Paul only too willingly led the way to Sancho's headquarters, the entire family accompanying him. Over the fence as usual went Paul, and Hal unhesitatingly followed him.

Sancho willingly submitted to Paul's climbing upon his shoulders, but as Hal drew near, he set his big ears back and gave a sly glance of disapproval at the tall new-comer. Little cared the sturdy young woodsman, however, for these ominous signs. With one leap, he was astride the donkey's back behind Paul, and shouted, "Hang on, kid!" as Sancho gave a sudden start in response to a light kick from one of Hal's long legs, that dangled almost to the ground. The beast had gone only a few steps at a quick trot, however, when he suddenly took it into his head to show his new rider that he was something of a kicker, himself. On a sudden, he elevated his heels at a sharp angle, and Hal, who was just then waving his cap in the air, took a flying leap, as if fired from a catapult, clean over his little brother's head, clean over the donkey's head, and found himself, the next moment, "sprawling all over the surrounding landscape."

When he gathered himself together and sat up to look around him, there was Sancho gazing blandly at him, as if to say, "How do you like it?" and Paul, still safely astride of him, saying, "'Hang on,' eh? Did you have a good trip, Hal?"

To the onlookers it was as funny a sight as they had ever seen, so sudden and complete had been the downfall of Master Hal. And it may be added that always thereafter he treated Sancho with great respect, and whenever he passed the field where the donkey was grazing, he would take off his cap and make a low bow, with the remark, "I hope you are feeling very well to-day, sir."

"Come into Mother's room a minute, Dot," said Hal, as they all went up-stairs that evening.

"I 'll just take this book to Edith and be right back," Dorothy answered.

When she rejoined him, a moment later, he ushered her into the room as if she had been a duchess.

"Now, first of all," said Hal, as he jumped on top of his mother's hat-box, calling forth from that lady an urgent request to "be careful," "I have a presentation to make. It gives me great pleasure, et cetera, et cetera."

Here Hal suddenly became very nervous, colored up, and stammered some inaudible remark, as he handed his sister a square box.

"What is this?" exclaimed Dorothy, as she opened the box and discovered a brand-new kodak, of the latest pattern.

"That 's the interest, Dot, and this is the principal."

Hal came down from his lofty perch and put an envelop which he had drawn from his coat-pocket into her hand.

"The what?" asked Dorothy, as she nervously tore open the envelop and saw a number of crisp new bills.

"Not so viciously, Sis. The result of my summer's hard labor is in that envelop."

Kodak and envelop both slipped from Dorothy's hand onto the sofa beside which she was standing, for she suddenly realized all that they meant. She stood speechless, her lips quivering, and tears gathered in her eyes.

"Ye gods and little fishes, Sis! Now, you take it too *seriously*!" and, turning to his parents, Hal told them the whole story of Dorothy's loan and how he had just repaid it, ending with, "But I've got wise to one thing, Dad. Even fifty is big money when you have to earn it."

"I would willingly have met the obligation, my boy, but I'm glad you showed the stuff you are made of. And it 's pretty good material, I'm glad to see."

Dorothy turned, and, exclaiming, "You dear old dear!" flung her arms about his neck and kissed him. "I am so proud of you, Hal!" she said. "You 're a perfect darling."

"Right-O! See me! See me!" said Hal, assuming the air of a tragedian in a kingly pose. "And yet—" he went on, with a bow of obeisance to Dorothy. "There 's the real thing! She is a trump—bless her heart! Behold our dear old, darling, doleful, *dotty* Dot!"

This sally cleared the skies, and Dorothy's tearful face broke into a smile, as she exclaimed:

"Well, sir, see that you look your importantest and becomingest in the morning, for the very first picture this takes shall be of you. You shall even come ahead of Peter—think of that!"

"Me and Napoleon, eh?" said Hal. "Well, I'll be ready."

And the family council adjourned with joyous "good nights."

CHAPTER X

OFF FOR A TOUR

THE air was delicious, the sun shining, and the future full of promise as they started off on Friday morning for Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Porter bade them a reluctant good-by, although they knew the trip would be a great experience and the best sort of a holiday for Mr. Ward. This pleasure jaunt of Dorothy's held all sorts of delightful possibilities, and they looked forward to it with eager anticipation.

After a breezy three or four hours' ride, they saw before them the historic old town of Plymouth, the first glimpse of which carried their thoughts back to that memorable morning when the pilgrims stepped ashore after their sixty-two days of storm and suffering, and realized that they had entered a new world.

"Let us go and see Plymouth Rock first, Dad," suggested Dorothy.

So they motored on until they came to the water front, and, entering the square, drew near to the granite canopy with its four massive pillars and iron grating which protect the historic stone.

"There is the famous date carved upon it, 1620," said Hal. "But, jiminy, I'd like to have a sail on the briny to-day!" he said.

Presently they wandered down to the wharves—all but Dorothy. She was still standing in the square, reveling in the romance of it all. In her imagination she saw the little weather-beaten ship, the *Mayflower*, anchored off in the harbor; the noble band of men, women, and children setting to work so bravely to make for themselves a new home amidst such hardships as nobody can fully realize nowadays. She saw them in their quaint, old-time costumes, doing their washing, perhaps, in that very square where she was standing; the men helping the women who had become so weakened from the poor food and stormy voyage; the little boys and girls romping on the shore, too young to realize the courage which had inspired their parents and friends to leave their homeland and come to this far distant shore.

Dorothy suddenly awakened from her reverie to find herself alone. She hurried on in the direction the others had taken, and soon discovered her father and Hal talking with an old fisherman.

"Right up this 'ere street," the old man was

saying, "the pilgrims built their houses. How they did it was mor' 'n I ken guess. You come to the Pilgrims' Spring if you go on a bit, and I 'm a-bettin' that 'ere spring had much to do with their stoppin' here. The water is as fine to-day as 't wuz then. That thar hill beyont is Burial Hill, and thar Cap'n Miles Standish built the fust fort. He gave them Injuns a skeer, I 'm a-guessin', with his one leetle cannon a-boomin'."

The old man pointed out the fishermen's cottages which stretched for miles along the shore—queer little white houses all crowded together, but looking very picturesque in the distance.

"Have you always lived here, Captain?" asked Hal.

"Born right here, lad, allus lived here, and here I hopes to die. My bunk is the third un on the right."

Mrs. Ward now suggested that they go to the hotel, no arrangements having yet been made for the night. She was quite sure that two or three days at least would be needed for Plymouth. So they motored up Leyden Street to the hotel, and it was decided to explore the old town that afternoon on foot. Dorothy had taken several pictures that morning of the Plymouth Rock, the old fisherman, and a distant view of the pretty white cottages of the fisher folk. Her camera was a constant delight to her, and she intended to have her pictures developed as soon as she arrived in Boston.

After lunch, they climbed up Burial Hill, where they had a superb sight of Plymouth harbor. The long narrow beach, the "Gurnet lights" which guide the ships safely into port, Saquish Head, the lonely wind-swept cliff where some of the hardy fishermen lived, all came into the view.

Then they wandered into the old burial-ground, and soon became absorbed in the quaint epitaphs on the moss-covered tombstones, some now almost illegible.

"Let us walk through the old part of Plymouth," suggested Mr. Ward. So down through the narrow crooked streets they wandered until they came again to the water front.

Arthur, who had been enjoying everything to the full in his own quiet way, turned to Mrs. Ward and said:

"This has been a red-letter day, indeed!"

Dorothy had very vivid dreams that night of little Puritan maidens, and she awoke the next morning with a feeling of having visited some sweet Humility, quaint Priscilla, or dainty Prue in their simple homes of long ago.

Hal came swinging into the breakfast-room and made the announcement that he had arranged

a sail for the afternoon. Early that morning he had paid a visit to the old fisherman.

"His son owns a schooner, and will take us all for a sail at three o'clock. I want you to understand this is my treat," he said proudly.

The main street was very lively that morning, and they found much to amuse them. The fine old linden-trees which shaded the avenue made music in the breeze. Presently Dorothy, who was walking ahead, suddenly exclaimed: "There is Penelope Winslow's home, I do believe, and those two are the very linden-trees she planted!"

"If that is Penelope Winslow's home," said her father, "then Emerson was married there. He drove all the way from Concord in his chaise to marry Miss Lidian Jackson."

"Good boy, Emerson! He hitched his wagon to a star that day, all right!" said the irrepressible Hal.

Mrs. Ward could not restrain a smile, although had any one else spoken in that ribald way about Emerson, she would have been horrified.

At eleven o'clock they motored out to Pilgrim Hall to see the many relics of old pilgrim days. As they wandered about from room to room, each one found many things of interest.

"Here 's the very sword Miles Standish used!" cried Arthur.

"And do look at this funny sampler his daughter Lora worked!" said Edith.

Mrs. Ward was enjoying John Alden's Bible, with its old leaves so worn by constant usage that the text was almost illegible.

"The pilgrims, I imagine, had very few books," she said, and this Bible was undoubtedly John Alden's constant companion."

There was a quaint little Dutch cradle in one of the rooms in which Peregrine White, the first native Yankee—for he was the first white child born in New England—was rocked, and doubtless this same cradle had been the resting-place of many another small New Englander. So they went from one thing to another, learning more and more of the history of the founding of this famous colony.

There was just time for a little run in the machine before returning to the hotel, so they motored through Plymouth woods, enjoying its lovely old trees and many beautiful ponds.

Promptly at three, every one was at the wharf, watching with interest the old fisherman and his son making the schooner ready. There was just enough breeze to carry them briskly along.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!"

sang Hal. "I must be cut out for a sea-captain."

The old fisherman and his son paid little attention to their passengers. Probably a good "catch" of mackerel would have been much more highly prized. They were just off Sasquit Point, when the wind suddenly dropped.

"Looks a bit squally," remarked the old fisherman. "I 'm a-thinkin' we 'd better turn back. This 'ere cargo won't be appreciatin' a squall to any great extent."

The sky and water seemed to turn a deep purple, almost instantaneously, and in the distance low rumblings of thunder were heard. Forks of lightning swept across the heavens, and then, like a mighty tornado, the wind began to blow. The little schooner pitched and tossed, and Mrs. Ward became much alarmed. Indeed, the whole ship's company looked anxious—all but Hal, who, when the waves began to rise, felt an inner squall disturbing his usual serenity. It grew with each motion of "the sad sea waves," moreover. Indeed, the youth who had been so eager for "the briny deep" was proving, much to his own disgust, anything but a good sailor. Already he had "sought the seclusion that the cabin grants," and was lying, full-length, upon a bench, in a state of "goneness" or "innocuous desuetude," as he expressed it, suffering such qualms as only a tempestuous sea or a guilty conscience can produce.

"Hello, Hal! How about that 'life on the ocean wave?'" quizzed Arthur.

"Not for me, Art! I don't wonder that the pilgrims jumped on any old rock they could find, if it was like this aboard the *Mayflower*," said the would-be "sea-captain."

Luckily, however, the squall subsided almost as rapidly as it had come, and ere long the sun shone out and the whole panorama changed.

Next morning they bade adieu to Plymouth, and headed northward, stopping at the town of Marshfield long enough to visit the grave of that great orator Daniel Webster, which Arthur, the future lawyer, wished especially to see.

It had been decided to make Lexington their headquarters, as the weather was still too warm for a sojourn in the big city of Boston.

As they motored along the road leading into Lexington, they talked of Paul Revere and his famous night ride, when the beacon-light in old North Church steeple not only started the young patriot upon his warning gallop, but proved to be the spark that lit the great flame of the American Revolution.

Soon they were passing Lexington common itself, where the first blood of that Revolution was shed, and where Arthur recognized the statue of Captain John Parker, the leader of the

little band of fifty or sixty minute-men on that historic morning, April 19, 1775. For here Parker, a veteran who had fought with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, had mustered his little company to oppose the six companies of British infantry—who were on the

a trip like this," said Dorothy, "and how much the people must lose who motor along seeing only pictures of the present when really the pictures of the past are much more wonderful."

"Great Cæsar, Dot, but you 're an orator!" said Hal. "A regular Daniel Websteress!" and,

seizing Peter, he exclaimed: "Bark for the lady, Pete! Give a 'yap' of applause!" and Peter obediently complied.

"I wish you were more like her, Hal," said his mother. "Do you remember how you would beg Father to let you cut your history recitation and substitute mathematics?"

"Oh, but I was a kid then, Momsy," replied Hal. "I expect to be known as the greatest philosopher of modern times when you and Dot get through with me."

Just then they arrived at the Lexington Inn, and, as usual, Dorothy went off to find a place where Peter could sleep. Dogs were seldom allowed in the hotels, so she always was careful to see that her pet had comfortable quarters.

None of the party had been in Lexington before, and they were all enchanted with this pretty inn which was to be their home for some days. The rooms were filled with lovely old furniture, quaint pictures hung on the walls, great trees shaded the garden, and everything about the place gave them a feeling of "homeiness."

"We were wise," said Mr. Ward that evening, "to choose this charming place for our headquarters, and while this fine warm weather lasts, let us make little tours to the near-by towns, saving Boston, the best, for a culmination. We must, however, have a glimpse of Cambridge, and I think we shall do well to motor over there to-morrow."

"I 'll side-step that, I think," said Hal. "What do you want to go there for, Dad?"

"To see Harvard for one thing," said Mr. Ward.



HAL LEARNS TO RESPECT SANCHO.

march to Concord. "Don't fire unless fired upon," he commanded, "but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

And then, after their refusal to disperse, the redcoats fired a volley which killed eight of the minute-men and wounded ten, sweeping down a third of that little band.

"Two of those elms on the common looked down upon that very scene," said Mr. Ward.

"Think what literature and history mean on

"Which is n't interesting to a Yale man!" continued Hal. "If they only knew how to play foot-ball now, it would be different."

"You may scoff at their foot-ball as much as you like," said his mother, "but we 're interested in

saw, too, the house where once lived that ever-popular doctor, poet, philosopher, and wit, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the residences of many distinguished educators whose names have added luster to the glory of the great university.

But, for Dorothy, as to her father and mother, the deepest interest centered in the homes of the gentle poet, Longfellow, and his distinguished neighbor and fellow-poet, Lowell. Their dwellings seemed worthy of the men, themselves, two of America's greatest, who here "lived lives in keeping with their thought," and from these quiet, tree-sheltered homes gave to their country and the world a wealth of poetry and beauty, of patriotism and inspiration, that will enshrine their names forever in the love and admiration of every American, young and old.

They motored slowly back on the road to Lexington, for the spell of Cambridge was upon them still.

"Longfellow and Lowell—what honor they deserve!" said Mrs. Ward.

"Yes, and what honors they received!" said her husband. "Lowell, known chiefly



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

literary folk just now, Hal, and Harvard has turned out some men in that field that you 'll find it hard to match, my boy. Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Emerson—to name only four of them—were all Harvard men, you know. Emerson graduated at eighteen. Now, no more nonsense, boy. We start at eight to-morrow."

And their day in Cambridge delighted them all, though, of course, they had not time to gain more than a glimpse of that historic university which has been the Alma Mater of so many celebrated men. Even the obstreperous Hal could not restrain his admiration of the noble buildings and the great gate with its iron cross above and the college seal on the post. After a slow tour around and about the various halls and dormitories, they went on to the places which were the chief objects of their day's visit—"Elmwood," the home of Lowell, and the Craigie House, where Longfellow lived and which had been Washington's headquarters for some time. They

as a poet, was a great citizen, too, twice ambassador to England, representing his country at the English court for eight years, and beloved there almost as much as here—the honored friend and equal of the greatest men and scholars in all England. And Longfellow! Loved by every one, rich and poor, and by little children; the gentle poet of the people. The great English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, both conferred degrees upon him. And his bust to-day has a place in the 'Poets' Corner' of Westminster Abbey. The English delighted to do *him* honor, too."

"He was writing poetry when he was thirteen, Dorothy, and much of it was accepted," said her mother. "And he had mastered four languages when he was your age, Hal."

"Four languages! Well, I'm afraid I can only speak four slanguages," said Hal. And just then they drove up to the inn.

Next morning they made an early start for a whole day's visit to Walden and Concord.

"Thoreau's the boy after my own heart!" said Hal. "Think of the fun he must have had camping out all the time."

"He worked hard, Hal. Everybody worked hard in those days," said Dorothy. "Thoreau made pencils."

"And gave up his work, Dot, as soon as he had made a perfect pencil. He must have been a queer Dick. 'I have an engagement with a beech-tree,' was his answer to a friend who wanted him to take a walk. Happy thought! I'll try that answer the next time the prof. asks me a poser at recitation. Can't you hear me, Sis?"

"Yes, Hal; but I can also hear the 'prof.' replying that if you're not careful, you will have an engagement with a *birch*!" said Dorothy, and Hal, joining in the laughter, owned himself "squelched."

Soon they were standing on the shore of lovely Walden pond. The birds were singing a morning-song and seemed to have little or no fear of their friendly visitors.

"This is some place, all right," said Hal. "Henry T. showed good sense when he decided to build his hut here."

"He came to this pond to study nature, Hal!" said his father. "Some have suggested that his life was a failure, but I should say it was a grand success. Nobody who lived the life that Thoreau lived could have been a failure. Everything he did was well done. He was the best fisherman and the best paddler in Concord. When Emerson wanted a summer-house, he called Thoreau in to build it. The silent creatures of the woods loved him. Instead of being idle, Hal, he occupied every moment making new and interesting discoveries."

"I always think of John Burroughs and Thoreau together," said Dorothy. "One of the school-girls told me last year that she had gone with her mother to visit John Burroughs in his home in the woods. She said that every little bird and creature seemed to know him intimately as a friend, as he knew them."

"Thoreau has been called 'the man who always remained a boy,'" said Mr. Ward; "perhaps that is another reason why Hal admires him, for our

Yale junior seems likely to do the same. But we must be starting. Remember, there is much to be seen in Concord."

Later, when the motor stopped in front of a little old-fashioned house, Dorothy and Edith joyfully recognized it as the home of "Jo," "Beth," "Meg," and "Amy." They jumped out of the machine and stood at the gate, looking with eager eyes at every corner of the place.

"Yes, there are the old apple-trees in which 'Jo' and her sisters used to sit."

"And, by the way, Dot, Miss Alcott was born in our own home town, near Philadelphia," said her father. "While still very young, she would call the boys and girls of the neighborhood together and tell them stories. No doubt later these same stories were retold by her in her books."

"Do you really believe that 'Jo' was Miss Alcott, herself, Dad?"

"Yes, indeed, Dot. 'Beth,' 'Meg,' and 'Amy' were her sisters," replied Mr. Ward. "Those four girls must have had a happy girlhood, and



"ELMWOOD," THE HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

perhaps no woman has ever been more beloved by girls than the author of 'Little Women.'"

Close beside the Alcott homestead stood another house with a square tower, in which Mr. Ward showed a deep interest. Calling Dorothy to his side, he asked quizzically: "Is there anything remarkable about *that* place, next door, Dot?"

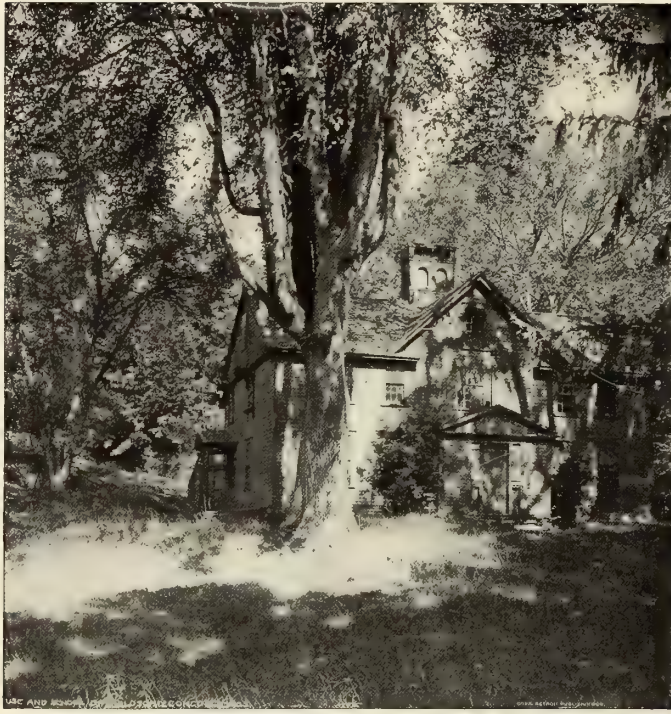
"Let me think, Dad," said Dorothy, meditatively, and then, her face brightening, "Oh, yes! Yes! It *must* be—is n't it?—the *Hawthorne* house! I remember reading that Hawthorne bought it of Mr. Alcott, and that it had a square tower."

"You are right, Dot. Doubtless our greatest novelist wrote many a chapter or story in that

from the reverent expression on her father's face than from any distinguishing mark on the house itself, she answered, as she took her father's arm, "if it is the house I think it is, I know how much it means to you, Dad. It is the home of Emerson—is n't it?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Ward, "and to me it means more than I can easily tell you. When I was a boy, I used to hear my father talk about Emerson just as you hear me speak of him, but I little realized then how I should come to love him just as my father did. And later on there will come a time when you will see for yourselves why we grown-ups all need and reverence him."

As they stopped in front of the gate, Mr. Ward continued: "It is a fitting home for a thinker of great thoughts—for the man who sought to inspire in us all a love of 'plain



"ORCHARD HOUSE," CONCORD, THE HOME OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

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MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

same square tower—and great writing it was, too, as all the world would testify!"

"Oh, Edith! Come quick!" called Dorothy. "That is Hawthorne's house—'The Wayside.' When Uncle Paul gave me his books, he did n't know that I was so soon to see the very place where the famous author wrote some of them. And that reminds me, Dad, there 's another house in Concord where Hawthorne lived—the 'Old Manse'—don't you know? We must see that, too. It would be a shame to come this far without getting a glimpse of that dear old house."

"Yes, yes, all in good time. It is some distance from here, but we shall see it a little later on. Meanwhile—" he stood gazing thoughtfully at a large square house across the roadway a little farther on—"does that house yonder mean anything to you?"

Dorothy looked and pondered. Then, more

living and high thinking.' And, by the way, this house itself is a tribute of homage to the man who lived just such a life, for it was built and presented to him by his friends and neighbors of Concord. The house that first stood here was burned down one night while Emerson was traveling. But the good Concord folk saved many of his possessions, including most of his books, and they insisted on rebuilding his home for him, at their own expense."

A short spin in the motor, through the pretty streets, soon brought them to the river edge of the town, and up to the building known as the "Old Manse," with its quaint, gabled roof, shaded by fine old trees.

"This house was Emerson's home for several years, and, later, Hawthorne lived here, too,"

said Mr. Ward. "And America ought to cherish it fondly, as long as it stands, for no mansion could have a prouder record than to have been the home of those two men."

It was but a stone's throw from the "Old Manse" to the old North Bridge across the Concord River, which marks the scene of the Concord fight.

At one end of this bridge they saw the marble shaft erected to the memory of the patriots, and dedicated in 1836—for which Emerson wrote his beautiful hymn, beginning:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

And at the opposite end of the bridge, upon a square pedestal, was the impressive figure of a young "Minute-Man"—leaving his plow, with his gun in his hands—a fine statue in bronze by the well-known sculptor Daniel C. French.



THE "OLD MANSE."

They lingered long beside the mossy stream, their thoughts filled with the memory and meaning of that uprising of the "embattled farmers" so eloquently pictured in Emerson's ringing lines. As Mr. Ward told them, the poet's own grandfather had been a leader of the "minute-men," and though they would not let him fight with them—perhaps because he was a clergyman—he had been a patriotic witness of the conflict from the windows of the "Old Manse" itself.

But already the afternoon shadows were lengthening, and it was necessary for the happy tourists to start on their return to Lexington if they would be in time for dinner. Yet even Hal, who was at the wheel of the motor, found him-



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STATUE OF "THE MINUTE-MAN," CONCORD.
BY DANIEL C. FRENCH.

self running at a snail's pace through the quiet, peaceful streets of Concord. For him, as for all the others, it had an irresistible charm. Mr. Ward noticed this, not without an inward thrill of pleasure, and finally, as the sun was sinking, exclaimed: "Well, Hal, I see no signs of 'speeding' on your part just now. You are like the Concord River. Mr. Alcott once said of it: 'It runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord!'"

"Right you are, Dad! It has been a great day!" said Hal, as he set the wheels moving with a whir, and they sped on toward Lexington.

Half an hour later, they drew up in front of the inn, and, as they went into the hall, a long telegram was handed to Mr. Ward. As he read it his face blanched, and his hand trembled. Turning to Mrs. Ward, he said: "I must catch the midnight train from Boston without fail!"

(To be concluded.)



A WELL-CONSTRUCTED MONOPLANE WITH REDUCED WING SURFACE.

MODEL AËROPLANES OF 1911

FIFTH PAPER—STEERING THE AËROPLANE

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

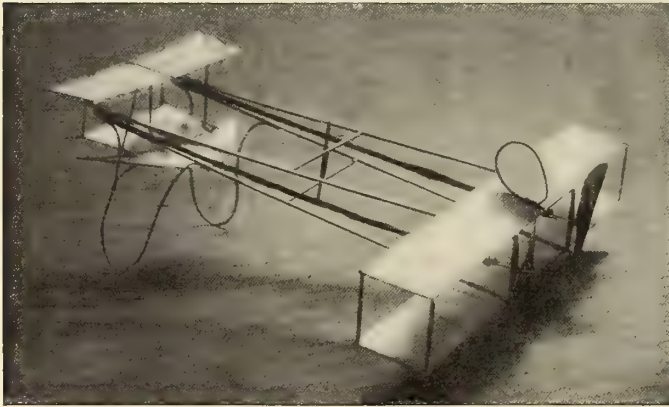
Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes"

THE unerring flight of birds is, of course, the model for the builders of heavier-than-air machines. Much of the birds' skill in directing motive power remains a mystery to us, but we are learning to analyze and, in a measure, imitate them. The builder of model aëroplanes again must not alone imitate the methods of the birds, but he must make their system of maintaining stability automatic. A study of the variety of successful models shows that there is great differ-

for gaining stability, one should always have in mind the general principles upon which such surfaces act. The movement of the horizontal planes, or fins, has an important effect upon the direction of the flight, because they change the angle of incidence. In other words, they alter the angle of the plane with the line along which the aëroplane is flying. If you bend the rear edge of the plane, or aïrelon, downward, the angle of incidence is increased. What happens is this: as

the plane is lowered, the air is compressed beneath it, which tends to lift the plane, throwing up the front edge and changing the course of the flight.

This method of securing stability, which was invented and patented by the Wright brothers, has been widely imitated. In their later machines, the Wrights have even abandoned the front elevating surfaces, and depend upon the movement of the main plane and a small elevating plane placed just back of the rear rudder, for their directional control. They have thus done away with the friction encountered by the front planes, which has resulted in giving the machine greatly increased speed. Now in the model



A BIPLANE MODEL OF 1911. ILLUSTRATING THE REDUCTION OF PLANE SURFACE.

ence of opinion as to the best plan for stabilizing the aëroplane.

Directional stability is gained by the use of horizontal elevators, or tails, for controlling vertical movement, by vertical rudders, or fins, for steering to right or left, and by flexible wing-tips to guard against tipping.

In designing any system of rudders, or "aïrelons,"

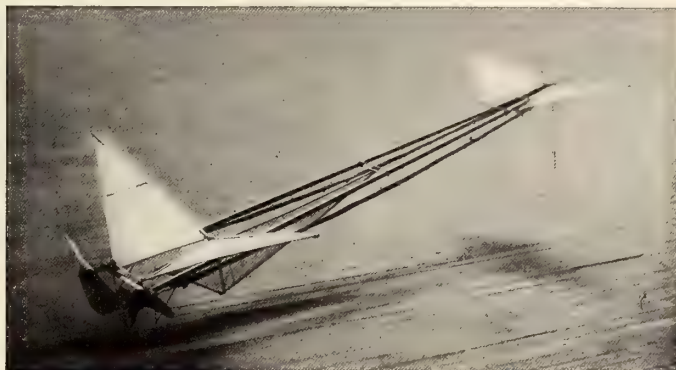
aëroplane, it is, of course, impossible to flex the planes up or down during flight. Some adjustment must be hit upon which will give the machine automatic stability. The principle of the action of the stabilizer remains, of course, exactly the same.

In designing vertical rudders for controlling horizontal flight, it should be borne in mind that

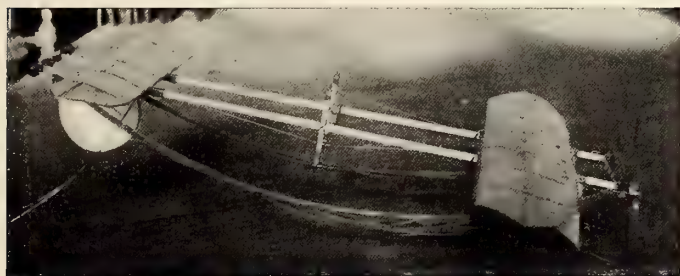
their stabilizing power varies in proportion to their distance from the center of gravity. The farther they are removed, either front or back, the greater is their leverage, and the smaller need be their surface. By placing the rudder on an outrigger carried far out, a very small plane will suffice.

The vertical rudders, or fins, as they are sometimes called, are, of course, intended to control the movement to right or left. They have no counterpart in the wings of birds, and are believed by some aéronauts to have little effect. At any rate, they can do little harm, since their head resistance is practically nothing. Unlike the horizontal forward planes, these fins should not be carried too far forward. In practice it is found that they often get in the way, and a slight side gust of

The use of wing-tips of any form is intended to control both the horizontal and vertical movements. The general theory of equilibrium, of



AN INGENIOUS APPLICATION OF THE DIHEDRAL ANGLE.



A MONOPLANE SHOWING REMARKABLE WORKMANSHIP.
BUILT BY R. MUNGOKE.

wind striking them, with their great leverage, will divert the aéroplane completely from its course, perhaps upset it entirely. The best position for such rudders is either above or below the main plane, or behind it, where they are out of the way of cross-currents. In last year's models, these vertical surfaces were often very large, presenting as much surface as the planes themselves. It has been found that they may be cut down in size, thus saving weight without losing their efficiency. A long vertical fin, or keel, has the disadvantage of presenting a dangerously broad surface to any cross-current of wind, and making the machine liable to be knocked off its course. The question of the position of the rudder was taken up in a previous volume. A glance at the successful model aéroplanes of the year, shows that the vertical rudder has been adopted very generally, and much ingenuity displayed in adjusting it.

course, applies in both cases. The most perfectly adjusted model is subject to many forces which tend to tip it to one side or the other. A gust of wind,—and the air is never perfectly quiet,—will tip one end of the blade up or down. In the early models, this tendency was met by fixing the plane at a dihedral angle. Examination of last year's models will show how common was this design. The dihedral angle lowers the center of gravity. Now, after one side of the model is raised and the plane rights itself, the center of gravity swings through a considerable arc, like a pendulum, before it has come to rest, so that the center must swing back and forth several



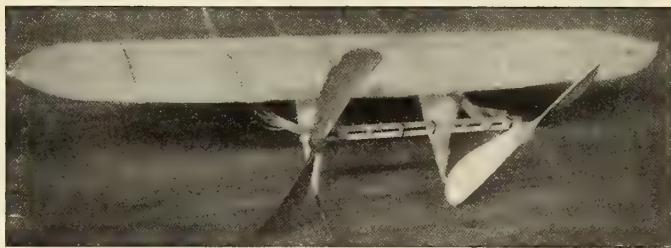
GEARED MOTOR-MODEL. BUILT BY LESLIE V. ROBINSON.

times to come to rest. This tendency to tipping is fatal to a steady flight. It was first observed

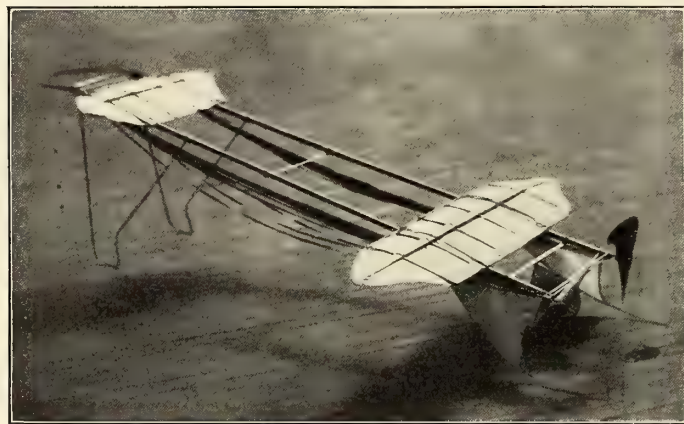
by the Wright brothers while studying the early Langley type of machine. The Wrights abandoned the dihedral angle entirely, as all the world knows, and replaced it by the horizontal plane with a straight entering wedge.

Much of the advantage of the dihedral angle may be borrowed, however, by turning up the extreme ends of the plane without materially lowering the center of gravity. In several of the successful models of the year, these tips have been made equal to about one fifth the width of the plane, and are raised as high as forty-five degrees. The theory is that, when the oscillation commences, these surfaces damp out the swinging tendency, and bring the model to an even

quite as important that they be covered smoothly, as in the case of the planes. They may then be attached to the ends of the planes by wir-



DETAIL OF R. MUNGOKE'S MONOPLANE.



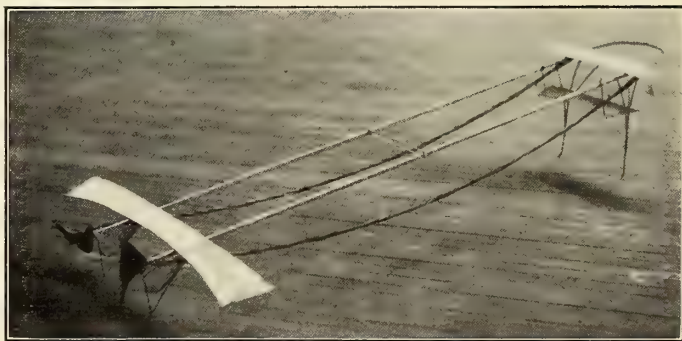
LIGHT MODEL FOR OUTDOOR FLIGHTS. BY PERCY PIERCE.

keel. Sometimes the tips are rounded off, although in some cases they are made triangular and brought to a point. As a rule, they are added to the rear plane, although one notable exception is the case of the Lester Robinson model, which carries these tips on both planes.

The tips, or ailerons, at the ends of the planes, may be made of the same material as the planes themselves. In case you are using wire frames, it is, of course, a very simple matter to bend up the tips to any desired angle. When the frames of the planes are made of reed, as is generally the case, the tips should be made separately. Bend your reed to the desired shape and cover them with the same material used for the planes. It is

ing rigidly in position. It will be found convenient to adjust them so that they may be bent up or down to suit conditions. The same plan should be followed in building and attaching the ailerons to the rear of the main stability planes. Some interesting experiments have been made by placing several vertical surfaces above the main stability plane. A series of four or six vertical rudders are sometimes spaced apart at equal distances, extending from the front to the rear edge, with a height of about half their length. In some cases, the corners are rounded off, while others prefer to cut away the front edge sharply.

In the Vinet monoplane, the vertical fin appears in an entirely new form. The fin is attached near the outer edge of the main plane, and the upper edges curled inward, forming an arc of a circle. (See Fig. A.) The theory of the curve is that it tends to keep the air from



MODEL BY STEWART EASTER. REMARKABLY REFINED PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP.

slipping off the ends, after the manner of the curtains of the Farman biplane. As a rule these

curled fins are about three fourths the depth of the plane, and are attached with the front ends on a line with the entering edge of the plane. These curled planes may be stretched on frames of light wire or thin reed. As the model tilts to one side, the air striking the curved surface of the outer side of the fin meets with little resistance, while the fin at the opposite side, acting with its concave surface against the wind, offers considerably more resistance, thus tending to check the side motion and bring the aéroplane to an even keel.

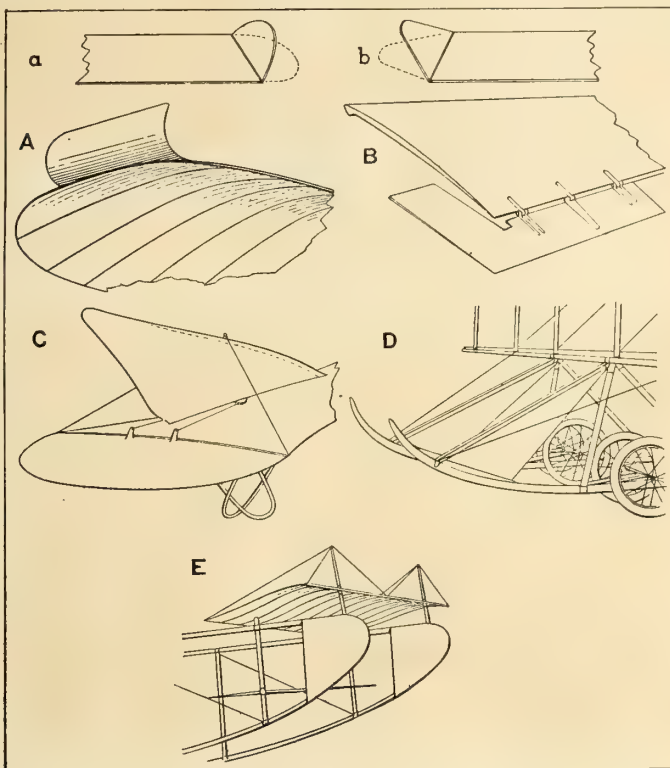
An effective form of aileron consists of an L-shaped plane set closely against the rear corner of the main plane wing. (See Fig. B.) These ailerons are made in pairs and hinged to a rear edge. The side should extend about half the width of the plane. The action of the hinged plane at the rear is, of course, familiar. The extension at the side, which should be kept rather narrow, not more than one fourth the depth of the main plane, is likely to prove very efficient. If the aileron be turned too far either up or down, it will offer considerable resistance. In one of the new English models, these ailerons are so connected that, as one rises, the opposite aileron is lowered. Here is a fascinating field for experiment in automatic control.

The new vertical rudder used on the Bleriot I, the result of an immense amount of experiment, suggests interesting possibilities for the model builder. The rudder is built in the form of an irregular triangle, and is mounted by hinging one of its shorter sides to the upper surface of the rear plane, so that its corner will extend upward and outward. (See Fig. C.) In this position it suggests a fish's fin. The receding angle of the front edge offers very trifling resistance.

The new Baby Wright racer depends for its lateral control largely upon a novel form of rudders known as "blinkers." These rudders are triangular in shape, and extend out in front of and below the forward planes with their longer edges forward. (See Fig. D.) They act much the same as the jib of a sailing vessel, and, because of their position well in front of the center of gravity, act with considerable leverage. The design appeals especially to the builder of model aéroplanes, since they can be added with very trifling

weight by curving the front skids forward and stretching the cloth across their forward corners. The Valkyrie monoplane is equipped with similar rudders, in the form of half-circles carried in the same position.

In addition to the vertical and horizontal sta-



VARIOUS STEERING DEVICES.

"a" and "b," simple aileron forms. "A," novel fin on Vinet plane. "B," L-shaped aileron. "C," vertical rudder (Bleriot type). "D," "blinkers," an effective rudder. "E," stability planes "not unlike the runners of a sleigh."

bility planes, many aéroplanes are now equipped with stability planes extending diagonally from the vertical axis. These are placed below the main planes, extending outward, not unlike the runners of a sleigh. (See Fig. E.) This box-like form tends to confine the air and affords increasing support. There is even an upward tendency from this pressure of air. These planes are usually rectangular in shape, the forward or entering edge being cut away sharply. By mounting these planes on the skids, their additional weight is practically nothing. Several interesting applications of this principle are shown in the accompanying illustrations of models.

Still another plan of steering, when twin propeller models are used, is to wind up one propeller further than the other. This will give the flight a circular, or attractive spiral, motion.

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

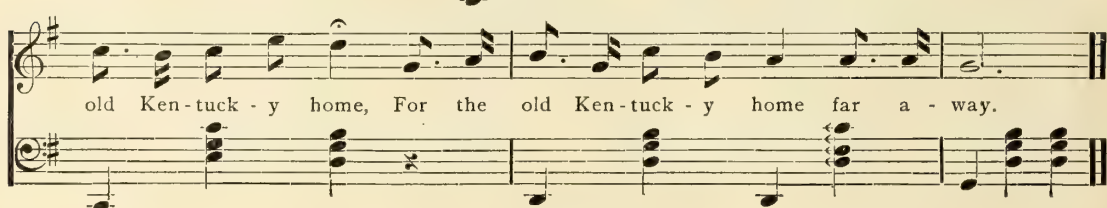
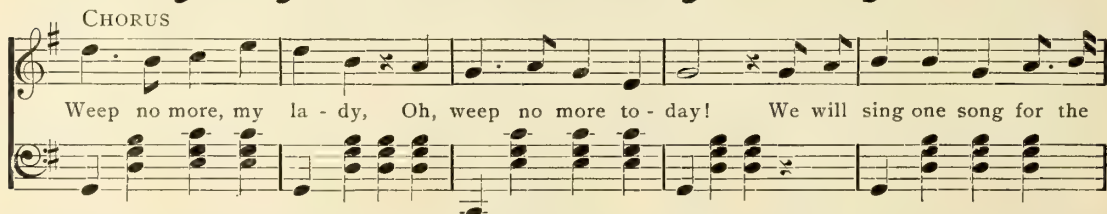
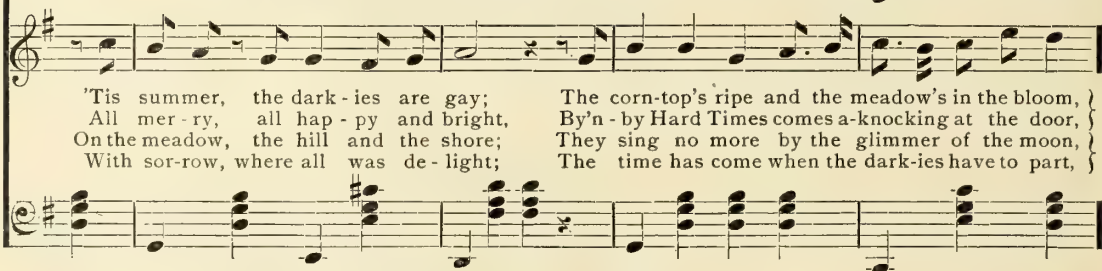
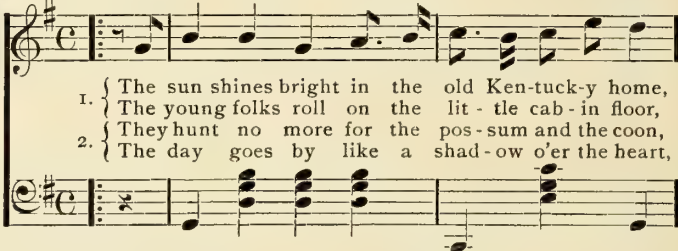


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

WE are indebted for this song, as well as for "Uncle Ned," you remember, to the genius of Stephen Collins Foster, our great American "people's song" writer. It has a lovely melody. The words describe with feeling and truth the romantic life of a southern plantation during slavery times. These negro songs are particularly adapted to the banjo, guitar, and mandolin.

By S. C. FOSTER

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS





THE FAIRIES ARE DANCING

THIS is a gay, old Irish jig-tune to which comparatively modern words have been set. "The Birks of Aberfeldy" was a Scottish dance, you recall, with poem by Burns. A very jolly way to enjoy this selection is to play it rapidly and with accented beat on the piano or violin as a dance.

The fairies again appear in our song, as in "The Leprecawn," or Fairy Shoemaker, and "The Fairies' Lullaby." The fairy queen of the verses is akin to those lovely and mysteriously dangerous creatures which fascinate us in poetical literature. In one form she appears, you may remember, in Keats's hauntingly beautiful poem, "La belle dame sans merci."

JIG TUNE

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

Lively and with lightness

1. The fair - ies are danc - ing by brake and by bow'r, By
 2. Their queen is in youth and in beau - ty there, In
 3. She'll meet thee at dusk like a la - dy fair, A

brake and by bow'r, By brake and by bow'r; The fair - ies are danc - ing by brake and by bow'r,
 beau - ty there, - In beau - ty there; Their queen is in youth and in beau - ty there,
 la - dy fair, A la - dy fair; She'll meet thee at dusk like a la - dy fair,

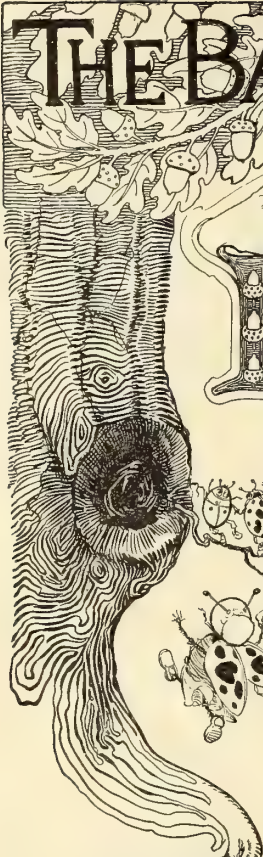
For this in their land is the mer - ri - est hour. Their steps are so soft and their
 The daugh - ters of earth are not half so fair. Her glance is so quick, and her
 But go not, for dan - ger a - waits thee there! She'll take thee to ram - ble by

robes are so bright, Their robes are so bright, Their robes are so bright; Their steps are so
 eyes are so bright, Her eyes are so bright, Her eyes are so bright; Her glance is so
 grove and by glen, By grove and by glen, By grove and by glen; She'll take thee to


soft and their robes are so bright, As they trip it at ease in the clear moon - light.
 quick, and her eyes are so bright, But they glit - ter with wild and un - earth - ly light.
 ram - ble by grove and by glen, And the friends of thy youth will ne'er find thee a - gain.

THE BALLAD OF A LADY BUG

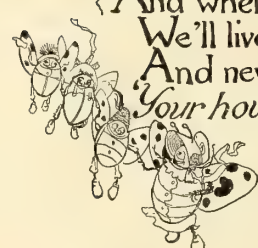
BY CORNELIA CHANNING WARD



In a neat little hole in an old oak tree,
A Lady Bug lived with her babies three.
She taught them good manners-to dance & to sing,
And to play the nice game of 'Twiddle-the-Wing'.
She thought each day as she flew from her home,
"Far out in the great big world I will roam."
But some one would whisper wherever she'd turn,
"Your house is on fire! Your children will burn!"



Then back she would sail in a trembling fright
To find there, instead of a terrible plight,
Her babies disporting themselves on a twig-
Not dreaming of danger nor caring a fig.
While the snug little home in the old oak tree
Was fireproof still, as a home should be.
Then why should they whisper each way that she'd turn-
"Your house is on fire! Your children will burn!"



The Lady Bug thought, "Some wisdom I'll show,"
Said she, "I will take them wherever I go.
If out in the world they are flying with me,
I can let the snug home in the old oak tree;
And when the pink hedge-rose shall come into bloom,
We'll live in a villa of sweetest perfume;
And never again need I hear as I turn,
"Your house is on fire! Your children will burn!""

THIS HOLE
TO LET

ROSE VILLA

Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders"

CHAPTER IX

THE SOLUTION OF THE CIPHER

PASSING through the two-foot doorway into a dimly lit room of not more than ten by twelve feet, the boys peered and felt about. Presently an exclamation from Bob announced a discovery.

"A jar of some kind," he announced, stepping back to the light of the door. "A water-jar."

"And look at the bright colors!" Bob added in surprise, as he blew the dust from a small gourd-shaped vessel, artistically painted in a checkered design of black and white. "They are as fresh as though they were put on yesterday!"

Further investigation of the corners produced fragments of other vessels, but none intact. Passing out, the boys then turned their attention to a general round of the cave.

The cavern, they found, ran back, with but slightly decreasing proportions, for a distance equal to its width, and ended in an abrupt downward slope of the roof. The houses on the right extended almost to the rear, but the smaller group on the southern side ended fifty feet from the mouth of the cave.

Beyond the pictured walls of the smaller group of houses they made a further discovery.

"Why, it's a balloon! A mud balloon!" cried Lincoln, as they sighted the circular yellow shape almost touching the roof. "Perhaps a big water-jar turned upside down."

"Or a big wasp's-nest," Dick suggested, as they reached it and found it made of the same mixture of sand and clay used in the construction of the houses.

On being struck, the walls gave forth a hollow sound, and passing about, near its base in the rear, the boys found an opening. Bob dropped to his knees and thrust an arm into it.

"Yes; empty," he said. "It goes down into the floor, and the bottom is filled with rubbish."

Reaching in with both hands, he brought out a quantity of the litter, and the mystery was explained. In the dust were several small colored beans and a grain of corn. The "balloon" had been a storehouse, or granary.

The boys examined the purple-mottled beans with interest. "It's wonderful, isn't it?" said Dick. "Just think! They were grown, and shelled, and placed in there hundreds of years ago! And they are still good, too! They would grow, I'll wager!"

For more than an hour the three searched through the strange little mud-wall dwellings, finding few larger than the house they had first entered. And when their investigation was completed, they had gathered in the middle of the cave a collection of more than a dozen pots and jars of all sizes, several of them blackened with fire, and a number of smaller vessels, some in the shape of deer, frogs, turtles, and birds.

The latter vessels Lincoln declared to be drinking-mugs for baby cliff-dwellers, and with some care chose one for himself, claiming it bore the inscription in cave writing, "For a good little boy."

It was at this point that Dick, studying the black and white design of an unusually pretty jar, suddenly turned to his companions with a startling idea.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "might not that 'cave temple' the scout was searching for be located on this 'island?' On the same 'island' as this cave village?"

The attention of the others was arrested immediately.

"But the map?" questioned Bob. "There is no doubt about its being of Wolf 'Island.'"

"It may be a blind," Dick replied, "and the real location only told in the cipher."

Lincoln agreed with enthusiasm. "It does look possible! And the scout's having so thoroughly searched Wolf 'Island' without finding anything helps the theory out."

"Well, then, why not move over here and take possession of the cave, until we are ready to leave? It would be more comfortable than the tree-house. And, too," Lincoln added, "if the Indians turn up, we would be safer here."

"A good idea," agreed Bob and Dick together.

"It was lucky we had the cave to come to. That's one thing to be thankful for, anyway."

A month had passed since the young "sky Crusoes" had been dropped from the clouds upon the mountain-top—and in the twilight the three lads stood at the front of the cliff-dwellers' cavern and gazed despondently into the depths of the cañon through a downpour of rain.

The gloom of Bob Colbourne's remark was not alone due to the weather, or their continued inability to find a way of escape down the dizzy walls of the mountain plateau. They had likewise failed in every effort to solve the cave

temple cipher, and that morning Lincoln Adams had proposed that they spend the entire day in one last effort to discover its key—and again they had failed.

"And the hope of finding the cave, and the possible treasure," contributed Dick Ryerson, "was the one thing that has kept us going a bit."

Still in gloomy depression, the boys retired that night to their bed of pine boughs in one of the little mud-wall dwellings of the cliff-men. With the break of day, Bob and Dick were awakened excitedly by Lincoln.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he was crying, shaking them. "Get up! I've got the key!"

Bob and Dick blinked. Then suddenly they understood, and in a moment were on their feet.

"It was partly a dream," Lincoln explained hurriedly. "I thought I was reading a story of a cipher just like ours, and of how it was worked out. I awoke, and right away I remembered that I had read such a story somewhere. And I recall now just how the cipher—cryptogram it was called—was solved. It was done simply by using a table showing how frequently different letters of the alphabet are used. And all we have to do," declared Lincoln, "is to construct that table! See?"

"But how can we do that?" Dick questioned.

"This way: I'll make a table showing how often all the different letters are used in the first fifty words of the Declaration of Independence—I know that much of it; you and Bob each make a table of fifty words of one of those songs you were singing the other night; then we'll put the three together and take the average."

"Come on!" said Bob, eagerly, leading the way out into the main cave.

Only pausing for a hasty wash at a jar they had turned into a wash-basin, the three eager lads secured the scout's note-book, in which a few leaves still were unused, and threw themselves on the floor at the front of the cave. As they had but the one pencil, they used it in turns, Lincoln, at the direction of the others, "as it was his idea," going first. In a clear round hand he wrote at the top of the page:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them . . .

These made the fifty words; and carefully Lincoln began counting and making a table showing the number of times the different letters had been used. In turn Bob then took the pencil, and

on another page wrote fifty words of the old sea song:

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!

Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore;
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar!

A life on the . . .

Bob's table completed, Dick followed with his fifty words:

A capital ship for an ocean trip was the *Walloping Window-blind*:
No wind that blew dismayed her crew, or troubled the captain's mind;
And the man at the wheel was made to feel contempt for the wildest blow,
For it often appeared when the gale had cleared that he'd . . .

Dick's alphabetical table also completed, it required but a few minutes to secure the final result aimed at—the totaling of the three tables, and the arranging of the letters in the order in which they had been used.

The final table ran thus: E T A N H O I R S L W D C P M F G U B V K Y and Q, with J, X, and Z not appearing.

"Now for the cipher," said Lincoln, with rising excitement, producing the long-baffling document from the back of the note-book. "We'll run through it first, and pick out the half-dozen characters that occur oftenest. They should prove whether we are on the right track."

Together the boys bent over the cryptogram.

"S' appears most frequently," said Bob.

"Twenty times," counted Dick.

"We will call it E, then," said Lincoln. "I'll put it down here, in another table: 'S' is E."

"Go ahead."

"R' comes next," said Dick. "Twelve times."

"No; there are fourteen 'U's,'" Bob counted.

"U, then 'R.'"

"U' is T, and 'R' is A," wrote Lincoln, referring to the letters in the corresponding positions of their own table.

Thus continuing, the boys found that the next five characters most frequently appearing in the cipher were "T," "N," "A," "E," and "H."

Adding these in order to his interpreting column, Lincoln then had:

1. S is E	3. R is A	5. N is H	7. E is I
2. U is T	4. T is N	6. A is O	8. H is R

It was in almost breathless excitement that

the three boys now turned to the application of the table to the cipher.

"The first character is 'U.' That is T according to our table," said Lincoln, jotting the letter down on the page opposite. "The next is 'N.' By the table that is H. That gives us, 'TH—'"

When at a glance the boys saw that the next character in the cipher, "S," stood for E—that they thus had the word "THE," an excited hurrah broke from them.

"I told you! Did n't I?" cried Lincoln.

"The next is the figure 8. We have n't that yet, but we have the next, 'R'—that 's A."

"Can't we guess the whole word?" Bob suggested. "Something whose second letter is A?"

"Cave!" said Dick, promptly. "And we know that 's what it 's about."

"But the fourth letter is A, too—not E," Lincoln pointed out.

"I have it!" exclaimed Bob. "M-A-P! 'THE MAP A—'" With a cry of "Bully!" Lincoln quickly wrote the words.

"And that gives us two more letters for our table—'8' stands for M, and '2' for P," he said.

"Go ahead. 'THE MAP A—' what? We know the third letter is I, and the fourth N."

"Blind!" said Bob. "Remember, that is just what Dick called it last evening—a blind!"

"Bully again!" said Lincoln, delightedly, writing it down. "And that gives us three more letters," adding to his column:

; is B—6 is L—O is D

The next word did not come so easily.

"Write down as much as we know, Linc, and perhaps we can guess, looking at it," said Dick.

Lincoln did so, and penciled the letters, "A-AIN-T."

Almost simultaneously the boys exclaimed, "Against!—'THE MAP A BLIND AGAINST—'"

"And two more letters," said Lincoln, adding to his interpreting table the characters:

* is G—D is S

The writing of the skeleton word having so quickly brought results, Lincoln proceeded to skeleton what he could of a complete line. It gave him:

"THE MAP A BLIND AGAINST—HAN-E O-REA-HINGOTHER—"

"One good word—'OTHER,'" pointed Dick.

"Oh, I've got it! '7' stands for C! It 's 'REACHING OTHER!'"

"And the C fills in the first word," contributed Bob. "'CHANCE OF REACHING OTHER—' whatever it is. What do you think it can be?"

"'Hands,' I 'll bet," said Lincoln, as he filled in the vacant spaces, and added to his alphabet:

7 is C—4 is F

Continuing, a brief study showed Lincoln's guess correct, and jubilantly the boys then saw they had a complete sentence:

"THE MAP A BLIND, AGAINST CHANCE OF REACHING OTHER HANDS."

Resuming, Lincoln interpreted the balance of the line, and a new letter and two more words was the result.

The translated letters were: "TR-EDIRECTIONS."

"Easy! '5' is U—'TRUE DIRECTIONS,'" read Lincoln. "Now we 're getting to it, boys!"

"TO," he continued, "'CA-E—'"

"'Cave,' of course," said Bob.

"And the next will be 'temple,'" predicted Dick.

"'T-E-M-P-L-E,'" spelled Lincoln; "'TRUE DIRECTIONS TO CAVE TEMPLE!' Come on, boys!"

Breathlessly the three leaned over the cipher as Lincoln compared the succeeding characters. When the word was found, however, the boys regarded it with disappointment, as well as surprise.

"'BURIED!' The *directions buried!* You 're sure it 's right, Linc?" questioned Dick.

"It 's right enough. I guess we 're not as near the temple as we thought. But let us go on. '—OODEN'—wooden," Lincoln resumed. "And that gives '3' for W.

"'BO—' X, of course; '*buried wooden box—*'

"'BENEATH BUSH-ROC-THIRT-PACES'—

"Easy! 'Bush and rock, or bushy rock, thirty paces.' And now for the rest:

"'—PACES SOUTH HERMIT CAVE NINETEEN EAST.'"

With a shout Lincoln dropped book and pencil, sent his old sombrero into the air, and all three lads leaped to their feet for a dance of hilarious delight about the scrap of paper, a mystery no longer.

"I can hardly believe it!" said Bob, pausing breathlessly. To convince himself, he recovered the book, and read aloud the entire message:

"The map a blind, against chance of reaching other hands. True directions to Cave Temple buried wooden box beneath bushy rock thirty paces south hermit cave, nineteen east."

It was now long past their usual breakfast hour, but Lincoln turned and ran to the rear of the cavern for the pick and shovel they had found in the hermit's cave, and soon brought them out.

"We 'll go over right away," he cried. "I 'm so worked up now I could n't stop to eat sausages and griddle-cakes."

Bob and Dick were not a whit less impatient; and a moment after, Lincoln carrying the shovel and Dick the pick, they were down the ladder, and off across the plateau.

"Perhaps we can identify the spot—a rock with bushes around it," said Lincoln as, having crossed the small tree-bridge to Wolf "Island," they headed at a run—a trio of eager racers—toward the hermit's cave.

A most unexpected interruption was due before the boys had decided this point. Dashing down the side of the valley in which the cave was located, they were brought to an incredulous halt by a savage growl and the appearance of the big wolf-like dog they had imagined dead.

"Why, you shaggy old ghost!" said Dick, beneath his breath.

Another surprise followed. As though the soft-spoken words had stirred old memories, the dog halted a few feet from them, regarded them closely, then, to their astonishment, faintly wagged his tail. Quickly the three lads were advancing with reassuring words and outstretched hands, and in another moment, to their delight, the animal abandoned all show of belligerence, and while they were patting his shaggy head was wagging his tail in full surrender of friendliness. And when presently they continued, he promptly fell in behind and trotted after.

Lincoln's suggestion that they look for a rock surrounded by bushes proved a lucky guess. But a few yards distant they found such a stone, and a few minutes more and they had unearthed a small oil-cloth package, had opened it, and were breathlessly regarding a sheet of heavy, yellowish paper, bearing a long writing in pencil. At the first sentence the boys uttered a tense exclamation of satisfaction.

"The Cave-Dwellers' Temple" [they read] "is located on the plateau north of this. To locate, cross over, head north to the next ravine, then west to the old Cliff-Dwellers' cave. From there measure east along the ravine about 300 paces, look below, and 30 feet down you will see a narrow ledge. This slopes away sharply for a distance, then runs parallel with the surface about a hundred feet, and disappears beneath a projection of the wall. The entrance to the cave is beneath this projection. It is walled up; but from a point 50 yards beyond I thought I could make it out.

"Though I did not have time to go down myself, there seems to be no reason to doubt the old hermit's story. My letter will give that. He said the cave was full of fancy pottery, images, gold vessels, and the like, and a quantity of gold in bars, and dust. He thought they formerly belonged to the Aztecs, and were carried here to the mountains to save them from the Spaniards, in Cortés's time.

"Ropes will be needed. A rope-ladder would be best.

"I decided to leave these final directions here in order to make it more difficult to locate the cave in case of anything happening to me, and the map and cipher falling into wrong hands.

"JOSEPH LEARY."

CHAPTER X

THE TREASURE CAVE

SOON back at the "Big" cañon, as they called it, the boys were not long in locating the projection of the cliff-wall concealing the entrance to the long-sought cave temple. The forenoon had passed, however, before they had solved the problem of reaching the head of the path, thirty feet below. The solution was the moving to the brink of the precipice of a good-sized log, and adjusting it so that a strong, straight branch depended down the face of the wall directly over the path.

The idea was Bob's; and on removing their shoes, he was the first to descend.

Without mishap he gained the ledge, and called back, "All right! It's easy. And the ledge is wider than it looks."

The others safely followed, Dick carrying the hatchet in his teeth. As hurriedly as caution would permit, they made their way down the steep, narrow path.

With their minds excitedly intent on their goal, the boys were scarcely conscious of nervousness, and in a few minutes they had reached the foot of the slope. There they found themselves on a level ledge nearly four feet in width. Hastening on at a brisk walk, they passed under the shadow of the projecting shelf.

The walled-up entrance to the supposed treasure cave was before them. For several moments the three lads silently studied the narrow, brownish wall, a little higher than their heads, and the narrow oval opening left at the top—unconsciously gripped by the silent mystery of it, and the wonder of what would be found beyond. Then Dick struck the wall with the hatchet. It was as hard and firm as the cliff itself.

Catching the edge of the opening, Lincoln drew himself up and peered within.

"Can't see a thing," he announced. "Give me your shoulder, Bob. I 'll see if I can worm through."

Bob gave the desired assistance, and squirming about, Lincoln at last got both feet through the opening. Lowering himself cautiously, he dropped from sight.

"All right!" he called in an echoing, muffled voice. "It is pitch dark, but clear underfoot.

"And, say," Lincoln added, striking the wall, "I have an idea we can push this out, or push

a hole through from this side. Let us save the edge of the hatchet, and try it. You fellows come on in through the hole. Come head first, and I'll catch you."

As Bob drew himself up with Dick's assistance, and was squirming through the hole, Dick noticed that one of the English lad's feet was bleeding.

Together the boys pushed. The wall held rigidly for a moment. Then there was a crack and crash, and all three went to the ground in a heap amid an avalanche of mud bricks and choking dust. Spluttering the dust from their lungs, they sprang to their feet and faced breathlessly about. Involuntarily all started back in fright.



"THEY MUST BE AZTEC OR INDIAN JEWELRY! LOOK AT THIS!" EXCLAIMED BOB." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Why, you have cut your foot rather badly, Bob!" he remarked. "How did you do it?"

"A sharp stone, on the way down," Bob replied as he disappeared. "It's nothing." And for the time being a small incident which later was to play a most important part for all of them was forgotten.

When Dick had followed the others into the darkness of the cave, the boys at once addressed themselves to the making of an opening. "Altogether, with your shoulders, right here in the center," said Lincoln. "And not too hard, now. We've got to be careful. We don't want to go shooting on over the edge of the platform. It's a long way to the bottom of the cañon, remember."

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Standing almost over them was a huge, painted figure, with an ugly, bird-like face, and clenched hands upraised threateningly, as though barring their way.

It was the unexpected nearness rather than the ferocious aspect of the image that had startled the boys, however, for in the light from the opening the figure appeared more grotesque than terrible. And only pausing to cast a glance over its crude proportions, they passed on down a short gallery, and stood within the cave proper.

With some surprise, instead of a chamber of impressive proportions, the boys found themselves in a room apparently not more than fifty feet square, and half that in height. Their in-

terest, however, was in the cave's contents, and eagerly they gazed about them. At first they saw little in the subdued light, then, their eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, against the eastern wall they made out the dim bulk of a second gigantic image, seated on a sort of throne. Before it on the floor they also discovered a collection of jars and pots.

"Ah! Here 's what we are after!" exclaimed Lincoln, as they started forward. He caught up the nearest jar, and shook it. "Empty!"

Several others also were found to be empty, then Bob picked up a small vase from immediately before the sitting figure, and uttered a cry: "Here is something! It 's heavy as lead!"

Together they hastened with the jar to the brighter light of the entrance, and Bob tipped the vessel into his hand. A clot of dust appeared, then a stream of bright yellow particles.

"Gold! Gold!" cried the three lads in one voice. "Gold-dust!"

"And if I can make a guess from the weight of a twenty-dollar gold-piece," said Lincoln, trying the weight of the jar, "there is a lot of it!"

Placing the jar on the floor at the outer entrance, the boys reentered the cave, and to their delight quickly found twelve more of the little vases, all heavy with the precious dust. Bringing them forth one by one, they made sure of their contents, and placed them with the first.

"And the paper said there were some gold bars, too," said Bob as they returned.

On hands and knees the boys felt about the floor directly beneath the image.

"It 's a jolly grimy job!" exclaimed Bob.

"But when you consider the pay—" Lincoln began. Then quickly he added, as he came on two small metal bars, caught them up, and knocked them together with a clear musical ring, "and here is another year's salary!" Almost simultaneously Bob and Dick found an ingot. Discovering that the bars had been placed in a wide semicircle, an excited scramble ensued to see who should secure the most.

When they had followed the circle to the wall, Lincoln counted nine of the yellow prizes, Bob the same, and Dick eight—in all twenty-six.

"Talk about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp!" observed Dick, jubilantly, as they clanked the dust from their respective finds. "I would n't trade places with him for two lamps, a wishing-rug, and a traveling-rug thrown in!"

It required several trips to move the bars to the entrance; and on again entering the cave the boys addressed themselves to the large jars and urns which had first attracted their attention. All those in the center of the floor they found to

be empty. But presently Dick drew out of one wide-mouthed jar a collection of large metal rings,—some of them with dangling ornaments.

"They must be Aztec or Indian jewelry! Look at this!" exclaimed Bob.

The boys next found and brought forth a flat round basket, securely sealed, and still in an excellent state of preservation. And nothing else rewarding their search, they all turned to the grim figure on the roughly built wooden platform. As far as they could see in the dim light, the crudely fashioned wooden image was without adornment of any kind; but across its knees lay a long lance, or javelin, with a head barbed on one side, a war-club, and a bow. These the boys reached down to examine.

In securing the club, which was unexpectedly heavy, Bob struck something in the idol's lap which gave forth an echoing clank. Climbing up, he found a large conch-shell.

It was this discovery which brought about the greatest discovery of all.

Stepping down, Bob slipped and fell, and the shell rolled behind the figure. Stooping to recover it, he rested one hand against the wall.

"I say! Here!" he exclaimed. "Is n't this another smooth clay wall behind the image?"

In a moment bow and javelin had been thrown to the floor, and Dick and Lincoln were beside their companion.

"That 's what it is!" Dick cried excitedly. "I can feel where the rough of the cave wall ends and the plastering begins!"

"It 's the door to another cave!"

Lincoln ran about to the other side, and reported the same.

"Boys," he declared, "I 'll wager this leads into the real temple, or storehouse, and that what we have found here is only a drop in the bucket! Probably put here merely for a blind! Let us see if we can't push a hole through."

The suggestion was no sooner made than the three were squeezed in behind the image, pushing against the clay-brick wall with all their strength.

It did not give in the slightest, however, and after several strenuous attempts they desisted. Securing the hatchet, they then endeavored to chop an opening.

A few blows showed that this, too, was futile.

"It is as hard as cement," declared Dick. "We must try something else. And first, we will have to move the idol out of the way. See if we can swing it around."

But in this also the boys failed.

"Well," remarked Lincoln, wiping the perspiration from his face, "it 's 'sour grapes'; but I

vote we have done enough for to-day. Let us leave this until morning, and take to the surface what we've already found."

"And in the morning we can bring down a couple of rollers and something to pry the image up with. That will soon fix him," said Dick, as all moved back for the entrance. "And a good stout limb for a battering-ram would soon make a hole into the cave beyond."

"Jolly good idea, that," Bob assented, "if we can get it down here.

"But the question now is, how are we going to get all this gold up?" he asked, as they halted before the row of jars and ingots in the outer entrance.

"How about carrying them to the head of the path, and drawing them up in the 'old reliable' wooden pail? The pail, and a long, light branch with a hook on it, like those they use in old country wells?" suggested Lincoln.

"That is it exactly. And you and I can go up and get them, Linc, while Bob is carrying the gold to the top of the path.

"But say, Bob, how about that cut foot of yours?" Dick asked. "Would n't you make it worse, climbing up and down the path?"

"It is bleeding a bit yet; but it's nothing. I could manage, though," declared Bob.

"No; there is no need. Or, say—we can drop your shoes down to you. We'll do that," said Dick.

Without mishap Lincoln and Dick ascended the path and shinned up the novel tree-rope to the surface. There, securing Bob's shoes, they reappeared, and Bob, standing at the widest part of the ledge, deftly caught them, one after the other, foot-ball fashion.

"Don't be long!" he called, as they disappeared.

Returning to the cave, Bob sat down on the debris of the wall, and began to draw on his shoes slowly, as his foot still hurt him.

He was lacing the second when, echoing down the cañon, came the bark of the dog. "They are at the ladder," he remarked to himself. For they had brought the animal back with them



"PEERING DOWN THE FACE OF THE WALL WERE A HALF-DOZEN INDIANS!"

from Wolf "Island," and had persuaded him to climb the ladder to the cavern.

The barking subsided. Suddenly it broke out afresh, and with a vigor and purpose that caused Bob to sit up with a start of apprehension and fear.

Without knowing why, he turned sharply and cast his eyes up toward the surface of the plateau. A chill of terror ran through him, and left him sitting immovable.

Peering down the face of the wall were a half-dozen Indians!

(To be concluded.)

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S VACATION IN THE ALPS

(As Told in Letters to her Father)

BY MILDRED NEWCOMB WILSON

MUHLAU BEI INNSBRUCK, TYROL.

MY OWN DEAREST DADDY: I think it is quite high time I should write to you, so here goes. I suppose Marjorie has told you about our climb up the Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain. We did it on a Sunday. The next Wednesday I

started out with the guide at half-past four A.M., again headed for the Zugspitze. The reason why I went again was because this second time I wanted to try a much more difficult and longer way. When people climb the Zugspitze, they very rarely do it in one day, and especially not when they go the way we went the second time; but I did, and made very good time, too. I certainly did enjoy it immensely.

We went climbing up, up the valley until we came to the first hut, at half-past six in the morning. After we left the first hut, the path went zigzagging on up in between high mountains, until we came to the end of the valley, where we found large, sloping snow-fields. We had to go slowly there because the new snow was two feet deep. After that, we came to the steep climbing. The rocks were entirely covered with snow, as it had been snowing there for two weeks, and soon after we were well started, it began again. When people do such climbing, they have to be tied together, and the guide has to be always above the rest in case one should slip or fall. And in very dangerous places the guide went way ahead, got a good footing, and then called to me to come. He had to hold the rope very tight and pull it in very carefully, so that, in case I should fall, he would have me securely on the rope. In one place we went straight up a terribly steep place, holding on to the rope with one hand, and with the other holding on to the iron steps. Now and then, one

of the steps was not there, so we'd have to take a big step; then, on the second part, you have to stand up straight, carefully stepping along and not daring to look down for fear you would get dizzy. As we were climbing slowly up the steep mountain-side, we suddenly heard a great rumbling. It was caused by a number of avalanches of rocks and snow; some came down very near us, but luckily not too near. I let my alpenstock slip down onto my wrist by its string, and we both clung close to the steep mountain-side, not knowing what moment a falling rock might hit us. We afterward found out that it was all caused by an earthquake; down in the valley they had felt it very heavily.

We got up to the top at half-past eleven, took



EXPLORING NEAR GRINDELWALD.



THE METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON TOP OF THE ZUGSPITZE.

off our heavy snow-capes, untied the rope that bound us together, left our sticks, and went into the hut. There were about twenty people there, but Mr. Friedrichs, the observer in charge of the station, jumped to his feet the moment he saw me, exclaiming, "What! Here again so soon!" I changed my big wet boots and set them to dry, then we had our dinner, and sat talking for a while. After a stay of two hours and a half,

we had to go. When we started out, a very strong wind was blowing, and we were surrounded by clouds, so it was very cold, especially when walking along the ridge. But we soon turned down, and then all went very well, and we could go quickly, as the path in the snow was good. We made this stretch from the top to the hut half-way down, which is the hardest and most dangerous, in an hour and a quarter; on Sunday, when Marjorie was there, we took half an hour longer. After we left the hut, we only had to pass a few dangerous places, and soon we found ourselves in the woods; and almost before we knew it we were home. It was half-past six when we got there. We really made excellent time, and I did not feel at all tired afterward. The guide says I can climb like a cat, and that he would take me anywhere. On Monday, the 18th, we came to Innsbruck, where we joined the rest of the family. On Tuesday, Marjorie and Aunt Josie went down to Venice.

To my great joy, yesterday was a perfect day, for I had planned a mountain climb, and I was up and ready at four in the morning. I had on my little green felt hat with a big plume in it (this goes with my Bavarian peasant costume), my sailor blouse, with sleeves rolled up, a pair of thick gray bloomers, and on my feet heavy waterproof shoes with big, big nails in them. You will surely laugh when you see them, they are so funny. Just as I went out of the door, my guide came striding up the hill, ready for a climb. Over one shoulder and under the other arm was his rope, all wound up, on his back his ruck sack, and in his hand his ice-pick. He put my lunch in his ruck sack, and off we started. At half-past eight we came to the first peak, Frau Hitt. The way up is very good, but to climb the peak you have to be courageous, and have the proper outfit. About nine tenths of the people that go up there never get to the very top. When we got to where the real peak begins, we unloaded, leaving our picks too, and the guide tied me fast with his rope; at first it was not dangerous, then we came to a place where we had to crawl along slowly on a very narrow place, and watch every move carefully.

The worst part of all that place was a rock a good deal higher than I am that I had to climb up; standing on my tiptoes on a little jag six inches wide, with the valley way below me, I carefully felt for the places to put my hands,



THE SUMMIT OF THE ZUGSPITZE, SHOWING ROUTE OF ASCENT.

then drew myself up. Of course the guide pulled, too, or else I never would have got there. When we were both safely up, we went along slowly, clutching at the jags in the rock as we passed, and then soon again we came to a place very similar to the last. When we had conquered that, we were at the top, which is not much bigger than our dining-room table. We had a grand view, for the day was perfect; not a cloud was in the sky. After we had passed the three really dangerous places, and come to our things, we rested and ate a bit; and then we started out again afresh for the Vorder Brand Jock.

The path there was dangerous, too, but not so bad as the other. When we at last got to the summit, we were very hungry, so we ate a hearty meal; I cannot say dinner, for it was too early for that. After this rest we went on to the Hinter Brand Jock, which is one hundred meters higher than the Vorder; and there was *absolutely no path there!* First it went down very steeply, then we came to a big snow-field, and after we had crossed it, we began climbing up, up in the steep rocks, finding our own way. When we got up there, I felt it was well worth while, for the view was twice as grand as from the Vorder

Brand Jock. We could see the white summit of the Zugspitze very plainly!

Well I had better stop telling you of my mountain climbing, or you will get tired of hearing about it, and think I care for nothing else.

Our first stop was at the Théodule hut, which lies at the foot of the mountain that we were going to climb on the following morning, the Breithorn, whose summit is four thousand one hundred and seventy-one meters above the sea.

As the weather was very promising, there were lots of people there, the hut was full, and they had to send two tired parties on to the other hut, an hour's walk over the glacier. I made friends right away with a young English lady, and a German husband and wife. There was also an Englishman, a soldier, or, at least, he had served in the army in India and Egypt, and as we sat outside the hut, he kept us all in high spirits by telling all sorts of interesting stories. The sunset was glorious, and after it had disappeared, the mountains were all crimson with



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE ZUGSPITZE—JUST AT SUNRISE.

I must stop now, as I have work to do and packing too, so good-by, dear Daddy, for the present. We shall be with you soon. With love

Your daughter,

July 23, 1910. MILDRED.

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND,

August 2, 1910.

DEAREST FATHER: I must write you all about the lovely mountain climb I have just had, while it is still vivid in my memory. Grandmother sent me ten dollars to spend over here, so I spent it on a climb, with mother's consent. Yesterday afternoon, at half-past one, I started out with my guide. I believe I have already described my costume to you, but this time I wore upon my hat, as every one does who climbs in the snow a lot, a pair of "snow-glasses," with wire netting around the glass that protects your eyes from dust. And instead of a mountain stick with a point at the end, I had an ice-pick.



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ZUGSPITZE—JUST AFTER SUNRISE.

the Alpenglow. It was beginning to grow dark, and we were all very cold, so we went to see about getting some dinner, and lo and behold! all the other people were eating, and the dining-room was packed full; so we waited, shivering out in the hall, watching the maid running to and fro with the dinner for the others.

But finally, at eight o'clock, our turn came, and we were all glad of it, I must say. After we had finished, we all went to bed. I secured a room with an English lady, one of a party of eight. This hut is private property, and is like a small hotel. Of course, they have to charge exorbitant prices, as they are up so high and it is hard to get the food up there.

We were all up and dressed at half-past three, eating breakfast hastily, and were off at four o'clock. There were altogether eight parties from both huts, making about thirty-five people in all. My guide and I were the sixth party to start. Oh, it was perfectly lovely! I have never had such a fine time, or such a thrilling experi-

Breithorn, very steep, and all covered with snow; *far away* on the other side were the green hills of Italy. We only made two rests until we got all the way over this flat snow plain. From there on, we had an hour's climbing in the snow, which was very tiring, as it was steep, and I had to rest several times. We made very good time going up, as we rested so seldom, and managed to pass two parties. The view from the top was perfectly grand. We did not stay up there long as it was terribly cold.

The going down was the best part of all. We put the points of our picks behind us in the snow, on the right side, holding on half-way with the right hand, and with the left crossing in front



MARJORIE, MILDRED, AND HILDEGARD
READY FOR TOBOGGANING.



MILDRED WILSON IN HER BAVARIAN
PEASANT DRESS.



LOOKING DOWN THE TOBOGGAN
SLIDE TOWARD THE ZUGSPITZE.

ence in my life! After leaving the hut, we were always on snow, and not for one moment on the rocks. We could not go up the side that the hut was on, which I wanted to, because it is more difficult than the other, on account of avalanches; many of these came down, making a terrible noise, as we were going up. First we went over the upper Théodule glacier, on the other side of which was the Matterhorn. The sun was not yet up, the stars and moon were shining brightly against the deep blue sky, and the wind blew very hard, so it was awfully cold. But I was well bundled up, and had big thick mittens on, so I did not feel it much. When we had got past the upper Théodule glacier, we went over the lower one; there it was climbing, but always in the snow. Now before us stretched a long flat space, on the other side of which rose the

holding on to the other end, threw our weight backward on the pick, and pushed off,—and away we went, whizzing down the mountain-side! Oh, what sport it is! After we were already over the plain, we stopped to eat and drink—hard-boiled eggs, dried bread, dried prunes, and a mixture of red wine and tea with sugar in it. We got down to the hut really very quickly.

After resting there awhile, we went on down, eleven of us in all.

Your daughter, MILDRED.

P.S.—We were all roped together after leaving the hut.

HOTEL VICTORIA, GRINDELWALD, SWITZERLAND,
September 1, 1910.

DEAREST FATHER: It has been a whole week since I received your lovely long letter, for which

I thank you very much; and I feel quite ashamed of myself for not answering it sooner,—but “better late than never.”

We have been here in Grindelwald for almost four weeks, and are leaving to-morrow. I really hate to go, for it is such a lovely place; and one can make so many walking tours, both big and small. We have been doing this on the days when the weather was good, but for three days now a thick fog has hung around us. It rained most of the time in the valley, while on the mountain-top it snowed, and it has cleared off beautifully this evening, the stars are shining brightly, and the high rocky mountains stand out white against the dark sky. Oh, it is so lovely, I wish you were here to share it with us. Marjorie and I made a number of tours, but no high ones. One I will tell you about; it was to a hut five hours away from here—Schwarzegg-hutte.

We started very late in the morning, for we had not planned to make the tour the night before. At nine o'clock we crossed the river, and in two hours came to the Bareggthut, which lies above the lower glacier. You see the glacier branches there; each branch goes on and on, getting wider and sometimes reaching way up the mountains. As one looks toward the Jungfrau (which they cannot see), they see the back of the Eiger, where the last station of the Jungfrau railway is—it is said this will be finished, going up to the top of the Jungfrau, in six years—then the glacier goes almost to the top of the Mönch, making two enormous steps, one might say, each about five hundred feet high. They are beautiful to see, but hard to describe. It looks just as if it were all falling down, with deep crevasses in it, and some of it perfect blue ice. Away up opposite the Eiger, on the other side of the glacier, is a beautiful chain of high snow mountains. At the end of them, by the glacier, is the Finsteraarhorn, the highest mountain in the neighborhood, and one of the most dangerous to climb. This mountain range is one of the finest I have seen. It is like a narrow steep snowy wall, towering up along the horizon, with now and then a thin pointed peak.

Well, I ought to go on telling you about our climb. After we got along about half-way on a steep path, near the side of the glacier all the time, the dangerous place came. It really is n't dangerous for a steady-headed person who does n't get “rattled” and who can climb pretty well, as Marjorie and I can. The reason why this path is difficult is because the mountain-side along which it goes rises steep and rocky straight up

from the glacier. Almost always there are iron rods to hold on to sticking out from the rock, and often all we had to step on was a little niche hacked out of the rock, hardly any larger than your foot, and at the edge of which the steep side went down to the glacier. It is so queer to look down them and see the glacier with many deep, dark, cruel crevasses. Occasionally a small piece of ice would break off, tumbling down, down, breaking into bits, and finally falling into a crevasse. This would make a most terrible crashing noise. On the other side we saw many large and fine avalanches, too; and they were beautiful! Suddenly you hear this terrible noise, look up to the place where the avalanche came from, and see a beautiful sight. The snow has burst, and is falling down swiftly in every direction, something like a waterfall, only finer.

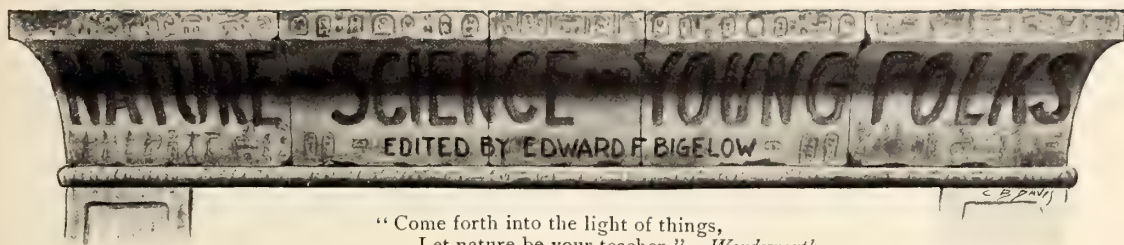
On our way up to the hut, we crossed six waterfalls, where the water was coming so fast that we could hardly get over; we jumped from stone to stone, for they were too deep to wade in, but even then sometimes got wet up to the knees; and we crossed many small snow patches too, and once a piece of the glacier that reached up on the mountain-side. When we finally got to the hut, we found three young sturdy Swissmen there, who were going to spend the night in the hut. It was very small, nobody lived there, no food, practically nothing is there but a few bunks of straw to sleep on. We sat down to rest, and began talking with one of the men who was outside. He told us about the eight-day trip they were going to make up the dangerous mountains in the neighborhood, across glaciers and large snow-fields, and all sorts of stunts. We gathered from this that they were most expert and experienced, as many of the Swiss are, and can climb as well as the guides. They told us that it had been snowing heavily of late, upon the glacier, but that on the firm ice it was perfectly safe, provided one did not get too near the crevasses, or try to jump too large ones.

We made lots of other trips from Grindelwald too. Our first was to the Mannlichen, over to the Kleine Scheidegg, and down from there. Then we went up to the Faulhorn, coming home a different way. Still another tour that we made was up the mountains behind our house, without any path, to the Bachalpsee, and then to the Grosse Scheidegg and home.

We expect to enjoy Paris very much, but only wish we had more time. I must stop now so that this letter will reach you before we do.

With lots of love,

MILDRED.



"Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher."—Wordsworth.

SOME UNIQUE PUMPS

THERE is no doubt that the earliest source of water was from springs and streams. These springs were naturally enlarged to make easier the watering of the flocks. When these excavations became too deep for man or the lower animals to use conveniently, it is surmised that an inclined runway was made down to the water. The next step, when men began to gather into communities, was to wall the sides of the excavation, and to make it large enough to accommodate a flight of steps. It was probably a well of this type from which Rebecca drew water for Abraham's servant and his ten camels.

The next step came when the well had to be excavated to such a depth that steps were impracticable. In this case the water was reached by a bucket fastened to the end of a cord. In those days, and even now in some parts of the Orient, this cord and bucket were not attached to the well, but were carried by the traveler. This served very well for a time, but a happy idea suggested the running of the rope over a pulley so as to make the work of drawing the water less tiring. This device was good as far as it went, but to increase its usefulness a bucket was hung to each end of the rope. This doubled the delivery of water, and was a great improvement. It was only natural now to tie the two ends of the rope together and to hang a number of buckets along its length. The next and almost final step in the evolution of this type of pump is supplied by the Chinese (Fig. 3). Instead of fastening buckets to one or two ropes, they made a square trough through which were drawn a number of square pieces that just fitted the inside of the trough, the pieces being fastened together by a cord or a chain. Of course, water could not be lifted vertically with this device, so the next and final step was to close the open side of the trough. This converted it into a square tube, and gave us the chain-pump, which differed from the ones now in use only in form.

The chain of pots used in biblical times, crude though it may seem, was an efficient machine, as is shown by its use in Joseph's well. This well is probably one of the most remarkable feats of

engineering ever accomplished. As seen in our picture (Fig. 1), it is built in two sections. The first has its base one hundred and sixty-five feet below the surface, and contains a reservoir from which the water is conveyed to the surface by

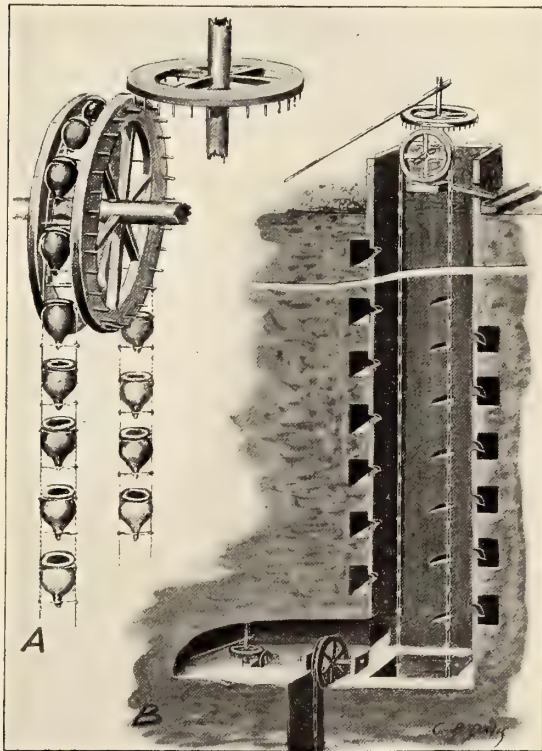


FIG. 1.

A is detail of buckets over wheel, and shows how the wheel was operated by rude method of wooden pins in wheels.

B is a section of "Joseph's well" showing how the water is lifted from the lower well into a reservoir at the base of first well. The spiral passageway is shown like a number of windows on each side of the well. The windows in this passage also show.

a chain of pots. The second section is offset a few feet from the first, and extends downward one hundred and thirty feet farther, to where water is found. This water is raised by another chain of pots to the reservoir at the foot of the first section. These wells were not like the ones made at the present time, but were much larger.

The first section is eighteen feet wide and twenty-four feet long, the opening in the second being nine by fifteen feet. These chains of pots were operated by horses or oxen, and to lead the ani-

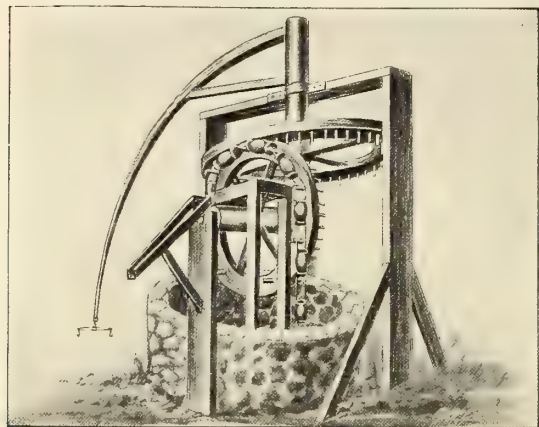


FIG. 2.

Rough water-raising device introduced into Spain by the Moors.

mals to the lower chain a spiral gallery was excavated around the upper section, with windows cut through the walls at frequent intervals to admit the light. Our picture (Fig. 1) shows the crude though effective method of operating these chains, and also gives an idea of the placing of the windows, at intervals, in the spiral gallery that surrounded the well itself.

From this type of pump the next step was to the form that depends on atmospheric pressure

for its operation. In our cut (B, Fig. 4) you see one of the kind used in 1732. This old one is rather a queer piece of apparatus. The moving part consisted of a circular piece of leather pressed into a form resembling a low-crowned, high-brimmed hat, with the brim firmly held between the flanges of the pump-barrel. The crown was stiffened with a flat piece of iron carrying a valve, as shown. In operation it was like working the hat inside out and back again. Another queer form is the bellows-pump (Fig. 4). The earliest representation of this dates from 1511. It is perhaps the earliest model of the suction type, and was probably suggested to some medieval inventor by the practice of sucking liquids through a tube or straw.

An odd event in connection with these atmospheric pumps occurred in 1766. A tinsmith of Seville, in Spain, undertook to raise water from a well sixty feet deep by one of these atmospheric pumps. Of course he failed. But he was bent on knowing the reason why. He descended the well to make examinations while the attendant at the top worked the pump. Finding no reason why the pump should not raise the water, he lost his temper and dashed the hammer that he had with him against the tin pipe, and made a small hole in it a few feet above the water. Immediately the water ascended the pipe and flowed out at the top.

The explanation of this is simple. The entrance of the air in tiny bubbles through this hole made a mixture that was much lighter than water alone, and the action of the ascending bubbles helped to raise the water.

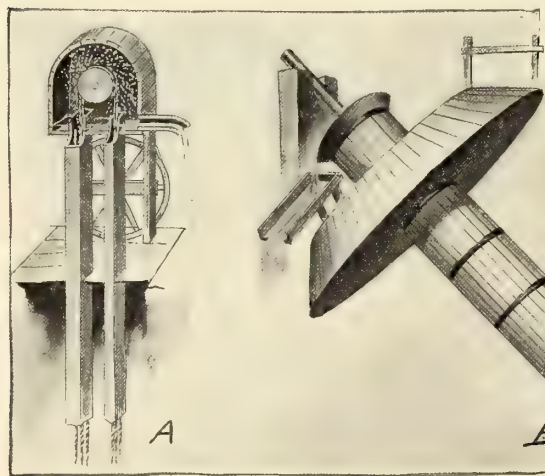
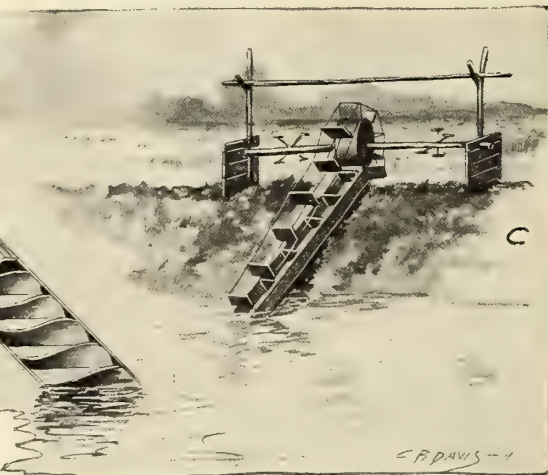


FIG. 3.

A is a novel water-raising device which consists of a number of ropes that run through the water, which adheres to them. They are run at high speed over the pulley and the water is thrown off as shown. B is a screw-pump operated by holding to the rail and rotating the treadwheel. This turns the shaft and the water runs up the big flat "threads" as shown.



C is a Chinese device, the original of the "chain-pump," operated by holding on to the hand-rail and stepping on the radial steps which rotates the shaft-carry drum around which is the chain of buckets.

Now for the final type of pump—the force-pump. As the operating limit of the ordinary suction-pump was not great enough for many purposes, a new form was devised that put the sucker near the water, and then enough power was applied to the handle to lift the water above

to see, and a few moments' observation will demonstrate its efficiency, as the insect's abdomen rapidly assumes a crimson rotundity. The drinking apparatus of many animals seems to be of the force-pump type. A mouthful of water is taken, which is then carried up the throat by

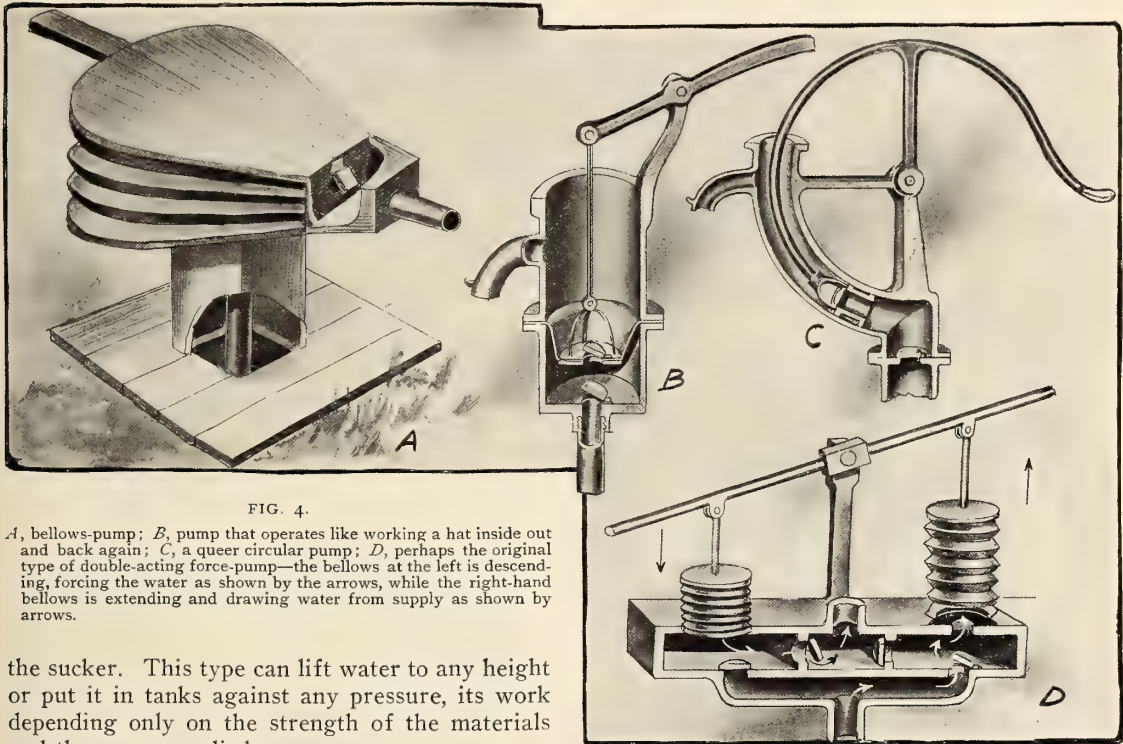


FIG. 4.

A, bellows-pump; B, pump that operates like working a hat inside out and back again; C, a queer circular pump; D, perhaps the original type of double-acting force-pump—the bellows at the left is descending, forcing the water as shown by the arrows, while the right-hand bellows is extending and drawing water from supply as shown by arrows.

the sucker. This type can lift water to any height or put it in tanks against any pressure, its work depending only on the strength of the materials and the power applied.

The first pump of this kind was probably one of the bellows-pumps. It is probably of great antiquity, for the usefulness of such a pump was too great not to be soon recognized. In Fig. 4, D, is shown another form of the bellows-pump, using the lantern-shaped bellows. This is a representation of one used in the sixteenth century. The best of these pumps were weak, and it was not until metal was used throughout that a stream of much force could be got from them. The principle of operation is identical with that of the most powerful pumps of our time. As the handle is worked up and down, the bellows are alternately extended and compressed. When one of the bellows is full of liquid and then compressed, the liquid can escape only through the outlet pipe, for the valves prevent its return to the inlet.

These are well enough for man-made machinery, but it is to the animal world that we must look for pumps in their perfection. The mosquito has as pretty a suction-pump as one would care

muscular contraction, as you can see by watching any horse while drinking.

But no prettier pump is known than an animal's heart. A tribute to its perfection was paid by M. Bedaut, who made a force-pump in imitation of the human heart. It crudely resembled this organ, and was called by him "La cœur"—the heart.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

THE BLOOM OF A CENTURY-PLANT

WHEN the century-plant at the Botanical Gardens, Bronx Park, New York City, bloomed a few months ago, it brought forth an astonishing number of inquiries showing the popular belief that the plant does not bear flowers until it is a century old. Many asked if it had been at the gardens for one hundred years, and these inquirers also wanted to know if it would not bloom again for another hundred years. The name "century" has been applied to these plants from the mistaken belief that they must be one hundred years old before they bloom, a notion probably

due to the fact that plants under cultivation in conservatories blossom much later in life than those in their natural surroundings. On the tablelands of Mexico, where they are extensively



THE CENTURY-PLANT IN BLOOM.
After blooming it dies.

grown, they flower when they are from seven to ten years old. Century-plants die after flowering.

On warm, sunny days, the flower stalk sometimes grows three and one half inches in twenty-four hours, and a growth of six inches a day has been recorded. The blossoms, often as many as a thousand in number, are produced on the end of a long, branched scape, where they cluster to form a panicle, of which the lower branches come into bloom first.

Century-plants are commonly regarded as cacti. This mistake originated from the fact that they have thick, fleshy leaves, which are spine-tipped, and often armed with sharp teeth along the margin. They are members of the Amaryllis family, to which the common garden narcissus and daffodil belong.

Strong and useful fibers are obtained from the leaves, and to-day the poorer classes of Mexicans use them as thatch for their cottages, while vinegar, molasses, and beverages are made from the plants.

The Aztecs also made paper from these leaves, which was of fine quality, and many painted manuscripts, and curious-looking drawings, executed on this paper, are still in existence.

THE GREATEST OF SHARKS

THE American Museum of Natural History, New York City, has recently placed on exhibition one of the most imposing of marine wonders: a shark's jaw big enough to hold, with room to spare, six men standing upright, and having more than two hundred dagger-like teeth, many of them more than six inches in length. The length of the shark itself must have been eighty feet or more, if we may estimate its size in proportion to that of the teeth. It lived some millions of years ago, during what is known to geologists as the Eocene period, and frequented the coast region of South Carolina, where the teeth were found in the phosphate beds. It was, so far as there is any evidence, the biggest and fiercest fish that ever lived. Only the huge teeth are now found, and these have been the guide in the preparation of a model of the jaw, the work having been done under the direction of Professor Bashford Dean of Columbia University. It is the only mounted specimen of the kind in the world. The teeth grew in the jaw in the same way in which they grow in the big white shark, or "man-eater," of the present day. The largest species of living sharks are the whale-sharks and the basking-sharks. These, al-



THE HUGE MOUTH OF A SHARK.

though they attain a length of from forty to fifty feet, are harmless. They have small teeth, and feed on the minute organisms that abound on the surface of the sea. They are dull and sluggish.

THE LAST PASSENGER-PIGEON

THE wild passenger-pigeons were extremely plentiful in the early days of this country. Records exist of flocks of almost unbelievable num-



THE LAST PASSENGER-PIGEON.

This last of the passenger-pigeons is in a cage at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden.

bers. Our grandfathers tell of some that were so large that their passing caused a darkness similar to that of an eclipse.

Audubon, writing of a similar flock, says:

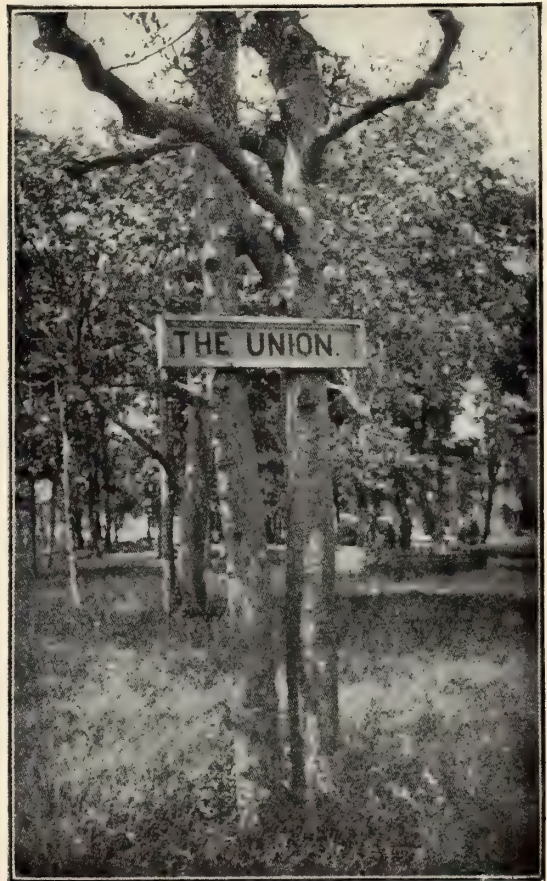
The more I advanced the more pigeons I met. The air was literally filled with them. The daylight, in full midday, was obscured as by an eclipse; the buzzing of their wings stunned me, and gave me a sleepy sensation. . . . The branches gave way under the weight, cracked and fell, bringing to the ground and crushing the closely packed flocks which covered every part of the trees. It was a lamentable scene of tumult and confusion. In vain I tried to speak or even to call the persons nearest to me. It was with difficulty that I could hear the guns fire, and I only perceived they had fired by seeing them reload their arms. The uproar continued all night. . . . The pigeons were piled in heaps, each took what he wished, and the pigs were left to satiate themselves on the remainder.

In the past quarter of a century, the birds have almost, if not quite, disappeared from the eastern part of the United States. Occasional reports of flocks have been received from various parts of the country, and some people have re-

ported nesting-places, but none of these statements has been verified by skilled observers. To settle the question as to whether the pigeons still exist, a number of well-known naturalists offered a reward for reports of birds in their undisturbed nesting-places. That offer has been open for a year, and will be continued until the autumn of this year, but up to the present time (June 15) no trustworthy information has been received. This makes it seem probable that the one bird in captivity for the last nineteen years, in the garden of the Cincinnati Zoological Company, is the last in existence. This is the remaining survivor of a small flock secured several years ago.

AN EXAMPLE OF "NATURAL GRAFTING"

In the public park at Wildwood, New Jersey, the branch of one tree has been so completely "grafted" or grown into the trunk of another as to make a very solid union of the trees. From



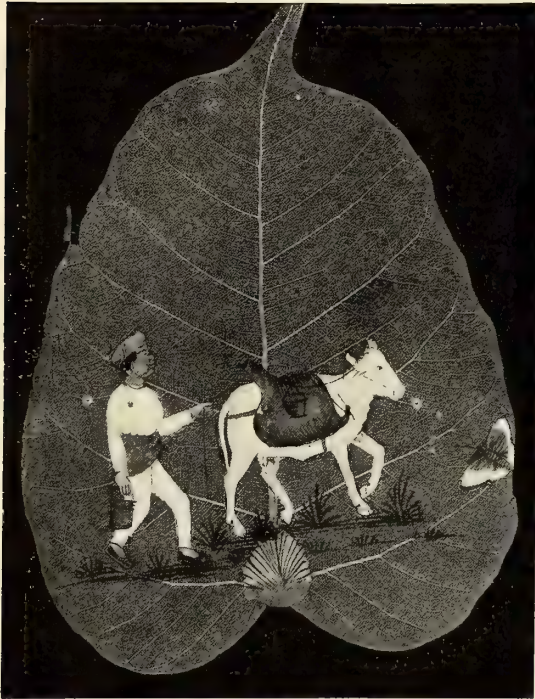
A CURIOUS EXAMPLE OF NATURAL GRAFTING.

this fact the two trees take the name "The Union," as proclaimed by a sign calling the attention of the passers-by to this remarkable freak of nature.

LEAF FANCY-WORK OF THE LONG AGO

FROM thirty-five to forty-five years ago a favorite "fancy-work" of the ladies was the making of leaf lace.

Leaves were soaked in water for about six weeks till the soft parts were somewhat decayed. They were then placed in soapy water, and boiled for a short time. Next they were floated on cardboard or glass, and the soft parts removed by the aid of a soft brush. The "lace" that remained was of a brownish or dirty color, but



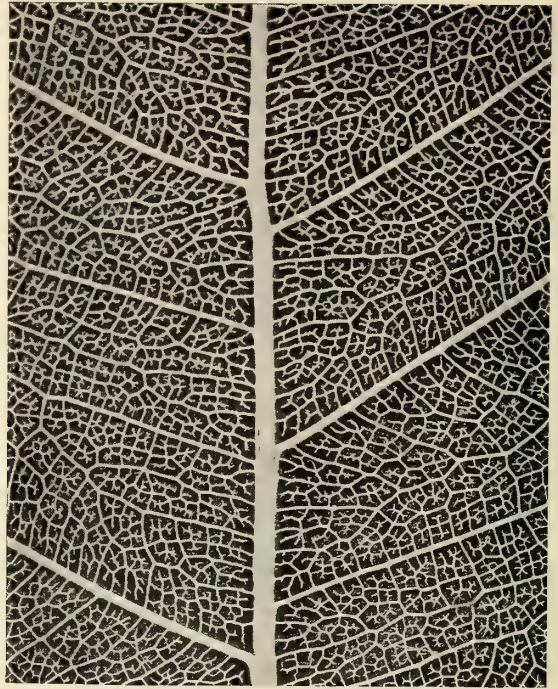
AN INDIA LEAF-LACE SOUVENIR.

soaking it for a short time in a weak solution of chlorid of lime whitened it.

The leaves were arranged in a variety of fanciful forms, or pasted in blank-books or on cards. A favorite form was in "set pieces" under glass domes, as with the wax-flower designs of those days. Sometimes such collections were sold at fairs, and often, by "chance" tickets, the income of the fair was increased by many dollars.

To this day the making of leaf lace is especially popular in India, where it is sold in decorations or for souvenirs. The illustrations accompanying this article are from specimens obtained in that country.

Leaf-lace making is a pleasing and instructive occupation. Many beautiful gifts may thus be made, and much botanical knowledge gained.



DETAIL OF THE VEINING IN THE INDIA LEAF.

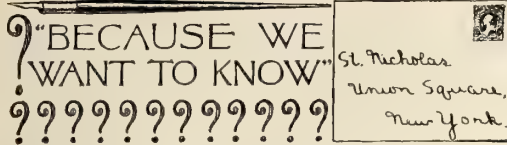
CHEMICAL "TREES OR PLANTS"

If silicate of soda, commonly known as "water glass," is placed in a tumbler, or preferably in some square receptacle with straight glass sides, and in this solution there is dropped a few crystals of almost any kind of chemical, such as copper chlorid, manganese sulphate, nickel chlorid, or cobalt chlorid, the crystals dissolve



PLANT-LIKE CHEMICAL "GROWTH."

or spread out through the syrup-like substance in a manner that resembles the appearance of water plants. The result of such an experiment can be readily seen in the above illustration.



WHY YOUR QUESTION WAS NOT ANSWERED

If you did not receive an answer to your question, it was probably for one of these two reasons:

1. It was not of sufficient general interest for publication, and you neglected to inclose the required stamped and self-addressed envelope for a personal reply by mail.
2. A letter to you was returned by the Post-office because you did not include street and house number in your address.

THE WHIPPOORWILL AND NIGHT-HAWK

OXFORD, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me if the whippoorwill is only a kind of bat, or a "different" bird.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

The whippoorwill is a true bird. The bat is not a bird, but a four-footed flying animal with the fore limbs modified into wings. But I am not surprised that you have confused the one with the other, as the flight of both are similar. Professor Hornaday refers to the flight of the bat: "In the early twilight, gliding on swift yet noiseless wings up and down the shaded streets and roads, and occasionally making a friendly diversion into an open window, or through your veranda, partly for business purposes and partly as an evidence of a friendly regard."

F. M. Chapman thus refers to the silent flight of the whippoorwill:

"In walking through rather densely grown woods I have sometimes been surprised by having a whippoorwill fly up from beneath my feet and disappear in the surrounding growth. I say



THE WHIPPOORWILL.

The whippoorwill is also often confused with the night-hawk, which belongs to the same family of birds. The whippoorwill, while uttering the call that gives it the name, is seldom seen.



THE NIGHT-HAWK.

Both photographs on this page are by the Reverend Herbert K. Job, West Haven, Connecticut.

The night-hawk is as conspicuously seen as are the bats, flying at twilight.

"Soon after sunset he mounts high in the air to course for insects. Bat-like, he flies erratically about, and at more or less regular intervals utters a loud nasal *peent*, this call being followed by two or three unusually quick, flitting wing-beats. Long after the light has faded from the western horizon, we may hear this voice from the starlit heavens, for the night-hawk is one of our few truly nocturnal birds.

"Occasionally the *peents* are given more rapidly, and after calling several times in close succession, the bird, on half-closed wings, dives earthward with such speed that one fears for his safety; but just before the ground is reached, he checks his rapid descent by an abrupt turn, and on leisurely wing again mounts upward to repeat this game of sky-coasting. At the moment the turn is made one may hear a rushing, booming sound, which, as writers have remarked, can be imitated in tone by blowing across the bung-hole of any empty barrel. It is made by the passage of the air through the bird's primaries (wing feathers)." Both birds have many weird ways.

surprised, because the bird's flight is as noiseless as a moth's, and this unusual, ghostly silence is almost as startling as a whirl of a grouse."



"SHE WALKED TO THE COTTAGE, AND THERE SAT THE OLD WOMAN UPON THE DOOR-STEP."

WHEN POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON

(A New England Mother Goose)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

THERE was once a little girl who was always somewhere else. When breakfast was over, and her two sisters all ready to start for school, this little girl was never to be found.

Then her mother would say, "Where *can* Polly be? See if she is up-stairs, Molly." Molly would look in all the rooms, and say, "No, I can't find her. She must be somewhere else."

At last her mother told a wise fairy all about the trouble she had with her little daughter. And the wise fairy told the mother just what to do. Then the mother called the child to her, and said: "This is too bad, Polly dear! I shall have to do something to help you to be in the right place at the right time."

"I had rather be somewhere else," said Polly. She did not see that, while speaking, her mother took a bunch of blue larkspur and waved it three times before the face of the clock.

In a flash Polly found herself in the middle of a wide green field. Polly knew it was a long way from home, because she had played in all the fields within two miles of their house. This field she had never seen before. Many pretty daisies

whitened the grass, and Polly thought, "How nice it is here! I will make a long daisy-chain."

So she picked a lapful of daisies, and sat upon the soft green grass, and made a chain. "I am glad I am somewhere else," said Polly to herself. "When tea-time comes, I won't have to put on the kettle."

I must tell you that Molly and Sally and Polly had, through the day, their little tasks about the house; and one of these tasks was to help their mother to get ready the good hot supper.

Well, Polly made the daisy-chain, and then she made a daisy-bracelet. A meadow-lark flew over to where she was sitting, and sang to her. So Polly was glad.

This was all very well. But by and by the sun grew hot, and Polly became very hungry. So she walked over to where she saw a cow in one corner of the field. The cow looked at her kindly, with its big, round eyes, so Polly said:

"Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me."

But the cow said: "Moo-oo-ooo! I'd rather be somewhere else!" And the cow jumped over the wall into the next field, and ran away.

At this, Polly felt a little sad. But she said to herself, "Oh, well, I'll go to the old woman." For

There was an old woman,
And, what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink!

So Polly felt pretty sure of getting something to eat.

She walked to the old woman's cottage, and there sat the old woman upon the door-step.

"I am hungry," said Polly. "Will you please give me some bread?"

"You surely don't need food!" cried the old woman, "for

"What are little girls made of? made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and things that are nice;
And that's what little girls are made of!"

"As for me, I'd rather be somewhere else." And she jumped up and went into the cottage.

"Crosspatch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,"

muttered Polly, for she felt quite upset.

Just then she saw a little boy under a mulberry-tree. He had a small dish in one hand,

and in the dish was something brown. "Perhaps it is pudding," thought Polly, "and perhaps the little boy will give me some of it."

So she went closer, and said: "Little boy, I am hungry. What is in your dish?"

"Mustard," answered the little boy, sadly, and he began to cry.

Then Polly knew he must be Jacky, for she remembered

When Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

"I wish you had been good," said Polly.

"Are you good?" asked Jacky, wiping his eyes.

"No, I'm not. But I'm going to be," said Polly. And she ran home as fast as she could go.

When Polly got home she found her own dear mother rocking by the fire. Polly climbed up into her lap, and gave her a hug.

"Home is good! And I want to be a help," said little Polly. Then Polly's mother looked very happy. She smiled, and she smiled.

"Is it almost supper-time?" asked Polly.

"Yes," said her mother. "It is almost six.

"Molly, call the muffin-man,
Sally, blow the bellows strong,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And we'll all take tea!"

And Polly fairly flew to put on the kettle!



"HOME IS GOOD! AND I WANT TO BE A HELP," SAID POLLY."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"READY FOR THE START." BY PHYLLIS WITHINGTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A GLANCE at the League pages this month will suffice to show that this is the banner month for the young photographers. There must have been some magic in the subject, "Ready for the Start," or else the girls and boys who wield the camera were themselves just primed for summer scenes and portraits when the competition was announced. Scores of beautiful photographs literally poured in, day after day, and the task of deciding upon the best and awarding the prizes was no easy one. And when this was at last accomplished, there remained such an array of admirable pictures, almost equally deserving, that it was

decided to add one page to the usual number this month, and to print a sort of double-page "exhibition" (see pages 1046 and 1047) which should, at least, afford to the young senders of these pictures, and to their fellow-members of the League, an opportunity of seeing for themselves how excellent their work has been, both in quantity and quality. The camera-lovers have covered themselves with glory.

But while theirs is the place of honor this month—and none of their fellow-competitors will begrudge it to them—yet the work of the artists and the writers is also worthy of all praise, and of the splendid record of the League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 139

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Anna Torrey** (age 13), Providence, R. I.; **Hattie M. Wolke** (age 16), Topeka, Kans.; **Susan E. Duffield** (age 10), Princeton, N. J.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Alice Trimble** (age 15), Moylan, Pa.

Silver badges, **Harriet Dyer Price** (age 9), New York City; **Eleanora May Bell** (age 11), Georgetown, Ky.; **Ethel H. Jones** (age 12), Elizabeth, N. J.; **Alice Sweeney** (age 15), Lawrence, Mass.; **Rebeka A. Polk** (age 14), Colora, Md.; **Clarissa Cooley Jacobus** (age 7), Hartford, Conn.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Helen D. Baker** (age 14), Nordhoff, Cal.; **Lynn E. Hoffman** (age 16), New Alexandria, Pa.; **Dora Stopford** (age 16), Overton, England; **Constance M. Couper** (age 13), Spartanburg, S. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Phyllis Withington** (age 13), Cleveland, O.; **Catharine D. Long** (age 12), Mexico City, D. F.; **Hester Barber** (age 14), Topeka, Kans.; **Beryl Varnell** (age 14), Richmond, Ill.; **Hélène M. Roesch** (age 9), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Laura Russell** (age 15), Hartford, Conn.; **Richard Lüders** (age 13), Jersey City, N. J.; **Nancy Jay** (age 10), New York City; **Maybelle Bartholomew** (age 15), West Newton, Mass.; **Ann Corlett** (age 12), Cleveland, O.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Eugene Scott** (age 13), Pittsburgh, Pa.

Silver badge, **Marjorie K. Gibbons** (age 14), Paignton, England.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Frank Black** (age 12), Millport, O.

Silver badge, **James K. Angell** (age 13), Waverly, N. Y.

IN SUNSHINE

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

ACROSS the valley my city lies,
On the hills that are catching the morning light;
Its spires reach out to the shining skies,
And bid "God-speed" to the flying night.

In the valley below the mists lie white;
But shining and stately and fair to see,
With never a cloud to hide its light,
My beautiful city is waiting for me.

Will I ever be able to go to that town
Through the mists that encircle the foot of the hill?
Can I reach the fair city that lies like a crown
On its summit? that knows neither sadness nor ill?

Oh, sometime I 'll go through the valley of mist,
Through the vapors so silent and cold and gray,
And up to the city, by sunlight kissed,
I shall hasten, though tired, at the close of day.



"A PROSPECTOR READY FOR THE START." BY MARY RUDDY CLIFFORD, AGE 16.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY

BY GAYRITE GARNER (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

WE had all gathered around the camp-fire and were waiting eagerly for Uncle Dick to begin his story. Every one enjoyed Uncle Dick's stories, for as he was a great hunter, and had had many adventures, he was always able to tell a true story.

"Several years ago," began Uncle Dick, "while hunting in the mountains with a party of friends, there occurred a little incident which I shall always remember.

"One evening when we returned to camp, we found my faithful watch-dog dead. He had been pierced through the heart with an arrow, which indicated, only too plainly, Indians. Therefore, we were not at all surprised, later in the evening, when an Indian chief came riding toward our camp. It is needless to say that our firearms were in readiness, and, although we accepted his pipe of peace, we still suspicioned treachery.

"The chief explained, in broken English, that one of his braves had accidentally killed the dog, but as they were 'heap sorry,' he had brought a horse for the owner of the dog. I did not wish to accept so fine an animal,

of course, yet I dared not refuse it, for I knew the chief would feel deeply wounded if I did.



"READY FOR THE START." BY CHARLES INGALLS MORTON, AGE 14.

"Later, however, I was able to repay his kindness in a way very dear to the red man. But that is another story,—to be told, perhaps, at another camp-fire."

SUNNY DAYS

BY MAB NORTON BARBER (AGE 11)

I ALWAYS love the sunny days,
The best days in the year.
I always love to see the sun;
Cloudy days are drear.

I love to see the sunbeams glance
On the swift bright brook,
And see the little ripples dance,
And wink with a knowing look.

I love to read St. NICHOLAS
On a dark and dreary day,
And there to find my own little sun,
To light my own little way.

A CAMP-FIRE SKETCH

BY ANNA TORREY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WE were camping in the Maine woods, my father and I, with Admeek, our Indian guide. It is the first night

"READY FOR THE START." BY ALICE WANGENHEIM, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

that I am describing, because the first impression was the strongest. We sat cross-legged around the fire

after supper, spreading out our hands to the genial blaze, and resting after our day's work. Admeek, at my request, regaled us with weird, fantastic tales and legends, which made me involuntarily shiver, glance over my shoulder, and draw closer to the light and warmth. At last, in spite of Admeek and his thrilling stories, we began to get sleepy, and Father produced three heavy blankets from the pack. We each took one, and Father and I rolled ourselves in ours, and lay down by the fire, while Admeek, wrapping his around him, remained seated, leaning against a great log, as he was to keep the first watch.



"SOMETHING USEFUL IN SUMMER." BY HELEN D. BAKER, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE)

Father was soon asleep, but I lay awake for some time, watching the fire, and listening to the sounds of night. Far off in the deep woods, a wildcat screamed, and the hooting of an owl and the dismal call of a whippoorwill close by only enhanced the general stillness. Once, hearing a rustling in the bushes, I looked up and saw a fawn, staring at the fire with startled, lustrous eyes. Overhead, through the thick foliage, I could catch, here and there, the gleam of a star, or a bit of dark blue sky. The firelight flickered softly over the tall shadowy trees, the sleeping form of my father, the stoic face of the Indian guide, and danced back to beat against the wall of darkness outside. All the world seemed sleeping, and as I watched the soft light of the fire, flickering to and fro, and playing hide-and-seek with the shadows, I, too, fell asleep.

A SUNNY DAY (?)

BY ELEANORA MAY BELL (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ONE little toy, and two little girls,
Quarreling over their play;
Two little frowns, and lots of cross words,
Oh, what a sunny day!

VILLANELLE; WOODS IN THE SUNSHINE

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

WHEN woods are bathed in sunshine bright
Of calm yet crisp autumnal days,
How dazzling is the golden light!

The scarlet leaves, with droll delight,
Dance in the breeze like rubied fays,
When woods are bathed in sunshine bright;

Apollo's darts, with rapid flight,
Half pierce the amethystine haze;
How dazzling is the golden light!

And gentians which had closed in fright
Will open to the yellow rays
When woods are bathed in sunshine bright;

While near and far, o'er dale and height,
The trees in splendor seem to blaze;—
How dazzling is the golden light!

So Nature, with this radiant sight,
Bewilders while she charms the gaze;
When woods are bathed in sunshine bright,
How dazzling is the golden light!

A CAMP-FIRE STORY

BY CAROL JOHNS (AGE 12)

FOUR years ago, in Maine, I had the pleasure of telling a true bear story, a very exciting one that happened to me while spending several weeks in Minnesota in the fall of 1903.

We were all seated around a fire, telling stories. After a few members of our party had told some stories of hunting and ghosts, I was called upon to tell one. As I was just eight and a girl, no one expected a true story, but when they heard it, they seemed to like it, and so I am going to tell it now.

One rather cool evening, just as the sun was setting, making the western sky glow with the crimson color, my mother, her cousin, a little girl, and I were making our way back to our cottage. We came to a rather dark turn in the road. My mother said: "Oh, it seems just as though there ought to be a bear here, it is so dark, and the trees grow so thick." She had hardly spoken these words when, around the bend, came an enormous bear. We stood still; it seemed to me for a moment I could never move again.

I glanced at my cousin; she was staring, her face white and her eyes nearly popping out of her head. My mother was very still. The bear, who had been standing still, too, now came forward, and, to our surprise and relief, we saw a man coming up after him with a rope in his hand to which the bear was tied; but in our fright we had not noticed it.

After a while, we learned that the man was traveling with a circus, and in some way he had become separated from the rest. The bear's name was Bruin, and as they stayed in the neighborhood for several days, I made his acquaintance.

It really has been a long time since this occurred, but I have never been able to forget it. And I must acknowledge I am rather proud to be able to tell this story of my adventure with a bear and know it is true.



"READY FOR THE START." BY JOSEPHINE
L. LIVINGOOD, AGE 10.



"READY FOR THE START." BY CATHARINE D. LONG,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"READY FOR THE START." BY HESTER
BARBER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A RECIPE FOR A SUNNY DAY

BY ETHEL H. JONES (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Two ripples of laughter, a velvet nook,
Some mossy stones, and a wandering brook,
A half-dozen birds, and a song or two,
A pinch of sweet odors, one friendship true,
A sprinkle of buds and green leaves so bright,
A small sprig of youth, and soft clouds of white,
One speckled path stuffed with blossoms and trees,
Stir all these with a gentle breeze,
Garnish with hills and a glimpse of the bay—
A good recipe for a sunny day.

A CAMP-FIRE SKETCH

BY VELONA B. PILCHER (AGE 16)

A CAMP-FIRE! I close my eyes a moment and think of that one little word, and many pleasant scenes come crowding into my memory, recollections of good times enjoyed around a camp-fire while "out camping."

First I see it in the early morning, when everything is sweet and fresh, and the birds are singing lustily as though trying to keep up with the merry crackling of the fire, and the appetizing odor of fried eggs and bacon is wafted into our tents. Then again, at noon, the camp-fire does its good work by frying the fresh trout brought in from the streams, while the anglers themselves sit around and tell the same old "fish-stories" told round every camp-fire, the world over.

And now, as I watch, I see the fire dying down, until it seems almost out, when suddenly it is built up again, seeming to burn brighter and louder than before, for the shades are falling on the forest and the noises of the day are becoming still. The campers come straggling in, bringing with them game of all kinds for supper; great preparations are being made for the evening meal, for then it is that the camp-fire offers the best it has to give, heat, light, and good cheer.

How the campers seem to enjoy themselves as the light shines on their happy faces. How their laughter rings out through the silent forest until it seems as though even the moon must smile. Thus they sit, after the meal is over, telling stories, singing songs, laughing, and joking until bedtime, and as the fire burns lower and lower, the talk and laughter gradually cease, until, finally, all have gone straggling, sleepily, to their respective tents. Only the dying camp-fire is left.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY

BY SUSAN E. DUFFIELD (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

THE year my uncle was hunting in the Maine woods, he heard several stories, and told them all to me. The one I liked best was the story of the white-faced doe. An old guide told it to Uncle, and I will tell it to you. Uncle said Jim told it to him like this: "Well, in 1872, when Joe Lang yonder an' me were young uns, we were out walking in the woods yonder, when we came face to face with the white-faced doe. She looked at us a minute kind o' timid, and then began to snuff at Joe. She walked off a bit an' looked over her shoulder to see if we were following. Joe said to me: 'Jim, she wants us to follow her. Come on.' So we did, an' she led us to a little clearing in the woods, an' there stood a little fawn. 'It 's her baby,' Joe cried. Just then, out of the forest came a shot, an' the poor doe went over on her side. Soon we heard a crashing in the underbrush, an' a big burly fellow came out. That fellow he started for the fawn with his knife drawn. I could n't bear him killing the fawn, so I told him if he went one step further, I 'd shoot him. Well, he started for the carcass, muttering something I could n't hear, and he took the skin an' went into the woods, an' I never saw him again. The doe must have known he was after her, so she hunted for somebody to take care of her baby. I did take care of it anyhow, an' it grew to be a full-grown buck, and it went into the forest an' I never saw it again."

THE SUNSHINE

BY ALICE SWEENEY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

FROM a sheltered corner the dandelion springs
With shaggy head and long green leaves,
And from its heart to the whole world flings
The sunshine.

The buttercup, swaying in broad green fields,
Holds the golden light in its dainty cup,
And broadcast o'er the meadow yields
The sunshine.

The feathery crest of the goldenrod seems
To flaunt in the face of the coming cold,
The failing light of the last few beams
Of sunshine.



BY JOSEPH M. HAYMAN, JR., AGE 14.



BY EDMUND S. WOOD, AGE 12.



BY BERYL VARNELL, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY MILLER, AGE 11.



BY HÉLÈNE M. ROESCH, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY EDA ROTH, AGE 15.



BY CAROLINE UPHAM, AGE 12.



BY LAURA RUSSELL, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY EDITH BROOKS, AGE 11



BY MARY LINDSAY, AGE 11.



BY KATHRYN OWERS, AGE 11.

"READY FOR THE START."



BY PEARL F. GRIDLEY, AGE 14



BY MARY C. WOODS, AGE 13.



BY FRISCHILLA W. SMITH, AGE 14.

BY ELIZABETH C. LANGTHORN,
AGE 12.

BY RICHARD LÜDERS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH ADSIT, AGE 13.



BY NANCY JAY, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ARTHUR BLUE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY MAYBELLE BARTHOLOMEW, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ANN CORLETT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"READY FOR THE START."

SUNNY DAYS

BY REBEKA A. POLK (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

MOTHER says that sunny ways
 Make for her bright sunny days.
 No matter how hard it rains without,
 There 's nothing at all to cry about;
 Though we can't have fun in noisy ways,
 There 's just as much fun in quiet plays.
 In rainy times, our hearts are cheery,
 It brightens the day, however dreary,
 And Mother says, when the day is done,
 "You 've been my sunbeams, every one."



"READY FOR THE START." BY BERTHA E. GILLILAN, AGE 11.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY

BY HATTIE M. WULKE (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ON our last evening in camp, we received a visit from Uncle "French." He was called thus because of his loyalty to France, although he was an American.

He continually boasted of his French ancestors, and though he sometimes appeared a bit disloyal toward his own country, he was often encouraged to tell his stories, which he then proceeded to do with alacrity. This night he seemed more than willing, and after a little urging he gave us another quaint bit of French history.

The camp-fire was crackling merrily, and the light flickered enchantingly while Uncle "French" told the following:

"My great-grandfather was a Girondist in the French Revolution. He and Great-Grandmother had just been married at this time. They were very strong in their views of what was right, and their home soon became a meeting-place for distinguished men and women of their party.

"When the Jacobist party obtained the overhand, the Girondists knew that flight was necessary, or else they would be imprisoned and probably executed.

"One night Great-Grandfather fled, Great-Grandmother intending to follow very soon; as it was detrimental to their safety to go otherwise than singly, Great-Grandfather went first, his danger being the greater.

"The next morning a party of soldiers clamored for admittance to search the house and arrest its inmates. Great-Grandmother, terror-stricken, nevertheless retained enough presence of mind to flee to the spare chamber and there crawl into a large, secret drawer in the side of the bed. The covers hid the opening.

The soldiers entered the room, and after searching

closets and every possible hiding-place, and noting the neatly made bed, quit the room.

"Great-Grandmother nearly fainted of relief. However, the soldiers remained in the house all day and sometimes in that very room, while Great-Grandmother nearly suffocated and her limbs became stiff from their cramped position.

"Finally, the brutal soldiers joined in torturing a group of Girondists who were being led about the streets. Great-Grandmother escaped that night."

SUNNY DAYS

BY CLARISSA COOLEY JACOBUS (AGE 7)

(Silver Badge)

ON sunny days I love to take
 My little basket full of cake
 For Brother dear and Sister and me,
 And find a place 'neath some shady tree.
 And there we stay till it 's time to go home,
 For when Mother calls us we must come.
 So, you see, of all our plays,
 Our nicest ones are on sunny days.

A CAMP-FIRE SKETCH

BY KATHERINE HUNT (AGE 12)

THE harvest-moon shone brightly on the calm waters of the lake. But our camp-fire was more bright. The deer were calling weirdly to their mates, and every now and then a splash would remind us that the fishes were not yet asleep.

Some one suggested "camp-fire tales," but the still glory of the night had put a seal on all our lips. After that no one spoke. We sat watching the dancing light of the camp-fire with a strange fascination.

The fire died down. Silently the guide rose and replenished it from the well-stacked woodpile.

Flop! splash! another big bass jumped. Some irrepressible being exclaimed, but was silenced by the frowns of the others. The bass went unheeded.

The moon went under a cloud, but no one stirred. Suddenly the quiet was broken by a menacing growl of thunder. Still no one moved. Shortly afterward the pit-pit-pat of raindrops sent us scampering to bed.

Often, on cold winter nights, in the city, where the noise cannot be forgotten, I think of the peaceful quiet of that lovely night, and the remembrance serves as a lullaby to soothe me into dreams of summer days.

SUNSHINE

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

DAYS may be dark,
 Days may be drear;
 Days may be fair
 And full of cheer.

The sun may fail
 To do his part;
 Real sunshine dwells
 Within the heart.

For smiles can chase
 The tears away,
 And change the clouds
 To brightest day.



"READY FOR THE START." BY ALICE A. FOX, AGE 14.

SUNNY DAYS

BY HARRIET DYER PRICE (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

OH, I just love a sunny day,
It makes you feel so nice and gay;
The sunshine seems to make you good,

So ready to do just what you should.
And if it should come in your way
To have to leave awhile your play,
Then do not make a fuss and cry,
But do it and the time will fly.

SUNNY DAYS

BY H. WEARE HOLBROOK (AGE 15)

THIS sun shone on our fathers,
It shines on us at play;
It gave them tan and freckles,
And it freckles us to-day.

It shone upon their fathers,
Their fathers' fathers too;
And all the fathers back of them,
And now on me and you.

Since Adam's birth—we know not when,
It 's warmed and lit this earth,
Shed cheerful rays on scenes of gloom,
And heightened scenes of mirth.

It offers great temptation,
Alike to old and young,
To tramp into the country
Of which the bards have sung.

Perchance there 's rain to-morrow,
Enjoy the sun to-day;
No rain can last forever,
You can't keep Sol away!



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY LYNN E. HOFFMAN, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Adelina Longaker	Flora Wachtell	Grace M. Price
Mary Swift Rupert	Frances Fribley	Mary Lee Thurman
Grace Sigerfoos	Hazel B. Conors	G. L. Latchmore
Margaret McMahon	Kathleen Penfield	Dorothy Buell
	George B. Fundenburg	Dorothy W. Lord
	Eleanor Baldwin	Anne Townsend

Margaret Hutchins
Marion E. Twitchell
Louise Culbertson
Edith M. Levy
Elizabeth Muller
Hope Dennis
Alice Keegan
Katherine Hutchins

Eleanor King Newell
Mary E. Opdycke
Helen Garnett
Marion Eyrre
Nathan Scarritt
Natalie Welden
Adelaide Maybray
Margaret Phillips

Frances M. Patten
Frances Hale Burt
Lucy F. Rogers
Helen C. Hendrie
Katherine Black
Harold J. Harding
Olive M. Smith
Harrison B. McCreary



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Cornelia M. Stabler
Dorothy C. Mason
Naomi Lauchheimer
Joseph Lapin
Dorothy McComb
Adele Alfke
Eleanor P. Stabler
Margaret Barker
Eliza D. Davis
Louise Carson
Rae Meaders
Elizabeth Jennings
Lily A. Lewis
Helen Gantz
Dorothy Wright
Emma Rutherford
Isabel Briggs
Mary Daboll
Florence A. Priest
Rebecca H. Wilder
William Washburn
Jessie Garner

Edith W. Childs
Grace F. Harvey
Louise Macdonald
Audra Bickel
Katharine A. Holway
Louise Hodges
Elizabeth Campbell

Isabel B. Huston
Katharine Parsons
Cornelia R. Ross
Lydia Beckwith
Agnes I. Prizer
Dorothy Hughes
Agnes W. Bacon



"SOMETHING USEFUL IN (AN ENGLISH) SUMMER." BY DORA STOPFORD, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

VERSE, 1

Margaret M. Cronin
Gertrude Eastment
Pauline Nichteuser
Winifred Ward
William D. O'Brien
Marian Thanhouser
Anne Page
Doris Rosalind Wilder
William J. Cordick, Jr.
Mary Laurence
Le Roy J. Leishman
Hilda F. Gaunt
Margaret Osborne
B. W. Cresswell
Flora Nelson
Eunice G. Hussey
Jennie Kramer
Lillie G. Menary
Winifred C.

Knickerbocker
Doris F. Halman
Lucy W. Renaud
Myrtle Oltman
Dorothy G. King
Marion Hayden
Mona L. Powell
Leonard Thornburgh
Mildred G. Wheeler
Elizabeth Page James
Howard Bennett
Pauline P. Whittlesey
Keene Wallis
Kathryn Hurlbert
Rowena Lamy

DRAWINGS, 1

Gertrude Hall
Horace Graf
Audrey Hargreaves
Royal G. Bradley
Evelyn Hawley
Dunham
Harry R. Till
Harold Schwartz
Jean Hopkins
Julia M. Herget
Rachel Lyman Field
Margaret Reynolds
Schauffer
Sybil A. Fletcher
Olive Miller

Margaret Brate
Miriam Lathe
Calista P. Eliot
Margaretta C. Johnson
Catherine E. Parks
Katharine H. Seligman
Dorothy Greene
Carl Edwin Ohlsson
Helen Knecht
S. Dorothy Bell
Margaret Etter Knight
Marjorie Burton
Margaret Van Haagen
Margaret Watson
Elsket Bejach
E. L. Wathen
Ora Tyriner

Clarence Weiss
Martha Zeiger
Dorothy Groman
Hazel Gildersleeve

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Josephine Sturgis

Benjamin Atwood
Gainer Owen Baird
Elizabeth M. Brand
Edith Meyer
George M. Wright
Henry H. Blodgett
Emily Burrows Newman

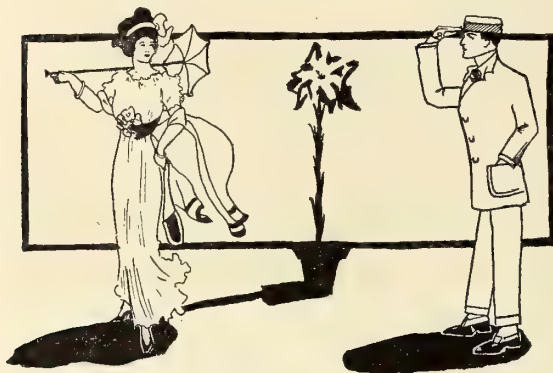
PUZZLES, 1

Ruth Castler
Jessica B. Noble
Arthur L. Niles, Jr.
Helen P. Turner
Cynthia Rising
Henry J. Amy

NO AGE. Miriam F. Carpenter, Letitia Cochran, Charlotte Throop, Lorna V. P. Schrader, Arthur Lionberger, Harriet S. Bailey, Kathryn Barnhisel, Ilse Bischoff, Beatrice Wetherbee, Douglas Ellis, Ethel London, John Hinzinger, Marian Wightman, Sudie Mellichampe, Ray Peffley, Muriel E. Gammons, Joshua Crane, Milton Rogers.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Louise Taggart, Elizabeth James, M. Katherine Sherman, James Embree, Christy H. Mueller, Louella Still.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Evelyn G. Pullen, Clifton Furnas, Dorothy Batchelder.

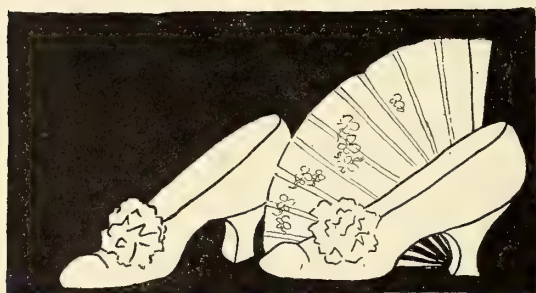


"ONE MUST HAVE A SUNSHADE IN SUMMER." BY BERYL MORSE, AGE 15.

Marion W. Cook
Ysidora R. Louis
Margaret P. Cooke
Eleanor Lowney
Marcella H. Foster
Caroline F. Ware
Harriet Watson
Arthur Schifflin

Helen Stuart
Myra E. Gallion
Bancroft Duren
Elizabeth Hayes
Virginia C. Maxwell
Margaret Kew
Claire M. McIntire
Frances H. Jackson

Doris McMillan
Louise Moore
Mary W. Pyke
Katharyn M. Turner
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Ellen Gary
Muriel E. Arkley



"SOMETHING USEFUL IN SUMMER." BY CONSTANCE M. COUPER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Martha E. Simpson
W. Robert Reud
Edward Williams
Mary I. Lancaster
Margaret Miller
Allace M. Cowen

Mary H. Burr
Louise A. Wiggernhorn
Louise Bierhaus
Dorothy Roediger
Eric H. Marks
Dorothy Leonard

Anica Chambers
Phyllis J. Walsh
Helen Bourne Joy
Frances G. Dudley

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Mada Lanning, Isabel Hope, Mary L. Woods, Alma Klatt, Elizabeth W. Moffat, Marguerite E. Hughes.

LATE. Margaret Barton, Helen M. Lancaster, Gilbert Broking, Dorothy M. Owens, Sewell Wright, Laurence Riley, Josephine Roller, Elizabeth E. Sherman, Sidney E. Williams, Beatrice R. Gritz, Margaret F. Wilson, Hazel B. Wagner.

NOT INDORSED. Martha Neville, Leonard Weil, Grace Newlin, Louise Reding, Samuel B. Wolf, Henry S. Booth, Gertrude M. Shults, Leonardo Fisher, Effie C. Ross, Margaret Newman, Lucy Walbrich, Lucie Rilliet, Frances H. Bogart, William Disharoon, Benjamin Disharoon, Mary Mason, Frank Berlenbach, Mildred Longstreth, Doris Sibert, Margaret Olds, Priscilla Densmore, Helen Ross, Gerard Townsend, Jr., Mildred Maurer, Gail Torsen, Adele Rowinson.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 143

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 143 will close September 10 (for foreign members September 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Close of Day," or "Twilight."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Two February Holidays," or "Patriots."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Finish."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On Wheels," or a Heading for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: Prize, Class A, a gold badge and three dollars. Prize, Class B, a gold badge and one dollar. Prize, Class C, a gold badge. Prize, Class D, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

IN THE LIBRARY

ALTHOUGH this is the September number, it will still be the heart of summer when it appears, and most of you be off vacationing. Nevertheless, a great many people remain in town,—I among them, incidentally,—and the other day I went into the great new library for which New York has waited so long, and which is proving as satisfactory as it is beautiful, and there I found a goodly number of these stay-at-homes, reading comfortably in the big rooms, surrounded by books in the long cases against the walls, and with a whole world of volumes within call, in the stacks out of sight far below.

It was thrilling to stand in that fine building, so quiet, so efficient, so happily full of contented persons in easy wooden chairs before long oak tables, and think that it all existed for the sake of books. Books of every description, on every conceivable topic. Books that hold within their covers so much of the life, the romance, the imagination, and experience of the world. Quaint, ancient tomes in queer old type in which men dead ages since had inscribed their thoughts. Philosophical and religious works that had cost the writers their lives. Books that had been written in miserable garrets by half-starved enthusiasts with, who knows, what glorious hopes. Books that had been written with the deep desire for fame as recompense sufficient; others compiled solely for the writer's own amusement; some even written in cipher, in order that no one else

should be able to read them, yet there with the rest on the shelves, for whoever wished to turn their pages.

It struck me as wonderful. The palace of books!

The immense stone building was crammed with these records of human thoughts and feelings, with joy and despair, with aspirations for beauty and truth, with stories of lives that had been miserable or fine. The deeds of heroes and of villains were tucked away there, the discoveries of great inventors and travelers, together with cook-books and garden-annuals. In fact, all the countless things that man is or has been interested in are there, translated into printed words, and set upon the shelf, waiting for the call to come from some one who needs them.

THE COMPANY OF READERS

Is it not extraordinary to think how books bind the ages together?

I took out Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," an old poem I am fond of, and sat down in one of the chairs myself. But instead of reading it, I began to think how many, many people had read and delighted in it since "The Morning Star of Song" had written the fragment I held in my hand; for only a small portion has survived for us through the more than five hundred years that have passed since Chaucer wrote it. Yet all that time it has been read and loved. I felt a great company about me as I turned the pages.

There were, in the first place, dim figures of the men of his own day. The antique language of the verses was their own. It was thus they spoke and thought, and the tales he told were those they laughed over or wept over in the hearty old way as the days passed over them, the same things that happened around them and to them. He wrote for the people of his own time, and greatly they enjoyed him. Among the rest was Shakspeare's "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," as Richard II calls him in the play, for this duke was Chaucer's patron. Richard's first wife, the good Queen Anne, was another reader of the poet's, and he thanks her very charmingly for a kindness she did him in another of his poems.

The books Chaucer wrote were passed about in the old fashion between people who liked them, but there was no printed, collected edition of them until close upon two hundred years after his death. All the same, they were very well known, and especially the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Legends* continued to delight the generations following. Doubtless Shakspeare read them, and Queen Elizabeth, who hugely enjoyed a good book, with others of her ruffed and satin-clothed court. And Milton, and the cavaliers and puritans of that time; all these and countless more had read the very words that lay before me; had smiled as I did over the account of the wonderful "Gardin," where the "briddes," as Chaucer calls the birds, sang so sweetly, and had met the "curteys mayden, Ydelnesse," who had opened the "wiket smal" for him.

People waiting in prisons for death or release had helped beguile the time with these verses, and how many a sick-bed had been eased by them; they had been read in strange old castles, in high-pooped ships adventuring upon unknown seas, in hunters' cabins, in prairie-schooners. They had traveled all over the world, carried about by men and women into all sorts of unlikely places. And now I was reading them, in the new library in the midst of roaring, modern New York.

I found myself looking round at the other persons in the room with me, so quiet over their books, half expecting to discover them clothed in a long-past fashion, in armor or small-clothes, or broad-brimmed hat and shrouding cloak. After all, that would not have been a whit more surprising than the fact that I was here, smiling away over the identical words that had pleased the mighty Lancastrian duke some two hundred years before Shakspeare wrote about *him*.

You see, I was getting so mixed up in my centuries, and we all seemed to belong so close together, despite a few hundred years gone by.

How astonished Chaucer would have been if he could have had the same experiences as his book, and met even a few of all the different people who have known it. He and Shakspeare would surely have delighted in a good talk together. And our own Lowell! The two men would have been the best of friends. In spite of the fact that they lived in such different ages, and were so widely apart in many ways, they had much in common. Chaucer was a big, genial man, full of humor, wise in human nature, a traveler, a man who served his king in various capacities. Lowell had many of the same characteristics and something of the same experience; and though he was neither so great nor so original a poet as the older writer, he, too, composed imperishable work bound to endure through many generations.

There is another book, older even than Chaucer, around which has gathered a mighty concourse of readers. No one of culture and deep thought but has known this book, and it is closely identified with the mental life of all modern nations. Its wisdom is as valuable now and as fresh as it was two thousand years ago, and no one has told us more of the power of man's soul, nor given better advice as to how to meet life, than this ancient volume. Take a single quotation:

It is not men's deeds that disturb us,—for their acts rest with their own souls,—but it is our opinions regarding them. Then, away with these! . . . How much more we suffer from our anger and vexation at such things, than from the things themselves that vex us!

That is good sense to-day, and we can still learn it with profit. And yet it was written when the entire known world was utterly unlike what it is now. It was written in the private diary of Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome, less than two hundred years after the birth of Christ. He had no intention of writing for other people, even of his own time. The *Meditations* were for himself, for inner help and guidance in a difficult and tragical career, as far as earthly happiness goes. And this privacy was unbroken for a long while after his death; though a few persons mention the book after the eleventh century, before which it seems to have been unknown, it was not until the fourteenth, the same that saw Chaucer writing, that it became generally known. But from that time on it has continued to be the close comrade of thousands upon thousands of men and women in all the countries of the world.

What the power of such a book may be no one can estimate. At any rate, it is certain that no library worthy the name would think of omitting the thoughts of this ancient emperor from its collection. What he said of himself has proved

true, though in a sense different from the one he had in mind: "As Antoninus, my city and country is Rome; but as a man, it is the universe." A universe of human beings has found he belonged to them.

READING OUT-OF-DOORS

I REALLY began this article with the intention of dilating upon the joy of reading out-of-doors, and here I've been wandering back through the centuries instead, hunting up friends who have enjoyed what I'm enjoying now. It was reading in the library that made me think how charming it was out of one; for spacious, cool, and pleasant as are those marble rooms, they are not quite as good as the lofty arches of a forest or the broad spaces of a meadow or the sea.

A book must be a good one to stand reading outdoors, for it is brought close to some very worth-while things. A silly, commonplace book is going to look pretty cheap beside the reality and sincerity of green growth and blue sky or water.

But oh, how good a good book is there! Suppose yourself comfortably installed in a hammock under two giant pines, with a hill dropping away in front to a wide meadow through which a stream winds gently, its loopings marked by huge elms. In addition to the pines that are attending to the support of your hammock, there are many more crowding behind you up the hill, and keeping up a delectable murmur and whisper reminiscent of the sea.

Nice!

Open in your lap, let us say, is J. M. Barrie's

"Little White Bird," the book out of which the play of "Peter Pan" was taken. It was a lovely play. But for my part I prefer the book. It not only has the fairy side of Peter Pan, but it has David and "I" and the little nursery governess and William Patterson—or Porthos?—we never do know that.

How one laughs over the dog that went into the sausage machine in the pantomime, and David's visit afterward to the family of clowns, Joey and the rest! David has made up his mind that he won't laugh, no matter what, on account of the dog. But then they turn the machine to going the other way, and out jumps the dog, as good as ever, and then David—oh, well, it was a great visit for David! And if any one can read that chapter out there in the hammock, as I have said, and not acknowledge that being alive is about the best thing imaginable, I don't want to know him, for one.

Yes, that is a book that stands being read outdoors very well indeed. You can stop reading every now and then, and look away across the meadows and dream your own dreams, and then return to David's adventures more contentedly than before. It is the kind of book that sets your fancy going and leads you off on long thoughts that belong with the trees and hills. A book that touches you and makes you understand. A book, I think, that will still be taken off the shelf when the present state of affairs has altered considerably with the lapse of time. But people will continue to love the things we love, and read the books we read.

As the "Romaunt of the Rose" has proved.



THE LETTER-BOX

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Nagasaki and I am ten years old. I like it in Japan. I am sending a picture of a little baby.

The Japanese are quite small. The mothers carry the babies on their backs and so do the tiny little children. It looks so funny when they play marbles and other games to see the babies' heads bobbing up and down. I don't think they mind it because the little children



A LITTLE JAPANESE BABY.

carry dolls on their backs. The baby's name in the picture I send you is Fuji; it means "Wistaria," which is one of Japan's most beautiful flowers. The baby belongs to our amah, or nurse, and it is a little girl.

I like the St. NICHOLAS, and when my mother was little she had it too.

Your loving reader,

ALICE HINES.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am five years old and I will be six in March. I like the St. NICHOLAS books. I have the chicken-pox, and at luncheon we laugh and laugh. I have lots of books. I like to look at them.

Lovingly yours,

JACK HINES.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have never written to you before, I have taken you for quite a long time now, and my dad used to read you when he was small.

When the February number of St. NICHOLAS arrived yesterday morning, we greatly admired the illustration of a statuette called "Motherhood." In the afternoon, Dad took us to see an exhibition of American pictures and statues, among which we saw the original statuette

of "Motherhood." It is of bronze, and is almost two feet in height. Some of the pictures were very good; before coming here they had been exhibited for the centenary celebrations in Buenos Aires.

I always read the letters in the "Letter-box," and I have never seen one from Uruguay; I have only been here a short time, for I am an Argentine, and I lived in Argentina until seven months ago. I am fifteen years old.

Your interested reader,

HILDA C. C. DAVIS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been visiting me for a year now. The stories in you are very nice. I liked the "Betty" stories, too, in 1910. I think "Team-Mates" is a nice story, and I can hardly wait until the next number comes to read it. My cousin Arthur thinks you are nice, too. He borrowed you every month from me all last year, but now he is going to take you as I do.

My sister and brother like the nonsensical poems in you, and Papa always reads them after supper the day you come.

In the February, 1911, number, I think the story about "Some Girls Who Wore Ruffs" is a very nice story. It taught me some things, too. I never knew who discovered starch, or how they made ruffs stand, or when ruffs were first worn. That's another thing I like about your stories: when you read them you are not only reading, but you are learning something at the same time. I think I will close now.

From your interested reader,

EMILY FRANKENSTEIN (age 11).

KODAIKANAL, S. INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine since Christmas, and I like it better than any other magazine I have read.

I live out here in India, and my father and mother are missionaries in the American Arcot Mission. I am an American girl, thirteen years old.

Most of the year, I am here among the hills in southern India, in a boarding-school for missionaries' children. The teachers are nearly all Americans, and we are taught the same way as if we were in America. At present my mother, father, youngest brother, and sister are with my second oldest sister and me, as it is too hot down on the plains to work. During April, May, June, and July, many missionaries from all over India come here because it is very hot on the plains. My parents are here for three months, so my sister and I are going as day scholars to the boarding-school, and live with our parents.

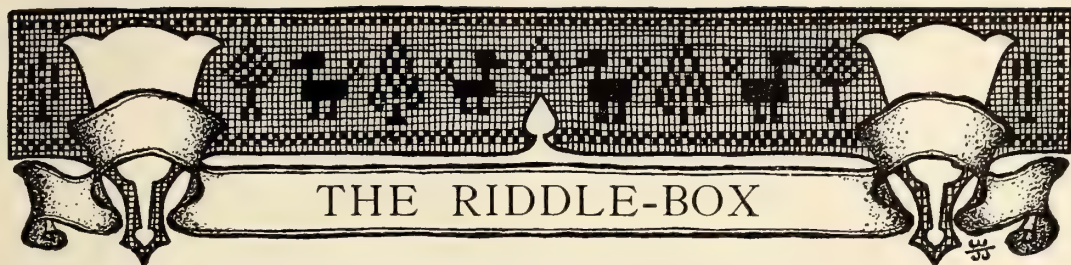
During December and January, which are the coolest months on the plains, all the children from this school go to their own homes for the Christmas and New Year festivities, and then in May, when most of the parents are here in Kodaikanal, we have vacation.

The climate here is beautiful all the year round, and all the children who live up here are always very healthy and well.

Next year I am going home to America, because this school does not go beyond the eighth grade; but if parents wish to keep their children out here till they are older, then an effort is made to have them enter the high school.

Your most interested reader,

MARJORIE I. SCUDDER.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Lose. 2. Ovid. 3. Sing. 4. Edge. II. 1. Male. 2. Arid. 3. Ling. 4. Edge. III. 1. Edge. 2. Drab. 3. Gave. 4. Eben. IV. 1. Eben. 2. Brae. 3. Ease. 4. Need. V. 1. Eben. 2. Bide. 3. Edit. 4. Nets.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Jamestown; John Smith. 1. Jig-jog-ged. 2. Abs-orb-ing. 3. Man-hat-tan. 4. Emanation. 5. Sen-sat-ion. 6. The-mat-ist. 7. Oct-ill-ion. 8. Win-ter-ing. 9. Net her-est.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, India; 3 to 4, Tiger. Cross-words: 1. Inlet. 2. Snail. 3. Dying. 4. Fires. 5. Ardor.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Rudyard Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Rakish. 2. Unique. 3. Dipper. 4. Yellow. 5. Alight. 6. Runner. 7. Dagger.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Nothing that is great is easy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from Frank Black—Helen M. Tyler—James K. Angell.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from Elinor Baar, 4—Charles Sisson, 2—Arthur Poulin, 7—Edna Meyle, 5—Frederick W. Van Horne, 7—Philip Franklin, 11—Lothrop Bartlett, 6—Ferris Neave, 10—Marion L. Ringer, 3—Jane I. Anderson, 10—Constance G. Cameron, 9—Mary S. Brown, 3.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from E. Ferguson—S. R. Rouse—M. M. Willis—F. Saunders—C. Kerr—M. Campbell—K. W. Ebeling—A. Oldham—D. D. Lawrence—B. Miller—D. Collins—B. Morse—M. Casement—K. Rickett—K. E. Begg—E. Uprichard—M. T. Platt—M. Warren—M. B. Canfield—B. Maule—V. Bliss—L. Hamlin—M. Breed—L. A. Allnutt—A. A. Finney—R. Thompson—B. L. Stern—M. L. Hussey—D. Dunn—D. S. Wood, Jr.—E. R. Falk.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

My whole consists of thirty-five letters and is a quotation from R. L. Stevenson.

My 14-26-12-33 is at a distance. My 16-28-31-8 is fortune. My 3-8-25-23-1-6 are marked features. My 13-29-20-32-17 is to treat with contempt. My 11-9-22-5 is disappeared. My 21-34-19-30 is departed. My 7-4-2-15-24-27-10-35 is a number.

GRACE BISSELL (League Member).

CHARADE

My *first* surrounded castles tall,
With darksome dungeon and stately hall.
My *second*, the Frenchman's name for gold,
And often used in heraldry old.
My *third* was moved by wind so keen
Before the age of gasoline.
My *whole*, the stillness oft invades
With sounds like tiny cannonades.

ALFRED F. SCHLESINGER (age 10).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell an old English classic.

Doubly behead, 1. Modern, and leave a coin. 2. Demands, and leave purposes. 3. Dog-like, and leave a number. 4. To prize, and leave to overflow. 5. Brilliant, and leave always. 6. Hardly, and leave to depend on. 7. To repulse, and leave a color. 8. Scorns, and leave large vases. 9. To search for provisions, and leave anger. 10. To take off the wooden frame from the necks of two oxen, and leave the upper portion of

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Shelley. 1. Saber. 2. Heron. 3. Eland. 4. Lotus. 5. Lyres. 6. Elbow. 7. Yacht.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Eighteen; Farewell. Cross-words: 1. Elfin. 2. Final. 3. Gores. 4. Shred. 5. Towel. 6. Sever. 7. Enlay. 8. Uncle.

A PUZZLE IN ADDITION. Tea. Meat. Steam. Stream. Steamer. Streamer.

SYLLABLE TRANSPOSITION. Israel. 1. Raining. 2. Respect. 3. Mitre. 4. Penal. 5. Listen. 6. Alloy.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Zest. 2. Elia. 3. Sill. 4. Tale. II. 1. Skin. 2. Kine. 3. Inns. 4. Nest.

BOX PUZZLE. I. 1. Clay. 2. Lose. 3. Asia. 4. Year. II. 1. Clay. 2. Lane. 3. Anna. 4. Year. III. 1. Year. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Rest. IV. 1. Clay.

a lady's blouse. 11. To withdraw, and leave to weary. 12. Unruffled, and leave sour. 13. Recount, and leave tardy. 14. Clarifies, and leave parts of the head. 15. Plan, and leave an omen.

CARL A. GIESE (League Member).

A SCOTTISH ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	28	36	52	62	19
*	3	55	43	9	58
*	29	44	41	30	8
*	39	37	21	5	45
*	47	11	60	17	24
*	4	50	30	42	64
*	12	61	63	7	23
*	20	26	3	35	23
*	26	12	16	48	13
*	46	15	32	2	31
*	10	54	25	57	34
*	27	33	53	51	59
*	38	49	31	1	18
*	56	40	14	6	22

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To spurt. 2. Inborn. 3. Part of a ship. 4. Cautiously. 5. Adrift. 6. Probable. 7. Forbids. 8. Corrects. 9. Truly. 10. To tone down. 11. A mythological boatman. 12. A masculine name. 13. Sharp twangs. 14. Hurled.

The initial letters (indicated by stars) spell the name and title of a famous author born in August. The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 10, from 11 to 27, from 28 to 41, from 42 to 51, from 52 to 58, and from 59 to 64 each spell the title of one of his books.

EUGENE SCOTT.



Peter's Chocolate

The ideal food for mountain climbing, or for any out-of-door exercise, or for any exercise anywhere—or as a food any time you are hungry.

Peter's has that truly delicious flavor that makes you always want more.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

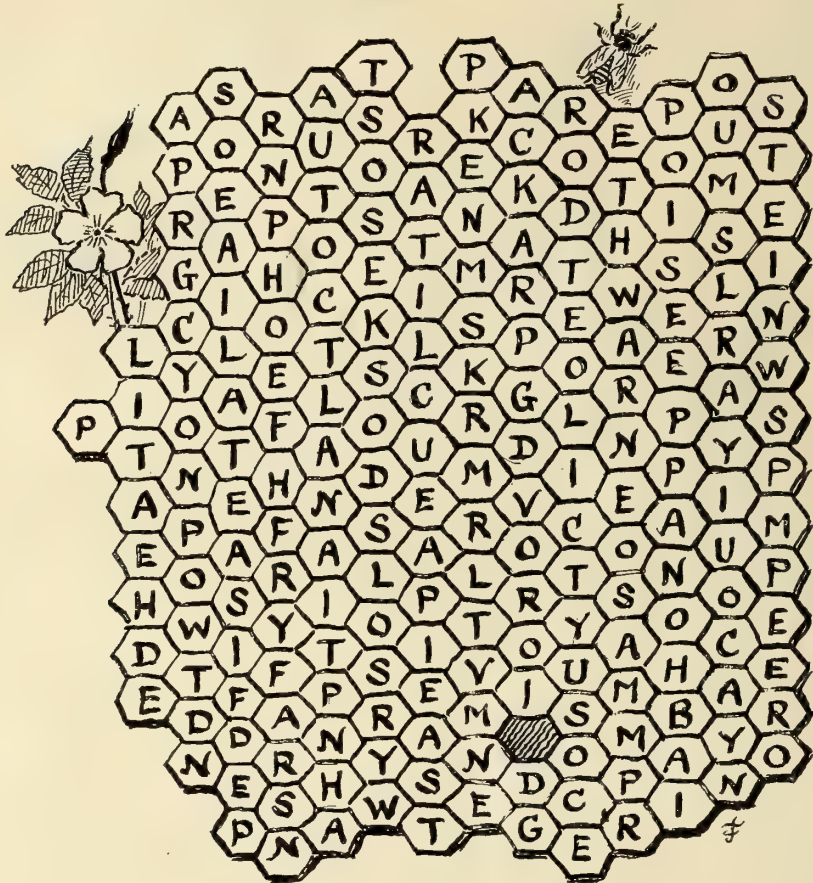
Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes

Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate

Peter's Bon-Bons

Peter's Thimbles with Roasted Hazelnuts

Time to hand in answers is up September 10. Prizes awarded in November number.



HONEYCOMB PUZZLE.

For the September competition is offered a Honeycomb Puzzle which contains more than twenty-five names familiar to readers of advertising. Each is a firm or *special article*, not merely names of general meaning. As in the King's Move Puzzle, you start at any letter and move from one cell into one touching it along a whole side, and so on. Double letters must be found next one

another. For example, from the S in the right-hand upper corner you can move to O, U or T; but *not* to P or M. And from this same S you can spell S-O-U-P, but that would not count in your answers since there is no trade name (as Franco-American or Campbell's) to go with it.

Put answers in alphabetical order, and number them so as to show how many

(See also pages 8 and 10.)



MARBLE GROUP IN POSTUM OFFICES

In Olden Times

The Greek and Roman athletes trained on simple, wholesome foods, made largely from the field grains — *producing* and *maintaining* the old-world ideals of vigorous manhood.

These grains grow today as they did then.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

—made of Wheat and Barley—contains the body- and brain-building elements stored in the grains by Nature, and is scientifically prepared for easy digestion.

One cannot find better food than Grape-Nuts!

“There’s A Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

you find. No hyphens or apostrophes are needed, and you can put in either singulars or plurals as you please—piano or pianos, for instance.

Here are the rules and regulations:—

This month there are Twenty-seven Prizes of One Dollar each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of

your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (117).

3. Submit answers by September 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 117, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 115. REVISION OF STAMP PAGE.

You ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are living up to your reputation for being bright and wide-awake! Your ideas were fine! There were not quite as many answers as came in last month, but those that were received were good, and what pleased the Judges most of all in looking over your papers was to find how very fond you were of the stamp page and how much of a success it was, even though you did suggest some changes that might improve it. We wish those boys and girls who do not collect stamps could read your letters and I think they would realize how much they are missing by not entering into this fascinating and instructive pastime. Why don't you, who read these lines and have not already started a collection, begin at once?

There was one point brought forth in

some of your letters which did n't make us feel very happy. A few suggested that we place the stamp page right after the Riddle Box or among the reading matter pages. Now surely, you don't believe that the location of the stamp page among the advertisements lessens its attractiveness!

The advertising pages should be studied by all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. They contain all sorts of valuable information. They are instructive and will help you in your knowledge of modern manufacturing and business affairs.

We are proud of our advertising department and want every one of you boys and girls to take more interest in what we are doing from month to month. The more interest you show in these pages the more able we are to

(See also pages 6 and 10.)



"See How Easy it is, Tilly?"

Show the new girl just once what can be done with Jell-O and then you will always be sure of one fine dish for dinner. She may spoil everything else, but she will make a fine dessert of

JELL-O

for she cannot go wrong there.

And Jell-O isn't a dinner dish alone. It is served at lunch and supper, and is never out of place.

Jell-O and hot water, without anything else, make these delicious dishes in a minute.

There are seven delightful flavors and seven beautiful colors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

At all grocers', 10c. each.

The splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask for it.

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.





Have You a Child to Educate at Home?

Then investigate the unique system of the CALVERT SCHOOL, by means of which children from KINDERGARTEN to TWELVE YEARS of age may be educated entirely at home according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts, who are specialists in elementary education.

The courses are intended for children situated beyond the reach of good schools, for those who need open air study, shorter hours, special care, individual attention, or who for any other reason are to be educated at home.

The SCHOOL was established in 1897 by a group of public-spirited citizens to further the cause of elementary education, and now has PUPILS IN EVERY STATE OF THE UNION AND 17 FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

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THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Head Master.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

secure for your reading and study, interesting and instructive stories about all sorts of good things.

Some of you have not been giving your ages. This is one of the rules you know, and it would be very wise if each of you remembered this, because the Judges (and some of them are *so* strict) always give preference to the person who follows the rules. Let's see if this month we cannot all hand in carefully written answers. Here is the list of prize winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Cassius M. Clay, Jr., age 16, Kentucky.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Margaret Warburton, age 14, New York.

Frances Crosby Hamlet, age 18, Maine.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Sarah I. Roody, age 11, New York.
Alice Munro, age 14, Massachusetts.
George Hockman, age 16, Oregon.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Velora B. Pilcher, age 17, California.
Adelina Longaker, age 15, New York.
Fred Sutton, age 13, New Jersey.
Evelyn H. Weil, age 13, Pennsylvania.
Genevieve Stone, age 17, Colorado.
Lemoine Williams, age 14, California.
Clara Louise Hunter, age 14, Michigan.
Florence Mallett, age 19, California.
Helen A. Babbitt, age 11, Vermont.
S. V. Benet, age 13, California.

(See also pages 6 and 8.)

See that the boy delivers Kingsford's. You ordered Kingsford's. What did you get—Kingsford's or an inferior substitute for which you pay the same price as for Kingsford's quality?

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

There is all the difference in the world in corn starches, although the price and the size of the package may be the same.

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Send for Cook Book D-168 of the best recipes you ever tried. It's free—just send your name on a post card.

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National Starch Co., Suc'rs
Oswego, N. Y.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

ABBREVIATIONS

AS we study the stamps of a collection, many things are brought to our attention which arouse curiosity and demand explanation. One of the most conspicuous of these is the frequent use of abbreviations, both in the design of the stamp itself, and perhaps more frequently in the surcharge. While the meaning of many of them is self-evident, others give no suggestion whatever. "R. F." on the stamps of France naturally suggests the French Republic, but why "G. F. B." on the stamps of Tonga? The following list will throw light upon some of these puzzling letters. There are also included a few words whose meaning, when appearing upon stamps, may not be generally understood:

- A. R. This surcharge upon stamps of Chile and Columbian Republic represents the words "aviso de reception," acknowledgment of receipt; upon the stamps of Montenegro it represents "accusa reception."
- A. & T. surcharged upon French stamps means that such stamps were for use in Annan and Tonkin.
- B. on stamps of Straits Settlements means that the stamps were for use at Bangkok, the capital of Siam. They are in a sense provisional Siamese stamps, or Straits stamps used in Siam.
- B. R. A. on stamps of China refers to "British Railway Administration."
- C. E. F. on stamps of India signifies "Chinese Expeditionary Force." These stamps were first used in the Boxer war in 1900. Some of the offices opened at that time still continue active.
- COLON. The portrait on nearly all of the stamps of Chile is that of Christopher Columbus, whose Spanish name is Cristobal Colon.
- C. P. on stamps of France or French Colonies indicates that such stamps were used for parcels post (colis-postaux).
- C. R. This monogram on the early stamps of Fiji refers to Cakaban Rex, the last native king. Later they were surcharged V. R., Victoria Regina.
- D. J. on stamps of Obock refers to Djibouti, a French colony in Africa. The name of this colony has been changed since to "Somali Coast," and the stamps are listed under this heading in the Standard Catalogue.
- E. R. I. This surcharge, Eduardus Rex et Imperator, is to be found upon the stamps of Orange River and Transvaal after these two countries came under British dominion in the Boer war. The first surcharge was V. R. I., but after the death of Queen Victoria, it was changed to E. R. I.
- F. M. on stamps of France signifies "Franchise Militaire" (military exemption), for use of the French soldiers.
- G on stamps of Cape of Good Hope, means that the stamps were for use in Griqualand, West. They became obsolete in 1880, and afterward were used as ordinary Cape Colony stamps.
- Gab. on French Colonies refers to Gabon.
- G. F. B. on the official stamps on Tonga means "Gaue Faka Buleaga,"—on government service.
- GREAT BRITAIN stamps are found with surcharges "I. R.," for use in the Department of

Inland Revenue; "O. W.," Office of Works, and "R. H.," the Royal Household. The letters in the corners of the stamps of Great Britain mark the location of such stamps in the entire sheet. The letters vary and have no other significance.

- G P E on stamps of French Colonies means that they are for use in Guadeloupe.
- H P N stands for "Habilitado por la Nacion." This surcharge is found on stamps of Spain and several of her former colonies, and means "authorized by the government." The stamps were used by the Provisional Government in 1868.
- H R Z G L The stamps of Holstein have these mysterious letters at the left, the word "Post" on top, and "F R M" at the right; meaning Herzogliche Post Freimarke, or Postage Stamp of the Duchy.
- ICELAND stamps are found surcharged "I Gildi 02-03," which means that such stamps are "valid" for use only during the years 1902-3. The first character does not mean one, but the letter I. The surcharge does not affect the face value of the stamp.
- KEMAHKOTAAN was surcharged upon the stamps of Johore in celebration of the "coronation" of the new Sultan Ibrahim, whose portrait appears upon the succeeding issue.
- LOSEN appears upon the stamps of Sweden, and means "to pay."
- MAGYAR. The real name of Hungary is Magyarorszag. Magyar. Kir. Posta,—Hungary Royal Post.
- M Q E means the French colony of Martinique.
- N C E means the French colony of New Caledonia.
- N S B means the French colony of Nossi Bé.
- P. G. S. on the stamps of Perak converts them to "Perak Government Service," or official use.
- P. S. N. C. on the stamps of Peru stand for "Pacific Steam Navigation Company." Peru experimented in the use of stamps by purchasing a supply from the Navigation Company.
- R on stamps of the French Colonies signifies for use in Réunion.
- RAYON on Swiss stamps, Rayon I, II, or III, signifies that such stamp would carry a letter a certain distance,—ten leagues, twenty-five leagues, or forty leagues.
- R. O. signifies "Rumelia Orientale,"—Eastern Roumelia. The stamps of Eastern Roumelia were superseded by those of Bulgaria.
- SARAWAK. The letters seen in the corners of the stamps of this country refer first to Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, and later to his son, Sir Charles Brooke.
- S. P. Service Publique, appears upon the official stamps of Luxembourg.
- S. P. M. St. Pierre and Miquelon.
- T. L. surcharged on the stamps of Tonga commemorates the marriage of King Tubon and Queen Lavinia, June 1, 1900.
- Y ¼ was surcharged on the stamps of Cuba in 1855. This is one of the very earliest surcharges known, but there is much doubt as to its exact significance. It probably means Interior, ¼ Real, meaning that it is for use only in the city of Havana.
- Z. A. R. is an abbreviation of Zuid Afrikansche Republiek,—South African Republic.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY



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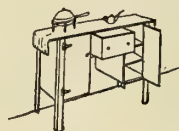
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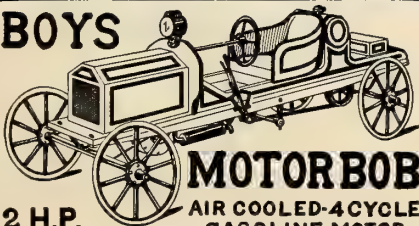
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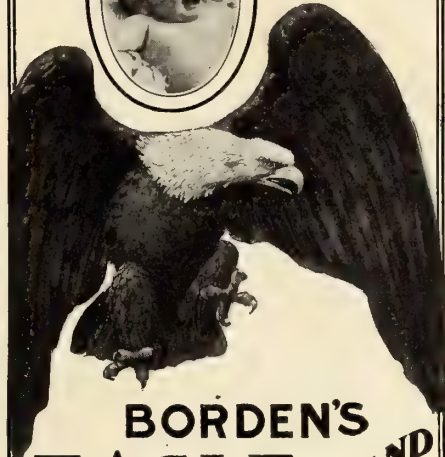
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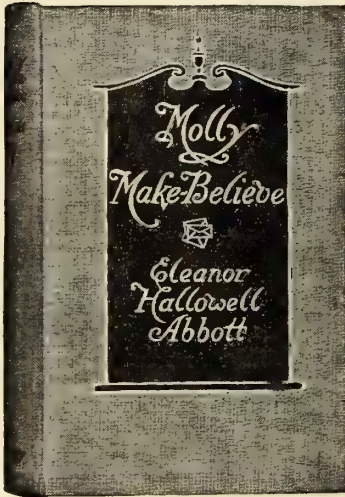
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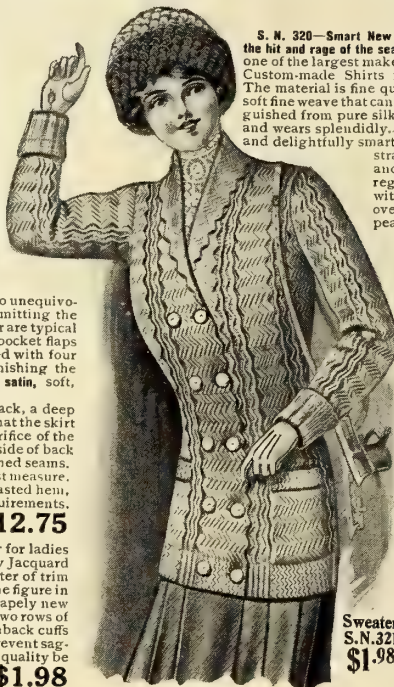
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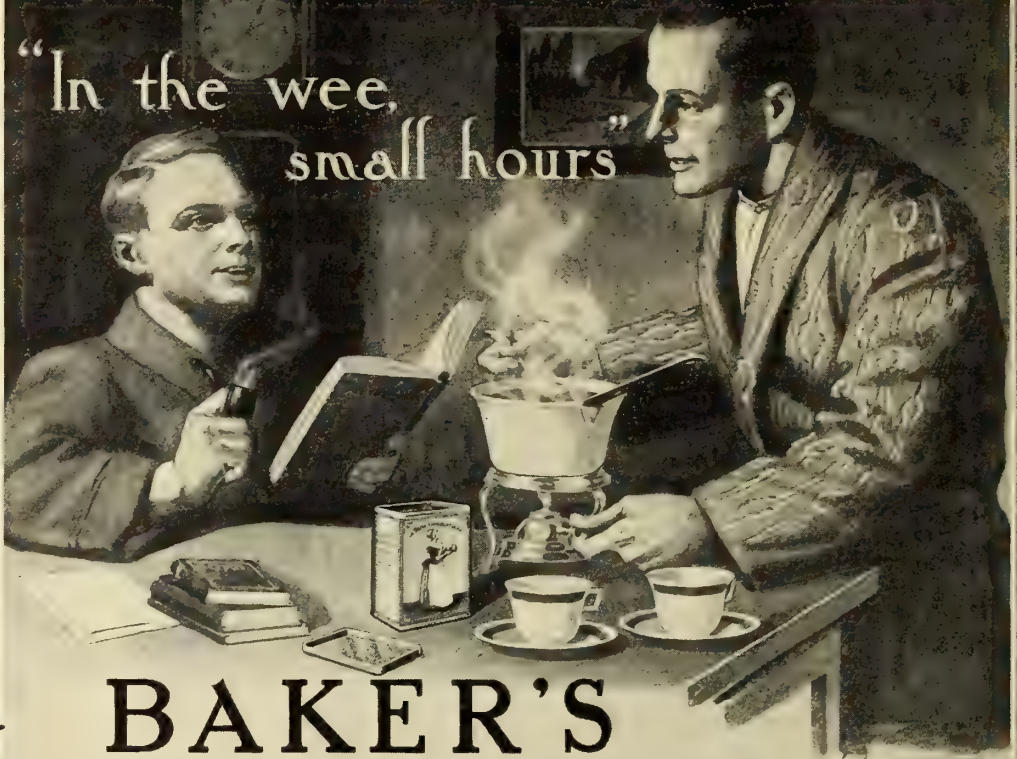
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“ THE SUNSHINE OF HIS HEART.”

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVIII

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 12

THE WHITE CRAGMASTER

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

IN a certain inclosure of the New York Zoölogical Park, there is a sight absolutely unique, a sight the like of which no other inhabited or uninhabited portion of the globe can boast. True, one can go to the Canadian Rockies and (if fortunate) be rewarded by a glimpse of the mountain-goat in his native fastnesses. Or one can take a trip to the arctic regions of Labrador and Greenland, and perhaps spy the strange, diminutive musk-ox trotting over the ice-fields. But there is no other spot in the world, save the New York Zoölogical Park, where can be seen *five* Rocky Mountain goats, in close company with *six* musk-oxen, basking in the sunshine within their rocky little corral.

Of these numerous and unusual specimens the park is justly proud. Neither the lion, tiger, elephant, grizzly bear, nor ungainly giraffe can compare with them in interest, though it is a natural impulse, on visiting the park, to seek out the former, more spectacular, exhibits. But has not every traveling circus a lion or two? Does not even the organ-grinder occasionally possess a dancing bear? And what menagerie would attempt to set up in business without a couple of lumbering elephants! Monkeys, tigers, and buf-faloes are obtainable any day in the week—provided, always, one can produce the required cash!—but it is the animal difficult to obtain, all but impossible to transport, and raised and kept alive only by a miracle of care and watchfulness, that causes the heart of the director to rejoice.

Of such are the musk-oxen and the mountain-goats, but it is the latter, the white cragmasters

of the Rockies, who claim our particular attention. There are to-day in the park, five of these specimens. There is but one other living specimen in any zoölogical garden in the world. Of these five, three were caught wild and brought here as kids from Fort Steele, British Columbia, in 1905. The other two were born in the park, one as recently as June 7, 1910.

To appreciate their peculiar characteristics, it is not sufficient to give them a passing glance as we hurry by to the big elephant house, or the abode of the ever-entertaining "primates." We must stop for a long survey of these creatures of dazzling white with their sharply pointed, jet-black horns. Such a survey will be repaid four-fold in interest, and if we are fortunate enough to be admitted by the keeper into the inclosure, the interest will be fivefold.

They are, beyond a doubt, creatures oddly picturesque, with the great hump above the shoulders, the low-carried head, and the black horns as sharp as skewers. Cruel and dangerous, those horns, to the enemy of the mountain-goat, and woe betide the venturesome dog that comes within their range. One swift, sidewise, and upward thrust of that lowered head, and it is all over with his dogship. Against man, however, they are seldom turned. Another feature that attracts the eye is their heavy, stocky, ungraceful legs, with the knee-length pantalets of long hair. Their gait in walking is curiously stilted and regular; at times it develops into almost a hobble.

We may enter the inclosure without fear, for the goats are not dangerous except when attacked

and brought to bay. But we soon discover that they are consumed by an overweening *curiosity*. No sooner are we inside than one will come ambling up to us with its peculiar, stilted gait, and look us over with a wondering stare, the effect of which is heightened by the white-bearded face, so close in resemblance to an anxiously inquisitive old man. Then it utters a sound bearing comparison to nothing so much as that given forth by a woolly baa-lamb in a toy-shop when we press the spring. There's something ludicrous in this wee, appealing "squeak" emanating from a mass of glorious white fur, nearly as large as a small-sized donkey!

By this time the attention of another has been attracted. It comes stalking out from behind a rustic barn, and the performance is repeated. The third shortly joins the group. The mother and fluffy little kid are in another inclosure, or they would doubtless be on hand to take our measure. Not once, we notice, will one of them come within reach of the hand, and at any attempt to stroke them, they evade the touch with a particularly indignant squeak. As long as we are in the inclosure, we are likely to have the concentrated

you), and then we hold our breath to perceive him carelessly pirouetting along the *ridge-pole*! A second presently follows him. But the third, content with a lower plane of existence, squats down on his haunches and so remains, sitting there and turning his head from side to side in plain admiration of the scenery, looking for all the world like a ruminative old gentleman with patriarchal whiskers.

When one realizes that the natural abode of these animals is anywhere from four thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea-level, their maintenance in health on the tide-water level of New York, with all its freaks and eccentricities of temperature, becomes an increasing wonder. That they *are* so maintained, is solely due to the forethought and wisdom of Director Hornaday, and the unceasing vigilance of their keeper, Mr. McEnroe. To point an example:

The goats are accustomed, in British Columbia and Alaska, to a brief, warm summer, and a long, cold, dry winter. When the first goats were brought to the park, one of the chief concerns was how they would endure our spells of icy-cold rain in midwinter. During the first storm of this kind they were allowed to remain outdoors, but with an option of retiring to dry shelter. For some reason unknown, they did not elect to take advantage of this shelter. In a few hours their keeper noticed that, in spite of their wonderfully thick coats, they were shivering with cold and wet to the skin. He hurried to Dr. Hornaday with the news, and when the director reached the spot, one glance sufficed to assure him that their hair was not fitted to shed heavy rain in winter. Moreover, were they to remain longer in that condition, they would probably all be dead before morning.

Together the two men hustled the goats into a steam-heated building close by, and with numerous bath-towels rubbed the astonished and protesting animals as one would a freshly bathed poodle, till they were dry and warm again. This prompt and vigorous treatment saved their lives, and the experience brought to light a valuable bit of knowledge: never must Rocky Mountain goats be exposed to rain in cold or cool weather. For this reason, Keeper McEnroe has one eye continually on the clouds, and the other on the weather-report. Does a shower threaten, he leaves the most urgent duty,—and he has the care of many other animals,—to send his white charges scampering into the barn. When he goes home at night, he shuts them in if there is the least sign of rain. No careful farmer could look after a brood of chicks with more devotion than does the guardian of these valuable animals.



"THE WHITE CRAGMASTER."

A Rocky Mountain goat in the New York Zoölogical Park.

attention of the group focused upon us. To see further wonders, it would be well to put ourselves once more outside the railing—and watch.

Presently, to our amazement, one of the goats patters up an incline placed close to the barn, scrambles up on the roof (a *slant* roof, mind

But sometimes the weather fools even Keeper McEnroe! The evening, perhaps, is clear and starry, the report for the next day "fair." He leaves the goats out for the night, as is much the best for them, if feasible. But, alas! in the middle of the night he wakes to hear a rising wind and a dash of rain. Nothing for it now but to hurry into his clothes and away to the park (for-

agree well with them, they will abandon their succulent carrots and blithely betake themselves to a dry-leaf orgy that causes their anxious keeper many a pang of concern.

But perhaps it is time to inquire why we have called them the "cragmasters of the Rockies." The name was happily coined by the sportsman-director of the park, for no other American ani-



"WE HOLD OUR BREATH TO PERCEIVE HIM CARELESSLY PIROUETTING ALONG THE RIDGE-POLE!"

tunately he lives only a few blocks distant), and rush those precious goats into their shelter. Thus it is to be observed that eternal vigilance, and that alone, is the price of a Rocky Mountain goat's existence in the capricious climate of old New York. In connection with these conditions it seems almost unbelievable that in their native haunts, these same goats would deliberately seek out as their sleeping-places the exposed "hog-backs" of the high mountains, raked by the iciest blasts, with the temperature forty degrees below zero, in preference to the many sheltered spots open to their selection. And they thrive on it!

With their diet similar caution is used, and they are provided with food as nearly as possible like that which they find on their native rocks. Occasionally, however, they exhibit a misguided craving for something that seems to have an undesirable effect on their digestion. This craving they will indulge as persistently as would a child cramming itself with too much candy. It is so in the autumn when the dry leaves are lying about. In spite of the fact that this dry foliage does not

mal has so justly vindicated a claim to it. Take another glance at those stiff, ungraceful legs with the heavy fringe of fur half-way down, like a pair of knee-breeches. One can scarcely connect feats of climbing all but incredible with limbs that resemble (as does the inadequate squeak) those of the baa-lamb in the toy-shop. But it all goes to show that we must not judge by appearances, for the Rocky Mountain goat is a performer of crag-climbing, ledge-walking miracles. With his rubberlike hoofs, he appears to cling to the most impossible slope with as much ease as does a fly crawling up a wall, and certainly with as much serenity. Moreover, he seems unacquainted with fear in any form, and under no circumstances does he get "rattled." As Dr. Hornaday has said:

"If you round up a deer, elk, moose, or caribou on a narrow ledge or on the edge of a precipice, it will cheerfully leap off into eternity in order to escape the terrors of man and dog. Sometimes a wounded mountain-sheep on the edge of a cliff will throw itself over. But no goat will do this.

The latter believes that one goat on a ledge is worth two in mid-air! With marvelous coolness he stands fast, and waits for something favorable to turn up. If he can charge the dogs that annoy him, and gore them to death or toss them off into space, he will gladly do so. But if he cannot, he 'stands pat' on his ledge, grits his teeth with vexation, and says, 'Well, what are you going to do about it?'

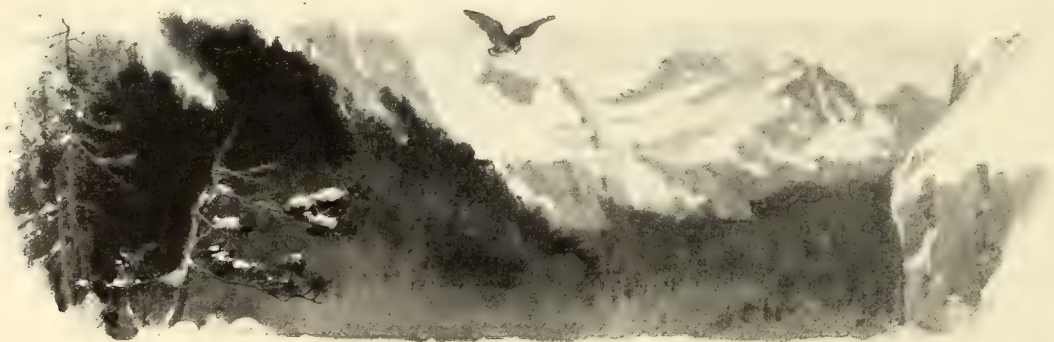
In the face of all this, there are not a few writers and hunters who, in their haste, have called the mountain-goat "stupid." Like many humans, he has earned this title because he prefers to be slow and *sure!* "He is" (to quote Dr. Hornaday again) "a creature of philosophical mind, and much given to original thinking. . . . In times of danger, the elk, moose, and deer generally stampede wildly over the face of nature without much thought. Not so the goat. He must find a retreat accessible to him, but inaccessible to his pursuer. He must disappear as quickly as possible, but he must also avoid getting into a cul-de-sac from which he cannot escape. All these requirements make a goat think. He must look ahead and plan out his line of retreat. A deer has the quick dash and *élan* of a cavalryman, but the goat figures things out carefully, on scientific principles, like a general of artillery."

No! We must absolve these white cragmasters from the charge of stupidity. And if we wish any further authority for it, we have the curious statement of Keeper McEnroe, that were he to go into the antelope inclosure in any garb but that of his official uniform and cap, not only would every antelope fail to recognize him, but he would stand a pretty good chance of being butted about as a stranger. Not one of his goats, on the contrary, would be guilty of such poor judgment. Indeed, he could not cheat them as to his identity, were he to wander into their inclosure attired in a dress-suit and opera-hat!

A large item of interest in connection with the mountain-goats of the park, is the great difficulty attending the transportation of the original three from Fort Steele. They came in the company of the one who, of all others, would be likely to give them the most scrupulous care, Dr. Hornaday himself. Unlike the hardy bear and wolf cubs, who can easily survive a solitary journey, mountain-goat babies are too frail and delicate to be shipped in that way.

At the time the trip began there were five of these kids (two died, many months later, in the park), and they were shipped in two large, well-constructed crates. Four bags of freshly cut clover, another of crushed oats and bran, and two watering-pans were supplied for food and drink. Morning, noon, and night these five fluffy white prisoners must have attention and food. And as this duty could not be intrusted to the overworked train-hands, Dr. Hornaday was obliged to spend much of his cross-continental trip in the baggage-car! But these inconveniences were amply repaid, for all five reached the park in good health. To-day, almost six years from that time, three of the five are still alive and in perfect condition, and have added two others to their number—a record untouched by any other zoölogical garden in the world.

So, then, let us occasionally forsake our old-time favorites, the lions, elephants, and monkeys, to devote some well-spent moments before the inclosures of these wonderful cliff-climbers. And when we catch our breath to behold them scrambling unconcernedly up their steeply slanting roof, and parading meditatively along the ridge-pole, we will find it easier to believe that they can also travel along a mountain wall on a ledge but six inches wide, gazing with utmost equanimity all the while down into the thousand-foot chasm below! Indeed, not lightly have they been christened the white cragmasters of the Rockies!



THE LYRICS OF ELIZA

INTERPRETED BY D. K. STEVENS

Author of "Lays of a Lazy Dog"

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHARINE MAYNADIER BROWNE

ELIZA EXPLAINS

I 'M not a candidate for Fame,
I have no wish to win a name
Or make a public stir;
Toward comfort my ambition runs,
My tastes are all domestic ones—
Yes, indeed—*purrr-r-r-r*.



But there are certain small events
And unrecorded incidents
To which I might refer,
As well as sundry points of view
Which I consider rather new—
Yes, indeed—*purrr-r-r-r*.



So, laying prejudice aside,
To state the simple facts I 've tried,
And, though I 'd much prefer
To leave it for some abler pen,
This chance may not occur again—
No, indeed—*purrr-r-r-r*.

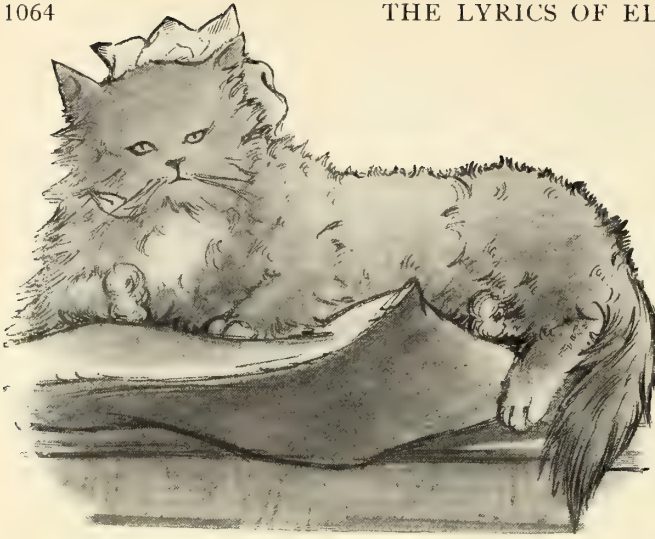
INTRODUCES HERSELF

I NEVER was a stickler for
Mere empty demonstration,
And ceremony I abhor
As shallow ostentation;
So I informally proclaim
Eliza as my given name.

Tradition, I would have it known,
In my case has miscarried;
No spinster claims me as her own—
Our family is married,
And, named in our domestic log,
Are several children and a dog.



The dog, whose silly name is *Gip*,
I tolerate austere;
He 's just a common little snip,
Of Scotch extraction clearly.
He learned quite early in the game
That *certain* cats are not the same.



I pass my days in fair content
Engaged in meditation;
Partake of timely nourishment
In seemly moderation.
At night I sleep, from conflict free—
The *alley* has no charm for me.

This outline, sketchy though it be,
Without equivocation,
Will serve as introducing me
To your consideration.
(I've not portrayed the outer cat—
The artist will attend to that.)



ON PERSONAL ADORNMENT

SOME cats, I find,
Are much inclined
To hold in condemnation
All ornament
Worn with intent
To kindle admiration.

The ribbon bow
These critics show
To be most meretricious,
And collars they
Pretend to say
Are little short of vicious.



I notice that
The kind of cat
Most loud in this objection
Is not endued
With pulchritude
Which will endure inspection.

For me, indeed
I scarcely need
Adornment vain and flaunty;
But bows of blue
Or some bright hue
Are most distinctly jaunty.

THE AFFAIR WITH TEDDY

I 've seen a garbled and quite misleading
 Account by him in his book of *Lays*,
 In which he attempts, but without succeeding,
 To injure me in the public gaze.
 The signal weakness of his position
 That exhibition
 Of course betrays.

This *Teddy* creature had often worried
 Not only me but many a friend;
 Because of him I was sometimes hurried
 When haste was not my original end;
 And such display of intent malignant,
 Made me indignant,
 You may depend.



I gave the matter consideration
 To this conclusion, when all was done:
 Pursuit involves a coördination—
There 'll be no chase if I never run.
 And so, by logic somewhat elated,
 Sat down and waited,
 Expecting fun.



Nor was I wrong in my premonition,
 As he himself has recorded true;
 And the fun derived from the expedition
 Depends somewhat on the point of view.
 With his ridiculous tail half-masted,
 His purpose blasted,
 The dog withdrew.

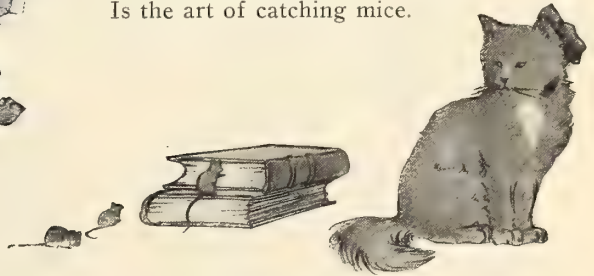
In his account (which is *most* mendacious),
 He strikes my name from his calling list,
 And if that claim be at all veracious,
 His crude attentions will not be missed.
 In fact, as you have deduced already,
 To me this *Teddy*
 Does not exist!



ON CATCHING MICE

HAVING hinted that tradition
 In my case has failed to act,
 I will say in exposition
 Of this interesting fact,
 That old notions are receding,
 Some there are quite out of date,
 Which no modern cat of breeding
 Need feel bound to emulate.

Take, for instance, that impression,
 Or belief, to be precise,
 That the household cat's profession
 Is the art of catching mice.



There is really nothing to it—
 The idea is obsolete,
 For no well-bred cat will do it
 Who has proper food to eat.

That in youth I did pursue them
 It were idle to deny,
 And undoubtedly I slew them,
 Callow pride to gratify.
 But with years my taste grew finer,
 Now my meals, I'm proud to say,
 All are served on Canton china
 With a menu *recherché*.



SAMUEL

ONE member of our family
 Is briefly known as *Sammy*,
 Although he's quite as apt to be
 Addressed as "*Mummer's Lammie*."



He's eight months old—a creeping thing
 That gnaws a loathsome rubber ring
 And rarely ceases but to yell—
 I do not care for Samuel.

He has a most luxurious bed—
 A thing to be resented;

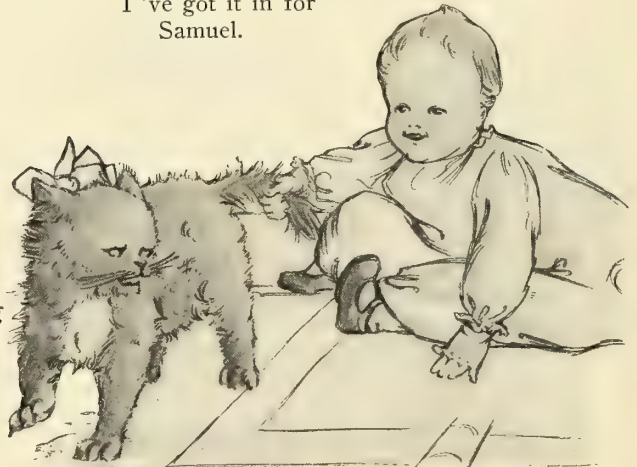
The frequency with which he's fed
 Is quite unprecedented.



And *special* milk it has to be!
 A thing they never got for *me*.
 My deep disgust I can't dispel—
 I have no love for Samuel.



And if you'd know one reason why,
 You won't go far to seek it:
 He never lets a chance go by
 To catch my tail and tweak it!
 I may or may not, some fine day,
 This grave indignity repay;
 One thing I know and know full well:—
 I've got it in for
 Samuel.



To hear them talk you 'd think, in sooth,
 That Sammy is a wonder;
 That when he cuts his primal tooth
 The world will split asunder.
 In him all marvels they can see,
 But he does not impose on *me*;
 In words addressed to Dr. Fell:—
I do not love thee, Samuel.

MODUS VIVENDI

BETWEEN me and the dog named *Gip*
 Exists a certain fellowship
 Supported by
 The common tie
 Of frivolous restriction



Which both regard as most unjust,
 But tolerate because we must;
 And so we 've found
 A neutral ground
 Devoid of serious friction.

When, as a puppy, he became
 Possessor of our family name,
 I 'm bound to say
 His tactless way
 To me was most distressing;
 And so some useful lessons I
 Administered as time went by,
 Designed with care
 To show just where
 A joke becomes depressing.

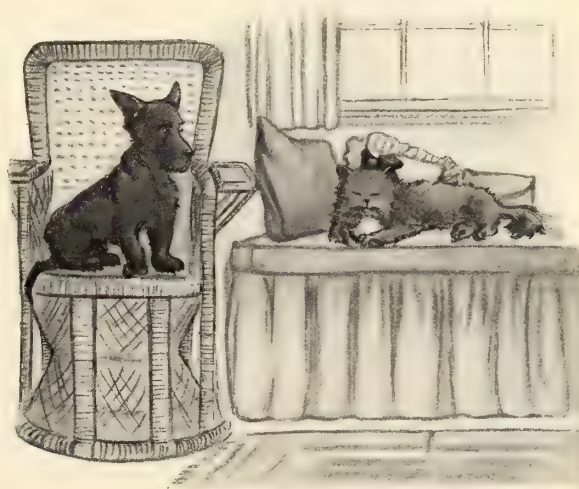


He 's older now and more discreet,
 Our understanding is complete;
 If there 's but one
 Warm spot of sun,
 I 've taught him to forsake it;

And when our dinner we discuss,
 There is a half for each of us,
 But if a doubt
 Exists about
 Some casual bit—I take it.

When feeling in a lighter vein
 I have been able to sustain
 A languid share
 In some affair—
 A "rough-house," as he terms it;
 But such diversions pave the way
 To acrimonious display,
 And words ensue;
 That is *my* view—
 Experience confirms it.

And so the situation is:
 I live my life and he lives his.
 The window-seat
 Is my retreat,
 And held to be exclusive;
 And in return 't is only fair
 That he should have the wicker chair,
 (Which I don't mind
 Because I find
 Its angles are obtrusive).

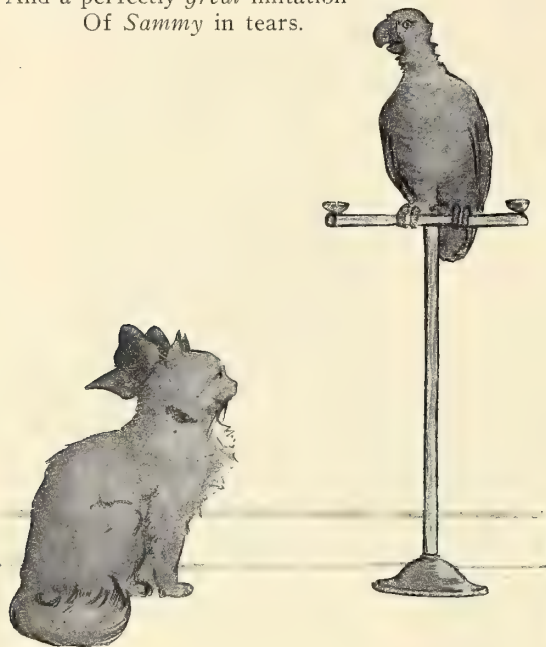


SUSANNAH

ATTACHED in a casual manner
 To the household, I 'm sorry to say,
 Is a parrot, by name of *Susannah*,
 Whose color is gray.

The creature, I 'm bound to acknowledge,
 Is accomplished in various ways;
 She might have attended a college,
 Such wit she displays.

She gives a correct personation
Of *Gip* when he 's cuffed on the ears,
And a perfectly *great* imitation
Of *Sammy* in tears.



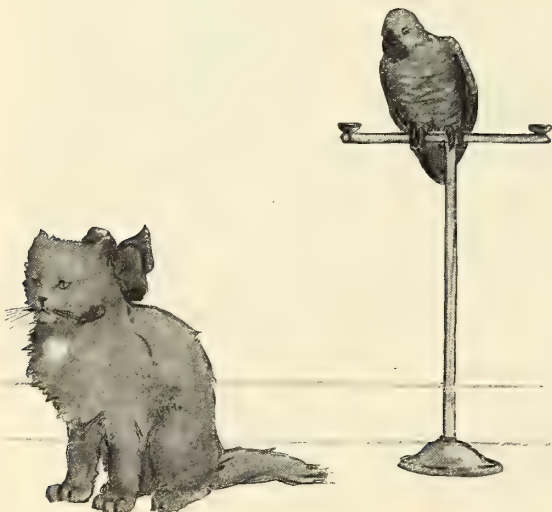
These tricks have diverted me greatly,
But I find them less humorous now,
For I heard her, one afternoon lately,
Distinctly *mee-ow!*

A BLOW TO DIGNITY

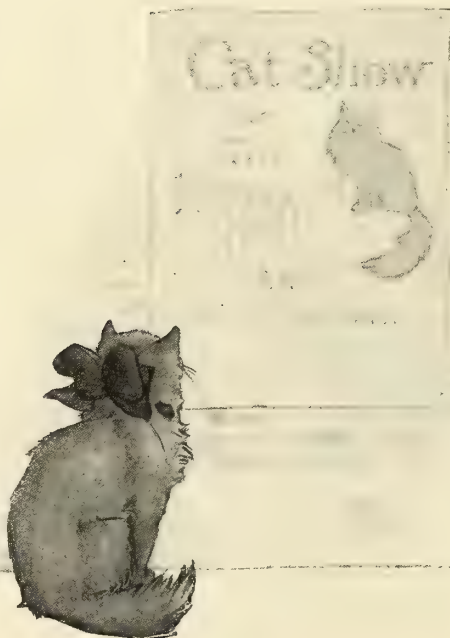
I HOPE I 'm not unduly vain
Or what you 'd call inflated,
But it would be absurd to feign
That I regard myself as plain
And overestimated.

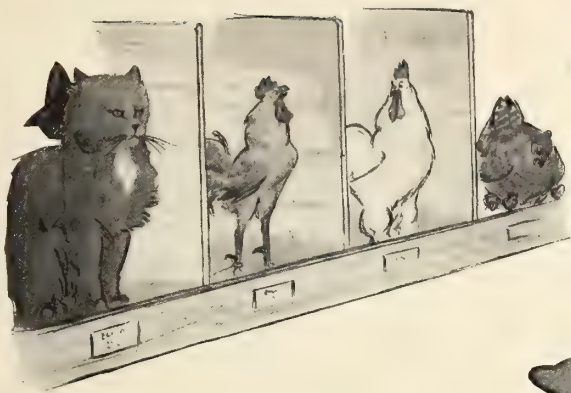


So I consented to attend
A Feline Exhibition;
For once decided to unbend
And go so far as to descend
To vulgar competition.



A joke I 'm as quick at enjoying
As the rest of the family are;
But I find it extremely annoying
If carried too far.





I went prepared to meet my kind
 In friendly emulation,
 Expecting, as of course, to find
 Rare beauty with *haut ton* combined
 In cats of ev'ry nation.

I will not dwell on that affair—
 The memory of it sickens.
 You 'll understand when I declare
 That, chief among exhibits there,
 Were *roosters, hens, and chickens!*

Although a ribbon fell to me,
 I had no use for *that* show.
 When next my face and form you see
 On exhibition, it will be
 Ex-clu-sively a Cat Show.



AFTERTHOUGHT

ADIEU! With some relief I here
 Resign the Lyre; and if, perchance,
 Its strings I now and then have swept
 Ungently, and have thus produced
 A note that seems a trifle harsh,
 Pray bear in mind that ev'ry cat,
 Within those silken-velvet paws
 Has sundry talons strangely keen
 And most ill-fitted to evoke
 The sweetest sounds from muted string.
 With which explanatory word
 My Lyrics go—as they occurred.



A MINIATURE VILLAGE BUILT BY BOYS

BY CHARLES J. L. CLARKE

In the course of my travels I have viewed models without number, made of wood, plaster, wax, stone, and every other conceivable material, and I therefore feel somewhat qualified to judge of the merits of tiny representations of real houses; but nowhere have I seen anything to equal the little village of "Fonsham" in Surrey, England.

It would be a waste of time to search for it on

the boys. The illustrations to this article show better than words can tell how the idea of adding beauty has been carried out, while the pride the boys take in their marvelous village is good evidence that the building was no unwelcome task.

I said earlier that I had never seen anything to equal the village of Fonsham, and when I add that every house, every path, and every fence are exactly like the full-sized ones we giants use in every-day life, and that the tiny houses are on the open country-side, exposed to all weathers, just as buildings made by "grown-ups" are, I think my young readers will agree that it would be hard to find another such village.

The whole village consists of twenty-six houses; a railway-station; a waterway or canal,



REPRODUCTION OF A NORMAN CHURCH IN THE MINIATURE VILLAGE.*

the map, because the careless mortals who make these "guides" and reference-books deal only with towns built for hulking human beings, and have therefore omitted to mark Fonsham on maps of the county. As a matter of fact, it is in the town of Redhill.

Perched upon the heights just behind the thriving Surrey town is the Boys' Home of the Philanthropic Society, and, in the grounds of this establishment, the lads of the home have made the most perfect miniature village one could imagine.

A few years ago any chance passer on the deserted country lane, which leads through the Boys' Farm Home, might have been anything but delighted by viewing, over the roadside hedge, an unsightly sand-pit. It really became quite an eyesore to the good Canon Vine, who is in charge of the home, so he decided to make the gaping sandy cavern a thing of beauty, and incidentally to provide useful and instructive work for



HOUSE-CLEANING IN THE MODEL VILLAGE.

with an iron-and-cement bridge and real working locks; a fine little Norman church, and an exact copy of the ruins of Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, built in cement.

Let us imagine for the time being that we are Gullivers and visit the Lilliputian village and

* The illustrations printed with this article are from copyrighted photographs by the author, Charles J. L. Clarke, London, Eng.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MINIATURE VILLAGE OF "FONSHAM."

examine some of its marvels in detail. The railway-station, for instance, is an astonishing piece of boys' work. Everything which we find on a full-sized station is there: station-house, cement platforms, seats, engines, carriages, and a signal-box with every lever and signal workable. The railway-track stretches out from the station and enters a very realistic "tunnel." From the station a well-kept roadway leads up toward the center of the village, where stands the church. This is one of the finest examples of miniature buildings in the world, of course always remembering that it is an actual outdoor structure relying entirely upon its own roof for protection against the changes of the English climate. And the interior of this edifice (the "tower" of which is only about a yard high) even surpasses the outside, for here I beheld a wealth of miniature detail which spoke volumes for the skill and patience of the boy workers. Row after row of tiny pews, the "font" and "lectern," the beautifully decorated altar, and the real chime of bells which ring out across the peaceful expanse of the village, make one long to possess the little church of Fonsham. And if you could live in this model town and were wealthy enough to have a horse, you could get him shod, for there is a proper "blacksmith's shop," outside which a never-tiring toy horse and rider wait their turn to receive the attentions of the blacksmith.

In the gardens, which are surrounded by paled fences and tiny, well-kept hedges, miniature trees

flourish, adding an extraordinarily real appearance to everything. Every house is not furnished within, but some are, and periodically the boys stalk like giants along the narrow roads, opening

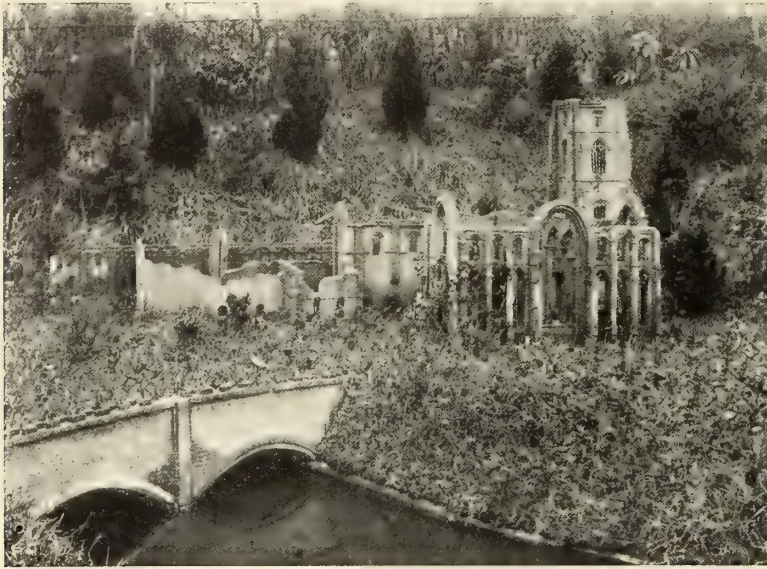


THE CANAL AT "FONSHAM" WITH ITS WORKING LOCKS.

the houses, dusting the furniture, and putting up clean curtains. It would hardly be an English village if a "squire" did not live there, so the boys have prepared his residence with a keen in-

sight into the luxuries such a gentleman usually commands. This large residence, quite a suitable manor-house for the use of a Lilliputian lord,

a real iron-and-cement bridge spans the waters, over which the boys can walk in safety as they make their way toward the miniature reproduction



REPRODUCTION OF THE OLD RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

tion of the grand old ruins of Fountains Abbey, all cast in cement and covered with ivy. Viewing the landscape as a whole, the effect is strikingly enhanced by an enormous weather-proof painted background, the work of one of the boys, which, besides a painted continuation of the village, includes a windmill and rocky range of hills topped with trees, which form a charming finish to the efforts of the boy builders.

The record of the work of the Philanthropic Society is little less remarkable than its Lilliputian village. During the last hundred years the society has been instrumental in reclaiming nearly seven thousand juvenile delinquents

stands in its own grounds, with gardeners' cottages and outbuildings near by. Inside the house the furniture is as perfect as any one would expect to find in the "big house" of a village, even to the little slate-bedded billiard-table, which seems to be calling for the tiny owner to have a quiet "hundred up" with his diminutive guests.

The designers and builders of Fonsham were modern in their ideas, for a perfect recreation-ground, with goal-posts for foot-ball, grand stand for crowds of sight-seers, and a band stand ready for the band, all form part of the center of this remarkable little village.

The natural features of the country-side on which the village is built are not less perfect in conception and construction. A picturesque and peaceful stream runs through the lower part of Fonsham, with "lock" complete, the waters being the home of fancy fish which are carefully tended by the boys. On the lower reaches of the river

who would otherwise have drifted into the habitual criminal class. Ninety-one per cent. of the



IRON-AND-CEMENT BRIDGE BUILT BY THE BOYS.

boys who have passed through the "home" are recorded as good citizens. One thousand eight hundred and ninety-six of the lads have gone to fill positions in the various British colonies.

A FRIEND IN NEED

BY JEANETTE I. HELM

HILDA glanced at the clock and then put down her school-books with a sigh of relief. Her chum and room-mate, Nancy Rivers, also looked up from Caesar's "Gallic Wars," over which she had been groaning for the last hour, and threw it on the table with a bang.

"Going out?" she asked, as Hilda began to put on her hat. "All right, I'll be ready in a minute. I've left Caesar's legion on that horrid Pons Asinorum, and I don't care if they ever get over or not. I'm so mixed up now, I can't tell whether he is talking about beams or soldiers, or if he means that the horsemen were twenty feet across, or the bridge was. Won't Scotty have a nice time disentangling them? She will surely say, 'Miss Rivers, I fear you have approached the subject in a spirit of levity,' and I'll say, 'Great Caesar's ghost' (being strictly appropriate to the subject), 'why should n't I, Miss Scott? It's the only joke that he ever made!'"

Hilda did not laugh as usual at Nancy's chatter. Instead, the frown on her face deepened, and she stuck in her hat-pins viciously. She was going to walk with Barbara Ashland, the new girl, and wished Nancy had not added herself to the party. She wilfully ignored the fact that Nancy did not know of this change from their usual custom of walking together. Nancy, she knew, would stay home if she hinted at it, but Hilda shrank from wounding her friend, and could only hope that Nancy would see the state of affairs herself and drop out later.

"If only Nancy would not make such an object of herself," thought Hilda, with a sudden distaste, as she watched the unconscious Nancy tramping about whistling while she arrayed herself in a shabby felt hat and a most disreputable sweater, which was the pride of her heart and the envy of the other girls, because it had once belonged to Nancy's brother when captain of his school eleven. Hilda had also admired and envied it once, but now she looked at it in a new, critical light, wondering how it would appear to Barbara—"Sweet Barb'ra Allen," as the girls had nicknamed her, on account of her little airs and graces. But to Hilda these appeared both charming and refined, and she thought, with a shudder, of the impression poor Nancy's mannish ways would make. She was very fond of her chum, but had been fascinated by the beauty and ways of the new girl, and flattered by the fact that, although a little older than Hilda, she had

sought her out from the rest. And now their walk, to which she had been looking forward all day, would be spoiled by the addition of Nancy and the dreadful sweater.

That young person innocently added fuel to the fire by turning and surveying Hilda as they went out.

"Gracious, but you are dressed up!" she said. "A white linen suit and a hat and gloves to take a walk in! You will get to be as bad as 'Sweet Barb'ra!' She spends so much time in class looking at her hands and admiring them, that she never knows her answers."

Hilda flushed hotly, but the scathing retort on the tip of her tongue was interrupted by the sight of Miss Barbara herself. She rose with languid grace from the chair on the piazza where she had been waiting, and approached them.

"How sweet you look, my dear!" she said graciously to Hilda, who blushed with pleasure, and then nodded condescendingly to Nancy, who returned it curtly. Hilda could not help contrasting the two just then: sturdy Nancy, with her honest, freckled face and snub nose, and Barbara, with soft, fair hair, and slender, if rather overdressed, figure. Nancy felt something of it, too, for she stirred impatiently.

"Come, let's trot along, Hilda," she said, "or we'll be too late to stop at the express office for my new racket."

Barbara turned on her with an elaborate air of surprise.

"Oh, are you coming, too?" she asked, surveying Nancy with hardly concealed dislike. "Hilda and I were going to stroll out to the ravine to pick flowers, but I don't suppose you—" with a glance that took in Nancy's sweater and stout boots—"would be contented with anything less than a ten-mile tramp."

The sneer was unmistakable, and Nancy reddened furiously, thereby making herself even less attractive, but she stood her ground nevertheless.

"Hilda and I were going for a walk—or so I supposed," she returned bluntly. "I don't imagine *you* would get very far with those high heels of yours. But I'm not going if I'm not wanted."

She looked pointedly at Hilda as she spoke, but the latter avoided her eyes. She was struggling hard between her old affection for Nancy and the new fascination that held her so strongly—trying not to show her room-mate that she would prefer being with Barbara, and yet hoping all the

time that she would not go. But as she hesitated, Nancy's quick pride jumped at the truth.

"Oh, all right," she said; "I'm no spoil-sport," and thrusting her hands into the pockets of the despised sweater, she tramped down the steps and off, whistling with a rather too evident unconcern.

Filled with sudden shame, Hilda started for-

by her in every scrape and trouble of their school-days, helped her with her algebra, and taken her part in the little quarrels that Hilda's impulsive temper had often caused between herself and the other girls at Mrs. Reed's boarding-school! Hilda's face grew hot again, as she realized how her conduct must appear now to Nancy. If Nan



"NANCY, THRUSTING HER HANDS INTO HER DESPISED SWEATER, TRAMPED DOWN THE STEPS."

ward to call her back, but Barbara laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"Don't worry about her, Hilda, dear," she said in her cool, sweet voice; "she will get over it, and it is much nicer to be by ourselves, just you and I, dearest."

But though Hilda, falling once more under the spell of her companion's flattery, allowed her to put her arm through hers and draw her down the walk, she could not rid herself of a sense of having acted meanly toward her chum, and the memory of Nancy's hurt face rose before her accusingly. Dear old Nan, who had always stood

had not been so horrid to Barbara, or, perhaps, if Barbara had not been so disagreeable to Nan!

The sun was hot for September, her head ached, and the walk, which she had anticipated so much, seemed dull and tiresome. For the first time, her companion's light chatter seemed uninteresting, and she was so silent and unresponsive that at last even Barbara noticed it.

"Well," she said pointedly, "I suppose I might as well stop talking. That's the second time you have said 'No' when I imagine you meant 'Yes.'"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Hilda, starting and turning quickly. "I—what did you say?"

"Oh, it 's not worth while repeating," said Barbara, tossing her head offensively. "Only I thought you wanted to hear about the dancing class I belonged to last winter. I 'm tired of walking, anyhow; let 's go back."

"But we are close to the ravine," said Hilda, rousing herself to seem happy and interested, "and I want so much to show it to you. Please come, Barbara, it will be nice and cool up there."

"Is it a hard climb?" asked Barbara, looking doubtfully at her dainty pumps, which had already nearly caused her downfall several times.

"Oh, no; and I 'll help you," said Hilda. "Do come. It 's so pretty!"

Barbara finally allowed herself to be persuaded, and, after much slipping and clutching at Hilda, she reached the top, and they walked along the narrow path that looked down into the cleft below, called by the girls the "ravine."

It was very beautiful up there, and both girls began to enjoy themselves more, although Hilda could not help thinking that Barbara made a rather less attractive picture slipping and stumbling over the tree roots, than sitting on the piazza.

"Oh, what lovely flowers!" cried Barbara, as they stopped at the highest point to rest. "I wish I had them, only they are too near the edge."

"I can get them for you," laughed Hilda. "Nancy and I have climbed all over these rocks."

"That will be sweet of you, dear," purred Barbara. "I adore flowers."

With a girlish pleasure in showing off her agility before her companion, Hilda swung herself lightly down to where the flowers grew in a ledge of rock just below the path. It was not a difficult feat, under ordinary circumstances, but Hilda forgot that she, too, had on heeled shoes and not the rubber-soled ones that she usually wore.

As she made her way along the ledge toward the clump of flowers, her heel caught in a projecting tree root, she stumbled, and plunged forward, down into the ravine. Fortunately, the limbs of a small pine, five feet below, stopped her fall somewhat, but though she clutched at them desperately, they slipped from between her fingers before she finally caught a stout root below, and hung there, breathless and panting. But even then her position was far from safe; the rocks went down sheer for forty feet, and though she managed to rest the tip of her toe in a crevice, it was too small to afford a foothold. She could not draw herself up by the root to which she was clinging, for there was nothing above that for her to grasp except a projecting ledge of rock which was entirely beyond her reach.

For a few seconds she hung there, too dazed even to think; then she saw Barbara's frightened



"'RUN FOR HELP AND YELL AS LOUD AS YOU CAN!'"

face peering down at her from the bank above, and heard her call, breathlessly:

"Oh, Hilda! where are you? Are you hurt?"

"No, but I can't hold on much longer," Hilda shouted back. "Come on down and give me your hand, quickly!"

"Oh, but I can't!" Barbara moaned. "I never could get down there; I should fall over and be killed. Can't you climb up by yourself?"

Hilda shut her teeth with a groan. There was no help to be had from Barbara, that was certain. Oh, if it were only Nan instead! And, as if in answer to the thought, there came faintly up from below the sound of a clear whistle, deftly executing "Vive la Compagnie," Nancy's one and favorite air. Hilda called desperately: "Nan! Nan! come up and help me!"

Nancy, who was tramping along, whistling to forget the sore ache in her heart, looked up and took in the situation at a glance. She wasted no time on words, but scrambled up the path, and in a very few minutes reached the spot where Barbara was standing, alternately sobbing and wringing her hands. Nancy pushed her aside without ceremony. "Hold on tight, Hilda; I'm coming!" she called, and swung herself down like a cat.

It seemed hours to Hilda, but it was only a few minutes before she saw Nancy's face over the ledge of rock and felt her hand grip hers.

But even then the danger was not over. Hilda's strength was gone, and she could not help herself; and even Nancy's strong young muscles were not equal to the task of pulling up Hilda's dead weight. Her quick wits were working, however. Pulling off with one hand the sweater which she had slung around her neck, for the day was warm, she slipped it somehow around Hilda's waist, and tied the sleeves to the tree root, making a support for her which relieved some of the strain. Then curtly ordering the almost hysterical Barbara to "run for help and yell as loud as you can!" she lay down flat on the ledge and held Hilda's wrists with all her strength. Fortunately they had not

long to wait; some men coming from work heard Barbara's screams, and before the two girls had quite reached the limit of their endurance, strong and willing hands pulled them both up to safety. Then Hilda fainted quietly away.

She opened her eyes to find herself lying on some hay in the farmer's wagon which was taking them home, her head in Nancy's lap. There were no signs of Barbara, and Hilda was not sorry; Nancy's anxious, freckled face bending over her was all she wanted to see now.

"Oh, Nan," she said faintly, the tears rising to her eyes, "I knew you would come!"

"Of course," said Nancy, gruffly; she hated to show emotion, and it irritated her to find her own eyes somewhat misty. "But you must n't talk now. Lie still and we shall soon be home."

"But, Nan, I must! I've been such a beast," cried Hilda, remorsefully. "And it would serve me right if you never spoke to me again. I never cared for her one half as much as I do for you, but I was silly enough to be flattered by her liking me, and now I've found out how much she is worth. You risked your life for me, for I might have pulled you over too, and *she* could only scream."

"Yes, but she did that *well*, anyhow," said Nancy, with a grin. "It was my sweater that helped most," she added proudly.

Hilda winced, remembering with sudden shame what she had thought of it only an hour before.

"I'm a horrid little fool," she blurted out. "And I don't suppose you will ever care for me again or forgive me, but—won't you try, Nan, dear?"

"Don't be an idiot; I won't *have* to try," said Nancy, still more gruffly; but she bent down suddenly and hugged her tight, and Hilda's heart gave a great leap, for she then knew she had won her friend's love back again.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

WHEN the Reginald de Joneses
Go out to get the air,
It takes two men, a maid, a pug,
An open coach, and pair.



But the family of Casey
Keeps no such state as that,
They tumble in and off they go,
Nor stop for coat or hat;

And their only horse and footman
Is sturdy, barefoot Roy,
While little Joey cracks the whip,
And Towser pants for joy.

To the height of the De Joneses
The Caseys may not climb
On Fortune's wheel, but don't you think
They have a better time?



WHEELS OF FORTUNE.



THE FOREST CASTAWAYS

By
Frederick Orin Bartlett

CHAPTER XVII LEAVING THE CAMP

THE whole party went to sleep early that night. Mr. Wenham and the doctor occupied the bunks, while Harden sprawled out on the floor between Bill and the other men. He slept without turning over. The constable, true to his word, slept in the kitchen before the door. He had a bad night of it with the cold, but received little sympathy from any one. The crowd finished up for breakfast all the remaining food except the rest of the moose left hanging in the woods. One of the men supplied the name of the camp-owners, and Harden placed it at the head of his inventory.

"We've a list of everything we've used," announced Harden to Mr. Wenham. "We're going to pay for all this stuff. Bob has kept a log, too."

He handed it over to Mr. Wenham, and as the latter glanced it through, his eyes grew moist.

"They'll be paid, all right," he nodded. "And ten times over, if they'll take it."

Wenham was much better in the morning. After his long sleep, the fever had subsided and the inflammation gone down perceptibly. But he was still a sick boy, and the problem which confronted Mr. Wenham was whether he should let him stay on here for a day or two, the men returning for provisions, or whether they should carry him out this morning. The doctor decided the question. The boy would need constant attention during the next few days, and the physician could not remain with him to the neglect of his other patients. It was equally impossible for him to make the trip to and from the station daily. Accordingly, a litter was made by tacking a blanket to two long poles. A man was assigned to each end, and with the weight thus distributed, it was figured they could use their snow-shoes without sinking in.

Before the party started back, Harden insisted upon putting the camp in order. He swept both rooms, washed all the dishes and replaced them where he found them, covered both chimneys, and

carefully raked out the fires. It was while busy about this, that he bethought himself of the rabbit. But a thorough search of the house failed to discover him. In the confusion of last night, Bill must have seen his opportunity and made good his escape. There had been no sheriff to watch him as his namesake had been watched.

It was after ten before the caravan started. Bill, on Wenham's snow-shoes, took the lead, with the sheriff close at his side. Behind him came Bob on the stretcher, well covered with blankets. Mr. Wenham and Harden brought up in the rear.

"I feel like an Indian prince," laughed Bob, as they started.

"But you look like a funeral procession," retorted Harden.

And yet, if it had not been for the sight of Bill plodding along in silence, this would have been a merry party. For the first time since receiving the telegram announcing the loss of the boys, Mr. Wenham was able to hold his head high and his shoulders back. Harden himself, feeling that with every step he was moving nearer his father, walked as though on air. Even Bob laughed and joked. Bill's plight did not seem so serious to him, so absolute was his confidence in his father's ability.

At the end of the first mile, Harden growled to Wenham: "I'd like to trip up that sheriff and tell Bill to run for it."

"Tut! tut!" warned Mr. Wenham.

"I'll bet the crowd would be with Bill," answered Harden.

"But no good would come of such a procedure," said Mr. Wenham. "Bill would n't be free even if he escaped into this forest."

"I suppose not," agreed Harden, reluctantly. "But the sheriff makes me nervous. He looks exactly as though he were tracking some wild animal."

"He is only doing his duty," Mr. Wenham reminded him.

"He does look like a bloodhound," put in Bob;

"but I don't believe Bill himself would run for it. When do you think you will be able to get him out, Dad?"

"It will be a long process," answered Mr. Wenham, seriously.

"But he 's innocent!" exclaimed Bob.

"It may be no easy matter to prove it," said Mr. Wenham. "However, we will do it in the end. I shall give all my time to it."

"You 're a brick, Dad," exclaimed his son.

And Mr. Wenham beamed as though he had received the most flattering compliment in the world.

The sun had already begun to sink toward the west before the slow-moving group finally struck South Twin Lake, which gave them a level course to the small frame hotel that stood near the tracks. They had not gone more than half-way across it before a party of men came out to meet them. Among them was old Peter Cooley, who greeted the boys as though they had been his own sons.

"They are all waitin'," he announced to Harden. "It was all we could do to keep them back."

Harden turned to Mr. Wenham.

"I'm going to push ahead," he announced.

With that he lengthened out his stride and left the others in the rear. But he had not gone more than a hundred rods before he saw an excited figure come rushing toward him. It was Frances. Bareheaded, and with her snow-shoes only about half-tied on, she ran forward, laughing and crying by turns.

In the joy of the reunion between father, mother, sister, and son, Bill was forgotten for the moment. But as soon as Mr. Harden had sufficiently recovered to think of anything at all, he exclaimed:

"I want to see your friend Bill. Where is he?"

Harden took a swift survey of the room. Bill was in one corner, with the constable still at his elbow.

"He 's there," growled Phil, pointing him out; "and the constable at his heels like a dog."

"Constable?"

"Father, the man who helped us back home is Manson, who escaped from prison last fall."

"The bank robber?"

"Don't call him that. He 's innocent, and Mr.



"BILL, ON WENHAM'S SNOW-SHOES, TOOK THE LEAD, WITH THE SHERIFF CLOSE AT HIS SIDE."

Wenham has promised to clear him. Dad, he 's a chum of ours, and—a man."

Without a word Mr. Harden forced his way across the room and offered his hand.

"I want to thank you for all you've done," he said earnestly.

"Don't thank me," answered Bill; "thank your boys."

"Phil tells me you have a friend in Mr. Wenham. I want to tell you that you have another in me."

Bill glanced up, and then impulsively seized the outstretched hand.

"Thanks."

"Whatever I have is at your command."

The constable rose, with a great show of authority.

"The down train is due in five minutes," he announced. "I'll have to slip on these."

He brought out a pair of handcuffs. For a second, Bill squared off with clenched fists. Mr. Harden placed a hand upon his arm.

"Those things don't matter," he said. "Let him put them on."

Bill extended his two hands, and the constable, with evident relief, slipped the iron bracelets over Bill's wrists. At this point Mr. Wenham hurried up and had a brief interview with Seaver. Drawing him one side, he said impressively:

"I'd advise you to be as decent as you can to this man."

"I know my duty," answered Seaver, a bit haughtily.

"Your duty is to turn him over to the State authorities as speedily as possible," said Mr. Wenham. "It is also your duty to do this with as little embarrassment to the prisoner as possible."

"He'll be used right if he goes peaceful," answered Seaver.

"Then I sha'n't have any complaints to report to the governor," answered Mr. Wenham, quietly.

"The governor?" stammered Seaver.

But Mr. Wenham had turned back to Bill, with a few final, low-spoken words of advice.

"Do whatever you're told to do, and say nothing," he concluded.

Before the boys could realize what had happened, the train rolled in and Bill was hurried



"MR. WENHAM GAVE THE SIGNAL, AND ONCE AGAIN A PICTURE SNAPPED OUT ON THE SCREEN." (SEE PAGE 1083.)

aboard. In another minute he was speeding toward the gray walls of the penitentiary.

CHAPTER XVIII

BEFORE THE GOVERNOR

THREE weeks later, the governor and his council were seated in one of the high vaulted chambers of the State House. Back of a long oak table in

front of them stood Mr. Wenham. Seated at his left were Bob and Phil. The former, though still pale and weak from his recent fever, was as calm as his father; Phil was decidedly awed and ill at ease. For an hour they had listened to the various witnesses whom Mr. Wenham had succeeded in rounding up to trace Manson's career as far back as possible and substantiate his story up to the night of the robbery. After the last one had finished, Mr. Wenham paused for a moment. Then he faced the governor.

"Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Council," he began. "So far we have shown Manson to have been truthful in his own story, and we have further shown him to have been sober and honest in all his relations with those with whom he was thrown in contact during a somewhat restless career. This brings us to the robbery itself. The State accuses the prisoner of having committed this crime; the prisoner denies having committed it. The State based its belief on purely circumstantial evidence, and a jury of the prisoner's peers, in listening to it, agreed. But of absolute proof they had none. Nor unfortunately could the prisoner bring forward absolute proof of *his* story. The one man who could support it—the real criminal—was not likely to risk his own safety to save a stranger from jail. By the nature of his crime, this unknown proved himself a coward, and his subsequent silence proves him a still greater one.

"Of new evidence tending to clear up the crime itself, I have none, Your Excellency. We know only, as we knew before, that some one entered the bank on the night of May 3, overpowered the watchman, opened the safe, and took the few hundred dollars of cash locked up there. The robbery seems to have been done clumsily, and not by an expert cracksman. Not a cent of the money was found upon Manson, or has been found since. Still, as I said, we can present no evidence bearing upon the details of the crime that was not presented before. Our new evidence is of a different nature; it bears upon the prisoner himself.

"At the time of the trial, little was known of Manson. Dazed by the accusation, made stubborn by what seemed to him the injustice of it, he refused to help even the attorney provided by the State for his defense. He told his story, and then closed his lips and bowed his head for the blow. This was not the wise course. It told against him before a jury who mistook this attitude for the sullen challenge of a hardened criminal. Still, it is a common attitude for some men to take when fate overwhelms them. The prisoner took his sentence in the same grim silence;

and later, when the opportunity came, reversed it in the only way that to him seemed possible—by escape from the prison walls. To the public at large, this apparently only confirmed the verdict. But in the events which followed that escape, the prisoner has proven to a few of us, and will prove to you, I hope, that he was of a caliber incapable of such a crime.

"Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Council, Manson in the last few months has revealed himself by acts which speak for themselves. He has shown himself a man of the highest type—a man not only of remarkable physical courage, but a man endowed with that finer courage of which real men are made. I speak of moral courage. A man does not come by that through strong muscles and a big body. We find it in the physical weaklings as often as in the gladiators. It is founded on character; it shows itself in self-sacrifice. You never find it in the thief or the coward. When found, we need no other index to a man's character. We are not going to ask you to take our word alone for the new evidence we bring forward in proof that Manson possesses this quality; we are going to give you, with your permission, visible verification of it. Have I Your Excellency's permission to darken the room?"

The governor looked up with surprise as Mr. Wenham made this unusual request. The council straightened in their chairs. Harden felt very uneasy.

"I don't know what you propose to do, Mr. Wenham," answered the governor, "but I see no objection. Is n't it, however," he asked, with a smile, "unusual to give visible proof in the dark?"

"This is an unusual case," answered Mr. Wenham. "And while my assistants are preparing the exhibit, I will ask Robert Wenham to step to the stand."

About the room all was bustle. Several men drew down the heavy curtains, another entered with a large white screen which he proceeded to adjust in the rear of the room, while a third man took a position by Mr. Wenham's side with what appeared to be a magic lantern. Bob stepped to a stand to the left of the governor. At Mr. Wenham's request he was sworn in. Raising his right hand, he heard the clerk ask him the solemn question if he swore that what he told should be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and answered steadily, "I do."

"Now," said Mr. Wenham, "I wish you to tell in your own way all you saw of Manson from the time he first came to the camp where you were imprisoned."

In a low, unembarrassed voice, but with a sense

of responsibility greater than he would have felt had he been pleading for his life, Bob began. He told of how he and his chum had been frightened that first night by the noise in the kitchen; of how, a little later, he had seen the haggard face at the window; and, finally, of how Manson had staggered in, weak from hunger, and pleaded for food. Bill had frightened them at first, Bob said, because they thought he was some half-crazed hermit. Then he went on to tell of how he was hurt by the wildcat and was brought back to camp by his chum. Bill was out hunting at the time, but when he returned, he bathed his wounds, and from that moment on cared for him like a nurse. He told of how Bill sat up with him all night.

"I never woke up," he said, "but what I found Bill there. He had water for me if I was thirsty, and if I was cold he fixed the fire."

Then he told of the Christmas dinner, and how Bill spent all one day getting a partridge for him. He described the decorations about the room, and the Christmas tree with nothing to hang on it.

"That night I was worse," said Bob, "and I guess he did n't get any sleep at all. The next day he and Phil went off hunting, and brought me back a moose steak. I ate a little of it, and it tasted good. That's all I know until Phil said Bill had gone to get a doctor. When Bill came back again, he stayed by my side while the doctor washed out the wounds. There was something in the grip of his hand that seemed to help me."

When he concluded, the room was silent. It was as though the governor, the council, the reporters, and the spectators waited breathlessly to hear more. It was a story that had held them tense from its beginning to the end. Mr. Wenham broke the silence.

"You said you had a revolver, which, later, you gave to Manson?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many cartridges did you have?"

"Three."

"How many cartridges did Manson use when he went out to get the partridge for your Christmas dinner?"

"He said it took all three," answered Bob.

"That is all," concluded Mr. Wenham.

Bob stepped back to his chair. As he did so, Phil felt the perspiration start on his own brow as he made ready for the ordeal before him. He would rather have played twenty stiff games of foot-ball than mount that stand. And yet, ten men piled on top of him could not have held him back. It occurred to him that Bill must have felt something like this when he started over the trail that as far as he knew meant the end of his

freedom. This braced him somewhat, but it did not moisten his lips.

"And now," Mr. Wenham was saying, "I wish to present Manson in the same setting, from a different point of view. I will call Phil Harden to the stand, to tell us what he, the only other member of the camp, saw of the accused."

Harden was sworn. When the clerk had concluded repeating the oath, Phil still stood there with his hand upraised. There was a short silence, broken by a titter as the room waited for his reply.

"Did you hear the oath?" inquired the clerk.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered Harden.

And right there he decided he would never again joke with Bob for his hesitancy of speech.

"Do you swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Sure, sir. Of c-course, sir," answered Harden, in astonishment.

"Take your time," spoke Mr. Wenham, encouragingly, "and tell what you saw, in your own way."

The fact that the room was fairly dark helped him somewhat, but for the first few moments he floundered about badly. But though he repeated himself and halted frequently, he made a good witness. As he grew more accustomed to the sound of his own voice, he began to lose himself in his story. In another minute he was unconscious that any one but himself was in the room. His thoughts centered upon Bill, and as he recalled the scene of the making of the bow and heard again Bill's determination to go after the moose for the sake of getting fresh meat for Bob, he experienced again the thrill of admiration for the man he had felt at the time.

"I thought it was a fool stunt," he confessed, "because I had n't forgotten what that moose looked like when Bob and I saw him at the head of the lake. But I would n't quit and let him go alone, so I took along the camera and went, too."

He described the following of the tracks, and how they finally found the moose lying down in the snow.

"He looked as big as an elephant," he said, "and he was in a sort of open space. Bill told me to get behind a tree and to keep behind it. Then he stepped into the ring with a holler."

A sound of laughter was heard, which the governor suppressed with a sharp rap upon his desk. It was the last sound heard from those listening until the boy had finished. He told of the fight with all the detail and accuracy with which he would have described a foot-ball game.

"Finally, I saw my chance, and stepped out from behind the tree and leveled my camera."

As he spoke the words, Mr. Wenham gave a signal, and in a flash there appeared on the screen in the rear of the room, the snap-shot of a charging moose. With head lowered, ears back, he seemed to be thundering straight on into the room. There was n't a man or woman present who did n't start from his seat. Even the governor found himself standing on his feet. Harden resumed his story, while the spectators still stared at the picture. Then Mr. Wenham gave the signal, and the room was dark again. But only for a few seconds.

"I thought I was a goner," Harden was saying; "I fell, and then I saw Bill come running over the snow toward me. The moose turned for him. It looked as though he would be killed. I got up on my elbow, and took another shot with the camera."

Again Mr. Wenham gave the signal, and once again a picture snapped out on the screen. Within ten feet of the enraged animal, and kneeling on the ground, the picture revealed Bill with the bow drawn taut, the arrow on the string, in the very act of letting it loose. The greatest master of words in the language could not have portrayed so vividly or dramatically the calm courage of this man. There he kneeled, facing death, to save from death the boy who was telling the story.

Just a moment before the crowd recovered itself, Mr. Wenham made his voice heard.

"That is all, Mr. Harden," he said to Phil.

The boy stepped down. The picture was flashed off the screen. The curtains about the room were snapped up. While every one was still blinking, Mr. Wenham concluded, with a calm and dignity that in itself was impressive.

"Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Council," he said. "That is all. You have all read of how this same Manson walked, after this, two days and a night, without stopping, to get a doctor for the boys, with jail waiting for him at the end. I wish to ask you to consider just one question: could a man capable of such heroic acts so belie his whole nature, under any circumstances, as to play the thief, the coward, and the liar?"

Here Mr. Wenham rested his case. The matter would now be taken under advisement by the governor and council, and they would notify him at once as soon as they reached a decision. Outside the room, Mr. and Mrs. Harden and Frances were waiting. Frances rushed forward to seize Phil's hand.

"You did finely, Phil," she exclaimed.

"I made a chump of myself," grunted her brother. "I could n't think."

Mr. Harden stepped forward.

"You told a simple straightforward story, my boy," he said. "I'm proud of you both."

Frances turned to Bob.

"I don't wonder you made the debating team," she said.

Bob blushed scarlet.

"This wa-was different from tha-that," he stammered. "I di-did-did n't have anything to d-do, this time."

Mr. Wenham was obliged to hurry back to New York, but he left Bob with the Harden family, who determined to remain in Augusta until a decision was reached. It came the following day. When Mr. Harden went over his mail the next morning, he found an official-looking envelop waiting for him. The whole family crowded about him breathlessly while he opened it. After reading it through, he handed it to Bob.

"Read it out loud," he suggested.

With his heart pounding hard, Bob read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. HARDEN:

"It is with unusual pleasure that I am able to report to you that with the unanimous vote of the council, it has been decided that in the case of William A. Manson, convicted last fall of robbery, a reasonable doubt exists as to his guilt. Therefore I, acting with the power vested in me by the statutes of the State of Maine, do hereby decree his pardon, and order that he shall be restored to his full liberty. I have forwarded due official notice of this to the high sheriff. In order, however, that the two boys who themselves acted so heroically in a trying situation may have the pleasure of notifying their loyal friend of this decision, I have instructed the sheriff to withhold action for twenty-four hours, in order that the boys themselves may bear the good news to their comrade."

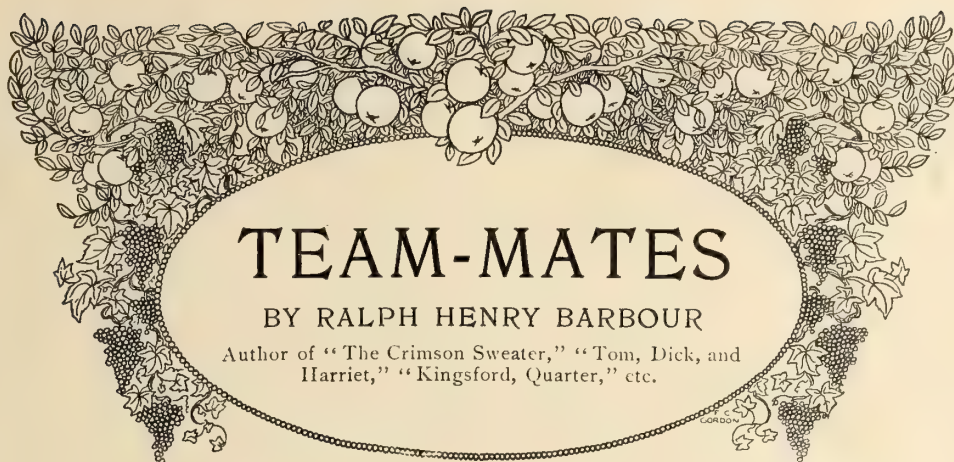
As Bob read the signature, Harden threw up his cap.

"Now," he shouted, "three cheers for the governor. Altogether, Bob."

And in the lusty cheer that roused the drowsy old hotel, not only did Frances and Mr. Harden join, but Mrs. Harden herself was heard to give three loud "Hurrahs!"

Ten minutes later, Mr. Harden and the boys were racing across the city in a cab. Twenty minutes later, they were pressing close at the sheriff's heels along the somber prison corridors. Two minutes later, they stood before cell No. 345, and saw the steel door swing open. One second later, Harden almost swept the sheriff off his feet as he rushed in, waving the pardon in the air.

"Free!" he choked. "We're all free now, Bill!"



CHAPTER XXII.

A MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED

THE morning dawned bright and crisp, and the breeze that stole in the open window tingled the nostrils. Cal's bare feet—as usual he was the first out of bed—pattered hurriedly across the floor, and the window closed with a crash that awoke Ned. Cal returned to his couch, sat down on the edge of it, shivering, and tried to remember what it was that he had dreamed during the night. It was a very unpleasant dream; something about burglars. That came of keeping so much money on hand, he reflected; it was enough to make any fellow uneasy, and give him bad dreams. Of course that money was all right, but he cal'lated he'd have a look. So he thrust his feet into a pair of slippers, and went over to the trunk.

"Hello," said Ned, with a sigh; "what sort of a day is it?"

"Bully," answered Cal, lifting the lid of the trunk. Ned looked across, and recollection of last night came to him. He chuckled.

"I've got a dandy joke on you, Cal," he announced. There was no reply for a moment. Cal was pawing anxiously at the contents of the till. At last he asked:

"Is it—is it anything about my money?"

"No. What about your money?"

"It—it's gone!"

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed Ned, sitting suddenly upright. Cal nodded, frowning in perplexity at the till.

"I'm sure it was here, Ned," he said. "And last night I dreamed of burglars again. It's gone where yours went, I cal'late."

"But that's—that's piffle!" cried Ned. "Burglars could n't come in here and—" He paused, a light breaking upon him. Then he threw his feet into the air and subsided backward on the

bed, laughing at the top of his lungs. Cal stood up and viewed him at first with alarm, and then with disgust.

"Mighty funny, ain't it?" he demanded. "There was all of five dollars there!"

"Look—look in the apple drawer!" gurgled Ned, between paroxysms.

"Huh?"

"Look in—the apple—drawer, I—tell you!"

Cal viewed his writhing friend bewilderedly a moment, then strode to Ned's bureau and pulled the drawer open. Ned stopped laughing by a supreme effort, crawled to the foot of the bed, and looked over Cal's shoulder. Cal stared at the apples.

"What—what about it?" he asked.

"Look underneath," advised Ned. "Pitch the apples one side."

Cal obeyed, and then gave a cry.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed.

"Sure!" said Ned. Cal was holding a little roll of bills in his hand.

"But—but—" he stammered.

"What's wrong?" asked Ned.

"It ain't mine!"

"Not yours! Whose is it, then? Let's see. Gee whillikins! Cæsar's ghost! it's *mine*, Cal!"

Ned's grin gave way to amazement, and then for an instant suspicion returned.

"You put this in there last night, Cal," he said soberly.

"I did! What do you mean?"

"What I say. You're a somnambulist."

Cal stared, doubtful.

"What—what did you say I was?" he demanded ominously.

"A somnambulist; a sleep-walker; I saw you last night. You went to your trunk and rummaged around, and then came over here, opened that drawer, and I heard you fussing with the apples. I thought you wanted one to eat. Then

you went back to bed, and I spoke to you twice, but you did n't answer. Don't you remember it?"

"No." Cal shook his head, his eyes wide with surprise. "I never did that before, Ned," he said wonderingly. "Are you—sure? You did n't just dream it?"

"Of course not! Besides, there 's the money."

"But I did n't have it," said Cal, flushing. "I—I told you so, Ned."

"By jove, that 's so! Of course you did n't. But where—how—"

The two boys stared at each other for a moment, in bewilderment. Then, with an exclamation, Ned leaped from the bed and began fumbling among the apples, and a moment later there was a cry of triumph from both, and Ned was holding a *second* folded package of money in his hand. From it a coin fell and rolled across the floor.

"That 's mine!" cried Cal.

"Yep. Take it." Ned got to his feet and sat down on the edge of his bed, frowning thoughtfully.

"I don't see," began Cal. But Ned interrupted him.

"I do. It 's as plain as daylight now, Cal. Listen. Do you remember when I told you that I had eight dollars in my collar-box, you said you thought it was n't safe there?"

Cal nodded doubtfully.

"Well, the night we went for the apples you dreamed of burglars; remember that? You were the burglar, just as you were last night. You had it on your mind that my money was in the top drawer, so you got up in your sleep, took it out of the collar-box, and put it here under the apples. You probably thought that the burglars would n't look there; and I guess they would n't. It was you, don't you see, that Spud saw that night standing at the bureau?"

"But—but I never knew that I walked in my sleep," objected Cal. Ned shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't help it, old man; you certainly do. Then last night you had another one of your burglar dreams, and so you got up and saved your own coin, and put it in the same place with mine. That explains all the mystery, Cal."

Cal considered a moment. Then,

"I cal'late—I guess it does," he agreed. "But I never knew—"

"You said that before," laughed Ned. "Well, I 'm glad to get it back, Cal, but I 'm a lot gladder to have it explained. Is n't that the funniest thing you ever heard of? And won't the fellows have a fit when they hear about it?"

"I suppose so," muttered Cal. "Only—I wish you would n't say anything about it, Ned. You see, I don't really intend to walk around like that in my sleep and do such peculiar things."

"You 'd rather the others did n't know? Oh, all right. Only it does spoil a mighty good story, Cal." Ned looked at the bills in his hand. "This is like finding money. What 'll we do with it?"

"I 'm going to get a new key for my trunk," answered Cal, "and lock mine up."

"And I 'm going to town and buy things. Only I can't to-day. You can't play good foot-ball on nut sundaes and college ices. I suppose," he added regretfully, "I 'll have to wait until Monday. Then you and I, Cal, will go down and have a regular feast."

"Do you remember," asked Cal, "how Molly dreamed about me and apples that time? That was sort of—sort of funny, was n't it?"

"It surely was. I don't suppose you 'd like me to tell even Molly, Cal?" Cal shook his head.

"If you don't mind," he said apologetically.

"All right. But what shall I tell the fellows? Just say I found it? That 'll do, and it 's true. Besides it 's none of their business, anyhow. But, my! what time is it getting to be? We 'll have to get a move on, chum!"

CHAPTER XXIII

MOLLY WAVES A FLAG

IF Ned wished to avoid explanations regarding the recovery of his money, he could have had no better time to make his announcement than at the breakfast table that morning, for every one was far too interested in the event of the afternoon to do more than express congratulations. Brooks had instructed the players to spend the morning in whatever way was customary, but not to tire themselves. Molly was on hand soon after breakfast. The silk flag was finished to the last stitch, and looked very well even if, as Spud insisted, the W was still "woozy."

"We shall be very proud to have that, Molly," said Sandy, "but there 's something else I think we ought to have as a reward for winning—if we do win."

"Something else? What?" asked Molly.

"That pillow-case."

"You shall! If House wins, I 'll give it back. Now, is n't that generous of me, Sandy? For after I give that up, I 'll have no hold over any of you any longer, and you 'll all treat me just shamefully."

"You try us," said Hoop.

"Besides, Molly," remarked Spud, "'t is better to rule by love than through fear."

"Oh, listen to that!" jeered The Fungus. "Sounds like the top line in a copy-book. What 's the matter with 'Honesty is the best policy,' Spud? That 'll fit in just as well."

"There 's a better one yet," Spud remarked gravely, "namely, 'Silence is golden,' Fungus."

"What are we going to do this morning?" asked Hoop, moodily.

"Let 's go for chestnuts," said Molly. "Don't you like them? I know where there are lots and lots, bushels and bushels. And we 'll have them boiled."

"They 'll do for our club luncheon to-morrow," suggested Dutch. "Where are they, Molly?"

"Never mind. You come with me, and I 'll show you."

"Not far, I hope," said Spud. "I must n't get tired. I 've got to run the length of the field this afternoon for a touch-down."

"Yes, but you 'd have to run about ten miles before you 'd ever make a touch-down," said The Fungus, unpleasantly.

"Is that so?" asked Spud. "The rest of you can hunt chestnuts if you like; I 'm going to hunt toadstools!"

Whereupon he made for The Fungus. But the latter was not caught so easily, and they had it around the house several times before The Fungus was finally driven to bay. Spud was valor itself as long as The Fungus fled before him, but when the adversary put his back to the house and invited closer acquaintance, Spud held off and viewed him dubiously.

"Huh," he said finally, "you 're too hideous to touch."

They followed Molly to the woods, and found that she had not exaggerated so greatly after all. The nuts were plentiful enough, and the frosts had started the burs opening. Of course almost every one had trouble with the stickers, and Dutch actually sat down on a bur, with uncomfortable results. But they had a good time, and returned at half-past ten, with nearly two quarts of nuts. After that, they sat on the porch in the sun for a while and ate as many as they wanted. Then Molly took charge of the rest, and agreed to have them boiled for the morrow's meeting of the Pippin Club.

Dinner was early that day, at twelve o'clock, in order that the players might have time to get over its effects before the game started at two. But no one ate much, Cal especially being extremely chary of food. He was much too anxious and excited to eat. At one, the fellows left West House and went through the park toward the gymnasium. They were all rather silent, even Spud for once finding little to say. "Clara" alone was absent, as he had agreed to wait and conduct Molly and Mrs. Linn to the field.

"Well, there 's one thing, fellows," said Ned, breaking the silence once on the way over, "when

we come back we 'll either be feeling a lot better or a lot worse."

And Sandy, who grew more pessimistic and hopeless as the crucial hour drew nigh, answered:

"We 'll feel a heap worse, I prophesy!"

THE final game drew many friends of the school to Oak Park that day, and the seating accommodations were quite inadequate. Long before two o'clock the gridiron was edged with spectators. On the Hall side, reposing on a little table, lay the Silver Shield, the trophy for the possession of which some forty-odd boys had toiled and moiled day after day for nearly two months. The sun shone brightly, and there was almost no breeze when the two teams faced each other for the kick-off, but there was a sharp wintry nip in the air that made the watchers along the lines turn up coat-collars and stamp about. The whistle piped and the final game began.

I 'm not going to tell you of that first half in detail for more reasons than one. In the first place nothing happened. In the second place it was poorly played. Both teams, House and Hall alike, were too eager. They missed all sorts of opportunities, fumbled, played off-side, held in the line, and proceeded in the most futile, headless manner imaginable. It seemed as though House was politely doing its best to hand the game to Hall, while Hall, determined not to be outdone in courtesy, was resolved to present the contest to its adversary. Throughout that half, Cal sat on the side of the field, wrapped in a gray woolen blanket with vivid red borders, and groaned in spirit as he watched the teams tramp back and forth between their respective thirty-yard lines. For neither eleven had the remotest chance to score. When the thirty minutes was up, Cal joined the others and trotted to the gymnasium.

Fifteen minutes later, he was back in his blanket, the teams had changed goals, the air was colder and the shadows longer, and it was "now or never." A ray of sunlight, dodging past Dr. Webster's shoulder, burned ruddily on the Silver Shield. Perhaps it was meant as an omen.

Cal wondered if Brooks would let him on. He had been wondering that for days and days. Now there was only a half-hour left, and his chance seemed woefully slim. Both Dutch and Griffin were as strong as ever. Five minutes passed. Hall had the ball on House's forty-two yards. Two plays with no gain, an attempted forward pass, and House had it. A slow advance to Hall's forty-eight yards, and again the pigskin changed hands. Hall kicked on the second down, and M'Crae ran the ball back fifteen

yards before he was thrown. An end-run by Ned gained four yards, and Boyle slammed through center for three more. M'Crae kicked. Ten minutes had gone. Cal's heart grew leaden. Time was called and Brooks turned toward the little group of substitutes.

"Hooper!" he called.

Hoop jumped up and threw aside his blanket. Cal helped him peel off his sweater, envy in full possession of him. Sandy, white and weary, crept out, and wrapped himself up.

"We 're playing simply a rotten game," he groaned. "We ought to have them licked by now."

Fasset, of Hall, got away for a long run around Spud's end that took the ball to House's twenty-eight yards, and Hall shouted its joy. Two tries at the left wing netted but six yards, and Grow fell back as though for a placement. McDonald knelt to place the ball for him. But when the ball came he jumped up and raced along the line, seeking an opening. The trick failed, for the quarter was thrown for no gain, and on the second play M'Crae kicked out of danger. The half was fifteen minutes old. Then came another pause, and Turner went in for Andy Westlake at center, and the Hall made two changes. Cal, watching Dutch and Griffin as a cat watches a mouse, thought that the latter was at last showing signs of wear. Back up the field toiled Hall, trying desperate things now: runs around end from trick formations, forward passes that seldom worked, charges at the line from strange angles. It was after one of these that Cal saw Griffin being lifted to his feet. Cal's heart leaped into his throat and throbbed there uncomfortably until Brooks turned and held up his hand and called.

What was he saying? Cal strove to hear, but his heart was making too much noise. It was Sandy who prodded him.

"Go on in, you duffer! Brooks wants you!"

A minute later Cal was looking into the pale, perspiring face of Dixon. At last he was in. The first few minutes passed as though in a dream. Cal did mechanically what he had been taught to do. Once some one thumped him heavily on the back and a voice screeched:

"Lower, Boland! Get down there!"

Then it was House's ball again. The signals came, Cal leaped into his opponent, and Ned went twisting through with a rasping of canvas and the panting of many breaths. Cal went down with some one on his head. A hand reached and yanked him to his feet.

"Second down!" called the referee. "Seven to go." The players fell into position again.

"Kick formation!" called M'Crae, hoarsely. "Twenty-two, twenty-six, fourteen—"

Dixon plunged at Cal and Cal threw himself in his path. There was the sound of boot against ball and he was racing down the field. Ahead of him a Hall back was signaling a fair catch. Then came a shout. The back had missed the ball. Pandemonium broke loose on the House side. Cal, racing up, found Spud snuggling the ball to his arms, with half a dozen players above him.

"House's ball!" cried the referee. "First down!"

"Line up, fellows! Get into this now! Here 's where we score!"

That was Brooks, ecstatic. The ball was on Hall's thirty-two yards and there remained eight minutes of time; plenty of time to win or lose. Brooks went down the line, thumping backs, encouraging, entreating.

"Play hard, House! Here 's where we win! Play hard, *hard*, *HARD*!"

"Watch for a forward pass!" shouted Grow, as the quarter knelt. Cal could hear Brooks panting like a steam-engine beside him. Dixon, his opponent, shifted warily, his eyes flitting from Cal to the ball. The signal came. Cal wondered if he had got it right, but there was no time for speculation. The lines clashed. Dixon pulled him in and went through. But the play was safe, Boyle, whirling like a Dervish with the oval tightly clasped in his arms, getting past tackle on the other end. The next instant the referee called out:

"Second down! Seven to go!"

"Signal!" piped M'Crae. "Signal! Sixty-two, forty-one, thirteen, twenty-eight—"

Cal shot across at Pete Grow, Brooks in advance, and Ned slammed by tackle for two yards more. But there was still five to go, and the backs eyed M'Crae and their captain anxiously as the teams lined up again. Brooks had been playing for a touch-down, but now it seemed that a try at a field-goal was all that remained, for five yards was more than they could hope to tear off at one try. But the ball, although well inside the thirty-yard line, was near the side of the field, and the goal angle was extreme.

"Kick formation!" called M'Crae, and trotted back.

But when the signals came, Cal knew that there was to be no kick, and so did Pete Grow.

"*Fake!*" he shouted. "*Fake!*"

But the warning was late, for a House player stood almost on the side-line on the short side of the field, and after swinging his foot as though kicking, M'Crae made a nice pass to him. It was caught before the Hall left end saw what was

up. However, the gain was short, for the man with the ball was forced over the line at the twenty-two yards. But it was first down again, and House still had the ball. In came the pigskin fifteen paces, and again the teams faced each

in his eyes, gave Dixon all that youth wanted to do. Once he and Brooks made such an opening that Boyle, who carried the ball, might have driven through in coach and four. But the backs stopped him for a short gain. Then The Fungus



"I SAW YOU LAST NIGHT. YOU OPENED THAT DRAWER, AND I HEARD YOU FUSSING WITH THE APPLES." (SEE PAGE 1085.)

other. The Fungus squirmed through for four yards, and Boyle slammed the Hall center for three more.

"Third down!" called Brooks. "Only three to go. Come on now, you House! Get into this! Make it go!"

And make it go they did, although it was necessary to bring the chain in and measure the distance before Jim decided that House had again won a first down. The red was almost on the ten yards now, and the blue was desperate. Grow threatened and pleaded. Cal, the light of battle

writhed past left tackle for a good four yards, and there was less than three to go, and the ball was almost on the five-yard streak. Pandemonium reigned about the field. Jim stopped the game while the crowd was pushed back from the goal-line. Brooks thumped an open hand with his clenched fist.

"We've got to do it, fellows; we've got to do it!" he kept repeating. "They can't stop us now!"

It was two and a half to go for a first down, five for a score. It was the height of impudence

to select Grow as the victim of the next play, but he had been put effectively out of it a moment before, and M'Crae thought he might again. There was a fake pass to Ned, and Boyle grabbed the ball and dashed past Brooks. But Hall had sized up the play, and the secondary defense leaped forward to close the gap. For an instant the line wavered. Cal, fighting with every ounce of strength, felt it give, and a fierce exultation seized him. But despair followed after, for the tide turned. He felt himself going back. Beside him, Boyle was grunting and panting, the ball held tight. The House backs threw themselves into the mêlée, but it was no use. The whistle blew and the referee pulled them away. They had lost first down and the ball by a full yard on the very threshold of victory! M'Crae, casting one despairing look at Brooks, turned and trotted up the field. Brooks, white and miserable, croaked encouragement.

"All right, fellows, we 'll take it away from them! How much time, please?"

The time-keeper trotted up, watch in hand.

"Four and a half minutes," he called.

Hall, grinning and happy, settled into line. The first plunge netted her six yards right through House's left wing. Brooks scolded and stormed.

"Hold them! Hold them! Can't you hold them?"

Hall's quarter started his signals, but Grow stopped him. There was a whispered consultation, and Grow walked back behind his goal-line and held his arms out.

"Kick!" shouted Brooks. "Block it; block it!"

Block it! Cal remembered Ned's words. Here, then, was his first and final chance to show his worth. Could he get through? And if he did, could he get near the ball? He eyed Dixon stealthily. That youth looked pretty solid and formidable. To get around him seemed hopeless. The only chance was to coax him in and then get through between him and end, and after that there was a long way to go. But he would try it.

He edged close to Brooks, and Dixon followed him. Grow raised his arms. Center shot back the ball. Cal feinted to the left and then sprang past Dixon to the right. A back stood in his way, but Cal sent him staggering. All was confusion and cries and rushing players. Cal saw Grow swing his long leg and heard, or thought he heard, the sound as boot met ball. And then he was leaping sidewise, arms upstretched. Something struck him fair under the chin, something that staggered him and then went bouncing erratically back past Brooks, who was stumbling to one side under the attack of the enemy.

For what seemed a long minute to Cal, he could n't get started. When he did, he dodged a frantic pair of blue-clad arms and ran like the wind. The ball was trickling along the turf far back from the goal-line. Half a dozen players, red and blue, were after it, but Cal was ahead. A Hall player came tearing along behind him, and Cal knew that if he missed the ball on the first attempt, his chance was gone forever. He did n't wait until he was fully up to it, but dived for it as a cat pounces at a mouse. The distance was more than he had thought, and he came to earth with the teetering pigskin an arm's-length away. But he got it, reached it, and grabbed it toward him just as the pursuing foe fell upon him and drove all the breath from his body. Others followed, falling and scrambling. Some one tried to wrest the prize away from him, but Cal, although there was scarcely a gasp left in him, and his eyes seemed popping from his head, hung to it tenaciously, striving hard to snuggle it under his body. Then somewhere a whistle blew, and little by little the awful weight lifted and he could draw a full breath again. Half-dazed, he made no attempt to get up.

"Let me have it, Boland."

That was M'Crae's voice, and he was pulling at the ball. But Cal only shook his head and held on.

"It's—mine!" he gasped.

Then some one turned him over on his back, and tore the ball from his hands and began lifting his arms up and down. But Cal was all right now. Brooks, grinning, his face as white as a sheet of paper save for two disks of red in the cheeks, pulled him to his feet, and hugged him.

"Oh, you Boland!" he gasped huskily. "Oh, you Boland!"

Cal smiled embarrassedly.

"I cal'late that was a touch-down, was n't it?" he asked.

There was no goal kicked, but what did that matter? House did n't care, and Hall could get but slight satisfaction from the fact. Two minutes later, the game was over, and House, victor by five to naught, went cavorting and dancing off the field, tired, aching, bruised, and happy.

An hour later, after House had cheered itself hoarse in front of the gymnasium, the West House eight marched back across the park, Sandy striding ahead with the Silver Shield held proudly before him. The West House eight did I say? Rather the West House nine, for beside Sandy tripped Miss Molly Elizabeth Curtis, the Obnoxious Niece, triumphantly waving her red and white banner, and cheering as wildly as the rest.



WEST HOUSE BRINGS HOME THE SILVER SHIELD IN TRIUMPH.



THE BATTER OUT!—A LULL IN THE GAME.

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

SEVENTH PAPER—GENERALSHIP OF DEFENSE

BY C. H. CLAUDY

"INSIDE base-ball" reaches its highest development in the defensive game. No one can reduce the matter to figures, but from the difference in the performance between teams of skilled players and teams with less individual brilliancy but greater practice in working together, it seems fair to say that a good system of "inside base-ball," of "clockwork" in-field, and brains in the defensive general, will win, other things being equal, over a team of much better players who depend only on "straight" base-ball for making scores. In other words, a first-class in-field defense will nullify hitting and destroy the effectiveness of base-running in a great many circumstances where "straight" base-ball (meaning only the stereotyped plays) would be ineffective.

"Inside" defense requires, generally speaking, quicker thinking and acting, and better base-ball brains than "inside" offense, for the simple reason that the offensive general has time to plan ahead, and knows in advance what he is going to do. The defensive general must often wait until the offense is in action before he plans and executes a counter move. Frequently, of course, he out-guesses the offense before the play, but just as often, an unforeseen strategic move will be set in motion, and then his defensive genius is put to the greatest test. Moreover, the defensive base-ball army must often play first and get orders afterward. When an unexpected double steal is at-

tempted, there is no time to get orders from the bench. It is because of this necessity to play the game at the instant and on the instant, in defense, that team-work, practice, and familiarity with a code of signals are an absolute necessity for good "inside" defensive work.

Never forget this: for every offense, there is a defense; for every plan or act which may result in a base-hit, a stolen base, a run, there is a counter plan, a defensive act, by which the players in the field may nullify the batter's efforts. If, as sometimes happens, the defense and the offense are exactly equal, a tie game results, or a called game with no score. And if the offense was always perfect and the defense always impregnable, then base-ball would cease to be a game, and become simply an exhibition of mechanical perfection.

But just when the offense is in despair because the pitcher and the fielders work so perfectly, a cinder will get in the pitcher's eye, or his arm will tire, or an in-fielder will stub his toe, and—something happens! Or at exactly the moment when the defense is getting discouraged because, despite all their efforts, a man is "on" and gradually getting around the bases, the pitcher will regain control and strike out two men; or a fast double play will retire the side with the bases full; or some other defensive "stunt" will work, and "inside ball" is again justified. It is things

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like these that make base-ball the beautiful sport it is; you never know what is going to happen until it has happened!

As has been pointed out, the first line of defense is "the battery"—pitcher and catcher. Their work only begins with the attempt to strike out the batter. "Getting him" on the bases, and in attempting a steal, is almost entirely in the hands of the pitcher and catcher. The pitcher who can hold the base-runner to first base, or "have him going back" toward first base when he pitches, is "playing the game" and preventing a score, perhaps as much as if he had struck out the man in the first place.

Pitchers, therefore, should study how best they can throw to first with the least warning. The rules require the step toward the base, of course, and to make a balk in the hope that the umpire will not see it, is both unfair and unsportsmanlike. But many pitchers have a "balk motion" which is not, under the rules, actually a balk, and which is, therefore, perfectly legitimate and much to be desired.

Perhaps the greatest exponent of the art of "balking without balking" was Kilroy, who, by patiently pitching at a mark on a fence, which stood for first base, while looking at another mark which stood for home plate, finally trained his muscles so that he could throw suddenly and without looking, and hit the mark. He had little skill as a pitcher, at this time, his arm being worn out, but while he passed many men, and his delivery was "hit" often, he managed to "nip" the runner at first so frequently with his "near-balk" that he stopped base-running. His team (Chicago) managed to pull off an astonishing number of double plays whenever Kilroy was pitching, because when he failed to get a runner at first, it was because that runner "hugged" first-base, and so made double plays an easy possibility.

But it is not the holding of men at first, or catching them off it, but at second and third, which calls for the best "inside" play in this particular department. As an illustration of the lengths to which ball-players will go, let us consider a scheme tried and occasionally worked with success, first, so it is said, by the ball team of Yale University, and later by the various League clubs. The idea is based on a psychological experiment, in which two people, after practice, start counting mentally, together, and see how near they can come to the same number in a given interval. The accuracy obtainable is astonishing; any two boys can learn to count, silently, starting together, to ten or twelve, and reach the last number at exactly the same instant, with practice of half an hour.

The catcher, seeing the runner on second take a big lead, signals the pitcher and the second baseman—let us suppose by dropping his glove and picking it up. The instant it drops, the pitcher and the second baseman begin to count. The short-stop runs in to the bag, the runner doing likewise, of course. The short-stop backs well away again, and the runner, misled, and seeing the second baseman also well away, takes an even bigger lead than before. At some predetermined number, say seven, the second baseman runs to the bag. The runner, seeing the pitcher making no move to throw, either does not move or moves slowly. But at another number, say nine, predetermined in practice, the pitcher whirls and throws instantly, without waiting to see if any one is on the bag, thus saving that tiny fraction of a second. If the counting has been accurate and the practice good, the ball and the second baseman's hands will connect over the bag accurately, and the runner will, in all probability, be out. That is "inside" ball with a vengeance, but it shows to what an infinitesimal development the game can be carried.

Catchers will often succeed by a trick of personality. Certain pitchers pitch better to certain catchers than to others—the famous "battery" idea again. Certain catchers can "jolly" a pitcher, by talking to him, blaming him just enough for mistakes, speaking sharply only just enough to get results, flattering him, encouraging him, where a silent catcher may fail. Other pitchers resent this "baby talk," and like to be let alone, save for a quiet word of encouragement. And what is true of men is also true of boys. The good catcher learns to know his pitchers and their likes, and to steady the "wabblers," encourage the faint-hearted, and praise the competent, thus getting from them the best they have to give.

"Connie Mac" tells a story of Mike Kelly, "King" Kelly, of the famous battery of Clarkson and Kelly, to show what a catcher can do, as a defensive player, in helping a pitcher to pitch winning ball. It was when the two famous players had been disposed of to Boston, and during a game in which Boston was a run ahead of Washington (in the days when the National League was the only major League). Boston was fighting New York for the pennant, and every game counted. With no one out, Clarkson suddenly lost control of the ball, and, almost before he knew it, the bases were filled—still no one out. Kelly was playing in right field, and Ganzel was catching. Kelly came running in from the field and implored his manager, Jimmy Hart, to let him go behind the bat. Hart assented, so Ganzel and Kelly changed places, and the game went on.



THE HOME GROUNDS OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB

Daly was at bat, and two balls had been called by the umpire on Clarkson. But Kelly knew Clarkson and Clarkson knew Kelly, and Kelly, as never a man before him and seldom one since, knew batters. And Kelly "nursed" Clarkson as a nurse watches a sick baby, and—Daly struck out.

The next man at bat tried to fool Clarkson into passing him, but Kelly outguessed him, so that he struck at the wide ones and stood still for the strikes, and he, also, went out on strikes. Hoy was the next man up, and Kelly teased him by calling for slow ones and fast ones, so that he hit one of the latter and popped up a little foul which Kelly neatly caught,—and the side was out, and never threatened thereafter. Three men were held on the bases while three others of their side were put out, in "one, two, three" order!

There are, of course, a host of defensive plays in which the catcher has a leading part. With a man on third and one on first, and the man on first stealing, the catcher must decide on the instant whether he will throw to second, or third, or pitcher, or short. It will depend on many things: the state of the game, the character of the runner on third, the speed of the base-stealer. Suppose the man on third is very fast, a junior Cobb or an Evers; a player who can think quick and run like a flash; the chances are he will try to score when the man on first steals second. Therefore, a pitch out is ordered, and the ball

sent high and fast back to the *pitcher*, as the man on first dashes for second. The pitcher takes this "short throw" and returns it to the catcher, to catch the man coming in from third. But suppose the man on first does n't go to second. Suppose two pitch outs are made. Then the batter has the pitcher "in a hole." He is probably taking a good "toe hold," expecting the next ball over the plate, and if he hits it, may score two runs for his side. The alert general will order two more pitch outs, perhaps, passing the batter and filling the bases. The great advantage of this move is that it provides a chance for a force play at *any* base—thus, the next batter up *must* hit cleanly. A ball which any in-fielder can get his hands on will prevent a score, since it can be fielded to any of the three bases, the nearest one, and, by "forcing" the third "out," prevent the run from scoring.

If it is the ninth inning, and the catcher's side is two runs or more ahead, he may let the man on third steal home and catch the man stealing second. If the man on third is a poor base-runner, the catcher may merely "bluff" the throw, and whirl and throw to third base, thus catching the runner between the bases and running him down. Or he may "bluff" the throw and hold it, and, pretending to toss the ball to the pitcher, whip it to short-stop or third baseman, getting the runner on third base by a "delayed throw trick" and catching him so completely by surprise,



(NATIONAL LEAGUE), WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN.

that he has no time to run at all, but is "out" with a jab of the ball in his ribs before he knows what has happened. And if, on a throw to third, the runner on third gets back to the bag safely, sometimes a quick throw to first or second will "nip" a runner who is too interested in the play at third to watch for his own safety.

THE good base-ball general, acting on the defensive, must consider his catcher, his pitcher, the men running, the state of the game, the score, the innings, the batting order, and—and—well, he must consider everything. But as carefully as anything else, he must consider the use of his reserves, and when it is time to throw in fresh strength against the enemy, not only in offense, but in defense. This, of course, involves mostly the changing of pitchers when the one at work is being freely "found" and does not seem to be "right" and to "have little stuff" on the ball. The study of pitchers, and their strengths and weaknesses, is a great part of the defensive general's work in big League ball, and knowing when to change pitchers has won many a game.

When Fielder Jones managed the Chicago "White Sox". (American League), he was noted for the frequency with which he changed players and pitchers, sent in pinch-hitters, and substituted men on the in-field and the out-field as the opposing sides changed pitchers. In one game he used no less than five pitchers, and

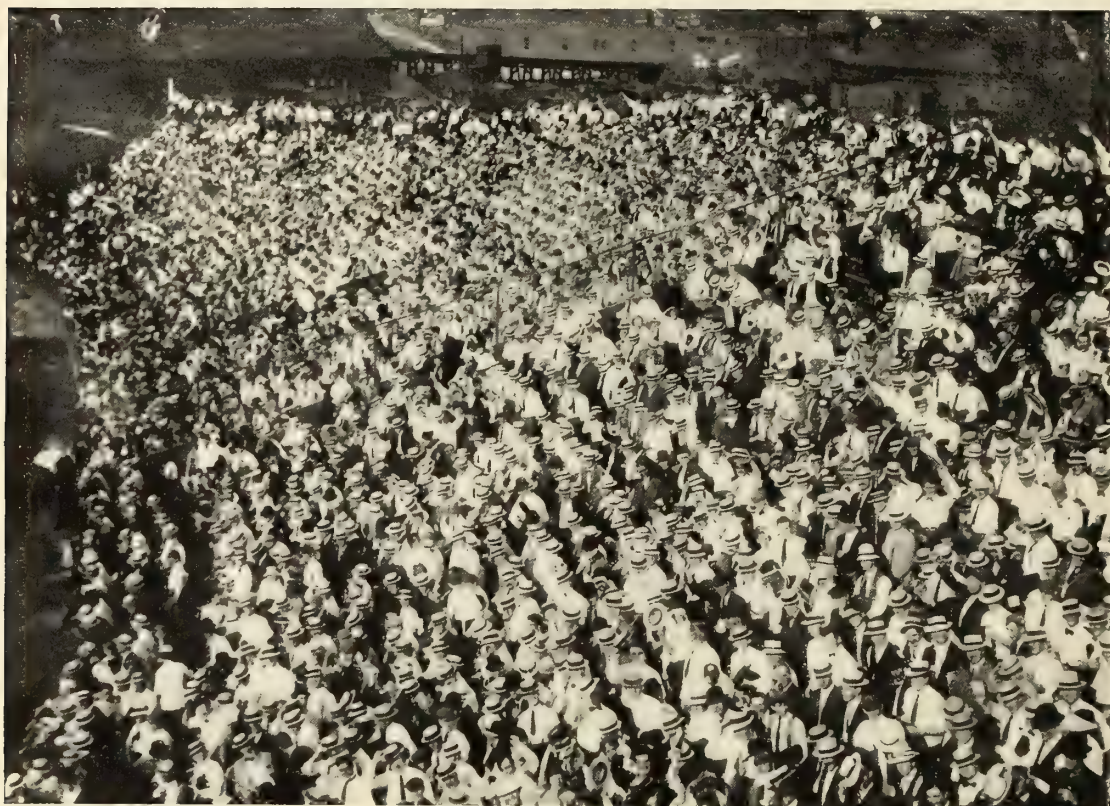
won it. When the "White Sox" got in a crippled condition and only one pitcher was in real form, Jones frequently used him to pitch an inning, half an inning, several times one ball, and thus "spread Walsh, his star pitcher, thin," but so flavored his games with Walsh's fine pitching, that he all but won his pennant.

In nothing does the base-ball general show his genius to better advantage than in the devising of a set of signals and the careful, painstaking training of his men to understand them. As has been indicated in these pages before, those signals which are merely arbitrary meanings attached to natural movements or words, are usually most esteemed in big Leagues, because easy to change and easy to remember.

Defense signals had better be few in number. They are those the catcher uses to the pitcher, telling him what to pitch, and are, as has been said, variations of the position of the open or closed hand in the big glove; those the catcher uses with the in-field to signal when he will throw to a base, from a wide pitched ball—and a good team will need no signal for this, because the in-field will catch the signal for a "waster" when it is given the pitcher and know where it is to be thrown by the number of men "on" and where they are; the signals short-stop and second baseman have with each other as to which will take a throw from catcher on a "steal-stopping" play, and the signals from the bench when a play of

the offense is detected or guessed. Thus, if the bench general thinks a double steal is to be attempted, he must decide whether he will instruct the catcher or let the catcher handle it; if the former, whether he wants to let a run score to get a sure out; whether he will let the steal be attempted and trust to fielding to cut off the run,

discussed in a previous paper on fielding; defensive signaling is more concerned with getting players in motion toward where the ball is likely to be hit than anything else, and as this depends upon a knowledge of batters and the pitch, it is more a matter between the catcher, pitcher, and in-field, and a general understanding, than any



SECTION OF THE BLEACHERS AT A GAME WHICH DREW A RECORD-BREAKING CROWD (NEARLY 40,000 PEOPLE).

or if he will waste a ball and try to stop the steal that way; and so on through all the variations. He must, therefore, have some signals by which he can indicate his wishes, if he meddles in defensive plays of this kind. Generally speaking, such matters are better left to the catcher, unless the general is a player in the field, when he will be able to signal the catcher with ease because the catcher is facing him. As good a signal code as can be used is probably the combination of a sentence with a name; thus, "Play for the runner" means exactly the opposite (play for the batter), while "Play for the runner, Tom," may mean a "waste" ball wanted, and "Play for the runner, Tom; play for the runner," may mean, "Let him hit and play for the easiest out."

The principal signals used by the defense were

special signals independent of these from the catcher to the pitcher calling for certain kinds of balls to be delivered.

But defensive signals, if few in number, must be well understood, or disaster may result.

At least once in a World's Championship game, Bush and Delehanty, short-stop and second baseman of the Detroit "Tigers," started in opposite directions as the ball was pitched, letting it go safe between them—the result of "crossed" signals.

While it is true that much of the defense must be instantaneous, and dependent on what the offense does, there is a certain amount of defensive planning which can be considered before the game. Thus, if the opposing battery is weak on fielding, in the offense you may order a bunting

game. In the defense, the converse is true—if you are going against a team noted for fleetness of foot and strength of bunts, put in your best fielding pitcher. If your opponents are fleet of foot and daring of heart on the paths, and run at any excuse or with none at all, turn to that catcher who is sharpest and cleanest in his throwing and headiest in his work against men on the bases, even if he be himself a poor “sticker” and slow on the paths. Choose a left-handed pitcher to stop stealing, rather than a right-hander, other things being equal. In other words, when you are on the offense, find the weakness of your opponents and play to it; when you are on the defensive, find their strength and guard against their using it as much as you may. It is but the work of the general commanding an army in the field, in modified and smaller form. He looks for his enemy's weak spot, the point in his lines which will give way the easiest, and charges that spot; on defense, he looks to his enemy's strongest attack; if it be artillery, he gets his men under cover; if it be a corps of seasoned men who can stand forced marches, he guards against an attack in the rear; if it be sharp-shooters, he deploys deep skirmish-lines to meet them and keep them at a distance, and so on.

Don't imagine for an instant that everything about base-ball has been discovered, tried, or played; don't copy the big Leaguer just because he is a big Leaguer. Invent a play, if you can, and try it. It may be that it will work well, with you, where it might fail, in the big League, because of the difference in size and strength of the players. There is a little base-ball story, which may be true or may be an invention, but which is perfectly possible, at least. Every lad who plays short-stop knows that the closer the second baseman can play to the bag, the easier his job is, since the less ground he has to cover. The second baseman, of course, can play closer to second base as the first baseman gets farther away from first base. Now, in the old days, first basemen played all the time on the bag. They never thought of playing “deep” and helping the second baseman, and thus helping the second baseman to help the short-stop. It is related of Comisky, the owner of the Chicago “White Sox,” that when he was manager of the St. Louis “Browns,” and trained his pitchers to be fielders—to the scandal of the rest of the League—he received his idea from a team of “sand lotters” under sixteen years of age. According to the story, Comisky was taking a walk one afternoon, and stopped to watch two teams of lads playing ball. The first baseman, as was customary then, played near his bag. But just

before the pitch, this first baseman ran way back into the deep in-field. The batter hit to him sharply, and Comisky turned away, expecting nothing better than that the batter would be safe, since the baseman could not get back in time. But the shrill cries of the small audience made him turn back just in time to see the diminutive pitcher reach first base a step ahead of the runner and receive the ball thrown from the equally diminutive first baseman, thirty feet away. The base-ball world knows that Comisky's St. Louis team revolutionized that part of the defensive game. That a boys' team started the revolution is the tale—at any rate, it is a good story.

The most famous inside base-ball defensive play ever made, judging by the furore it created, was that in which Johnny Evers, the second baseman of the Chicago “Cubs,” managed to keep his team in the race and finally to win the coveted pennant over New York by a one-game margin, in 1908. Reference is made, of course, to the famous “Merkle incident.” It will bear retelling, in a few words, for the sake of the brains that turned Merkle's slip into a pennant for Chicago. In the last half of the ninth inning, with the score one to one, Merkle on first base, McCormick on third base, Bridwell at bat, two out, and the outcome of the game deciding the pennant, practically, the moment was about as tense as any which ever arrived in base-ball. Bridwell hit safely, cleanly, a line hit to center field. McCormick crossed the plate. Bridwell touched first base. The crowd went mad. New York had apparently won, two to one. But Evers, still standing on second, called for the ball, got it, and claimed that Merkle, who had trotted to the clubhouse, *had not touched second base*, and that, as he had legally to leave first base to make place for Bridwell, and had not touched second base before the ball got there, *he was forced out*, and that the run, therefore, did not count. The umpire, O'Day, reserved his decision and suspended play.

The uproar raised is history, but the base-ball commission which sat on the case awarded Chicago the decision, on the rules, and is now generally conceded to have done right. The rule is plain. It reads as follows:

Rule 59. One run shall be scored every time a base-runner, after having legally touched the first three bases, shall legally touch the home base before three men are put out; provided, however, that if he reach home on or during a play in which the third man be forced out or be put out before reaching first base, a run shall not count. A force out can be made only when a player legally loses the right to the base he holds, and is thereby obliged to advance as the result of a fair hit ball not caught on the fly.

In the play-off of the resulting tie, Chicago won, because, as has been related, Seymour did n't play deep enough on "Matty's" signal, and Tinker drove a ball over his head.

Now in the rush and roar of the spectacular finish of a vital game, before an immense crowd, it took considerable brains and quick thinking for Evers to figure out that the game really was a tie. From the beginning of the game, players have left the field with the winning run crossing the plate in the ninth inning. No one really blamed Merkle at all. He followed a custom. Evers followed the rules, and his quick-wittedness saved a pennant. It is interesting, though not important, to know that McCormick, now out of base-ball, says it was Hofman who "called the turn," though Evers caught the ball on second and did the arguing.

THE playing season is now practically over. You have had your base-ball, and made some strides in team-work and in individual playing. You have found out that, given a ball hit four feet to the right of the first baseman, the batter is out, if you field it, the pitcher covers the bag, and you make a good toss, unless the umpire calls him safe. You have had some sharp lessons proving that base-ball advice is not always of real use, since it is the unexpected which happens on the ball-field, and the boy who "never hits" may suddenly poke out a home run when you least expect it,

while the sure double play often ends in disaster because the ball "would n't go straight." But with it all, you have had a great deal of pleasure, and have found out that although base-ball luck is a potent factor in the sport, real skill and brains win the best-played games, in the long run, especially if aided by good batting.

In these papers, no attempt has been made to tell the whole story—we have merely tried to indicate the points of similarity between the game and a battle, and to show how first-class offense beats a good defense. Next year, it is hoped to present to you a series of papers of a more special character, taking up various important angles of the game, and describing the detail work of individual players, both mental and mechanical. Meanwhile, though you cannot play ball in winter, you can talk about it, and many a game has been won by careful planning before uniforms were donned.

If in any way these papers have helped you to win, or to make a losing game a close one; if within these pages you have found even a few hints which will enable you to organize a better team, to work, as a team, more as big League teams work together,—in other words, to play a better game of base-ball,—the time and effort spent in writing them will have been well spent indeed, and the writer will be glad of the opportunity he has had to talk to the American boy about the great American game.

THE END.



TOMMY'S INVENTION FOR SLIDING TO BASES.

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR-GIRL

BY KATHARINE CARLETON

CHAPTER XI

DOROTHY MAKES A GREAT SACRIFICE

DOROTHY said afterward that she never should forget the look of suffering on her father's face on the night when they all reached home. Only three days had passed since he had been with them in Lexington, where, up to the time of the arrival of that telegram which had called him back, he had been just like a boy in his enthusiasm over the delightful tour they were having, and the interesting places they had visited.

What could have happened? What did it all mean?

Dorothy's mother asked the two girls, and also Arthur and Hal, to retire early. She could see that her husband was making a great effort to appear cheerful, and she hoped that perhaps, when the trouble was made clear to her, she might be of some assistance, or, at least, be able to share some of the burden.

Dorothy lingered behind, after the others had said good night, and, as she stooped down to kiss her father, she threw her arms lovingly about him and whispered in a low voice: "Remember, Daddy, there has never been a puzzle too hard for you and me to solve!"

A faint smile came over her father's face as he folded her more closely in his arms, but he said nothing, and Dorothy went up-stairs feeling very sad.

"Dad is usually so light-hearted," she said to Edith. "Something terrible must have happened! . . . I've never seen him look so worried and upset before—it's very, very strange."

And, the next morning, when Mrs. Ward appeared looking almost as care-worn as her husband, Dorothy and Hal both realized that the trouble must be very serious, indeed. They followed their mother to her room as soon as their father had gone to his office, and Mrs. Ward, after explaining to them that she did not, herself, fully understand the business complications, said:

"Your father seems to fear that ruin is staring him in the face, Hal. You see, this new invention of his—the storage battery—has taken years to perfect. Many other inventors have been working on the same sort of battery, but your father's has been the only one so far that is able to combine the highest efficiency and little weight. As I understand it, many of his business friends

lent him a good deal of money, knowing that your father's word was as good as his bond, and he, feeling so certain of success, used every penny of his own capital, even to mortgaging our home. But he needed still more money, and, after much hard work, a syndicate was formed, which agreed, in connection with the banks, to supply the needed capital. This made everything easy for your father, and when he left for his vacation, the matter had been practically settled. But it seems that another large company which had been working on the same sort of apparatus and needed more time to complete it, interfered in some way with the banks' offer, causing them to withdraw their support. And this simply means failure for your father, Hal."

"But, gee whiz, Dad can go to law about it!" replied Hal. "Men can't go back on their word that way! I'll ask Art about it. He'll know, all right!"

"Such a strong and wealthy corporation as is opposing your father is bound to win in the end, he fears, and, anyhow, these lawsuits take years to settle. In the meantime, your father would have to pay out large sums of money in interest alone, and, with no money coming in, he cannot possibly meet his obligations."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" said Hal. "I believe Thoreau was a wise man. Poor old Dad, after all his hard work! But he *can't* fail, that's all. He's too clever and too good. He'll come out all right somehow, I know he will. And anyhow," exclaimed Hal, indignantly, "they can't steal his machine, and none of the other Johnnies can get the same results!"

Dorothy had stood very quietly listening while her mother and brother were talking, but her brain was working hard, and that night, after her mother had come up-stairs alone, she slipped on her red dressing-gown and went quietly down-stairs.

Mr. Ward was sitting in his study, looking through a large pile of papers which were spread out on the desk in front of him. One hand was holding his forehead, and his face gave evidence of great mental strain.

Hearing a step at the door, he glanced up, and saw a little red figure coming quietly toward him.

"It's so long since you and I have tried a puzzle, Daddy," she said, as she climbed on his knee and put her arms about him. "Do you

remember how often you were ready to give up, and I would beg for just one more try? The answer always came, Dad, and once you called me the 'Never-give-up-girl!'"

Mr. Ward laid his head against her arm, but he was quite silent, and Dorothy waited patiently for him to speak.

"My little girl," he said presently, "would that this were only a puzzle. It's ruin, dear, not only to my own precious family, but maybe to many of my friends. I can see no solution ahead, Dot."

Her father's voice trembled, and he paused some moments before going on.

"I was so sure of my battery that I staked everything upon it, and my friends, being sure of me, lent me their money."

"But, Daddy, dear," said Dorothy, as she stroked his head, which felt hot and dry to her little cool hand, "nothing is settled yet, and everything may turn out all right."

"It may take years to adjust this, my child, and during those years—" Mr. Ward stopped.

"Tell me, Daddy; tell me everything," Dorothy pleaded. "I always tell you everything, you know, and if I am to find the answer, you must—"

Mr. Ward broke in, seeming to find in Dorothy's words an outlet for his pent-up anxiety: "There will be no money for Hal's last year at Yale, darling, and very little for the home—if we can keep the home at all."

Dorothy caught her breath for a moment. She had not thought of such a possibility as this. But into her mind suddenly came a line she had often read:

There's nothing either good or ill, but thinking makes it so.

"Daddy," she said, "Hal's college year is of very little importance to us all, compared with *your* happiness. He showed you this summer what he could do, and perhaps this trouble of yours may benefit him in some way. Let us think so, anyhow. Let us think, Dad, every moment from now on, that only good can come out of it all. I believe you and I could find an answer to *any* problem, and perhaps—"

A world of encouragement was in Dorothy's voice, and as she spoke each word, her father's face brightened; the first spark of cheer had entered into his soul, and he began to hope that she *might* be right—that there *must* be a solution if he could only find it.

The clock in the hall struck midnight.

"You must go to bed, darling. I had no idea it was so late. I will close my desk now and go myself, for I am very, very tired."

"Not until you give me your promise, Dad, to *think* from now on that everything is coming right," said Dorothy, coaxingly.

"I will make a brave fight to think so, my little girl," and together, arm in arm, father and daughter climbed the broad stairway, and when they parted on the landing with a long, loving, good-night hug, Mr. Ward was more hopeful than he had been for the past four days.

A meeting of the stock-holders was called for ten o'clock the next morning. It was going to be a trying ordeal, and Dorothy knew how her father was dreading it.

"Keep on thinking only good, Dad. Don't let go one minute! I'm working hard, too!" she whispered, just as he was leaving the house.

Dorothy was indeed doing her part. All night long she had lain awake while Edith was sleeping soundly beside her. "Hal *must* finish his course," she said. "So much depends upon that. A way must be found; it *can* be found!"

And as if in answer to her cry had come the thought—*her automobile!* "Oh, no!" she had said, half aloud, "not that! Not that!" And Edith, hearing her speak, had thought she was dreaming. But it was not a dream. "If my automobile will pay the price, Hal can finish his senior year. He *shall finish it!*" she had said, in anguish; "he shall!" and toward morning, as the dawn was breaking, had come to her again those magic words: "There's nothing either good or ill, but thinking makes it so."

The sun had risen, and with it had risen Dorothy's spirits. She had almost solved the first problem. She had been thinking only good.

THE Philadelphia agency for the Parkwood machine was on Broad Street, down in the heart of the city. The manager, a kindly man with success written all over his face, was sitting at his desk, apparently at peace with all the world, for sales had been good, and the future looked particularly bright just now, when, hearing his door suddenly click, he looked up and saw a pretty young girl coming into the shop.

Dorothy, for it was she, stood quite still for a moment, hardly knowing what to say or how to begin.

The successful manager stepped forward "What can I do for you, young lady?" he asked. "I've—I've come to see you about an automobile," she stammered.

"Step right back here, Miss, and I'll show you what we have."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Dorothy, hesitatingly. "I don't want to buy one. I have one I want to sell. And it's a splendid car, too!"

Mr. Jones, the manager, looked somewhat amused, but seeing his little customer so much in earnest, he began to question her. "Is it a Parkwood, Miss?" he asked.

"It 's a new Parkwood, sir," Dorothy answered. "I 've only used it four months. It 's a very good one." Dorothy looked up earnestly as she spoke, hoping her answer had been satisfactory.

"But," Mr. Jones went on, "if it is a good car, Miss, why, if I may ask, do you want to sell it?"

"I can't tell you," replied Dorothy, who had evidently expected to be asked this question. "It 's a secret, but the car is my own, my very own. My father must not know what I am doing, and so you will please keep this a secret, too. I will only tell you this much: that it is to help him financially. But he is not to know about it, remember—under *any* circumstances. May I show it to you, sir? I have it outside."

Dorothy had gone to the barn as soon as her father had left for his office, and had told John to give the car an extra polish, as she was going to show it to a very particular person that morning. She had asked Edith to excuse her for a little while, and, after much difficulty in dodging Hal and Arthur, she had started off alone. All the way down to the shop, the tears kept falling. She could not keep them back. This was her last motor trip in her own dear car! Until now, she had not realized what a large part of her life it had become.

"Dear old motor prize, I would never part with you except to help Daddy and Hal," she said, half aloud.

The landscape ahead of her had become blurred, and Dorothy realized she must pull herself together. "There 's nothing either good or ill, but thinking makes it so," she said over and over again, and before the shop was reached, the tears had vanished, and she was thinking, not of herself, but of Hal, and of what this might mean to him.

The manager looked the machine over, commented on its good condition, and told Dorothy she was making a mistake in selling it.

"What could I get for it?" asked Dorothy, who had now only one thought in her mind—and that Hal's senior year.

"A thousand dollars, perhaps," Mr. Jones replied.

"A thousand will do," said Dorothy, almost before the words were out of his mouth, "and you *will* help me to sell it, won't you? Please take my address and write to me as soon as you make the sale. I need the money very badly, and nobody must know about this."

There was a world of pathos in Dorothy's voice. The manager did not know what to think, and yet, no girl of fifteen or sixteen would be so anxious to part with a new Parkwood machine unless there was some reason that compelled her to do it.

Dorothy left her address, asked for the license tag, which she meant to keep "forever and ever"—to reassure herself always that she *had* once really owned an automobile—and, after thanking the manager for his kindness, she walked away and took the first trolley home.

Edith awoke that night to find Dorothy sobbing as if her heart would break. She threw her arms lovingly around her little chum and tried to comfort her.

"Tell me, Dot; oh, tell me, dear, what I can do for you!"

But Edith did not know that Dorothy had just parted with her dearest treasure. How could she guess the great sacrifice that she had made?

CHAPTER XII

CLEARING SKIES

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton had been away for some weeks, and so knew nothing of the great sorrow which had come to their dear friends. And, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Lawton happened to be passing the Parkwood shop shortly after Dorothy had left it, and called to his chauffeur to stop, as he wished to speak to the manager about his machine.

"Mrs. Lawton and I are just returning from a ten-days' trip," he said to Mr. Jones. "My motor will need a good overhauling, and I should like to have it done as quickly as possible. See that every bolt is tight, and the whole car put into good condition. By the by, can you lend me a car while mine is out of commission?"

Taking Mr. Lawton into the shop, while Mrs. Lawton waited outside, he showed him the second-hand motor which he had for sale, saying, "A young lady left it with me, only this afternoon."

"That 's strange," said Mr. Lawton. "The car seems in perfect condition. A new Parkwood, too! This year's make! What does she ask for it?" he asked.

"I told her a thousand was about all she would get," said the manager, "and she seemed quite satisfied—"

"Send it up to-morrow morning, when the man comes for mine," said Mr. Lawton. "Perhaps we can arrange a trade."

MR. WARD came home that evening looking very

weary. The meeting had adjourned without coming to any definite conclusion, and Dorothy knew that her father had had one of the most anxious days of his life. He was making a brave effort to keep up courage, she could see, and her mind was busy, trying to work out another scheme which had just presented itself.

The door-bell rang shortly after dinner, and, much to the delight of every one, in walked Mr. Lawton.

"I could n't wait another minute," he said. "Mrs. Lawton sent her love to you all, but she was too tired to come over to-night."

Everybody greeted Mr. Lawton as if he had been a long lost friend. Hal gripped his hand so hard that it made him wince, remarking, "Gee, but we're glad to see you!" and Mr. Lawton answered: "It would seem so, Hal. My hand won't forget your welcome for some time to come."

But from the moment when he entered the room, he realized that some great change had taken place, and soon Mr. Ward invited him into his study, where they were closeted alone for two hours. Finally, Dorothy could bear the suspense no longer, and so, with a knock on the door, she stepped into the room, saying, "We have needed you so much the last few days, Mr. Lawton. But Dad will surely win out all right."

"Of course he will, Dot, and we'll put him into the motor and speed away to the country, and leave all trouble and care behind, won't we?"

Dorothy could not answer. Her big eyes were overflowing as she turned away and walked out of the room, and, at that moment, a great light dawned upon Mr. Lawton's mind. In a flash, he remembered "the young lady and the automobile" at the Parkwood offices, and he felt a sudden but sure suspicion that he had found out to whom the "new second-hand car" belonged. But he gave no hint of this discovery as he bade Mr. Ward good night.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, however, he hastened to the Parkwood shop to inspect the car again and make further inquiries concerning it—to all of which the manager responded willingly enough except to the one question as to the name of the seller.

"That I cannot answer," he explained, "for I am pledged to strictest secrecy on that one point."

"Never mind—it's not important," said Mr. Lawton. "But I, too, shall exact a pledge of secrecy from you. I will take the car at the price of fifteen hundred dollars, which you can charge to my account. You are to send the young lady a check for that amount, but you are

not to reveal to her, nor to anybody, the name of the purchaser of her car, nor to whom it was delivered. Understand?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Jones. "But—you know, the young lady only expects a thousand."

"She won't refuse the balance, I'm sure," replied Mr. Lawton; "and I will take the car with me now. But remember—my name is not to enter into the transaction in any way."

"I understand perfectly, sir," replied the manager.

Next morning, after breakfast, Dorothy found upon the hall table a letter addressed to her bearing the imprint of the Parkwood Motor Company. She tore open the envelop, and, as she read the letter, two distinct sensations took possession of her. One was sorrow for the loss of her beloved car, now gone forever out of her possession. The other was a wonderful feeling of joy because Hal could now have his college year. The letter finished, Dorothy looked at the inclosed check, and, seeing it was for fifteen hundred dollars, instead of a thousand, she gave an exclamation of delight, and rushed up to her room.

Locking the door, she sat down at her desk and wrote on a sheet of paper:

DEAR DADDY: This is to pay for Hal's senior year at college, and there will be some money, I hope, left over for you.
DOROTHY.

She folded the note and put it in an envelop with the check, which she had indorsed on the back, "Pay to the order of Robert Ward." Then, slipping the missive into her bureau drawer until she should have an opportunity to give it to her father, she went calmly down-stairs, and, strange to say, with a heart as light as air and a joyous feeling that everything was coming right.

Mr. Ward was in his study alone that evening when Dorothy, closing the door quietly, came up to his desk and slipped an envelop into his hand. Then, as if half afraid to have him open it, she closed her two small hands over his and held them there.

"What is it, dear? Don't you want me to see it?"

"You *must* see it, Daddy, but, oh, it needs so much explanation!"

The envelop was opened, and as Mr. Ward sat staring at the check which fell from it, a sudden fear came over Dorothy that perhaps it was not genuine.

"Where did you get this, dear? What does it mean?" he asked, in a bewildered sort of way.

"It's the money that my automobile brought. Won't you pl—please take it, Daddy, dear?"

Dorothy's voice trembled as she spoke.

"Your automobile, 'Dot? You have n't sold it?" And for answer, Dorothy's head just nodded. The words would n't come.

Mr. Ward read the little note over and over again before he could fully realize all that it meant. Then he folded Dorothy in his arms and pressed her closely to him, saying, "My girl of girls, this needs no explanation. But I can never, *never* consent to your giving up your car, dear."

"I knew you would n't, and that is why I did n't tell you in advance," said Dorothy; "but you can't help yourself, now—it's done, Dad. The car is sold and you have the money—so there!"

The telephone rang just then, and as Mr. Ward rose to answer it, he turned to his daughter with a world of love in his voice, and said: "I would never let you make such a sacrifice as that, my darling girl!"

Dorothy was awake far into the night, and, next morning, she made up her mind to call on Mr. Lawton as soon as he came home in the afternoon.

"Dad must have told him everything," she said to herself, "but I want to talk with him, too, and ask his advice. I know there is a way out of all this trouble for Dad, and we *must* find it."

So, at four o'clock, she put on her hat, and went over to interview her kind friend, who, seeing her come in at the gate, went quickly out to meet her.

"I want your advice, Mr. Lawton," said Dorothy; "and it's about Daddy."

"Come into the library, where we shall be undisturbed, dear girl," said Mr. Lawton; "and let's hear all about it."

Dorothy poured out her heart to this kind, generous man who, ever since his visit to the Wards' two evenings before, had been unable to think of anything except their trouble.

"Dad is making a brave fight," she said. "He has promised me to think only that good will come, but this new storage battery has been the result of years of patient labor for him, and I know just how he feels to have all that work smashed into failure just when he had brought it to the promise of a great success. It ought to succeed, Mr. Lawton, for everybody who has seen it says there is no doubt that it is far and away better than any other storage battery. I overheard Dad telling Hal last night that Mr. Arnold was connected with the other big company. I don't believe he knows everything—do you? He is a good man and would n't hurt Dad, or any one, willingly. I know he would say, too, that the best battery ought to succeed. Do you think I could go and call upon him, Mr. Lawton? I

want to ask him to try Dad's battery and see for himself how perfect it is."

"Try Dad's battery." Mr. Lawton caught at those words, and, as Dorothy went on speaking, he paid no heed for a moment to what she was saying. An idea had come to him, and *he* would go at once to Mr. Arnold. His face showed that he was thinking earnestly, and as he rose from his chair, he said:

"Now, little girl, I, too, want some advice about a matter that is troubling *me*. I have a little friend who is very dear to me, dearer to me than I can ever tell you. She is very young, and has taken upon herself to carry such heavy burdens that I am really worried about her. She has such a loving, tender heart, and her deep sympathy for those about her is going to sadden her young life, I'm afraid. Can you tell me what to do?"

The color mounted to Dorothy's face. Something told her that she was the little friend beloved by this noble man, and she hardly knew what to reply.

"I'll help you if you'll promise to help me," said Mr. Lawton. "Let us begin right away. I'm going at once to Mr. Arnold. What are you going to do?"

The happiest smile came over Dorothy's face, as she answered: "I'm going to leave all my troubles with the dearest friend a girl ever had."

A few minutes later, Mr. Lawton was speeding away in his own machine toward Mr. Arnold's, after he had left Dorothy at her home.

"Your father has just telephoned, Hal," said Mrs. Ward, as she joined the young people on the veranda an hour later, "that he won't be home for dinner and possibly not until quite late. His voice sounded so cheerful that I believe he has good news for us. What could it be, I wonder?"

"Would n't it be jolly if we had all been dreaming?" suggested Hal. "Gee whiz, but I'd do a song and dance if we could just wake up and find that it was all a nightmare!"

Eight o'clock and nine o'clock had struck, and everybody was sitting on the porch, watching for Mr. Ward. There was a presentiment among them all that something good was about to happen. Hal was saying and doing such funny things that even Mrs. Ward was smiling. Dorothy stole up-stairs to her room and sat in her window-seat, looking out into the moonlight. Soon she heard the "honk, honk" of an automobile coming up the avenue, and then her father and Mr. Lawton calling out quite cheerily to those on the veranda.

Still she sat there, thinking, thinking. Her

bedroom door opened and closed softly, but Dorothy did not hear it. She only knew that suddenly her father's arms were about her, and such wondrous words were coming from his lips as even she had not dreamed possible.

"I've been at Arnold's for three hours, Dot. He and Lawton telephoned me to come, before six o'clock—and we've had a big conference. And Arnold thinks he can get the directors of his company to settle everything satisfactorily for us all. He is not a director, himself, you know, but he is a large stock-holder, stands very high in the company, and wields a great power in it. He feels certain that his influence will count for much, and his proposition will be to amalgamate the two companies, forming a new one to take over all the stock of both. We only discussed particulars to-night, dear, but Arnold is square, and I'm pretty sure he will find a solution agreeable to both companies."

And there, in the moonlight, Mrs. Ward and Hal found them together.

"Yes, Hal," said his father later, "whatever comes of good, I owe it all to my precious girl. She gave me hope and courage when things looked darkest. Mr. Lawton told me of a visit she made to him to-day. He said that her idea of having Mr. Arnold try my battery, suggested first of all to his mind this conference with Mr. Arnold that brought everything about."

"Let us go for a long motor ride this evening," suggested Hal the next afternoon. "We all need a good blast of fresh air. It will do everybody good."

"All right," said Mrs. Ward. "We can call for your father a little after five."

But at five o'clock, when Hal learned from John that Dorothy had taken the motor to the shop some days before, he came up to the house, saying, "Is n't that like a girl? Of course, Dot, they will take a year to repair the machine, if you let 'em."

"I'm sorry, Hal," was all Dorothy said.

CHAPTER XIII

DOROTHY'S REWARD

A FEW evenings later, Mr. Ward brought Mr. Lawton home to share in the general rejoicing, for not only had a new company been decided upon, which was to take over all the stock and finance Mr. Ward's storage battery, but at the meeting that afternoon, Mr. Arnold had proposed making Mr. Ward a director in the new company, and his suggestion was unanimously accepted.

"I consider, gentlemen," he said, "that it is a

wonderful stroke of good luck to have secured Mr. Ward's services. He is known throughout America as a man of great worth; and along with his wonderful inventive genius is a practical knowledge that will mean much to this company."

When the news was made known, there was a shout of joy from the entire family.

"Hooray! hooray! dear old Dad's on Easy Street now—and always will be!" shouted Hal, as he grabbed Edith's hand and started to do a cake-walk up and down the room. Arthur followed with Dorothy, and, as Hal kept calling out the figures in the negro dialect, everybody became convulsed with laughter.

"Mrs. Lawton wants you all to take dinner with us to-morrow evening," said Mr. Lawton, before leaving. "We are going to blow the last cloud away then!"

"All but one," Dorothy thought to herself. "It will take a long time for that cloud to disappear." She was thinking of her motor, that wonderful motor which had been her very own.

Needless to say, the one thing that worried Mr. Ward, now that the settlement of his needs and anxieties was near at hand, was the fact that Dorothy's motor-car was gone. "I'll get that car back, yes, that very car, if it takes every cent I have!" he exclaimed, in a wrathful interview with Mr. Jones of the Parkwood Company, who, despite all his storming and pleading, obstinately refused to give him the name of the purchaser, but merely said, over and over: "I'll do my best for you, sir, and I'm confident we'll get it back; but, you see, I *can't* give away the purchaser's name. I promised not to—that's all. Only—keep the whole thing a secret, even from your own family, sir, for the present—that's my advice."

So Mr. Ward simply told the family that they must do without Dorothy's automobile for a few days. No one in the house, not even John, had any idea of what had taken place, but Dorothy's father meant, in truth, to recover the machine at whatever cost. And he resolved to go the very next day to Mr. Lawton and ask him to help him in his search, hoping that perhaps to him the manager might be more confidential.

"We must plan some nice motor trips," said Edith to Dorothy that night before they went to sleep. "You must try to forget all about the past ten days. An automobile is the very best cure for trouble, I believe."

"It can cure trouble, perhaps, but it can cause it, too," answered Dorothy.

"What do you mean, Dot?"

"Oh, nothing much, Edith, dear. I was just thinking about something else when you spoke."

"MR. LAWTON is waiting outside for you, sir," said Nora, coming into the breakfast-room the next morning. "He is in no hurry, he says, but as soon as you are ready, he will take you to the office."

"That 's queer," replied Mr. Ward. "I never knew Lawton was such an early bird."

"Celebration, indeed! I 've been fighting a battle most of the night with you, and, by jingo, you won!"

"Bad dreams, eh?" queried Mr. Ward.

"No. Good dreams, Ward. But come for a spin with me. I have a confession to make to you," Mr. Lawton said, as the motor moved off



"WHAT IS IT, DEAR? DON'T YOU WANT ME TO SEE IT?"

What a morning for them all. The sun never seemed to shine so brightly, the flowers never looked so beautiful, breakfast never had tasted better, and Mr. Lawton never had risen so early.

"Well, well, neighbor," said Mr. Ward, as he came out to greet his friend. "Is n't this rather unusual? What 's the celebration for?"

with them. "Dorothy's car is in my garage. It has been there ever since the day she took it to be sold. By a lucky chance, I went in to see Jones, and he called my attention to the car. I never dreamed then to whom it belonged. The battle last night, Ward, was between my selfish desire and you. I bought the machine because I

wanted the joy of returning it to Dorothy. But, no, you are the one to do that. The sacrifice was made for you, not me. I was only the instrument—"

Mr. Ward had been perfectly silent while his friend was talking. Now he turned to him with a look of deep gratitude on his face, and his voice broke, as he said: "You're a friend of friends, Lawton, if ever there was one, and to you belongs the happiness of giving back to Dorothy her treasure. You, indeed, must do it. You've done *me* an unspeakable favor, too. I was afraid the car had been sent off to some other city. But I would have got it back if it cost three times the price of a new one."

"My dear Ward, I know you would; but this is Dorothy's triumph, and we must both think only of her. You are all the world to Dorothy, and the joy over the return of her beloved car will be tenfold if it comes from you. I've planned it all out. You are all to dine with us to-night, and after dinner, the car will be in front of our door. I will see that you and she get into it together, and will give you the cue when to start. Speed away with your girl, and leave the last cloud behind. Meantime, *mum's the word*, for we want to surprise her, and the rest, too."

"ONE would think that the entire royal family was about to descend upon us," remarked Mr. Lawton, jokingly, to his wife the next afternoon, for Mrs. Lawton, loving the Ward household as she did, counted no trouble too great to make the evenings they spent with her the jolliest, merriest, and happiest that could possibly be realized. And in this she certainly succeeded, for never did any member of that family leave her hospitable roof without deciding that the one place where you could always bank upon having a royal good time was the home of those two dear friends.

And Edith and Dorothy were planning to wear their very prettiest frocks that evening. Even Arthur and Hal had been consulted as to which were most becoming. The vote was cast for the white silk, accordion-plaited dresses which were made just alike, and Arthur and Hal went off to the florist's and purchased two lovely bouquets of white marguerites. Hal presented his to Edith, and Arthur asked Dorothy to accept his. Later, when the two girls appeared, each of them wearing some of the blossoms in her belt, Hal gallantly remarked: "They're girls to be proud of!"

"A 'daisy' pair, indeed," echoed Arthur.

Hal had kept the house in a perfect uproar all day. Even Peter had frequently to take refuge under Mrs. Ward's big four-poster, for when Hal's irrepressible spirits found nothing else to

play with, poor Peter was waylaid and made "to do stunts."

"Shure, Mr. Hal, whatever ails you this day?" said Bridget, as she and Hal collided at the pantry door, causing a plateful of soup she was carrying to send a fountain of its liquid contents over a corner of the dining-room wall, thereby leaving a spider-like tracery which did not in the least match the wall-paper.

But nobody minded anything that day, as Hal boisterously put it, in a song from "The Mikado,"

"For you are right,
And I am right,
And everything is quite correct!"

So it was a merry, rollicking party that arrived at Mrs. Lawton's.

"Please keep an eye on Hal," whispered his mother. "We have been unable to manage him all day long, and goodness only knows what he may do to-night."

"We'll tether him to a banister if he misbehaves," said Mrs. Lawton, laughingly.

They frolicked throughout the dinner, for all hearts were aglow with care-free happiness and the joy of affectionate friendliness. At last, when the meal was over, Mr. Lawton pushed back his chair, and, rising, said: "We are now to have the old game of 'follow the leader.' Hands up, those who want to play."

Every hand was raised, Mr. Lawton cunningly appointed Mr. Ward the leader, and they all started off.

Up and down the main stairway they went, and round and about the rooms. Mr. Ward hopped through the hall on one foot; every one else did the same; under the piano they all scrambled madly. Mr. Ward stood in one corner, and as there were not corners enough for all, they had to take turns. Finally, as they got in line again, Mr. Lawton whispered something to the leader, and into the hall he went. Seizing a cap and coat from the hat-rack, Mr. Ward rushed out of the hall door. Dorothy, who was next, grabbed Arthur's cap and Hal's coat, and followed him, and at that moment, Mr. Lawton, who was just going out of the hall door himself, turned and said: "All of you stay behind. I'll explain in a moment." He shut the door and went out, but instead of following the leader and Dorothy into the motor, he went to the front of the car and cranked the machine.

A moment later he stood alone on the driveway, watching a small red light which was disappearing down the street; and he knew that their generous, noble-minded Dorothy was at last getting the reward of her unselfishness.

"I have a story to tell you, boys and girls," he said, as he reëntered the house; "so come and sit down for a few minutes. It 's a real story of a real girl, and each one of us has played his and her part in it."

turn," suggested Mrs. Lawton, who, together with Mrs. Ward, had been shedding great tears of joy.

So they all went out on the porch and stood there, peering up and down the driveway for the first sign of Mr. Ward and their "motor-girl."

Presently two big lights came up the street, but Mr. Lawton said: "That 's Arnold's machine and his chauffeur."

"Did you know him by his livery or his lights?" asked Hal, and this sally relieved the situation. Everybody laughed as Mrs. Lawton said: "It takes you to ask posers, Hal!"

"But it takes Dorothy to solve them!" quickly remarked Edith.

Just then two big lights were again seen in the distance, and this time they turned in at the gate. As the motor stopped before the door, cheer after cheer went up from the waiting crowd. Hal and Arthur seized Dorothy, and carried her in triumph round and round the house.

One look at her bright and happy face was enough to assure everybody that the last cloud had blown away.

THE next day, Mr. Lawton received a check for fifteen hundred dollars from Mr. Ward, in repayment of the money he had advanced for Dorothy's machine. Hal went off to college the following week; Mrs. Mortimer arrived from Europe; and Aunt Alice brought

Paul and Peggy home with her from Jamestown.

And if any of you, this winter, should be visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ward in Philadelphia, be sure to drop into Mr. Ward's study and look above his desk. There you will see a small slip of paper in a pretty frame. It is the check which was sent to the motor-girl by the Parkwood manager; and Dorothy's father will surely tell you that it is the very dearest of all his possessions.



"HAL GALLANTLY REMARKED: 'THEY 'RE GIRLS TO BE PROUD OF.'"

They all gathered about him as he told from beginning to end the story of the sale of Dorothy's motor, and when he came to the note which Dorothy had written to her father to inclose with the check, Hal got up and walked to the window. For once, the Yale junior was "all broken up," and could not say another word.

"We expect Dorothy back at almost any moment. Let 's give her a rousing welcome on her re-

THE COUSIN DOLLS

WHEN Mildred went to visit her Aunt Edna one summer, she had ever so much fun playing with her cousins, but what she and Marion liked best of all was to play paper dolls.

Sometimes Marion's mama (that was Mildred's Aunt Edna) used to make paper dolls for the little girls. She could draw funny, pretty faces for the dolls, in pencil or ink; or sometimes she painted in water-colors.

Mildred had brought with her some paper dolls, each with a whole set of dresses. They were all pretty, but they were just "store dollies" that Mildred's papa had bought for her. Marion liked the store dollies best, but Mildred thought the ones that Aunt Edna made were the nicest of all.

One day Aunt Edna dressed all the children in their pretty "dress-up" clothes. Then she brought her camera and took pictures of every one, even the baby. The pictures were taken out of doors, near the big barn, and Aunt Edna hung her soft gray shawl against the barn door for a "background."

Of course Marion and Mildred and Harold and Hattie all wanted to see the pictures "right away at once," but Auntie explained that she could n't possibly get the photographs then, and that they would all have to wait a few days for them.

Then there were pictures and parties, and going berrying, and hay rides, and so many kinds of

vacation fun that the days went by quickly, and the children forgot to ask about the photographs.

When Mildred had been home about a week, there came a large, flat package addressed to her in Aunt Edna's writing.

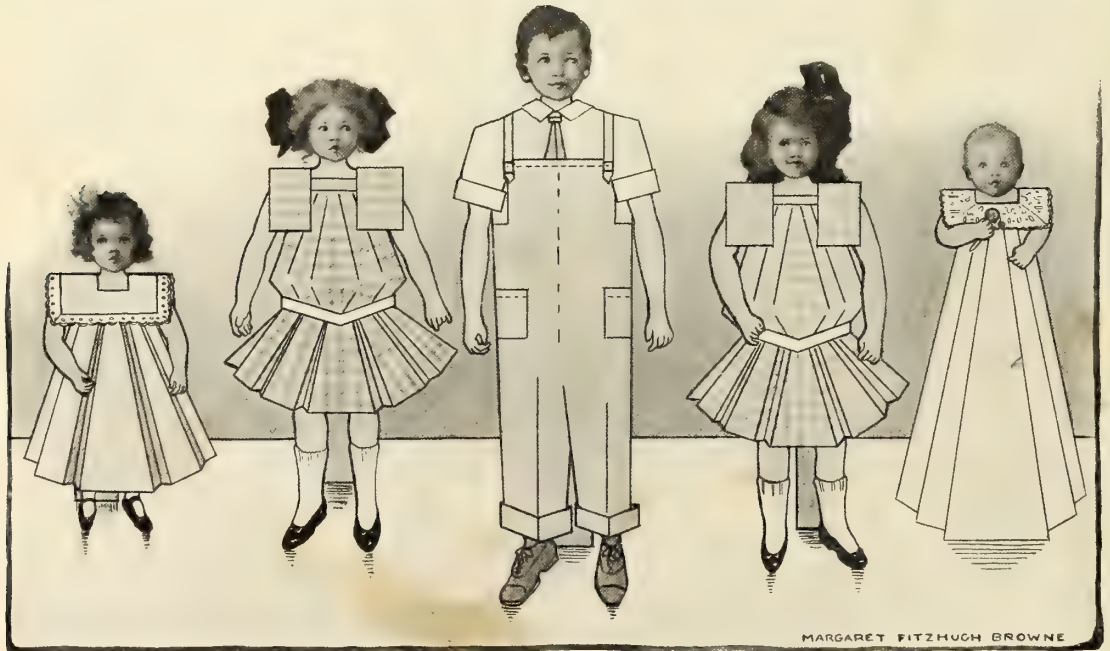
Mildred opened the package and found five large envelopes in it. In each envelop was a paper doll with her dresses, and such cunning paper dolls you never saw. The faces on the dolls were made from the photographs of the children that Auntie had taken that sunny day out of doors.

There was one dolly that showed Marion's curly head and funny little smile. One dolly was the three-year-old Hattie cousin, and the big boy doll had Harold's jolly face. There was a dolly just like Mildred herself. And funniest and dearest of all was the baby doll, in long white dress, with the dear, funny little face of Baby Ruth.

Aunt Edna had made some paper dresses for each of the dolls. The Marion and Mildred dolls had red-checked play-dresses almost exactly like the red gingham dresses that Mildred and Marion wore. Then each girl dolly had a blue-and-white sailor suit and a pretty party-dress. Harold had one suit with blue overalls, and one Sunday suit of dark brown.

All winter Mildred had lots of fun playing with her "cousin dolls."

Ida Kenniston.



"MARION."

"HATTIE."

"HAROLD."

"MILDRED."

"BABY RUTH."

MODEL AËROPLANES OF 1911

SIXTH PAPER—MEETS

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

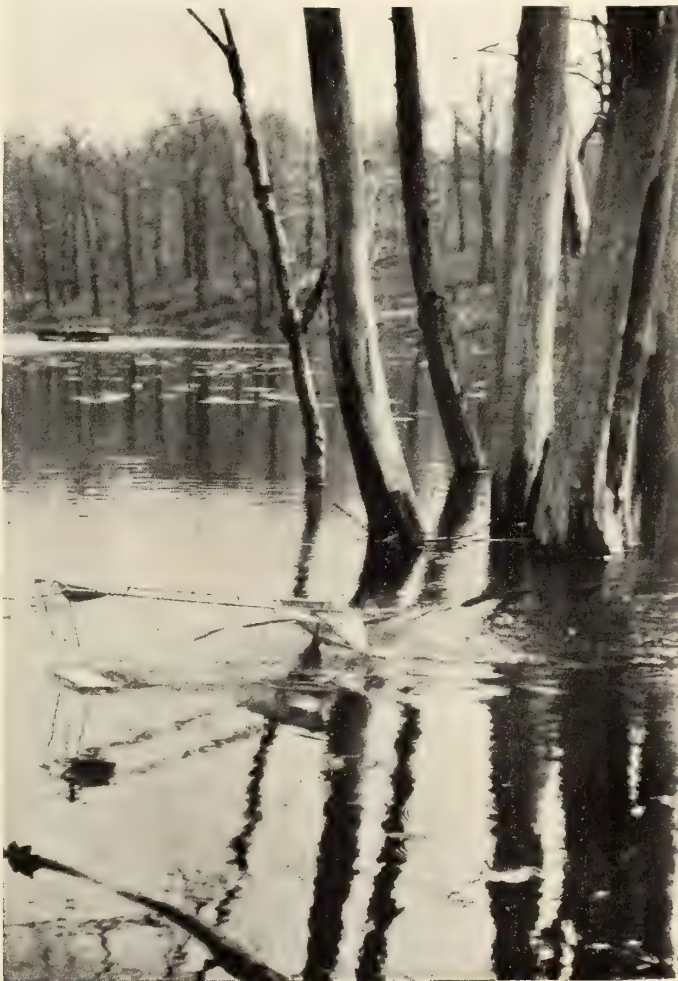
Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes"

WITHIN the year, exhibitions and contests of model aëroplane flights have become an established form of entertainment. The attraction of the flights of man-carrying machines is borrowed in a large measure by the model aëroplanes. The building of models has progressed so rapidly, bringing the little aircraft under such control, that a definite program of flights may now be carried out. The programs may be considerably varied to include distance flights and weight-lifting contests, as well as spectacular flights, in which the models loop the loop and perform other amazing feats.

The first formal exhibition or professional appearance of the model aëroplane in public as an entertainment, was made in connection with the first aviation meet held at Asbury Park, New Jersey. Two of the most successful model builders, Percy Pierce and Frank Schoher, of the New York Model Aëro Club, were engaged to give exhibition flights for one hour a day in the intervals between the flights of Arch Hoxey, Johnstone, and other aviators of the Wright brothers' staff. The models were flown for more than 200 feet, and were enthusiastically applauded. The aëroplanes in miniature imitated the flights of the man-carrying craft with wonderful fidelity, rising from the ground and soaring aloft in long, graceful curves. They came as a very welcome variety, and could be watched without breaking one's neck gazing aloft, or the unpleasant possibility of a serious accident. The applause of the thousands gathered for the meet may be said to have definitely established the model aëroplane as a feature of these tournaments.

The model aëroplane has one great advantage over the man-carrying machines: it makes possible indoor aviation, which may be enjoyed the year round, and is especially effective for evening

entertainment. The fortnightly flight meets in one of the great New York armories attracted the attention of the officers, sometime since, and



MODEL AËROPLANE RISING FROM THE WATER.

the boys were invited to give exhibition flights in connection with athletic games. The first of these evening meets was held under the auspices of the New York Model Aëro Club in connection with the Greek athletic games, in the interval between the games and the ball which followed, during which many flights took place.

An audience of fully 3000 people, crowding the armory, witnessed the exhibition. Some twenty members of the club entered the contest. In a

side. The third model found itself, however, rose perhaps twenty feet, and, settling down to a steady horizontal, darted across the arena. Every eye followed it. A burst of hand-clapping greeted its graceful rise, which increased in volume, and as it reached the farthest corner of the great armory, more than 200 feet distant, there was a perfectly spontaneous cheer.

The program was so well organized and carried out that the flights took place without a single break. There was scarcely a moment when an aéroplane was not aloft, and the interest never faltered. There were scores of excellent straightaway flights of 200 feet or more, at various altitudes. Occasionally a model would fly wild, even refuse to rise, but the contests followed each other so continuously that a failure was quickly forgotten in the delight of watching the next flight.

The rapid development of the model aéroplane was shown particularly in the spectacular flights. The thrilling volplanes and daring aerial feats of the famous air pilots were imitated by the model aéroplanes. The models were made to dart about at unexpected angles, and, while

public meet of this kind, much depends upon the system of flying. The floor must be kept clear, and the flights follow one another so quickly that the interest will not lag for a moment, and the audience have no opportunity to tire. The flights on this occasion went with a rush, and proved in every way so well managed, that the rules which made this program a success are outlined in full on another page.

Few in the audience had ever seen a model flight, and the contest held the great crowd's attention more closely than had any of the evening's athletic events, which had to come before. There was a breathless moment of suspense when the whistle sounded for the first flight. A beautiful white monoplane led off, but in the excitement of the moment, it had not been properly adjusted, and failing to get its altitude, spun daintily across the floor. The second model yawed sharply and flew into the crowd at the

keeping clear of the ground, perform many amazing feats. The prize offered for spectacular flights



PERCY PIERCE LAUNCHING ONE OF HIS MODELS.



LAUNCHING THE SLING-SHOT GLIDERS.

was won by William Ragot, whose aéroplane actually looped the loop repeatedly, in obedience to skilful adjustment of the planes and weights. In

starting the model for this flight, it was firmly held well above the ground, and launched at a sharp upward angle. It rose with astonishing speed, in a vertical line, fully twenty feet, when it turned and descended with accelerated speed. The crowd naturally expected a bad smash, but with a good clearance of the ground, the model suddenly swept around in a narrow semicircle, rose, and repeated the performance. It seemed to many spectators that the model was enjoying a miracle of good luck, but they were mistaken. The flight was repeated several times. Indoor aviation was voted an instantaneous success by everybody present.

Unless well-thought-out rules are carefully observed, a public exhibition may fall into confusion and be seriously marred. A large audience grows quickly impatient of delays between flights. There is, of course, the danger that the models will follow each other too quickly, perhaps collide in the air. The distance and spectacular flights again must be kept separate. The rules carried out by the New York Aéro Club at these exhibitions, and which worked well in practice, were as follows:

First of all, and most important, the floor was kept absolutely clear except for the director of the flights, who took up a position at the center. The distance flights started from one corner only; the spectacular flights from the center of one side, and the weight-lifting contest from another corner. An official starter, a measurer, and an entry clerk as well, stood at each point from which the flights were started. When a model was wound up ready for a flight, a starter waved a small flag to attract the attention of the director out on the floor. From his vantage-point, the director could see if the floor was clear, and signaled to the starter to go ahead. He blew a whistle by way of signal, one blast for the start of a weight-lifting contest, two for a distance flight, and three for a spectacular flight. Instantly the whistle sounded, the model signaled was released without a moment's delay. In this way no two models were ever started at the same time, and all confusion was avoided. The whistle was clearly heard in all parts of the hall, and the audience quickly learned to know the signals and look to the point from which the start took place. The only person allowed on the floor while the flights were in progress was the owner of the model, who followed it and brought it back. He was allowed to cross the floor, but once he had secured his model,

he must carry it quickly to the nearest point at the side, and find his way back to the starting-place along the outer lines. In the long distance flights, the one flying the model and the measurer alone were permitted to follow the machine. This was done on the run. It is important that any delay be avoided in measuring, since this does not interest the public in the least, and may



TUNING UP THE MODEL FOR A FLIGHT.

make the exhibition drag. It is confusing both to the flyer and the spectators to have a single unnecessary figure on the floor during the flights. The crowd was kept back at all these meets by members of the club wearing the club colors.

The regular fortnightly model aéroplane meets held in New York are probably the most largely attended and best organized meets of the kind in the world. The 22d Regiment armory, a spacious structure admirably suited for indoor aviation, has very courteously been thrown open for the purpose on every other Saturday afternoon. Throughout the season, each of these meets brings together several hundred boys and spectators, and on the average about 100 model aéroplanes. The meet is conducted with intelligence and sympathy by the Y. M. C. A., and is open to all. Of late, these exhibitions have become so popular that the crowds actually threaten the convenience of the flyers, and the boys have been required to present credentials on entering, consisting simply of a model aéroplane.

There are few more animated spectacles than the model aéroplane tournament. There is a great sunlit floor—it measures 250 by 150 feet—roofed with glass. The aviation fields are reproduced here in miniature, without loss of animation. Along the sides are continuous lines of "camps," corresponding to the hangars, where scores of boys are busy tuning up their machines.

They have brought tools and a variety of extra materials, planes, propellers, motors, strips, which are spread about them. In each camp the machines—and there are no two alike—are being assembled or repaired. Groups of boys or friends

concert-pitch, stand ready at the starting-line. The starter announces whether the flight is "official" and if it is to be counted in the competition for the trophies, or is merely a practice or exhibition flight. The start is made from the ex-



WINDING UP THE RUBBER-BANDS, OR STORING ENERGY FOR A LONG DISTANCE FLIGHT.

and admirers are gathered about each camp, earnestly discussing the merits of a particular model and its chances in the approaching contest. To stroll down the line of camps is in itself a liberal education in aëronautics.

The records of all flights are carefully preserved, to be counted against the several important trophies which will be awarded at the end of the season. Any one of the scores of contestants can tell you at any moment how the score stands. During this tuning-up process, the galleries fill up, and an enthusiastic audience is assured. One of the great beauties of indoor aviation is that it is entirely independent of the weather. The air of the great armory is practically at rest, and the aëroplanes escape the baffling side currents and air gusts. In England, by the way, indoor aviation is practically unknown.

A whistle sounds above the hum of many voices, and at the signal every one scurries to the sides, leaving the broad floor clear. The judge, starter, and measurer take their positions, and the aviators, with their models tuned up to

treme corner diagonally across the armory. Last year, all the starts were made from a point well out in the middle of the floor, but that was when the flights were much shorter. To-day the boys have actually outgrown the armory, and even by flying from corner to corner, there is not enough room. The aëroplanes are no longer launched from the hand or even pushed along the ground. They are required to start without assistance, and rise in the air without being touched.

"Official flight."

Every one's attention is attracted by the announcement. Hundreds of boys crowd to the lines. The starter is doubtless known to all, as well as his record and standing in the various competitions. Hundreds of critical eyes are upon the model. It is a thrilling moment. The propellers are released, and the aëroplane glides forward under its own power. Some leap into the air, others take the full twenty feet permitted them in getting off the ground. There are surprisingly few failures. The length of the take-off, the angle at which it rises, the altitude in the

first rise, are critically observed by the young experts.

To the whirl of the propellers, which form two blurred circles in the air, the model quickly climbs upward, rights itself, and speeds away on its long flight. The young aviator's skill is revealed to every eye by the angle of the ascent, the altitude, and the ability to gain equilibrium aloft. The more you know about aviation, the more absorbing is your interest in a flight. A good rise is usually observed in silence. By the time the model has reached the middle of the armory, more than one hundred feet from the starting-line, enthusiasm is aroused. When two thirds the distance has been covered, the applause begins. Let

the model continue without swerving to the farthest corner, and a perfectly spontaneous cheer sweeps the crowd. It is a well-deserved reward of hours of patient effort.

The official measurers take the floor on the run, dragging their tape after them. The crowd overruns the floor to gain a closer view of the model, and the young aviator receives congratulations. The distance is announced at once, and there are more cheers. There is never a dull moment at the meets. One or more machines are almost always aloft. It is as thrilling as a three-ringed circus, and just as interesting to the ordinary spectator as it is to the enthusiastic young aviators whose models are shown.

THE END.

THE LITTLE CHATELAINE

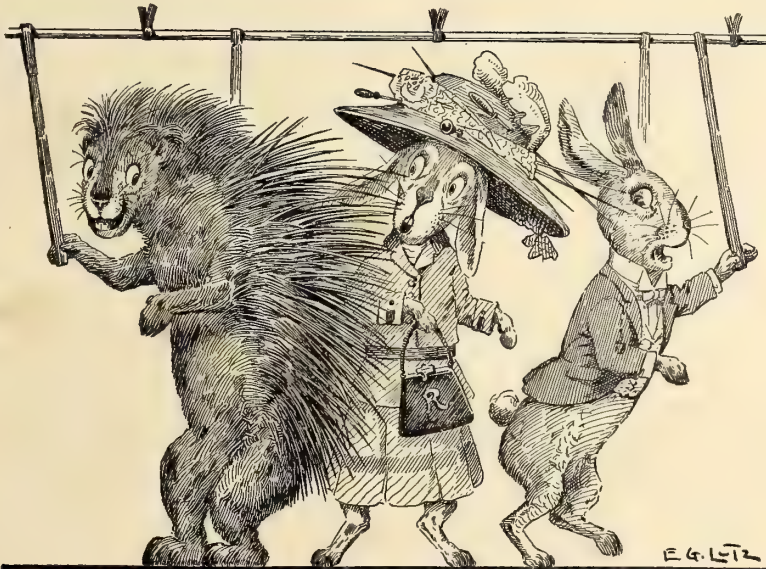
SOME mornings when my dear mama
Has breakfast up in bed,
Papa sits at the table's foot
And I sit at its head.

He never calls me baby names,
Nor jokes nor teases me,
But talks as if I were Mama
And grown-up as can be.

And I pour out his coffee, too,
Oh my! so carefully!
But should I chance to spill a drop,
He never seems to see.

And while I don't know what it means,
I do feel very vain
When Father says, "Another cup,
My little chatelaine."

Ethelwyn Brewer De Foe.



THE BITER BIT—IN THE STREET-CAR.

MRS. RABBIT (to Porcupine): "Be careful, sir, with those sharp quills of yours, who you're sticking!"

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT



YOUNG and old alike will greatly enjoy singing this song in chorus. After it has been tried over once or twice, all will find themselves keeping time with hands or feet, and naturally adding the other parts to the soprano. It is a good plan for different voices to sing the solo parts, as the negroes themselves did, with all their plantation melodies.

The slaves of the South poured out their feelings in numbers of songs, mostly religious, which are a remarkable contribution to the world's treasures of folk-music. The following selection is very characteristic as well as famous.

NOTE.—The words given herewith differ somewhat from those in other versions, as is the case in many folk-songs.

AMERICAN NEGRO FOLK-SONG

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

REFRAIN

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, ... Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, ... Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

1. I look'd o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me home?
 2. Oh, swing low, ... char - i - ot in ... the sky, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 3. If you get ... there be - fore ... I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

D. C. for Refrain.

A gold - en char - iot com - ing aft - er me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 Oh, swing low, char - iot pass - ing ... by, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 Tell all my friends I'm com - ing ... too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

THIS selection is one of the most popular of all the folk-songs from Ireland. You will immediately recognize the tune. Samuel Lover was a famous Irish writer of the nineteenth century.

It is well to read over the words first, in order to catch their spirit. Then sing the song with the aim to bring out the sentiment, humor, and picturesque details in the thoroughly rustic scene.

SAMUEL LOVER

Air—"THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY"

Edited and Arranged by MABEL LYON STURGIS

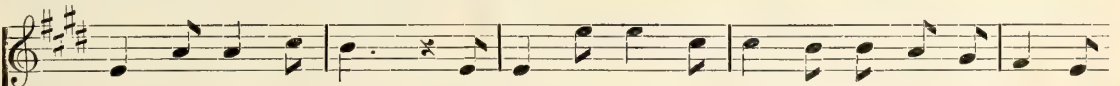
Lightly and rather fast



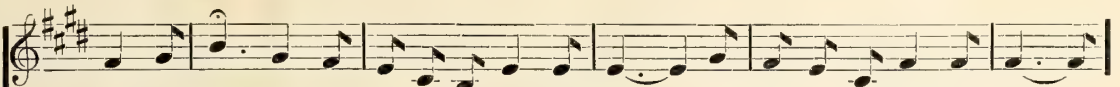
1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day, A low-back'd car she
2. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she



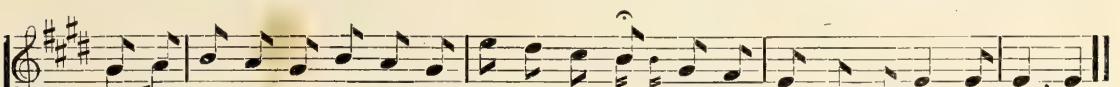
drove, and sat . Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was bloom-ing grass And
slaugh - ters By far out-num - ber these. While she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just



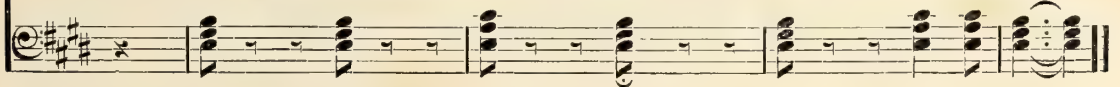
deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that could com-pare, With the bloom-ing
like a tur - tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing



girl I sing. As she sat in her low-back'd car,... The man at the turn-pike bar...
god of Love. While she sits in her low-back'd car,... The lov - ers come near and far,...



· Nev - er ask'd for the toll, but just rubb'd his old poll, And look'd aft - er the low-back'd car.
And.. en - vy the chick - en that Peg - gy is picking, As she sits in the low-back'd car.





A TALE OF TAILS

IN unrecorded ages when the minnows talked like whales,
 The Very-Clever-Animals were destitute of tails:
 The Monkey and the 'Possum could n't hang 'emself to dry,
 The Puppy could n't waggle, nor the Heifer flap a fly;
 So, when the Wild Geese trumpeted that tails could soon be had,
 The Very-Clever-Animals were very, very glad.

Upon the day appointed, when the quadrupedal rout
 Were flocking to the Trysting-Place-Where-Tails-Were-Given-Out,
 The Growly Bear was settling to his wonted winter nap;
 He called his friend, the Rabbit, an obliging little chap,
 And pledged him by the whiskers of the Great Ancestral Hare
 To fetch a fitting tail-piece for a self-respecting bear.

But, Where-the-Tails-Were-Given there was such a dreadful crush—
 A mingled game of foot-ball and a bargain-counter rush—
 That Bunny, hopping wildly for his own desired end,
 Forgot his solemn promise to his sleepy-headed friend.



The Rabbit was returning to his merry native vale,
 Delighting in the flourish of a gorgeous, furry tail,
 When, rapidly descending from his Rocky Mountain lair,
 He saw the massive figure of his friend, the Growly Bear,
 Who roared: "My tail! sweet Rabbit; you have brought it, have you not?"
 "Why," stammered out the Rabbit, "please excuse me,—I forgot!"

The Bruin swung his forepaw like a mighty iron flail;
 He caught the luckless Bunny by the precious furry tail
 And shore it off completely, save a little bit of fluff!—
 But maybe, for a Rabbit, that is cotton tail enough.

Arthur Guiterman.

YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders"

CHAPTER XI

A THRILLING ESCAPE

WHEN Lincoln Adams and Dick Ryerson, themselves safe in the cliff-dwellers' cavern, with the ladder drawn up, saw the Indians gather about the log above the path to the treasure cave, and, after a consultation, send it spinning into the ravine, their consternation can be imagined.

Bob Colbourne was cut off! He was fairly bottled up in the hole down the cliff!

"But we will get him up!" declared Dick, grimly. "We must! We've got to!"

"We'll find some way!" said Lincoln, clenching his fists.

Darkness came, however, and the long night itself, and the next day, without any opportunity of rescuing their luckless companion. Possibly in superstitious fear of the deserted dwellings in the big cavern, the Indians had not stormed it. Nevertheless, they had remained constantly in the vicinity. And when darkness of the second night fell, the two besieged lads were in despair.

Their start of surprise and hope may then be imagined when, about midnight, as they huddled together beside the dog at the front of the platform, from the blackness directly across the chasm came a soft whistle.

It came again before they could convince themselves of its reality. Then, on their feet at a bound, they rushed on tiptoe to the outermost corner of the cave, and answered.

"Hello! It's I, Bob!" came a low voice. "Are you all right?"

"Yes! yes!" responded Lincoln, excitedly. "But how did you get down, and over there?"

"I found a part of the wall behind the idol that was just a little sealed-up door, and I broke through it with the hatchet. Then I found a big cave, with an opening below. And there is a path leading up here.

"But I have some news. I found the balloon. It's hanging in a tree. And I brought the flying-rope with me, and have a scheme for getting you across. I'll climb a big tree right here, fasten one end of the rope to a branch, and throw you the other end. Then you can swing over.

"I was here, and picked out the tree at dusk," Bob added, in the same guarded tone; "but did n't call because there was an Indian on the rock above you."

"Bully for you! Bully for you!" called Dick. "But say, can you throw that heavy rope this far, Bob?"

"I've raveled off a long cord, and will throw that, weighted with a stone, and you can pull the rope over. But I'll not do it until the moon shows. We must have some light. I can't take the chance of perhaps missing you."

"Can you climb the tree in the dark?"

"I think so. I made a rope climbing-belt, like the one we came down the tree with when we landed."

"Well, be careful," Lincoln cautioned. "And we will be getting together what we can take with us."

This did not take long. The disposal of the dog presented the great problem, for the boys felt they could not leave him to starve, or fall a victim to the Indians. Finally, they determined to take him with them.

"He may howl a bit when he finds himself in

the air," Dick observed, "but we'll take the risk of the Indians not paying particular attention, or thinking him some sort of flying ghost."

Back at the mouth of the cavern, ready, Lincoln whistled. The response came from some distance above them.

"Just got up," came Bob's low voice.

"Say, Bob," inquired Dick, "have you figured it out so we won't smash against the side of the ravine, instead of clearing it?"

"Yes. It's about sixty feet across to where you are standing, this limb is about forty feet higher than you, and you are about forty higher than the ground on this side. The only danger is your swinging in too far and striking another tree. I'll try to catch you."

Some minutes later, a lighting of the sky beyond the end of the cañon told of the coming of the moon.

"Just ready for it," Bob called, again from the ground. "Look out!"

The stone hurtled through the air, struck the floor, and hand over hand Dick and Lincoln drew in the cord.

"Oh, you old familiar flying-rope!" said Lincoln, blithely, as the rope reached them. "O.K., Bobby. We have it."

"Who comes first?" Bob asked.

"Going to try it on the dog first," was Dick's jocular response. Calling the animal to them, they led him to the outer corner of the platform, and while Lincoln patted and spoke to him, Dick tied the rope securely about his body, just back of the forelegs.

"Look out!" they warned, and heaved him into space. With a frantic, strangled howl, the animal shot across the chasm like a strange, wriggling missile, disappeared in the shadows beyond, there were sounds of a scuffle, and Bob called, "All right."

Pulling the rope back by the cord, which they had retained, Lincoln and Dick secured to it a bundle containing their three bows and quivers, the scout's pick and shovel, hatchet, and other odds and ends, several pigeons, a quantity of pine-nuts, and a pot containing coals of fire packed securely in ashes and floor-dust. These also went safely across.

Then came their own turn.

After a brief debate, it was agreed that Lincoln should go first.

"Take a little more rope than you gave the dog," cautioned Bob. "He was a bit high for me."

Carefully judging the slack of the rope, Lincoln passed it under his arms, and Dick knotted it firmly.

"Look out!" he called, and stepped off. In a

twinkle, he was whistling through the air like a rocket. The side of the gorge seemed to rush up toward him. While he held his breath, he cleared it, and shot into the shadows beyond. Something grasped a foot with a wrenching jolt, he swung on, back, and Bob had dragged him to a halt.

"Did n't hurt you?" the English lad asked, as he freed the rope.

"Not a bit. Only squeezed the wind out of me. But I'm awfully glad to see you again, Bob," Lincoln added heartily. "How is the foot?"

"Not bothering me at all now, thanks."

Without mishap, Dick followed and landed. "That beats shooting the chutes," he gasped. "But here we are all together again, thanks to you Bobby, you brick. And now to get away, and make sure of it."

Bob had secured the flying-rope to the limb of the tree by a slip-knot, to which in turn he had fixed a length of the cord. Pulling this, they brought the rope down on the run, and, hastily coiling it, were off through the semi-obscurity of the trees for the balloon, the dog trotting after.

"Now, Bob," requested Lincoln, "tell us how you got down. Did you save any of the gold?"

"Yes; twelve bars. And we can return and get the rest—and perhaps more," Bob responded. And continuing, he related briefly how, following the appearance of the Indians above the treasure cave, and seeing this was the only way of escape, he had attacked the walled-up opening behind the idol with the old javelin and his hatchet, and toward morning had succeeded in making a hole in one portion, through which he could crawl; how, taking a jar and a dozen of the gold ingots, he had passed through, and wandered about a great echoing cavern until, down a rough, sloping passage, he had discovered a spot of light, reached it, and found himself in the open air at the foot of the cliff; and how, finally, stumbling on a path leading to the surface of this plateau, he had ascended for the purpose of communicating with them across the ravine, and accidentally had come on the balloon.

Lincoln and Dick were delighted that Bob had saved some of the gold, and enthusiastically declared him "All kinds of a brick!"

"Altogether," Lincoln added, "the Indians did us a mighty good turn."

"And if we lie low for a couple of days, they probably will clear out, too," prophesied Dick. "When they find we have disappeared 'into the air,' they'll be convinced there was some sorcery about it."

"How far is it to the balloon, Bob? Is it badly torn? We may be able to make a dandy tent out of it, or perhaps use it in some way or other."

"Only a rent down the side, far as I could see. But there you are!" Bob pointed.

Ahead of them, in a moonlit space created by its own dead and leafless branches, was a towering pine, with a lightning-riven top. And hanging from one of its lower branches, the yellow bag drooping and flattened, the basket, still attached, just clear of the ground, was the balloon the boys had thought to have seen the last of.

Down one side was a long rent. Save for this, the great aircraft was apparently in as good condition as when it had disappeared into the night more than two months back.

"She looks almost ready to go up again," remarked Lincoln, as they went forward. "All ready, that is, except for the gas."

At the remark, Dick, who, with Lincoln, bore the heavy coil of rope, halted so abruptly that Lincoln almost fell. "Why, what's up?" he demanded.

Dick dropped his end of the coil to the ground.

"Boys," he said excitedly, "I believe we could make a hot-air balloon of that, and get away in it—at least, far enough to be out of reach of the Indians. I once helped send up a hot-air balloon at a county fair at home, and a brisk wind carried it nearly five miles.

"If we could change this into a hot-air bag, and get her up during a good strong wind—and say at noon on a sunny day, so the air would n't cool off too rapidly—we *might* land forty or fifty miles from here. We might even go a hundred or more. Remember how fast we traveled before!"

Bob and Lincoln were too startled to utter more than a breathless "Oh!" and Dick went quickly on to explain.

"And it really would n't be hard to do. We could get the balloon down, and sew up the rent—we have plenty of the scout's thread yet; then make an opening at the bottom, in the neck of it, to take the hot air. Then we could hang it from a tree about as it is now, only with the neck touching the ground, over the chimney of the furnace.

"The furnace would be easy—a trench in the ground covered over with sod. That is the way they made the one at the fair."

"And what would you burn?" Lincoln inquired. "Resinous pine-knots—nothing better."

Lincoln thumped the speaker enthusiastically on the back. "We'll do it!" he cried.

"We will!" echoed Bob, and they hastened forward to the balloon basket.

"Just as it left us," Dick commented. "These ballast-bags will be awfully handy."

"But, I say, Dick, how about weight? Will

she carry as much as before? How much gold can we take?"

"On gas she was supposed to take up eight people, and thirty bags or so of ballast. On hot air, then, it seems to me she should carry three persons, a little ballast, and, say, a hundred pounds of gold. We'll risk it, anyway."

So it was decided, and the boys set about freeing the balloon bag from its hold in the tree. This was finally accomplished, Dick ascending the big pine; and within a few minutes of its falling to the ground, the three tired lads were sound asleep in a soft bed of its ample folds.

SEATED about a smokeless fire of small dry twigs the following morning, the boys ate a breakfast of broiled pigeon and discussed the conversion of the balloon into a hot-air bag.

"We will make that the first number on our program, I suppose?" Lincoln queried. "I think it would be best. There is a possibility of the Indians locating us again, and if we went back after the gold first, we might lose time that later would mean being captured. I vote we get everything ready, then go back for the gold."

Bob and Dick agreed, and the matter was settled.

"Can you sew, Bob?" Dick asked. "Well, if you will tackle the rip in the bag with the hermit's thread and needles, Linc and I will dig the furnace. That is the big job."

CHAPTER XII

HOME AGAIN

THE following noon found all in readiness for the ascension. The balloon bag, suspended from the top by ropes in an open space between four trees, had been secured at its neck to the sod chimney of the furnace; the basket, with its connecting cordage carefully arranged, set to one side; and the trench, tightly roofed with green boughs and sod, was partially filled with pitchy cones and resinous pine-knots.

"All we require to complete preparations," said Dick, viewing their work, "is a stock of squirrels and pigeons, pine-nuts, and as much more of the gold as we can take with us.

"The wind blowing now," he added, pointing to the swaying tree-tops, "is almost brisk enough."

"But blowing west, not north, toward the old U. S.," Lincoln objected. "I suppose, though, we should be thankful for any wind that would carry us out of reach of the Indians. Now let's have some dinner, then get off after the nuts and birds."

The boys, now first-class marksmen with the bow at short range, enjoyed unusually good luck

on their last hunt. In an hour they returned to the camp with as many wild pigeons as one could comfortably carry, and with six of the ballast-bags filled with nut-pine cones.

As a result of this good fortune it was decided that a trip should be made that afternoon to the temple cave, to secure the remainder of the gold ingots and dust.

Not wishing to leave the dog alone, or to tie him, for fear of his howling, lots were drawn to see who should remain. It fell to Dick.

"I'll see what I can do in roasting out pine-nuts without making a smoke," he said, as, carrying empty ballast-bags, Bob and Lincoln set off for the path leading below.

It was dusk when the two returned. Before they reached him, Dick read disappointment in their walk.

"Nothing doing!" said Lincoln, disgustedly tossing the empty bag to the ground. "There were a dozen Indians prowling along the top of the ravine. They had just found we had left the cave—there was a ladder up—and seemed to think we were hiding somewhere in the neighborhood. We were afraid to risk crossing the bottom of the gorge.

"And it occurred to Bob and me," Lincoln continued seriously, as he threw himself on the ground beside Dick, "that if the Indians should conclude that we had found a way down, they might finally decide we were over here. In that case, might it not be wise to let the rest of the gold go, and get away with what we have, and a whole skin?"

"That 's the way it looks to me," Bob confirmed.

Far into the evening, the three lads discussed the question, and despite the danger from the Indians, all found it hard to say "yes" finally to abandoning the small fortune they had discovered in the deserted cave, and possibly much more in the larger cavern Bob had passed through. At last, however, the question of weight determined them.

"For if we did take more than the balloon would carry," Bob pointed out, "we would have to throw it overboard, and lose it. And if we leave it, perhaps some day we can return and secure the whole of it. There is little chance of any one else finding the cave."

So it was decided, and the boys retired with the determination to inflate the balloon in the morning and make an attempt at departure.

All were up with the daylight, to find a brisk wind still blowing from the east. By the time they had had breakfast, the sun had taken the chill from the air, and at once they carried live coals

to the improvised furnace, and blew them into a blaze.

At first the furnace drew poorly. On Lincoln's suggestion a wall of pine boughs was then arranged in such a way as to turn the wind directly into the furnace-mouth. And in a few minutes the great bag began to show the effects of it.

Slowly, but steadily, it filled, and soon the boys were forced to move the basket about to the east, in order to steady the bag and prevent it pulling from the chimney.

"A half-hour more will have it like a drum," said Dick, jubilantly, adding knots to the rearing fire. "It 's working better even than—"

"It 's burning! The balloon is burning!" cried Bob, suddenly, pointing to a tiny flame near the neck of the balloon bag.

Lincoln and Dick looked up quickly, and saw that in some unaccountable manner the neck of the balloon had become loosened from the top of the furnace, and a little flickering flame was just beginning to crawl up the side of the bag.

Like a flash, all three boys made one great leap for the burning bag, and, pulling it away from the furnace, they beat the blaze out with their hats and hands, unmindful of the fact that a great column of dense black smoke streamed upward.

"The worst of it," said Lincoln, gravely, as they rose to their feet and surveyed the injured bag, "is that the Indians will be almost certain to see the smoke."

"And that means, our only chance is to patch this up quickly and try again right away," said Dick, resolutely. "Bob, get the needle and thread, while I cut a patch from one of the ballast-bags."

"I'll block up the furnace," said Lincoln, hastening to do so.

Though the boys worked at the top of their speed, it was nearly an hour later when the burned place in the neck of the balloon had been patched, and it was again hurriedly secured over the sod chimney, the furnace reopened, and more fuel added.

"I believe I was responsible for the trouble, through poking the fire too much," Dick said, as he threw in additional cones. "We'll not touch it with a poker this time."

As the great yellow bag began again to bulge, the three lads watched it in silent suspense, frequently casting an anxious eye amid the trees to the north. It was from this direction the Indians would appear, in case they should have seen the smoke and headed for the spot.

Finally, Bob offered to go some distance in that direction and keep a lookout.

"They could n't have escaped seeing the smoke, it was so black," he remarked. "And if they

come, we can cut loose and get away although we 're not quite ready, if we have warning."

"Go ahead, then, but not too far," Lincoln cautioned. "We will whistle when the balloon is about ready."

Steadily the gas-bag continued to fill. Another half-hour, and it was almost as taut as on

"There, that should hold her," Dick declared, adding an extra stone to one of the pyramids. "Must be six or seven hundred pounds of—"

Dick suddenly ceased speaking, and the color left his face. Lincoln caught the look, and spun about.

Bob was returning, running desperately.

As they looked, other running figures appeared amid the trees beyond, pursuing him.

In a moment, Dick and Lincoln had recovered their wits, and while Lincoln threw into the balloon car the remainder of their things—the pigeons, nuts, bows and arrows, and sack of gold bars—Dick darted for the ropes holding the balloon from above.

He was cutting at the third as Bob dashed toward them. Two of the Indians were but a few yards behind.

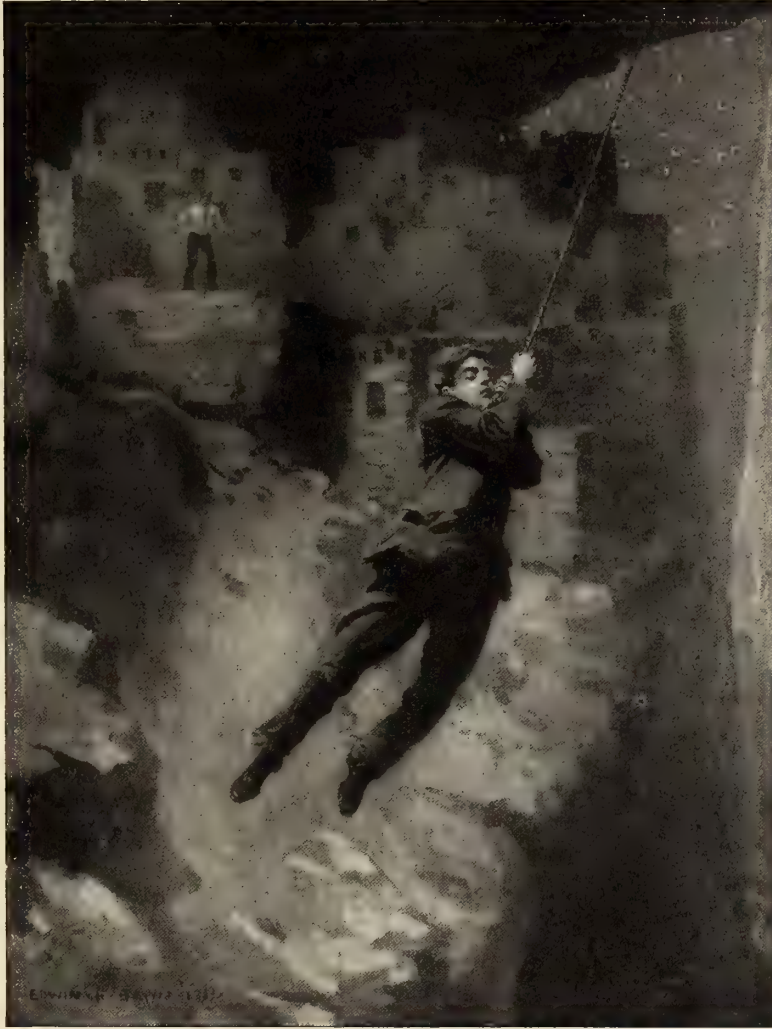
"They 'll have him!" groaned Dick, faltering in his work.

Suddenly then the pursuers saw the great yellow shape of the balloon, and with cries of alarm halted. Bob dashed on, made the basket, and vaulted over the side. Dick severed the last rope, and followed. As he went into the car with a flying leap, the Indians again started forward.

They never reached the basket. There was a growl and a rush, as the old dog, forgotten in the excitement, darted toward them. Again they faltered, in a twinkle the stones on the basket corners crashed to the earth, and like a rocket, the balloon leaped into the air.

Leaning breathlessly over, the three lads had a momentary vision of the dog throwing himself upon the Indians . . . branches whipped in their faces and shut out the view . . . the tops of trees were about the basket . . . were slipping by, as the wind caught them . . . were below them!

Upward they shot, and the trees had become a solid bank of rapidly moving green. Then, in a



"IN A TWINKLE, HE WAS WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A ROCKET."

the eventful night it had borne them off from distant Canada, for it was straining upward against the ropes above it.

"We'd better weight the basket now, and throw off the holding-ropes, had n't we?" Lincoln suggested.

For this purpose a number of large flat stones had been collected. These were soon piled high at the sides and in the basket corners.

moment, the green had swept from below them, and the balloon, over bare brown ridges, was flying swiftly into the west.

The first word spoken was for the dog. "Poor old beggar!" said Bob, with a catch in his voice. "I suppose he 's done for?"

"I wish I had had a gun!" said Lincoln. "However, it can't be helped, and we have ourselves to think of now. We 're still rising."

"Shooting right up. And see the way we 're traveling! It could n't be better," said Dick. "Eh, Bob?"

"I don't know much about hot-air balloons," Bob responded. "We are rising all right. How many bags of ballast are there?"

"Four."

The balloon had now risen until the barren, ragged country below had smoothed out to the appearance of a rough field.

On they swept, at great speed.

"Look! We 're heading for something!" Lincoln pointed ahead. "Green fields or woods! And a river!"

"But look beyond!" Bob cried. "A blue, glassy line! I 'll wager it is the sea! The Pacific Ocean!"

"If we can only keep this up!"

Nearer sped the stretch of green, and soon the boys recognized an unmistakable forest, traversed by a wide river.

A few minutes later, however, the vista was forgotten in their immediate situation. They were falling.

Promptly Dick threw over one of the bags of ballast. A brief space the descent was checked, and again they were falling.

"If we can only make the trees!" said Lincoln. "We 're getting nearer every minute."

The second and third bag went over. Again the fall was checked, and again came the upward rush of air. Lincoln seized the last bag of sand.

"Shall I drop it now? Or keep it for the last moment?" he asked.

"If you drop it now, we may go a bit farther, but land harder," replied Bob. "It may help us to reach the trees, though."

"Gone!" said Lincoln, tossing the bag over.

Nearer sped the line of trees. Once more the brown hills seemed to rush up at them. Then from the three broke a cry of relief, as the green foliage swept in beneath them.

The next instant all were holding their breath. The balloon was dropping like a stone. The forest sprang up toward them. Suddenly, like a fan, the trees opened out, there was a crash, and they were in a heap on the car floor.

On downward they plunged, bounding and

crashing from limb to limb. There was a final stunning crash, and they were on the ground, the balloon on top of them.

One after another the three boys crawled from beneath the bag, dazed and bruised. No one was seriously hurt, however; and quickly recovering, all else was forgotten in the joyful realization that they were once more on solid ground.

Bob ran to the overturned basket. "Everything here, including the gold bars!" he cried jubilantly.

"And here, through the trees," pointed Lincoln, "is the river! All we 've got to do now is follow it to the sea!"

"And follow the sea to San Francisco!" cried Dick. "Boys, we may be there in a week!"

"And then," and Dick threw his cap high in the air, "and then—'Hurrah for home!'"

The boys did not find themselves in San Francisco within a week. But three weeks later press despatches sent out from that place announced the arrival there by steamer of "three ragged, and veritable young 'Robinson Crusoes of the Sky,' picked up on the Mexican coast after extraordinary adventures in the northwestern mountains of that country, where they had been landed by a runaway balloon."

The excitement and joy which the news created in the families of the three lads in New York, Toronto, and in England, can be imagined. For none of the messages dropped by them from the balloon had been received, and all three of the boys had been given up as dead.

Not only the boys' relatives and friends were interested in their return. Accounts of their experiences were published throughout the three countries, as one of the big "stories" of the day; and on their trip homeward across the continent, the three found themselves the objects of most disconcerting hero-worship.

A week after, Bob Colbourne, bound for his English home, arrived in New York in company with Dick Ryerson a day before the sailing of his steamer, that he might have a brief farewell visit with Lincoln Adams. And also, according to Lincoln's letter to himself and Dick, "to settle the financial affairs of the firm." This proved the receipt from Lincoln of the sum of \$3200 in new hundred-dollar certificates, their quarter-share of the price brought by the twelve gold ingots, less the \$6000 they had determined to pay the owners of the lost balloon.

And who was the *fourth* recipient of a share?

The widow of the dead scout, Leary, who Lincoln had located in a small New Jersey village not far from New York.

That same evening found them in the little place, and in an unpretentious street before a

small frame cottage, in a window of which was the sign, "Dressmaking."

According to plan, Lincoln, with the box containing the money under his arm, led the way to the door, and knocked.

It was opened by a fragile, tired-eyed woman.

neither is this an ordinary article. Besides, it is an absolute necessity in every home."

Advancing to the table as he spoke, Lincoln moved some sewing from before the lamp, and proceeded to open the package.

"It won't be any use," Mrs. Leary declared. "I'm sorry, but—"

"But we are going to make you a very low price," Lincoln persisted, working at a knot. "We are introducing the article, so to speak."

"I suppose you young men are putting yourselves through college," the widow observed sympathetically. "I have a son doing the same. I'd like to help you, but—well, I have not the means," she concluded, with a plaintive smile.

Lincoln freed the wrapping, and raised the cover of the box.

"Have a look, anyhow, please," he requested.

Again smiling, but shaking her head, the scout's widow stepped forward and peered into the box.

"Why—why—it's money!" she gasped, looking blankly from the box to the three smiling lads. "I—I don't understand!"

Lincoln pushed the box toward her. "Yes, it is money, Mrs. Leary—three thousand, two hundred dollars. And it is yours—a Christmas present."

And briefly Lincoln explained.

It was a happy trio that whistled their way down the village street toward the station sometime later—as

happy as the tearful, but joyous, woman they left behind them at the cottage, still gazing incredulously at the box of crisp yellow bank-notes, which would mean so much to her.

"Was n't that the bully fun, though!" Lincoln halted to exclaim for the hundredth time as they approached the station.

"It was more fun than all the rest," declared Dick.

"It jolly well was," affirmed Bob.

THE END.



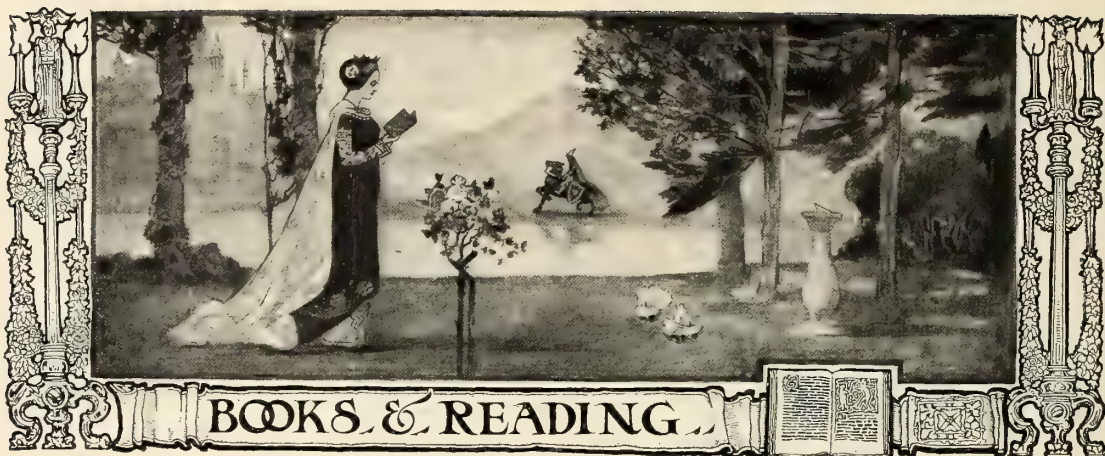
"'A HALF-HOUR MORE WILL HAVE IT LIKE A DRUM,' SAID DICK."

"Good evening. Mrs. Leary?" Lincoln inquired, raising his hat and entering, followed by Bob and Dick.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Joseph Leary. But I never buy anything from agents," said the dressmaker, as Lincoln brought the parcel from under his arm.

A sudden merry twinkle came into Lincoln's eyes. He nudged his companions and then said, very seriously:

"But, Madam, we are not ordinary agents;



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

AN UNEXPECTED PARTY

Now that I think it over, I am quite sure I must have been dreaming; but if that were so, how did "Pickwick" come to be lying on the veranda floor? But I had better begin at the very beginning.

The big wicker chair in the shady corner of the veranda was decidedly comfortable, and the afternoon one of those sleepy, summer, do-nothing affairs that incline one to laziness. I had work waiting, but I simply let it wait; still, I certainly thought I was wide-awake. I distinctly remember watching the efforts of a small hard-working spider to get his miniature cable slung between two branches of the honeysuckle, wondering how anything could be so industrious in such warm weather, and thinking how Bruce had been encouraged in renewing his struggle against the oppressor of Scotland by some such thing—or was it Alfred of England? No, he had been set to watch a pot of stew—when suddenly a voice right beside me said, with the pleasantest intonation:

"I hope you won't mind my joining you out here? But, really, it is uncomfortably warm inside this afternoon."

I was considerably startled. You see, every one had gone off on a picnic, and I had the house entirely to myself. Looking round sharply, I saw a tall, fine-looking man before me, with his hat in his hand and his handsome head slightly bowed. His hair was thick and a trifle long, but gray, and his clothes looked rather unusual; somewhat military in cut, with trousers held under his shoes by straps. I felt at once that I knew him, but for the life of me I could n't think of his name.

I motioned him to be seated. "Please excuse me," I exclaimed. "I had no idea any one had come. If I had dreamed you were indoors, I should have insisted on your joining me out here."

"We all live indoors a good deal," he replied. "Too much, I am tempted to think." He sat down and crossed his hands over the top of a gold-headed cane. There was a charming geniality about him; and he was so familiar to me! I felt that I had known him most of my life.

"Let me see, when was it we last met?" I inquired, hoping to get him placed in my mind.

"We 've not had a chat in ever so long, I 'm sorry to say. But we exchange a friendly glance frequently enough, I 'm sure."

I smiled vaguely, and nodded. Who *could* he be? I was confident I had met him many times before—but where?

"Ah, here comes my adventurous friend," he remarked, glancing down the veranda. "Ha-ha, Monsieur, I thought you would not be behind in following a good example. Come and join our little group; I 'm sure we are old enough friends not to stand on any ceremony," and he turned courteously in my direction.

"Why, of course," I answered, as I saw a sturdy, foreign-looking man in a picturesque hat and cloak striding toward us. He was swarthy and black-haired, rather stout than thin, and he had a merry imp in his eye. You felt like smiling the moment you saw him; he was like sunshine on a gray day.

"I should say so," he cried, in a rich, rolling, bass voice. "Friends? Why, we are absolutely devoted to each other; absolutely. Is it not so, Madame?" And hat in hand, he bowed very low.

Yes, I knew it was so, but again I could n't quite recollect who he was. It was maddening.

"Well, I 'm coming, too," called a sweet, rather high voice, and a little lady in fluffy skirts came swishing down to where we sat. The two men rose as she approached, and with a little appreciative nod she settled herself in a low chair beside me. "My dear," she went on, turning to me, "you can't think how extremely refreshing it is to get a little breath of real air now and then. And the freedom—" she slightly raised her arms, together with a thin silk shawl she wore. "Positively, one does get cramped, especially if one is n't taken down often enough."

"Taken down?" I repeated. What did she mean? It was all too puzzling. I looked at her sharply to see if she was joking.

"Most assuredly, my dear." She turned to the two men, who were conversing in a low tone while we exchanged our remarks. "Don't you find it so?"

"Find what so, Madam?" inquired the first comer, inclining toward her.

"Why, that this eternal standing on a shelf grows very fatiguing," she replied, opening a fan and beginning to use it delicately. "And as for me, I do greatly enjoy a comfortable bit of chatter with the right people."

"Quite right, Madame, quite right," exclaimed the foreigner, eagerly. "Alas, it is the penalty of immortality that it is too often left to stand on the shelf; but, at least, it is good to be immortal."

At this moment a charming boy, dressed in velvet, stepped through the open French windows of the library. He smiled in our direction, and came toward us.

"Clothes could never deceive me," murmured the little lady, making room for him beside her. "Would n't you know what he was no matter how he was dressed?" she added, turning to me.

It was no use. I should have to confess.

"I 'm awfully stupid, but I really don't just remember your names," I explained. "I know you all perfectly well, but I am utterly hopeless when it comes to remembering names."

She looked surprised.

"How quite extraordinary! Surely you remember me—'Cranford?'"

"Cranford—Miss?"

"Certainly not. Just 'Cranford.' Why, you were reading me only last week."

I stared at her. "Reading you?"

"Of course. Dear me, what is the matter? Can't you tell a book except in print and covers?" She looked really indignant.

It did seem rather stupid of me, and I felt very apologetic. But I hastened to reply:

"It 's this hot weather. It makes one dull, don't you think? Of course you 're 'Cranford.' I knew you at once, only I 'm not used to seeing you this way. At first I could n't place you at all. But now I know you very well indeed."

She smiled in a mollified manner. "I dare say it is a trifle confusing," she agreed. "This," and she indicated the tall gentleman, "is 'The Newcomes,' and the other is 'Tartarin.'" "The Newcomes" gave me a quizzical glance. "Ah, Madam, I 'm afraid you 've been amusing yourself at our expense," he remarked. "I had no notion you did not recognize us."

"I surely ought to have known each one of you anywhere," I retorted, laughing. "The joke is decidedly on me. But how jolly of you all to come out in this way."

"Oh, we have a habit of getting off the shelves every little while," returned "The Newcomes." "But people are very unobservant, and usually overlook us. It 's rather sad—but it 's deuced amusing, too."

"Amusing? I don't know about that," boomed "Tartarin." "But it 's important to get around and let oneself be seen. I believe in going out to meet the world half-way. Adventures to the adventurous, eh?"

"And this young gentleman," said "Cranford," seeming to be a little overpowered by "Tartarin's" noisiness, "is 'The Prince and the Pauper.'"

The lad extended a white hand for me to kiss.

"It is our pleasure to meet you openly," he observed, smiling shyly and gravely. "I do not think I am unusual. Are we not all both prince and pauper?"

I thought that an uncommonly wise remark for a boy—a book, I mean,—of so youthful a character.

"Possibly that is true," I made answer. "But I have always thought of you as more prince than pauper, and I am not surprised to see you clad in velvet when you take the air."

During this conversation various other persons had joined us, or were grouped about the veranda, chatting with each other. Two little boys were amusing themselves with a goat and small wagon at the farther end. I knew them at once for "Helen's Babies." A friendly, gentle soul seated himself near me, taking a pinch of snuff from a small box of silver-gilt, curiously engraved. His eyes were full of quiet humor and wisdom, and one felt strongly drawn to him at once. What a friend for a winter's afternoon before a wood fire. He smiled at me, and bent to talk to a shy-looking, strangely beautiful child with great dark eyes full of fire, whom he called "Shelley's Poems." Presently the two got up and sauntered

off together. "Cranford," who was talking eagerly with "Jo's Boys," a sturdy, handsome, capable woman whom one would like near one in trouble, told me the man was "The Essays of Elia." I immediately confessed that I had always been in love with him, at which "Cranford" looked a trifle shocked, and "Jo's Boys" a good deal amused.

The party was getting to be very merry, and the veranda quite crowded. I saw "Sheridan's Plays," a fine, soldierly man with powdered hair and a scarlet coat. Farther along "The Golden Age" and "The Peterkin Papers" were playing wildly together, the first a rather long-legged boy with curly hair and laughing eyes, the latter a chubby girl in a print dress.

A queer old man in a suit of rusty black, with a face that was sad in spite of the gleam of humor that played over it, came up to me and began talking of a large pair of antique silver candlesticks that stood on one of the book shelves, inside. He had been examining them minutely for some time, and evidently admired them very much.

"I can't get over my interest in that sort of thing," he said, in his frail old voice. "Though parts of me are very young indeed, and quite ignorant, yet on the whole it's these rare old bits that do take me."

Of course I recognized him for "The Old Curiosity Shop," and as "The Antiquary" was passing at that moment, I introduced them. But they did n't seem to take to each other. Perhaps one was too Scotch and the other too English. At any rate they soon parted.

I think "Grimm's Household Tales" was about the most surprising of my visitors. At one time it was a nice stout old lady, knitting busily; then a strange little girl, dancing by herself; then a lanky boy, with a loaf of bread under his arm—it was very exciting. Just at the moment when it looked like a princess in a glittering robe, I asked if it was n't uncomfortable to be so changeable, but she said not at all, it only depended upon which page you concentrated on.

A big, burly man with a whiff of the sea about him, who made great sweeping gestures as he talked, was swapping stories with a tall thin fellow in a mixed sort of costume, for he wore a steel breastplate over a pair of overalls, had a spear in one hand and a jack-knife in the other, while a helmet lay on the ground beside his chair. I found they were "The Travels of Marco Polo" and "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." By the hearty laughter that broke from them every few minutes, I saw they thoroughly enjoyed each other's society.

Suddenly the noise of wheels and of gay voices swept up the driveway toward us. The picnic party was returning.

Immediately all my visitors fell into the greatest confusion. They tumbled headlong toward the library, tripping over each other in their anxiety. It was like a panic in a theater. One stout little fellow in a blue coat and tight-fitting trousers, whom I took to be the "Pickwick Papers," fell down and rolled helplessly on the veranda floor. I started forward to assist him when—

"So *this* is the way you work, you lazy thing?" cried one of the picnickers, shaking me by the shoulder. "Have you been sleeping here all the afternoon?"

"Sleeping? I should say not. I've been entertaining 'Cranford' and the rest. What possessed them to run away like that?"

"Run away? Who's run away? You are n't awake yet."

"Nonsense. I tell you—" but I realized that it was useless to try to explain, so I simply ended with, "Never mind."

And just then Ada, going toward the library windows, stooped to pick up a small book lying face open on the floor.

"I don't think it's very nice of you to leave 'Pickwick' lying about like this," she said. "Look, it's all dusty and crumpled. Are n't you ashamed?"

"That proves I was not asleep," I replied. But no one knew what I meant.





THE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO LOOKED UP THE ROAD

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

THEY built her of broomsticks and shaped her
with straw
(Just two little mischievous lads),
The greatest old lady that ever you saw
(Great larks for two fun-loving tads!);
They clothed her with garments long since out
of mode,
The Little Old Lady Who Looked Up the Road.

She stood in a corner beside the front fence
(And how the by-passers did stare!),
One hand raised to shade her eyes, gazing
intense
(“She seems half alive, I declare!”),
Daylong, with an earnestness rarely bestowed,
The Little Old Lady Who Looked Up the Road.

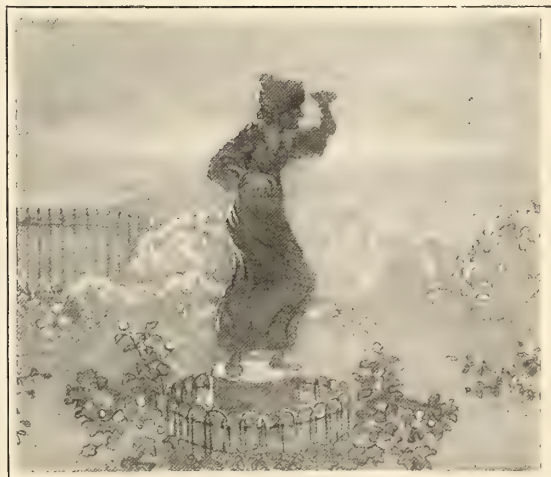
The days came and went, and the seasons flew by
(With two little lads growing fast),
And springtime or autumn, wet weather or dry
(How swiftly one’s boyhood is past!),
Still, whether men garnered or whether men
sowed,
The Little Old Lady looked straight up the
road.

The wind and the rain and the sunlight of years
(Now one of the lads wandered wide)
She bore with the patient endurance of seers
(The other, his brother, had died),
And whether it blossomed or whether it snowed,
The Little Old Lady still looked up the road.

One day there was noise and confusion within
(The home of the two lads, you know);
“We’re moving away,” said a voice in the din
(An echo of one long ago) —
And then, as the van creaked away with its load,
The Little Old Lady looked, sad, up the road.

What was it she looked for, so long and in vain?
(The lad who had wandered came home.)
Deserted, who knows all her story of pain?
(“Now hence nevermore shall I roam.”)
And truly he paid all the debt that he owed
The Little Old Lady Who Looked Up the Road.

“Henceforth nevermore shall her lot be neglect!”
(He said to his own little lads.)
Now, rejuvenated and lightly bedecked
(Great larks for two fun-loving tads!),
Rejoices again in her foretime abode,
The Little Old Lady Who Looks Up the Road!



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY
EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



SOME UNFAMILIAR SEEDS AND NUTS

A NUT is a hard-shelled, one-seeded fruit, such as the acorn, chestnut, beechnut, and others of this type. A nut is a fruit, while a seed is part of a fruit. Many nut-like objects are, perhaps, only seeds. The nutmeg is the single seed of a fleshy

COCOANUTS (AT RIGHT AND LEFT); THREE "CABBAGE" PALMS NEAR THE CENTER.

fruit, which bursts in two and shows the nutmeg surrounded by a coat (aril) full of holes, and which we know as "mace." The peanut is a bean which ripens underground and is pleasing to our taste only after it has been roasted. Chufas, or "grassnuts," are small tubers on the roots of a sedge. They are about the size of a raisin, and have a pleasant taste. This sedge is sometimes grown in the garden for the sake of these little tubers. The "pignuts," of England, are also small tubers which are formed on the roots of a plant belonging to the parsley family. The seeds of the stone-pine, a tree growing in southern Europe, are used as nuts, and are known as "pignons." The kernel is oily and sweet. These seeds are borne in cones similar to those of all pines, and, when opened carefully, will show the tree-like and branching germ of the future pine. The cocoanut is the one-celled seed of a tropical palm growing only near salt water. The seeds of another tropical tree are the chocolate nuts from which the well-known chocolate is made. Vegetable ivory is the seed of a tropical American palm-tree. When dry, it is hard and white, and is then used for some of the purposes for which true ivory is employed.

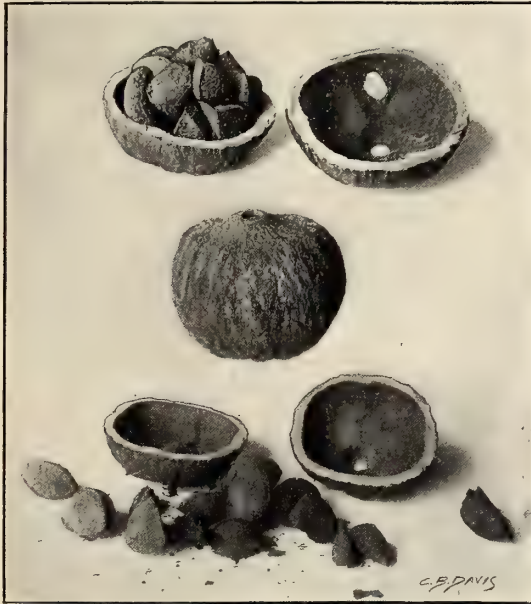
Some nuts are so familiar as to need but brief mention. Among such are the chestnut; the chinkapin, a small, roundish chestnut about the size of a gooseberry, with a sweet and agreeable taste, but troublesome to open on account of its



THE BLOOM OF THE COCOANUT, TWO COCOANUTS, AND ONE OPENED TO SHOW, WITHIN THE THICK HUSK, THE NUT AS USUALLY SEEN.

smallness; the horse-chestnut, a bitter and worthless nut, rejected by man and beast; the fruit of the beech-tree, triangular-shaped nuts eaten by certain animals, and used in Europe for making an illuminating and cooking oil; they are edible, but rather tasteless.

The well-known Brazil-nut, or cream-nut from Brazil, is a large nut with a solid, rich, white kernel, which, when fresh, is delicious and wholesome. It is often seen on the fruit-stands or at the grocers' stores. The butternut is the nut of the American white walnut. Its kernel is oily, but edible. It is not often seen for sale, but usually must be gathered from the tree itself.



BRAZIL-NUT AND ITS ODD COVERING.

The top of the picture shows the nut open with seeds in place. In the center, the Brazil-nut as it grows. The bottom view shows the seeds poured out. These seeds are the well-known Brazil-nuts.

The nut has a thick shell, is deeply grooved, and is rough with ragged edges.

More uncommon is the fruit of a tropical American tree known as the cashew-nut. The kernel is filled with a milky juice of delicious flavor, but between the two layers which form the shell is an acrid and inflammable oil which must be destroyed by heating before the nut can be used. Even the smoke from the roasting nut is poisonous. The cashew is rare in this country.

A nut very frequently used for eating and flavoring is the pistachio, the fruit of a small tree from Asia Minor. It has a very thin rind, but with many bony partitions that make the kernel rather difficult to dislodge except in small bits.

The areca-nut, from a palm-tree extensively



PIGNOLIAS OR "PIGNONS."

The seed and cones of the stone-pine.

cultivated in the East Indies, is used in this country only as a medicine for the lower animals. It has a smooth shell, is pear-shaped, about the size of a large cherry, and, when dry, is exceedingly hard. It is the "betel-nut" of India, where it is chewed, after it has been cut into thin slices and rolled, with a pinch of lime, in the leaf of a certain pepper-tree. It colors the saliva blood red, and is supposed to be good for the digestion.

A peculiar Chinese nut, the lichi-nut, is frequently seen here. It is about the size of a large marble, and has a thin but tough shell. Within is a soft, sticky mass around a single pit resembling a large raisin in size and appearance, and having a rather unpleasant, smoky taste.

Another edible nut from China is often sold by some of our sidewalk merchants under the name of buffalo-nut, from its resemblance to the head of that animal, the two curving horns of the nut being rather suggestive of the buffalo's



THE EDIBLE KERNEL OF THE STONE-PINE.

Showing the tiny plant within the nut and also (at the right) this plant "opened."

horns. It is highly esteemed in China, where it is known as Ling or Leng, and where it is extensively cultivated. It is the fruit of an aquatic plant belonging to the family of the evening

primroses. It is also referred to as the water-caltrop, the water-chestnut, or simply as the water-nut.

A long list of strange and interesting nuts and



THE LICI-NUT, A FAVORITE OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

seeds could be prepared for the reader's amusement and instruction, but these are enough to show that the subject is worth investigating, and that much valuable information could be obtained by making a careful study of it.

THE SPECTACLED BEAR AT THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

THERE are two American species of bear which have never been taken alive, and are known to science only by their skins. They are the glacier bear (*Ursus emmonsii*) of Alaska and the inland white bear (*U. kermodei*) of British Columbia.

In the Old World, the parti-colored bear of Tibet (*Ailuropus*) is also unknown in captivity.

On at least three or four occasions, the spectacled bear (*Ursus ornatus*) of the Andes has for brief periods been exhibited in zoölogical gardens. In the past fifteen years, during which many tours have been made to the zoölogical gardens of Europe by American zoölogists, we have seen but one specimen. That was in 1903, in the Amsterdam Garden. We have not heard of a specimen having been exhibited in North America before the arrival of the one now here.

During the past eleven years, our efforts to secure a spectacled bear have been persistent and continuous. Every person bound for South America, and offering to procure for us any animal from that continent, has been importuned to procure an *Ursus ornatus*. After years of waiting and many disappointments, Mr. Edgar Beecher Bronson, author of "In Closed Territory," finally procured, in Quito, Ecuador, a fine specimen of the species so long desired. It was obtained from Don Segundo Espinoza de los Monteros, Governor of the Panoptico, at Quito, and is now about two years old. The long and difficult matter of transportation from Quito to New York was accomplished through the active

coöperation and personal attention of Consul Dietrich, of Guayaquil, Consul Snyder, of Panama, and the officers of the Panama Steamship Company, both afloat and ashore. The bear arrived at the park on January 9, in perfect condition.

Frederico, as we have named him (*Ursus ornatus*), is jet black, of rather slender build, with a long, "rangy" body, very long feet, small ears placed far apart, semicircular claws of large size for a small bear, and on his face and throat the strange white markings from which the species takes its name. Instead of the usual complete circle of white surrounding each eye, the ring is broken above, while on the cheek a broad, white band extends downward to the throat, where it meets a cross-bar of white. From this half-collar, two closely parallel bars of white extend down the throat to the breast. Frederico's height at the shoulder is about thirty-two inches, and his weight must be about one hundred and sixty pounds.

Regarding the life history of *Ursus ornatus*, very little is known beyond the fact that it inhabits the Andes of Ecuador and Peru.

Beside *Ursus ornatus* we have another interesting subspecies, *Ursus ornatus thomasi*, from the Andes of southern Colombia, in which the facial markings all are wanting, and with no white feature save a light gray patch under the lower jaw. This specimen is of about the same age as Frederico, but is much smaller. Frederico is very



FREDERICO, THE "SPECTACLED" BEAR.

This photograph and the next are from the New York Zoölogical Society.

tame, and indulges in several tricks, one of which is jumping repeatedly, like a bucking horse.

At present these two bears are shown in the



A PROFILE VIEW OF THE SPECTACLED BEAR.

Small-Mammal House, but they will shortly be removed to one of the large bear dens, and quartered together.

W. T. H., in the "Zoölogical Society Bulletin."

A REMARKABLE FUNGUS

DAVID FAIRCHILD, M.Sc., in charge of the Department of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, Department of Agriculture, writes in regard to the accompanying picture:

"This mushroom, the 'Dictyophora,' or 'net-bearer,' grows in the jungles of Java, where it frequently attains a height of six or eight inches. I tried to photograph it by time exposure, but failed, for the reason that it grew so rapidly during the exposure, that the outlines were blurred on the plate! The accompanying photograph was accordingly taken by 'quick exposure,' almost a snap-shot.

"'Dictyophora' propagates itself by means of insects, and its whole appearance is accordingly designed to appeal to the eyes and appetites of flies. Both the stem and the billowy veil, or 'net,' from which it gets its name, are pure white, — a color which is most attractive to the fly, — while the hood at the top of the stem consists of

a greenish, sticky mass, that gives out a disagreeable and offensive odor.

"This odor, which can be detected for rods, attracts swarms of flies, who gorge themselves on the mushroom in the belief that they are enjoying a delicious bit of decayed vegetable life. As a matter of fact, they are only eating millions of mushroom spores, which are deposited elsewhere and provide for the propagation of this species."

This statement was sent to Professor Charles H. Peck, Albany, New York, an expert on fungous growths, and he replies:

"The inquiry concerning the rapidity of development of the phalloid fungus figured therein is a perfectly natural one, for this marvelous growth seems at first thought too great to be credible. Nevertheless these fungi grow very rapidly when they have begun to elongate their stems. In Mr. C. G. Lloyd's Mycological Notes No. 28, October, 1907, page 354, he illustrates photographically the development of *Phallus aurantiacus*, which in one minute lengthened its stem from six lines to twenty-one lines. The actual increase in length was fifteen lines, or one and one quarter inches in one minute. This is not the same species as that called 'the Dictyophora' in your example, but



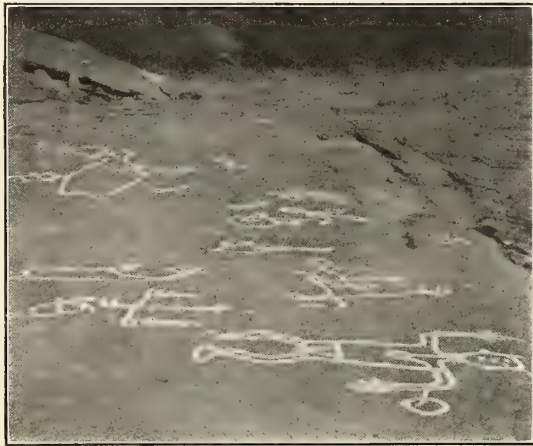
THE QUICK-GROWING FUNGUS "DICTYOPHORA,"
OR "NETBEARER."

it is a confirmation of the probable correctness of the surprising statement made by Dr. Fairchild.

PICTURES IN STONE BY ANCIENT INDIANS

CARVINGS of pictures or inscriptions on a rock, especially those that are prehistoric, are known as petroglyphs. We have received from Carl C. Donaldson of Richmond, Ohio, several photographs of Indian petroglyphs. Mr. Donaldson writes:

"I am sending herewith some photographs of Indian carvings on Indian Rock near Smith's Ferry, Ohio. Owing to the position of the rock on which the carvings were made, it was very difficult to get perfect pictures of them. The rock is in the bed of the Ohio River, and the water was exceedingly low at that time, but per-



PREHISTORIC INDIAN STONE PICTURES,
OR "PETROGLYPHS."

haps never again will those carvings, which were made by the red inhabitants of this country, be seen, for there is now in construction a dam, which will keep the rock covered by water.

"As to the genuineness of the carvings, there can be no doubt that they were made by Indians, as the oldest settlers say the carvings were there

when they came, and the Indians who were here when the oldest settlers came said that they could not remember by whom they were made. This seems to point to some prehistoric race. The



MORE STRANGE ROCK CARVINGS.

'History of Jefferson County,' published this summer, says that these carvings were made by the nomadic or wandering Indian, and also states that one carving resembles the 'thunder-bird' of the Ojibwa of Canada. There are casts of these carvings on exhibition at the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. These were also exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago."

The pictures and Mr. Donaldson's letter were referred to several experts in such matters, and the two following comments seem to verify his claim:

From Harlan I. Smith of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City:

"I believe the petroglyphs on the rocks of Ohio River at Smith's Ferry are genuine Indian work.

"Judging from these photographs, it seems that the petroglyphs have been painted white in order that they may show in the photographs. I think I detect in the pictures several petroglyphs which



AN EXTENSIVE VIEW OF THE ROCK PICTURES.

have not been painted. More satisfactory pictures can be made by shading the shadow side of the petroglyph instead of painting it white, but this would take a good deal of time and judgment. The character of the petroglyphs, of course, is somewhat modified by the crudeness of the application of white. There are, no doubt, other carvings more recently made by visiting white people, which may disfigure, or even in some cases be confused with, the old Indian work."

From W. de C. Ravenel, Administrative Assistant, Smithsonian Institution, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.:

"Your letter was referred to Mr. William H. Holmes, Head Curator of Anthropology. In reply he states that the Smith's Ferry petroglyphs have not, to his knowledge, been placed on record in any published work. If the opportunity arises, he suggests that they should be copied with great



ANOTHER PETROGLYPH, PROBABLY AN INDIAN PICTURE OF A TURTLE.

care. The photographs accompanying your letter, adds Mr. Holmes, serve to show that the engraved figures are of the usual aboriginal types, but he does not consider that the record is sufficiently accurate to serve scientific purposes. He thinks, however, that it would be well to publish these photographs, if you have publication in view, so that in case no further opportunity is afforded to examine them, the fact of their occurrence at this place will not be entirely lost."

THE SQUIRRELS IN THE CUPBOARD

BACK in the woods some five or six miles from Stamford, Connecticut, is the unique and picturesque log-cabin of Mr. Fitch A. Hoyt, to which he goes for rest and, on account of his interest in nature, as a relief from the cares of business. But certain cares and troubles at this cabin are caused by the squirrels. In one corner of the

kitchen is the china-closet, where such dishes are kept as are needed for simple housekeeping. The squirrels in the vicinity prefer this closet for a nesting-place to all other places in the cabin.



THE SQUIRREL NEST IN THE CHINA-CLOSET.

They build on the shelves, and in their scramblings knock over and roll off the glassware and the crockery. Efforts have been made to keep them out, but they gnaw through the boards, and persist in getting into that particular corner. They carry in great masses of cloth and newspapers, strip them up, strew them about, and tuck them into cozy beds to suit themselves. Above we see the result of their mischievous work.

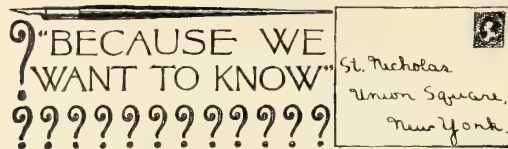
ANOTHER REMARKABLE TREE ARCH

THE accompanying photograph shows an elm-tree almost isolated in a meadow, where, by a freak of nature or as the result of an accident, it has formed a living arch. When it was young,



A CURIOUS ARCH IN AN ELM-TREE.

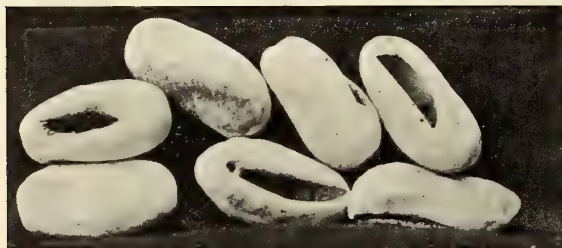
one of the branches probably was broken, its free end becoming rooted in the earth. Notice that the main trunk is larger at the top of the arch than at the ground.—HARRY G. PHISTER.



THE SHELLS OF SNAKE EGGS

WINDSOR, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At this same time I am sending a box with some eggs in it. Two men found them about a foot underground, while they were digging in gravel. They said they were snake's eggs. Were they



THE SHELLS OF THE EGGS OF THE FLAT-HEADED "ADDER."

right, and what kind are they? I am very much interested in your "Nature and Science," and I thought others might be interested in this.

Your affectionate reader,

JENNIE CARY.

The eggs are apparently those of the flat-headed "adder." This snake often burrows a foot or so in the soft ground before depositing the eggs.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

BUTTERFLIES: RAIN PROTECTION AND LENGTH OF LIFE

LIMINGTON, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should very much like to know if rain kills butterflies, and have not found out yet, so I thought I would write and ask you. I have found dead butterflies and wondered if the rain killed them. I should also like to know how long they usually live.

Your interested reader,

RUTH S. STRONG.

As insects are very sensitive to changes in the temperature, they feel the approach of a rain and take shelter in time to protect themselves; so with butterflies. They take shelter and rest with lightly closed wings in such a manner that rain would not affect them. A violent rain-storm would, of course, batter them fatally.

We may see some species of butterflies almost all summer, but that does not indicate that the same individuals have been flying the whole season. If we watch them carefully in nature we shall find that they merely belong to several generations or broods, each succeeding each other with shorter or longer intervals. A butterfly does not usually live longer than a few weeks.

WHY GLUE HOLDS THINGS TOGETHER

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you will please tell me why glue holds things together in your "Because We Want to Know," many readers, as well as myself, will be much obliged.

LEROY W. YOLTON (age 10).

The water used with the glue evaporates, and leaves the glue solid; and as the liquid enters into the pores of the object, or comes in very close contact with it, the object and the glue become one solid mass. Then the two objects are bound together by the same strength that the glue had in its solid state.

GROWTH OF A PLANT THROUGH DEAD LEAVES

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this specimen growing out in our yard. I have sent it along with this mail. I don't quite understand how the plant could be so strong as to break its way through those leaves.

Your very much interested reader,

ANNA L. ROBERTS (age 13).

A growing plant has much strength. A tree may split a rock. An agricultural college once



A GROWING PLANT WHICH PIERCED AND RAISED SEVERAL DEAD LEAVES.

"harnessed" a squash and showed that it had power to lift a great weight.

In your plant, the strength displayed does not seem so remarkable as the novelty of growth. It seems even funny—one of nature's jokes!

WHY METALS AND MARBLE FEEL COLD

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why iron, steel, and marble feel colder than wood when you touch them? I often notice this.

Yours truly,

HELEN STEVENS (age 12).

The metals and the marble are better conductors of heat than is wood. They take the heat rapidly from your hand, and thus the cold feeling is produced. Even if the wood is much colder than your hand, it is so poor a conductor of heat that it does not produce so marked a feeling of cold as do the metals in the same temperature.

THE "ROAR OF THE SEA" IN SHELLS

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know what causes the sound as of distant thunder and the roar of the sea in the shells when you hold them to your ears. It can be heard more distinctly in the large shells.

Your loving reader,

HELEN GAWTHROP.

The noise of distant, or rumbling, thunder is simply sound reflected, or thrown back, by the clouds and other objects. It is really the echo of thunder. The sound in the shell may also be explained as an echo. It is not the sound of the roaring sea, but only the reflection, from the inner surface of the shell, of some of the many noises with which the air is always filled.—A. C. S.

HOT WATER BAG LOSING HEAT

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me if a hot water bag gives out or loses its heat when it is warming something—more than it would otherwise do if it were left alone?

Your interested reader,

MARK L. GERSTLE, JR. (age 13).

The length of time for a bag containing hot water to radiate its heat depends on the temperature of the surrounding material and the ability of that material to absorb or carry away the heat. Against cold iron (a good conductor) it would give off its heat much faster than when in the open air or resting against wood. A hot water bag in contact with a person in bed would not part with its heat as fast as in open air, because the temperature in the bed is higher than that of the air. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that the human body is a better conductor than air, but the higher temperature of the body more than offsets its better conducting power.

A bag filled with hot water is always warming something, when that "something" (air, clothes, or person) is colder than the water. On the other hand, it would itself absorb heat were the "something" warmer than the water in the bag.

A REMARKABLE TWIN TREE

FLUSHING, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will find a picture of a very queer tree. It is a locust-tree and about twenty-two feet tall. Please explain to me, if it is possible, how it came to grow this way.

ELITA WOTHERSPOON.



THE TWIN TREE.

Perhaps the union was an aerial root and the smaller tree a "shoot" from that. There are other ways by which it may have been formed.

PINK SUNRISE AND SUNSET

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you could tell me why the sun is pink when it rises, and why it goes down pink also. If you could answer this question for me, I would be more than obliged.

Your sincere reader,

RUTH M. PETUS.

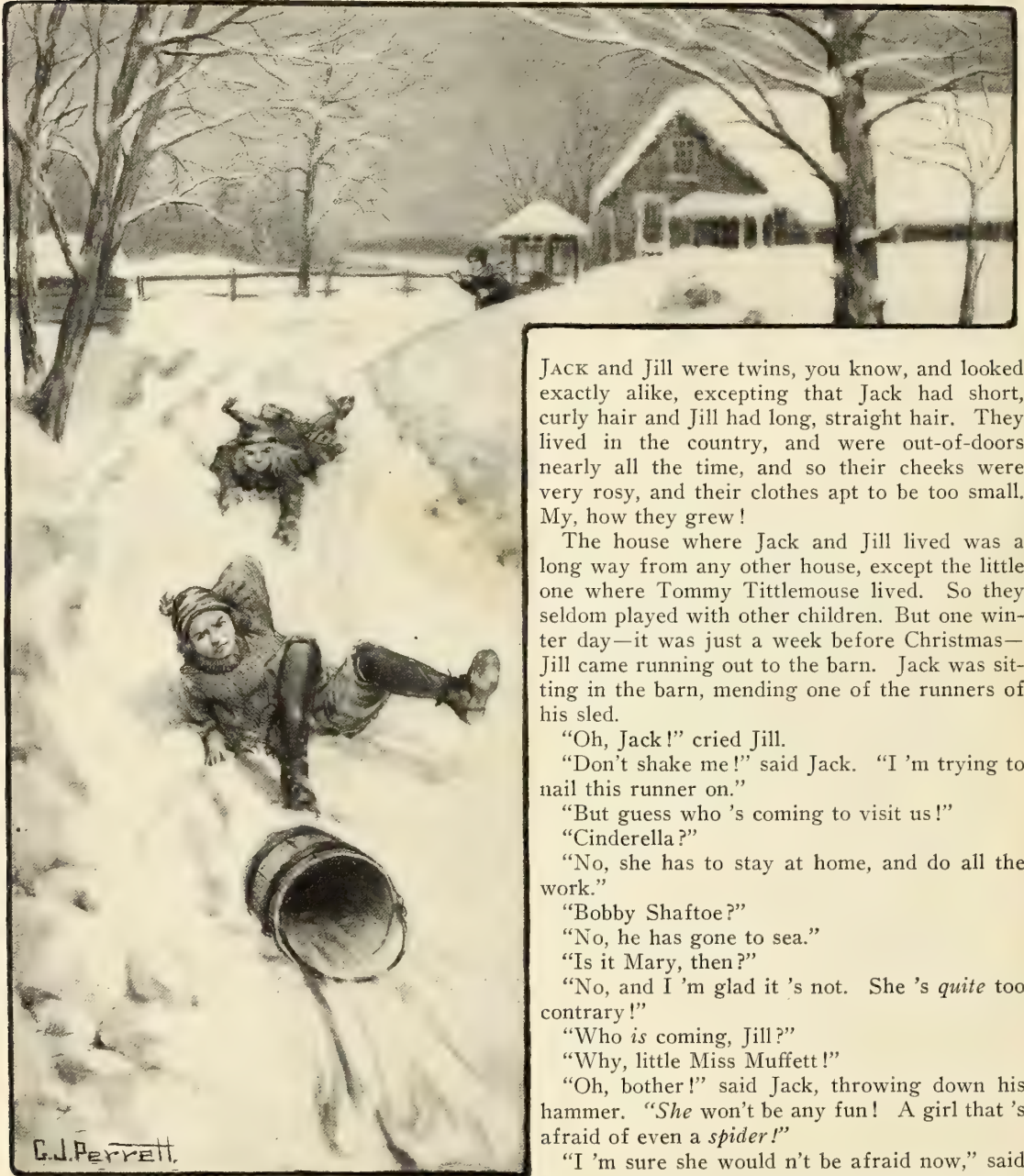
As every one knows, the white light of the sun is made up of all the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. A prism breaks up this white light into these spectrum colors, in the order named above; this is the reason why the prisms, or triangular pieces of glass, on a chandelier sometimes show these beautiful colors.

When the sun is rising or setting, its rays come to us through a great thickness of our earth's atmosphere. This air absorbs the violet and blue end of the spectrum. The greater the thickness of atmosphere, the more is the light absorbed. When rising or setting, the sun's light reaches our eyes with the blue and violet absorbed, and the resulting color is reddish or pink.—S. A. MITCHELL.

HOW JACK AND JILL MADE THE COAST

(A New England Mother Goose)

BY CAROLINE S. ALLEN



"THE PAIL TIPPED OVER, AND AWAY RAN THE
WATER DOWN THE COAST."

Just then the mother of Jack and Jill came out to the barn. She told them quite a lot about little Miss Muffett. She said Miss Muffett lived in a great big city, many miles away.

JACK and Jill were twins, you know, and looked exactly alike, excepting that Jack had short, curly hair and Jill had long, straight hair. They lived in the country, and were out-of-doors nearly all the time, and so their cheeks were very rosy, and their clothes apt to be too small. My, how they grew!

The house where Jack and Jill lived was a long way from any other house, except the little one where Tommy Tittlemouse lived. So they seldom played with other children. But one winter day—it was just a week before Christmas—Jill came running out to the barn. Jack was sitting in the barn, mending one of the runners of his sled.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Jill.

"Don't shake me!" said Jack. "I'm trying to nail this runner on."

"But guess who's coming to visit us!"

"Cinderella?"

"No, she has to stay at home, and do all the work."

"Bobby Shaftoe?"

"No, he has gone to sea."

"Is it Mary, then?"

"No, and I'm glad it's not. She's quite too contrary!"

"Who is coming, Jill?"

"Why, little Miss Muffett!"

"Oh, bother!" said Jack, throwing down his hammer. "She won't be any fun! A girl that's afraid of even a spider!"

"I'm sure she would n't be afraid now," said Jill. "When that big spider sat down beside her, she was a little bit of a girl, almost a baby. So no wonder she ran away."

"This will be the first time she has stayed in the country. So you must try to make her have a very jolly time."

"I hope she can skate," said Jill.

"I'll take her coasting on my sled," said Jack, "if only it snows."

"It feels like snow now," said his mother.

And, sure enough! soon soft flakes, like downy white feathers, floated from the sky. At first they fell slowly, but before long they came so fast and thick, it was like a giant pillow-fight.

The next day little Miss Muffett came from the city. It had stopped snowing. When she had eaten dinner with Jack and Jill, they all ran out-of-doors and tried to make a coast. And my, what a good time they had digging that coast! They heaped the snow on both sides of the path, which was a very long one, and when it was done it was time to go into the house.

Jack's father saw that he looked sober.

"What's the matter, my boy?" he asked.

"It won't be much of a coast," said Jack, "the snow is too soft."

But at that moment the supper-bell rang, so nothing more was said about the coast.

Father sat at one end of the supper-table, and Mother sat at the other end. Little Miss Muffett and Jack sat at one side, and Jill sat opposite them. They had griddle-cakes for supper, with maple-syrup. And the griddle-cakes were steaming hot, and very good. But everybody was thirsty, and there was no water on the table.

"Oh, dear!" said the mother, "I forgot the water, and our well is dry. Jack and Jill, you'll have to go up the hill and fetch a pailful."

So Jack and Jill went up the hill. They went to Mrs. Tittlemouse's house. And Mrs. Tittlemouse gladly filled their pail with water, for her well was not dry.

Then the twins started home again. "Let's walk down the coast," said Jack.

"All right," said Jill.

But just then they thought of the steaming hot griddle-cakes and the maple-syrup. Jack and Jill were as hungry as two little bears. So they ran as fast as they could. And just as they started Jack fell down, giving his head a great bump. Jill came tumbling after. The pail tipped over, and away ran the water all the way down the coast.

Do you think Jack cried? Not a bit of it. Up he got, and home did trot, as fast as he could caper. Still, it was a huge bump. So when he went to bed his mother bound it up nicely with vinegar and brown paper.

I forgot to say that Mrs. Tittlemouse sent Tommy down with another pail of water. Tommy went slowly and with great care, so he

did not fall down. When he got to the house where Jack and Jill lived, supper was over and the family was thirstier than ever. So every one was glad to get a nice drink of cold water.

Now little Miss Muffett's place at table was opposite a window. From this window the snowy hill could be plainly seen. And at breakfast next morning, little Miss Muffett kept looking out of the window. For it was a lovely day, all blue and white, like all fine days in the winter-time.

Pretty soon Miss Muffett gave a joyful start. Jill turned her head, and looked out of the window. She clapped her hands. Then Jack looked out. He jumped out of his chair, and shouted "Hurrah!" at the top of his voice.

For who would not start, and clap, and shout hurrah? The coast lay like a silver ribbon in the sun. Where the pail of water had run over the snow was a clear path of shining ice. There would be fine coasting that day. And all because

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.



"THE SNOW WAS A CLEAR PATH OF SHINING ICE."



IN this month's contributions, as in those for September, the young photographers have come strongly to the fore; but their claim for preëminence is disputed more closely by the young rhymers of the League, or, as we may justly say, our poets, for the subject, "Drifting," seems to have appealed to them in many ways, and the verses sent in are all of exceptionally good quality, while the two on pages 1139 and 1143 are remarkable indeed, and deserving of the highest praise.

Then, too, the home spirit, or the magic inspiration of the word "home," has been conveyed very successfully in prose, under the title "Home Again," and some of these little stories are quaint and unique, and all admirably

written. We regret that many, almost as excellent, were again crowded out for lack of space.

But the camera-lovers were most active, and literally carried us "Down on the Farm" by a veritable flood of beautiful little pastoral scenes, photographically perfect, and uncommonly well selected, so unusual, in fact, that we were sorry we did not have another extra page to reproduce some of the many artistic gems we were forced to omit.

However, the array of good things presented this month speaks for itself, and gives just an inkling of the excellent character of all the contributions. Our little members are to be congratulated. The League has never been better.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 140

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Bessie A. Chown** (age 16), Kingston, Canada.

Silver badges, **Helen Stearns** (age 15), Hamilton, N. Y.; **Donald Q. Palmer** (age 15), Ridgefield Park, N. J.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Doris F. Halman** (age 15), Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Ruth S. Strong** (age 13), Limington, Me.; **Charles Bradt** (age 10), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Bertha E. Walker** (age 16), South Pasadena, Cal.; **Rowena Lamy** (age 16), Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Phyllis Kennedy** (age 12), St. Paul, Minn.; **Aline M. Crook** (age 17), Bolton, England; **Elinor G. Smith** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Clara C. S. Perot** (age 16), Norristown, Pa.; **Olive M. Smith** (age 17), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Helen T. Nesbitt** (age 13), Ashton, Md.; **Louis K. Ross** (age 14), Davenport, Ia.; **Mildred Birdsall** (age 14), Detroit, Mich.; **Pauline B. Flach** (age 15), Ostra Stenby, Sweden; **Ambrose Macdonald** (age 12), Oakland, Cal.; **Harry Dole** (age 17), Berwyn, Ill.; **Helen Thomas** (age 14), Montclair, N. J.; **Irene H. Lathrop** (age 17), Canaan Center, N. H.; **Constance Quinby** (age 13), Newark, N. J.; **F. Cooley Eveleth** (age 14), Windsor Locks, Conn.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Edith Pierpont Stickney** (age 12), St. Paul, Minn.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Harry Guthmann** (age 14), East Syracuse, N. Y.

Silver badge, **Theodore H. Ames** (age 14), Bradley Beach, N. J.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY HEATH DUDLEY, AGE 16.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY EUGENIA A. LEE, AGE 13.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY HARRY DOLE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRIFTING

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

SILVER and blue,
Silver and blue,

Lazy ripples and shimmering spray;
Morning meadows aglance with dew;
A bluejay flying above me, too;
And my boat is gliding away, away!

Yellow and green,
Yellow and green,
Depths of forest, now come, now gone;
Sunbeams sifting through clefts unseen;
Leaves of every shade and sheen;
And gently rocking, my boat sails on.

Crimson and gray,
Crimson and gray,
Cliffs that tower to spire and dome;
And rugged rocks, where the red lights play;
A wonder-sky, and the close of day;
And my boat is turning toward home, toward home.

Sable and gold,
Sable and gold,
Shades and silence; the whole world still;
The moon-track down from the sky unrolled;
My boat is beached, and my tale is told;
My drifting over, past field and hill.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY CONSTANCE QUINBY, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

HOME AGAIN

BY BESSIE A. CHOWN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

FAR up in the clouds, a little speck is flying swiftly homeward. If we were near, we would hear the busy buzz of its tiny wings, as it carries home a full carload of pollen and sweet nectar, the efforts of a hard but pleasant day's work among the flowers. But the secret is out, for who could this little traveler, that carries pollen and nectar, be, but Mr. Bee?

At last Bee Village appears far below, but the architect has certainly not shown much artistic ability, for each cottage looks just exactly like its neighbor, and our little friend must certainly have counted to see whether his was the first, or whatever number it may be, in the street, for he does not hesitate a moment, but, settling gently down, walks sedately in through the tiny door of his chosen mansion, very likely as glad as we to be home again after a hard day's work.

You say, "What a funny home!"

It is certainly sweet and clean however, although there are so many children; you'd think they would untidy and muss up the little inch-wide rooms. Perhaps the reason they don't, is because there are hundreds of tiny cupboards in the honeycomb walls.

Mr. Bee says, "Good evening," to his many brothers



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY PAULINE E. FLACH, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

and sisters, and then tidily puts away his supply of pollen and nectar in some of the little cupboards. Perhaps after that he has his supper, a very simple one, composed chiefly of bread, but a different kind from ours, for it is called "bee-bread," and made of pollen.

But it is now time to say good night to our industrious little friend. Perhaps we may be able to visit him and learn more about him sometime when he is "home again."

HOME AGAIN

BY HELEN STEARNS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"SNOWBALL, our darling kitty, is gone!" shouted my sister, Beth.

Excited voices began to ask questions, but no satisfactory result was forthcoming. We only knew the



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY LOUIS K. ROSS, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

cunning, mischievous mite had disappeared. Every corner, possible or impossible, was ransacked without



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY HELEN THOMAS, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"DOWN ON A CUBAN FARM." BY EDNA G. SOLINGER, AGE 16.

avail, and for days the family went around with long faces and the dismal query, "Have you found him?"

Snowball's mother, Betty, seemed heartbroken. She walked around with pitiful eyes, and searched more diligently than the rest. Often she would turn and look beseechingly up into our faces, as if to say, "What have you done with my Snowball?"

One dismal day when the sky was weeping with all its might and thus sharing our feelings, we heard a tiny, weak, little mew that went straight to our hearts. We all jumped up together, crying, "Snowball! Snowball has returned!" when Betty came rushing in and scratched the door with all her might. Again came the tiny, mournful mew, and sooner than words can tell, the door was opened, admitting a wet, bedraggled morsel of a kitten. The mite crept uncertainly toward his mother, who received him joyously, snuggling up close so as to prevent another escape. Little by little the repentant rascal was cheered, and at last he was his merry, mischievous self again.

DRIFTING

BY BERTHA E. WALKER (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

UNDER the stars a boat drifts on,
Specter-like in the dusky night;
Floating silent and alone,
While the wild waves toss and moan,
It slowly passes from the sight.

So some lives, by winter's blast
Shattered, tossed, drift on before.
No strong arms reach out to guide them,
No tears fall, their friends deride them—
Soon, too soon, the journey's o'er!



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY PHILIP D. WOODBRIDGE, AGE 15.

HOME AGAIN

BY DONALD Q. PALMER (AGE 15)
(Silver Badge)

"We 're almost there," said Ogerlic to Baldrus, his companion on the march. "Only one more day."

A line of tall, stalwart men were walking swiftly through a primeval forest. They wore the skins of animals, and looked to be as powerful as the animals who had formerly worn them. The women and children, with the baggage, brought up the rear. Their crude weapons of stone, horn, and bronze, held ever in readiness, bespoke war. Indeed, it was but lately they had used them well to obtain their liberty.

Thirty years ago had the lake-dwellers been fishing peaceably, when a large band of marauding Germans had raided them. A war-cry was heard in the forest, and suddenly the barbarians swarmed over their little bridges, killing as they came. The lake-dwellers, unarmed and surprised, fought bravely, but were soon overcome. About half the men survived the fight, and these, with the women and children, were taken as captives, and their homes burned. They were distributed as slaves among the victorious tribes. At last, by a carefully planned and concentrated revolt, they had won their liberty. Although but a few remembered their old home, so great was their love for it, that they decided to return there.

And there they would be on the morrow! There was great joy in the camp that night, especially among the older people. The camp was aroused early, and by about ten o'clock, they had reached their old home. As they had expected, nothing was left but a few charred poles sticking in the water. But soon every one was working hard. First, logs were felled with their stone axes. These were driven into the bed of the lake, and



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY W. ROBERT REUD, AGE 14.



"DOWN ON THE FARM."
BY MARY COMSTOCK, AGE 15.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY CAROLINE BANCROFT,
AGE 10.



"DOWN ON THE FARM."
BY ELWYN B. WHITE, AGE 11.

smaller slabs fastened across them. When they had reached about the center of the lake, many piles were driven, and on them wide huts were quickly built. The lake-dwellers worked hard all day, and when at last night fell, they were living in their rough huts, very thankful to be home again.

DRIFTING

BY RUTH SHATFORD (AGE 10)

THE boat that drifts with the current,
Will come to grief on the rocks;
And the life that has no purpose,
At the door of success never knocks.
Life is a pull against wind and tide,
And to those who drift it means death;
"Be not weary in well doing,"
Is what the Bible saith.

It is easy to go on drifting,
And heed not when duty calls;
But the craft that is tossed by the waters,
Will soon go over the falls.

Now the moral of this is simple,
And good for the young to learn:
Don't drift, boys and girls, but struggle,
And grow better at every turn.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY MILDRED BIRDSALL, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

HOME AGAIN

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

"HOME again!" Only two of the shortest words in our language, but what meaning they hold! What memories they bring!

The little tot, returning from his first visit alone, feels the sweetness of them as he springs into his mother's waiting arms and is held close in a warm embrace. The girl and boy from boarding-school, or college, grow eager for home as the train nears its destination at vacation time, anticipating the welcome that awaits them there. The love of home draws grown-up sons and daughters back at Christmas time. And the husband feels it when he has ended a hard day's work and turns toward the comfort that he knows awaits him. The wanderer in foreign lands, the soldier, the sailor, all think tenderly of the home which they have left; and in the twilight, when their day's work is done, they dream, perhaps, of a home that is to be.

Often a woman wonders whether it is all worth while, the thought and toil and love she has expended to make a house a home; for no one tells her she has been successful. But she need not doubt that it is "worth while." The tender thoughts of home, which are felt the world over, rise in tribute to the wives and mothers who have made home so beloved.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY AMBROSE MACDONALD, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

DRIFTING

BY RUTH S. STRONG (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

DRIFTING way down to the sea,
How fragile it looks to me,
That little brown leaf.

Around it the eddies dash,
Beneath it the pickerel flash,
That little brown leaf.

It drifts 'neath the alder's shade,
Where the children swim and wade,
That little brown leaf.

And I saw a little fly,
Ride on it, high and dry,
That little brown leaf!

Oh, to be a little elf
And ride on it myself!—
That little brown leaf.



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY F. COOLEY EVELETH, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

HOME AGAIN

BY DOROTHY M. ROGERS (AGE 16)

THE fishing schooner *Conqueror* was beating her way down the New England coast. It was about five o'clock in the morning, and between the thick fog and the darkness the captain felt that he must give up all hope of reaching port before late in the day.

The captain and crew were about worn out, but as long as the fog continued, a sharp lookout would be necessary to prevent the vessel running ashore.

Suddenly from out the gloom came the long, melancholy wail of the fog-horn. To the captain's ears it sounded like the signal on the point of land that inclosed his home harbor, and he began to shape his course to enter it, wondering how he happened to be home so soon. Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed before there was a bump, followed by a long shuddering jar, then in the dim light rocks could be seen.

The tide was on the ebb, and in less than an hour the forward part was clear of the water. Men from the life-saving station, who had seen the accident, were soon on the spot with life-buoys and things to get the vessel off the rocks. The vessel had sprung several leaks, but the crew had managed to keep the pumps working so that the water was going out almost as fast as it came in. By ten o'clock these leaks had been roughly stopped, and a sturdy little tug brought the vessel safely into her home port, with a worn-out captain and crew more than glad to be "home again."



"DOWN ON A MAPLE-SUGAR FARM." BY GEORGE B. CURTIS, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

DRIFTING

BY CHARLES BRADT (AGE 10)

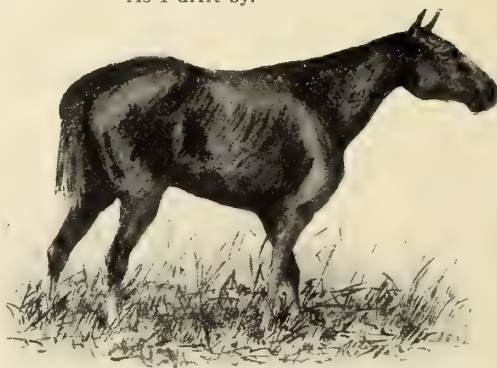
(Silver Badge)

I SAW an aeroplane
Go drifting by,
Like some huge bird between
The earth and sky.

I watched until it faded
From my view,
And then in fancy
I seemed drifting, too.

And voices everywhere
Cried out to me,
"Oh, tell us as you drift,
What you can see."

"The beauties of the world,"
I make reply,
"Are like an open book
As I drift by."



"ONE OF MY CHUMS." BY ALINE M. CROOK, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

And now the journey
Of my dream is o'er,
And I am drifting
To the homeland shore.

Into the port I drift,
Safe home at last;
And here my boat is anchored,
Sure and fast.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ADELE L. QUANCHI, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"ONE OF MY CHUMS." BY CLARA C. S. PEROT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"ONE OF MY CHUMS." BY OLIVE M. SMITH, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRIFTING

BY ROWENA LAMY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

YE clouds, ye winds, where, tell me, do ye drift,
Moving eternally, now slow, now swift?

To other regions far we go,
Ever moving, swift or slow,—
We may not stay; it must be so.

And whither, gentle streamlet, driftest thou?
What unseen influence calls thee onward now?
I am drawn along, I needs must flee,
And ever drift to the ocean sea—
Adieu, adieu!

O hours! will ye also onward fly?
May ye not linger while fair days are nigh?
It cannot be, it cannot be,
As rivers drift to the ocean sea,
So we drift on to eternity!

Do all things drift? I questioned wond'ringly;
Does man, too, drift upon Life's passive way—
A yielding instrument of Destiny?
But, no, a voice within me seemed to say,
Things drift by nature's will and cannot stay,
But man acts by his own, his will is free,
And for each deed he must account one day
For good or ill; nor think his Judge to flee:
But all things drift with time unto eternity.

DRIFTING

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

DRIFTING away from the shore,
The shore where childhood dwells,
Where pirates hide in the caves,
And elves in lily bells.

Drifting away from the shore
Of fairies, kings, and queens;
For here is our goal at last,
The land where we reach our "teens."

HOME AGAIN

BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 16)

I SAT disconsolately on the door-step and gazed wistfully at the bright garden before me, mellowed by the golden August twilight. Many times in my brief career I had come to this spot with a troubled heart, and had always been soothed by its restful beauty. But to-night even the glory of the sunset failed to lift the load which burdened me, I knew not why. A month of vacation had gone, leaving only dull memories of days when I had taken no pleasure in books, or games, or flowers. Why was life so void of interest? Here I was in the same dear old house as in other summers when living



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY HELEN T. NESSBITT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

had been a joyous thing, yet July stretched drearily behind me, and August loomed gray ahead. A sob escaped my lips as I pondered the gloomy prospect.

"I wish Mother were here to comfort me," I whispered, when suddenly I realized in a flash that here lay the root of the trouble. If "home is where the heart is," my home was with Mother in Nova Scotia. Yes, I was *homesick*! Then I remembered sadly that in Mother's last letter, received that very morning, she had said nothing about returning.

"Oh, how I wish she would come now," I whispered again, and this time my wish was half a prayer.

Sometimes in this workaday world events occur after story-book fashion. Such was now the case, for even as I spoke, a carriage approached. I glanced up, caught my breath, and ran—straight to my mother's arms. She said she came because she wanted me.

"I wanted you, too, Mother," I answered. "It was dreadful without you, but now—" pausing, I turned toward the garden and noticed how wondrous fair it was—"now the old place seems like home again."



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY MARGARET OSBORN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

DRIFTING

(A Farewell to the League)

BY LOIS DONOVAN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

My boat 's a racer, listed *Fleeting Time*,
Upon its swelling sails its number gleams—
"XVIII" (a metaphor is this, my rhyme),
And I, perforce, must guide this craft o' dreams
Out, from the safe, kind harbor of the League,
Where long I've matched my skill with its gay fleet,
And with sad heart, and even now, fatigue,
I hold the helm, as I go to meet
What fortune wider seas command for me.
I long to stay, yet scud along so swift.
O Wind of Years, blow not so stormily!
Ah, ha! I know—I 'll furl the sails and drift!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.	Isabel Shelpman	Madeleine Greenbaum
Jack E. Jackson	Babs Davids	Mary E. Nash
Dorothy Buell	Mary Denby	Jean Downing
Mary Whelen	Sterling Price	Leroy Salzenstein
Elizabeth P. James	Fredrika W. Hertel	Whitney Warren
Velora B. Pilcher	Mildred Thorp	Jack Fulenwider
Ruth K. Gaylord	Vida Bloede	Eleanor Maule
Katherine Johnson	H. Hardy Heth	Helen Lewis
Edith D. Weigle	Arthur Nethercot	Lucile Talmage
Nancy Purchas	Margaret M. Cloyd	Doris Brain
Mary S. Rupert	Roe C. Duffie	Jeannette T. Ross
Joseph B. Kelly	Doris R. Wilder	Marjorie Scott
Myra Adams	Agnes H. Smith	Charlotte L. Bixly
Eliza G. Woodbury	Adele L. Alke	Adelaide C. Webster
George B. Fundenburg	Katharine B. Stewart	Joseph H. Jubinski
Frances A. Labaw	Anna L. Porter	William Berger
Ruth Rogers	Sam Rabinowitz	Mary C. Van Schaick
Rebecca H. Wilder	Virginia A. Talmage	Marian Stuart
Mary Daboll	Stuart Pierce	Annie F. Baker
Margaret Hale		F. Marie Brown
Gertrude Jencks		Ruth R. Cook
Mabel Macferran		Stella Whipple
		Violet Roberts
		Charlotte E. Dakin

PROSE, 2

Frances Barbour
Adelaide Lipman

Mary E. Thorpe
Pauline Rogers
Kathryn L. Miner
Elizabeth Howland
Angelica Hastings
Gladys B. Liebman
Frieda E. Haden
Edith V. Manwell
John F. Thornton, Jr.
Mildred Benjamin
Charlotte Skinner
David Shereshefsky

Kathleen Anderson
Lenore Guinzburg
Mary Ellis Opdycke
Ethel C. Litchfield
Chauncy Langdon
Muriel E. Gammon
Edith Besly
Mary V. Farmen
Christine W. Barnes
Frances D. Wills
Anna Remington
Louise Wolf
Lucie Morton
Daniel S. Keller
Charlotte Bartlett
Calista P. Eliot
Marian Stabler
Stephen R. Kuhel
Doris L. Huestis
Grace S. Nies
Amy S. Jennings
Elizabeth Winn
Louise von W. Leslie
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Alberta M. Davidson
Mary V. De Witt
Russell T. Smith
Weare Holbrook
Phoebe S. Lambe

Marie F. Maurer
Kimberly Stuart
John McC. Barnwell
Alison M. Kingsbury
Kathrine Van Brunt
Margaret F. Foster
Dorothy L. Macready
Jean Hopkins
Margaret V. C. Ogden
Katharine H. Seligman
Lily A. Lewis
Prue Miller
Nora Mohler
Felix Wormser
Margaret Dart
Harold Schwartz
Bertha R. Titus
Charlotte Throop
Gladys Wright
Katherine Wright
Horace Graf
Ruth Ripley
Sidney Hydemann
Grace C. Jarvis
Addy Bayer
Edith M. Maurer
Kathryn R.
MacMahan

VERSE, 2

Adelaide Maybray
Katharine E. Biggs
Mary A. K. Macready
Samuel A. Nock
Carol L. Stone
Katherine Waddell
Hazel Sawyer
Louise Stockbridge
Elizabeth Johnston
George M. Enos
Banny S. McLean
George P. Reynolds
Phyllis Brooks
Lillian Ross
Christopher G. La Farge, Jr.
Rose Saffran
Hilda Mabley
Claire H. Roesch
Elizabeth Campbell
T. M. Uzzle
Rose Schwartz
Helen F. Wesbrook
Edna L. Clay
Pauline Paul
Elizabeth Muller
Madeline Coonan
Elizabeth D. Bartow

VERSE, 1

Hattie Anundsen
Mary B. Trask
Dorothy F. Tucker
Mary Horne
Bruce T. Simonds
Rachel L. Field

DRAWINGS, 2

Dorothy L. Miller
Marie E. Whitney
Marion Bullwinkle
Margaret Miner
Anna M. Whalen
Irwin Eppstein
Annette Meyer
Hope Satterthwaite
Beatrice C. Backus
Donald S. Friede
Marguerite Pearson
Onnie S. Kallio
Margaret E. Cohen
Barbara Hoyt
Lillian Lee
Katharine Price
Annie Bainbridge
Aileen Freeman

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Irene S. Earl
Quinta Cattell
James Gutman
Henry Warren
Helen Ledoux
Susan W. Norris
Sarah E. Elmer
Ellen Thomas



"DOWN ON THE FARM." BY IRENE H. LATHROP, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 1

Elizabeth Kieffer
Thomas R. Watts
Marie L. Hersey
Fannie W. Butterfield
Lillie G. Menary
Elizabeth Eliot
Adela F. Fitts
John C. Farrar
Elizabeth Townsend
Dorothy Dunn
Elizabeth Cornell

Fred Lowell
Margaret F. Bunyan
Hattie Tuckerman
Margaret M. Benney
Grace Berry
Edwin J. Davis
Robert B. Lane
Eleanor Gilchrist
Eleanor Hughes
Stewart Kurtz, Jr.
Julia Gould

George B. Larkin
Dane E. Vermilion
Marjory Middleton
Gladys Wrede
Annie B. Mallett
Margaret Kew
Margaret van Haagen

Fanny Juda
Mary Botsford
Ruth E. Merrill
Arthur Blue
Lucy G. Plumb
Bremo Schwartz
William L. Moffat, Jr.

Mary A. Jennings
Martina E. Flygare
Valerie Torpadie
Helen Wilkinson
David B. McDongal
Elizabeth Adsit
Philbrick McCoy
Margaret Eichelberger
Mary Fisher
George Cooper
Robert Underwood
Albert Milton
Miriam S. Ward
Margaret Pratt
Charles G. Foos
Bessie Kiek

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2.

Louise Durant
Ruth Mayfield
George Bijur
Eileen A. Hughes
Israel Lachter
Helen G. Cozens

PUZZLES, 1

Duncan Scarborough
Carl A. Giese
Alice Moore
Harriet Henry
Wylys Ames
Hester D. Nott
Ethel Delahoussaye
Dorothy Brockway
Isabella Smith
Angeline Loveland
Winifred Hanchette
Frances B. Gardiner
Vincino Carrara
Allan Cole
Eleanor King Newell
Margaret Billingham
Hannah Ruley

PUZZLES, 2

Elsie Stuart
Katharine Le B. Drury
Millicent B. Rex
Joseph K. Evans
Margaret L. Halloran
Mary Flaherty

LATE. Louise Graham, K. Block, Mary Hackler, Florence H. Rogers, Rose Sinclair, Gordon Rettew, Netta K. Maunsell, Helen F. Dun, Bodil Hornemann, Sewell Wright, Herman B. Rothschild.

FULL ADDRESS MISSING. Mary Louise Bond, Phyllis M. Horton, Theodore J. Novak, Marion Sentner, Frances Wait, Sarah Fahnestock, Olga Owens, Wallace Brown, Frank J. Meyst, Jr., Jean Rogers.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL AND ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER.
Arthur Walker, Jr., Arthur Wessel, Ethel London.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 144

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 144 will close **October 10** (for foreign members **October 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In Wild March Weather," or "My Valentine."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Midwinter Adventure," or "The Joys of Winter."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Broken Down."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Valentine," or "The Artist at Work," or a Heading for **February**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if by manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



"ONE OF MY CHUMS." BY ELINOR G. SMITH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Margery May
Herbert F. Fraut
Ella Osgood
Alma L. Everard
Helen Kirwan
Emilie O. Wagner
Margaret Lyman
Bernice L. Peck

Josephine Sturgis
Dickson Green
Harold R. Griffith
Beatrice Pierce
Harold D. W. Smith
Priscilla Smith
Helen Bayne
Marjorie Eastlake

OCTOBER




"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY PHYLLIS KENNEDY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

NO AGE. Ruth Kanter, Marion A. Hunter, Edward P. Montgomery, Marshall M. Dam, Laura Richardson, Natalie Welden, Harold Luther, Virginia Miller, Gertrude Ellis.

NOT INDORSED. Elizabeth Crosser, Raymond Allen, John Barrows, Clotilde Woods, Anna March, William Cordick, Jr., Frances R. Prioleau, Anne Townsend, Dorothy Fischer, Lillian Pierce, Cathleen Trask, Elizabeth Taylor, Edna L. Hudgins, Walter White, Jessie Cutting.



JOHN MARTIN'S LETTER TO VERY LITTLE FOLK

★ Dear, dear little Friends:

St. Nicholas' House.

How the good Days do hurry along, but I am glad they fly, for here I am writing to you once more. So, of course I am happy again. I have not heard a word from King Fisher for a very long time - the ducking Duck gave him must have done him good. Little Whip-poor-Will has stopped calling. The last time I heard him call was on the very last day of August Month. His little song was sad no more, for he has found someone to love him. But I must tell you, Dears, that on the evening I heard his last song, a very strange adventure came to me. All that happened, I saw with my very own magic Spectacles - even if the Kind Night was creeping into the Woods. I was sitting under a Silent Tree that evening. Before me was a still, silvery little Lake, twinkling at me as Moon touched its face. Tall Cat-tail Soldiers were Keeping Safe guard along the shores of my Little Lake, but I felt, and the Cat-tail Soldiers seemed to know, that there was a certain "MAGIC" going on about



us. O, Dears, I was so excited. What could the "magic" be? I sat under my Silent Tree as still as he stood over me. Then, O, then, I heard the quick patter of many little FEET and the



careful flutter of many little WINGS. There must be strange MAGIC afoot, to keep the little Birds and Animals up so very late!

The Cat-tail Soldiers nudged one another and whispered - "Hush! hush! Listen and wait!"

The Wood People gather at Will o' Wisp's Gate.

Misty, moisty Dews are falling. Hist ye! Hush ye!

BOB QUAIL'S calling. Then I learned the

reason for so much pattering of feet and fluttering of wings. Yes, ho! ho! behold!

a little PATH came down between the Cat-tail Soldiers, and ended

at a snug Landing-place. It was

a landing-place for Fairies,

Water Babies and Moon-

magics. O, my Dears!

THERE on that Little Land, (very near me), was a band of very shy, quiet, and careful little Wood People. They were Birds and Animals, and even Hop Toads and Frogs. Before all the little people stood BOB QUAIL, as proud as a General, but he was very quiet about it.

Behind Quail stood

Crow, Chipmunk

Squirrel, King Fisher and nice

little Dud Woodchuck and a

host of other Birds and

Animals crowded up behind

them. The little Folks in

the front row almost got

their feet WET.





Every little Soul was stiller than Mice [except Field-mouse - he squeaked with ex-citement] - ♡ ♡ - "Hush, Mouse," they all whispered ♡ Then Bob



Quail raised his bill and whistled three clear sweet whistles and all the Wood People trembled and fluttered and their ♡ Hearts beat very fast. Then the Cat- ♡ tail Soldiers nudged elbows and rustled magically, as from their lips there came this strange little Whisper SONG ♪



"O, WILL-O'-THE-WISP, COME GLOW AND BURN, ♡ ♡ FOR THIS IS THE NIGHT WE NEED YOUR LIGHT.

O, WILL-O'-THE-WISP, WE NEED TO LEARN ALL THAT YOU TEACH - ♡ TO-NIGHT. ♪

THE THISTLE DOWNS FALL, BOB WHISTLES HIS CALL O, BURN! BURN! BURN!" ♡ ♡ ♡

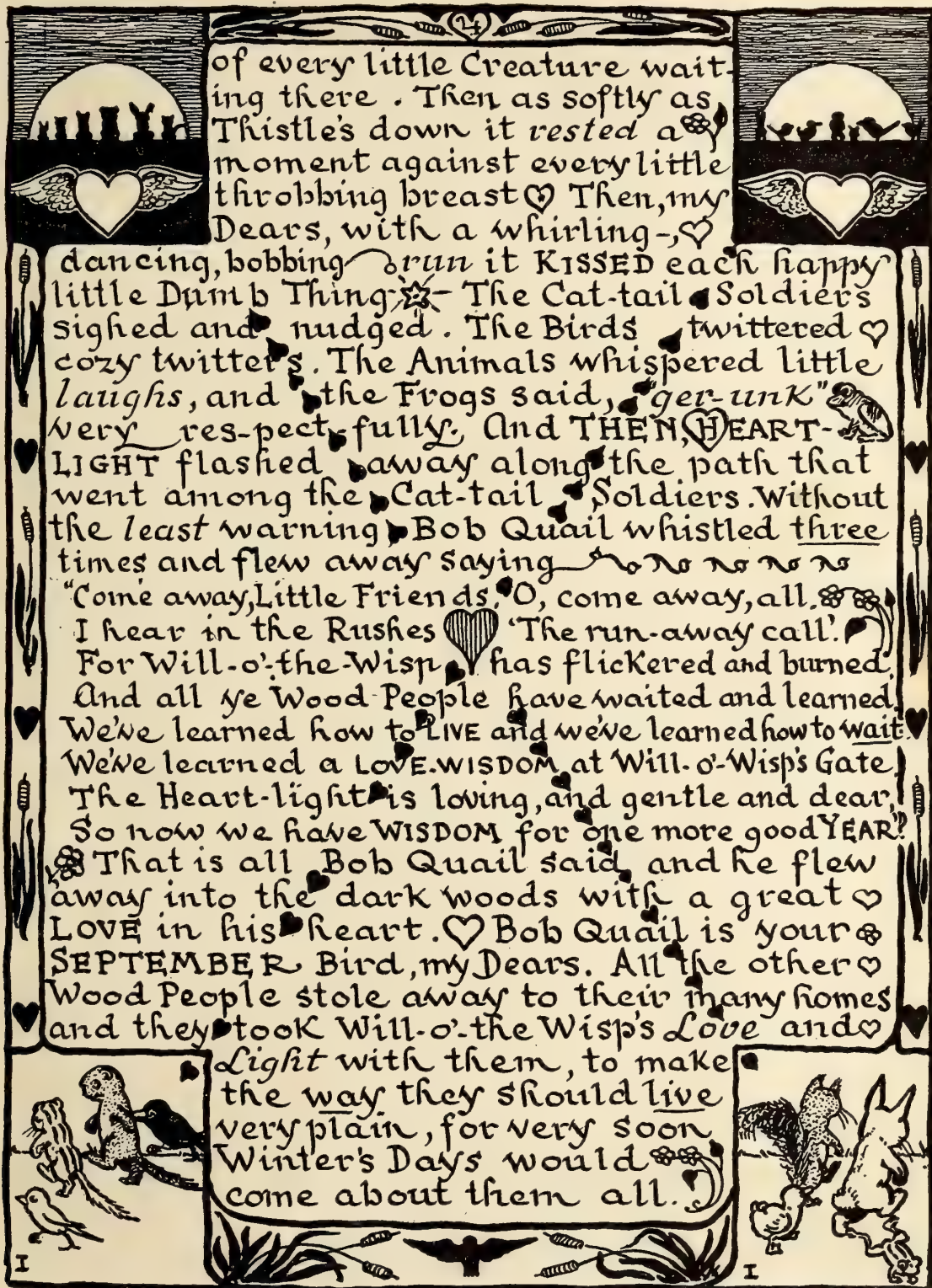
When the Soldiers had sung that whisper song every little HEAD and all little TAILS were bent very low, as if something very GOOD was near.

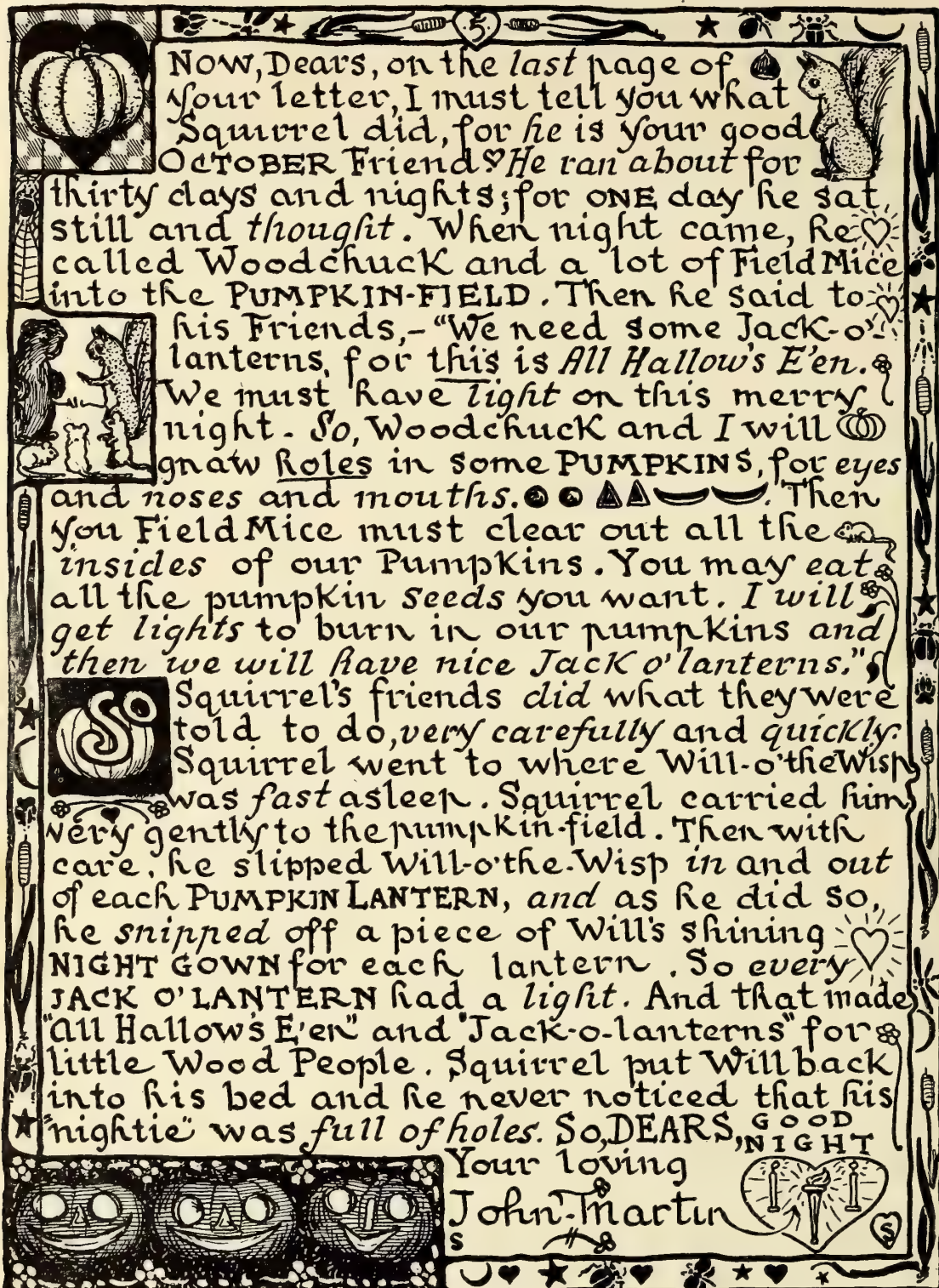
♡ THEN, O, THEN! I saw a Light that looked like a HEART-LAMP rise ♡ out of the waters of Little Lake. Up and down this Heart-lamp burned, as if its light were breathing. Then it grew very bright and throbbed like a Child's happy heart. What happened next was very dear and beautiful. LISTEN, DEARS! ♡ Heart-light ♡ slipped over the moon - bright



waters of Little Lake, fluttering like a Butterfly over the bended ♡ Heads of the Wood People. Then, very softly, it fell and touched the head









ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. To the strong, a fault known is a fault cured.

CHARADE. Motor-boat.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Canterbury Tales. 1. Recent. 2. Claims. 3. Canine. 4. Esteem. 5. Clever. 6. Barely. 7. Rebuff. 8. Spurns. 9. Forge. 10. Unyoke. 11. Retire. 12. Placid. 13. Relate. 14. Clears. 15. Design.

SCOTTISH ACROSTIC. Sir Walter Scott. From 1 to 10, Kenilworth; 11 to 27, Lay of Last Minstrel; 28 to 41, Quentin Durward, 42 to 51, Lady of Lake; 52 to 58, Ivanhoe; 59 to 64, Rob Roy. Cross-words: 1. Squirt. 2. Innate. 3. Rudder. 4. Warily. 5. Afloat. 6. Likely. 7. Taboos. 8. Emends. 9. Really. 10. Soften. 11. Charon. 12. Oliver. 13. Twanks. 14. Thrown.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Winnipeg, Manitoba. Cross-words: 1. Woman. 2. Image. 3. Nancy. 4. Nails. 5. Inter. 6. Peony. 7. Ebbd. 8. Giant.

To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—Harry Guthmann—Theodore H. Ames—Christine Souther—Frank Black—Harmon N., James O., and Glen T. Vedder—"Marcapan"—Ferris Neave—"The Quartette."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Florence Southard, 8—Cary Hoge, 7—Claire A. Hepner, 8—Margaret E. Whittemore, 8—Arthur Poulin, 7—Mary W. Chapin, 8—Roy Alden Holmes, 7—Frederick W. Van Horne, 5—Katharine H. Pease, 3—Dorothy D. Randle, 2—Edna Meyle, 2—Edward C. Heymann, 2—Fred A. Cammann, 3—Dora Laurson, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from V. O.—C. P. E.—L. B. S.—A. R. C.—M. E. S.—E. F. W.—H. K.—C. M. V.—V. C. D.—K. M.—E. S.—G. W.—M. B.—M. I. Q.—E. E.—A. G. C.—A. M.—G. P. E.—D. W.—M. S.—D. H. S.—H. N.—F. M.—F. S.—G. G. H.—R. M. A.—A. M.—D. R.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a battle in which Greeks were victorious; another row of letters will spell the name of a famous city of long ago, on the island of Ortygia.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A collection of curiosities. 2. In ancient geography, a town of Upper Egypt. 3. To make rare or less dense. 4. A leguminous Australian shrub. 5. An alarm bell. 6. Frequents. 7. To form into bone. 8. Useful to a seamstress.

LUCILE A. WATSON (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To defy. 2. Tract. 3. To raise. 4. To merit.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Edge. 2. Plan. 3. Costly. 4. To merit.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To gain by labor. 2. A chill. 3. Pertaining to the Russians. 4. A home.

ILLUSTRATED LETTER PUZZLE. Michaelmas Day. 1. China. 2. Masks. 3. Glass. 4. Camel. 5. Caddy.

DIAGONAL. Everest. 1. Economy. 2. Avarice. 3. Speaker. 4. Sparrow. 5. Present. 6. Possess. 7. Torment.

ZIGZAG. Golden House. 1. Grouse. 2. Gossip. 3. Pallid. 4. Bolder. 5. Spider. 6. Brazen. 7. Height. 8. Oriole. 9. Stupid. 10. Assure. 11. Energy.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ichor. 2. Chore. 3. Hosea. 4. Oread. 5. Ready.

DUMB-BELL PUZZLE. I. 1. Stamp. 2. Tepee. 3. Appal. 4. Meant. 5. Pelts. II. 1. Pelts. 2. Every. 3. Legal. 4. Tramp. 5. Sylph. III. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Start. 4. Ere. 5. T. IV. 1. T. 2. Orb. 3. Trout. 4. Buy. 5. T. V. 1. Pleat. 2. Leave. 3. Eaves. 4. Avert. 5. Tests. VI. 1. Tests. 2. Excel. 3. Scare. 4. Terse. 5. Slek.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small home. 2. To reverberate. 3. The shank. 4. Sound.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A home. 2. An Arabian military commander. 3. A title of respect. 4. A large woody plant.

JOSEPH TROMBETTI (League Member).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in cup, but not in pail;
My *second* in story, but not in tale;
My *third* is in fresh, but not in stale;
My *fourth* is in conquer, but not in fail;
My *fifth* is in cell, but not in jail;
My *sixth* is in healthy and also in hale;
My *seventh* 's in sail and dale and mail;
My *whole* is a college; it is not Vale.

ELWYN B. WHITE (League Member).

WORD-SQUARE

1. THROWN. 2. A feminine name. 3. To shut sharply. 4. A narrow strip of linen

MARY H. S. PITTMAN (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a celebrated artist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In good season. 2. Odd. 3. A punctuation mark. 4. Belonging to a city. 5. Mistake. 6. Unadorned. 7. One who is not yet of age. 8. Heavily burdened. 9. To lave.

KATHARINE EARLE CARTER (League Member).



WE ALL WANT CANDY

When your children crave it — give them

PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE

THE FOOD AND CANDY COMBINED

It has the delectable, truly delicious chocolate flavor men, women, and children all over the world love.

It is just as good as it is delicious.

Peter's Milk Chocolate
Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate

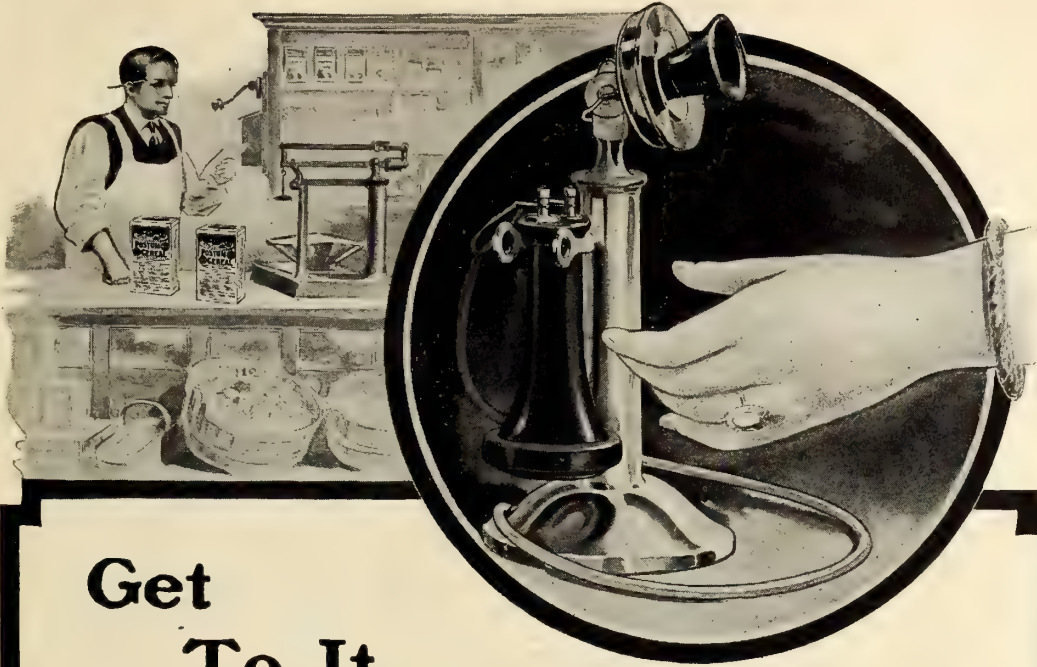
Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes
Peter's Bon-Bons

Peter's Thimbles with Roasted Hazelnuts



CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

One of the
Quality Products of
THE AMERICAN SUGAR
REFINING CO.



Get
To It

Ask your grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about; a large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages, such as coffee and tea, which contain nerve-racking irritants, contribute much to bodily pain and discomfort.

The cause may be the thing you least suspect.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change.

If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness, stop using coffee and tea ten days and try Postum.

Thousands have done it and know

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

NEW YORK'S
LATEST STYLES



Ex-
press
Pre-
paid

Suit
No. S. N. 340
\$12.75

grace of line and general becomingness are apparent at a glance. A suit that makes its appeal to women of refined and cultured tastes. The material is a fine, evenly woven, pure wool Cheviot, made in the celebrated Lynmansville Mills. Only in the higher class fabrics do we find this suppleness and satin-like lustre.

The coat is 28 inches long—the fashionable length for the coming season. It is cut on the "nearly-fitting" lines which Paris has endorsed so unequivocally, and with the new long rolling lapels permitting the smart side frill. The set and shaping of this collar are typical of the highest type of tailoring. The cuffs and pocket flaps are tailor-stitched. The front closing is effected with four tailored silk braid buttons with two to match finishing the well cut coat sleeves. Fine guaranteed Skinner's satin, soft, lustrous and rich, lines the entire coat.

The skirt is in "sash panel" effect front and back, a deep inverted plait being laid beneath each panel, so that the skirt be amply full for grace and comfort, without sacrifice of the straight narrow effect. Closes invisibly under left side of back panel and is finished with tailor lapped and stitched seams. Can be had in black or navy blue. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Skirt is about 40 inches long and comes with a basted hem, so that the length may be adjusted to suit your requirements. Samples of materials furnished upon request. Express Prepaid,

\$12.75

S. N. 321—Stylish double-breasted coat sweater for ladies or misses of extra quality Worsted, knit in a fancy Jacquard stitch. Cardinal red, gray or white. It is a sweater of trim shaping carefully knit to conform to the lines of the figure in semi-fitted effect and is smartly finished with a shapely new style shawl collar and two deep patch pockets. Two rows of fine white pearl buttons trim at closing. The turnback cuffs and lower edge are knit in a close firm stitch to prevent sagging. Nowhere else can a sweater of similar fine quality be duplicated at this price. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Express Prepaid,

\$1.98



Simpson Crawford Co.
THE HOME OF
NEW YORK'S
LEADING FASHION CATALOGUE
FALL AND WINTER.
1911-12

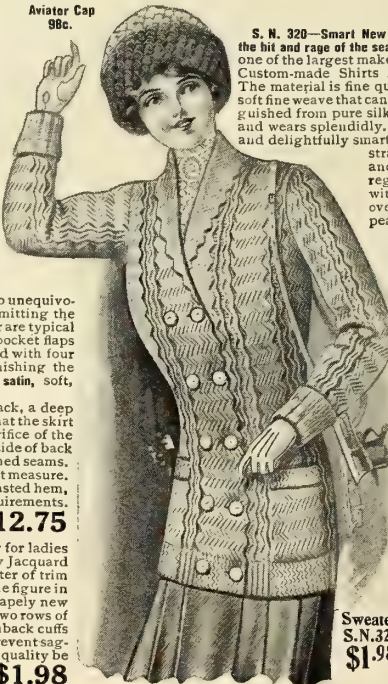
**PROTECT YOURSELF
Write for FREE Copy TODAY**

THIS 200-PAGE BOOK is the HANDSOMEST and most COMPLETE and AUTHORITATIVE Publication on Wearing Apparel of every description for

**WOMEN, MISSES, YOUNG MEN,
GIRLS, BOYS AND INFANTS**

No matter how much or how little you can afford to expend on your own and your family's wardrobe, you will be surprised at the great number of MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITIES this Catalogue offers you.

Aviator Cap
98c.



Sweater
S. N. 321
\$1.98

S. N. 320—Smart New Mannish Blouse—the hit and rage of the season. Made by one of the largest makers of Men's fine Custom-made Shirts in the country. The material is fine quality Soisette, a soft fine weave that can hardly be distinguished from pure silk; washes beautifully and wears splendidly. Typically mannish and delightfully smart in style, cut with a straight shallow front and regular shirt sleeves set in tailor-stitched armholes without any fullness. One of those smart new soft turn-over collars buttoning across front with pretty white pearl buttons affords jaunty neck completion. This collar as well as the turn-over link button cuffs are made of the same material as the waist, and collar is detachable. The closing is made visibly through the front plait with fine white pearl buttons. The tie which goes with the waist is of self material and may also be used as a belt if preferred. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure. White only. Better in appearance, workmanship and service than any \$2.00 waist made. Postpaid, **\$1.00**

S. N. 341—A skirt that is stylish, serviceable and an actual saving to you.

Of fine Panama Cloth, well-fitting, stylish and well made. The excellent wearing qualities of the material and the exceptional style of this model make it all the more remarkable at the low price offered. The skirt is one of the fashionable new six-gored models and displays a modified Paquin panel effect at both front and back. Handsome black satin covered buttons finish the overlapping panel ends, front and back, with striking effect. The closing is made invisibly under the side of the back panel. Colors: Black or Navy blue. Sizes, 26 to 30 inches waist measure; 37 to 43 skirt length. Express Prepaid, **\$2.50**

S. N. 251—The new French "Aviator" Cap—A delightfully smart little knitted cap that the chic Parisienne has adopted for motoring, skating, outdoor sports and general cold weather usages. Knitted of very thick, soft, fleecy Australian Worsted in a fancy stitch, with border of contrasting color. For ladies, young girls and children. No size required. Colors: all white, navy blue, cardinal red or oxford gray; or white with navy blue, cardinal red, oxford gray, light blue or black border. Postage Prepaid, **98c**

**BEST VALUES
FOR THE
LEAST MONEY**



Waist
No.
S. N. 320
\$1.00
Postpaid

Skirt
No.
S. N. 341
Express
Prepaid **\$2.50**

WE
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION OR RE-
FUND YOUR MONEY.

Simpson Crawford Co.
SIXTH AVENUE TO 20th STREET, NEW YORK.

Address Dept. S. N.

YOU PAY
NOTHING EXTRA
For Postage or Express.
We Prepay these charges
to YOUR HOME.



THESE GENUINE WIEDERSEIM KIDS

Were not fed on

Post Toasties

(Who wants the dog?)

but hope to be.

The kids are delicious and the food even more so, especially when served with nice yellow cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Time to hand in answers is up October 10. Prizes awarded in December number.

Now, here is a muddle! We wrote out a list of advertised articles and as it was not quite neat and orderly, we asked our office boy to put it in some orderly shape. He did. He separated the list into its separate words, and then put *those* into alphabetical order! We print the result below. Will you kindly restore these words into their right places, so as to make them sensible, and then put the complete names of advertised articles into their alphabetical order.

There are forty-three (43) advertised articles.

1. American Automobile Association; Automatic Air.

2. Bankers Borated Borated Breakfast; Baker's Brownie Boys; Britannia Bob Brothers.

3. Chocolate Cameras; Cocoa Cheques; Corn Chiclets College.

4. Dixon's Dexter Dame.

5. Edison Eastman Extract.

6. Fairy Fountain Flour Flakes.

7. Gillette Gold Grip.

8. Howard Horlick's Hand Hose.

9. Ideal Ivory.

10. Jenkin's Jell-O.

11. Kellogg's Kelly Kodaks.

12. Libby's Life Loaf.

13. Mennen's Malted Mimeo-

graph; Meriden Medal Milk; Milk Motor.

14. Notre Necco.

15. Oldsmobile Oats.

16. Peter's Plate Polish; Pond's Petrifax Pencils; Pyle's Post; Powder; Packer's Pearline Pen Pumps.

17. Quaker Queen Quality.

18. Remington Reeco Rifles; Remington Razor Rock.

19. Silver Soap Supporter; Sapolio Safety Shoe; Shredded Soap Sweets; Springfield Shoes Soap.

20. Travelers' Typewriter Toasties; Talcum Tar Tires.

21. U.M.C. Udnit.

22. Velvet Veal; Victrola Value Victor.

23. Watch Waterman's White Wheat.

The prizes will be awarded for the best lists received, age being considered.

Here are the rules and regulations:

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

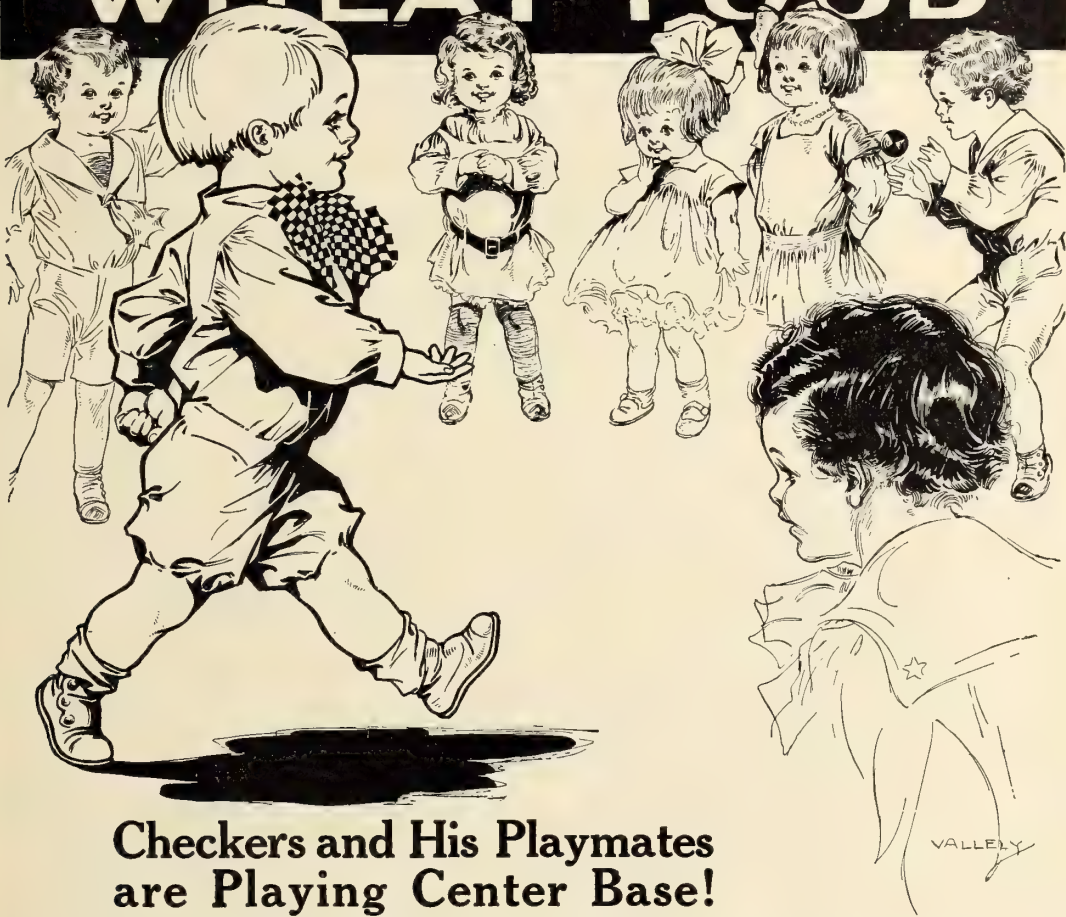
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nich-

(See also page 12.)

Ralston WHEAT FOOD



Checkers and His Playmates are Playing Center Base!

It is a good game. Read the directions and learn how to play it. Lots of good outdoor exercise is good for boys and girls. It makes you strong and healthy.

But you need good wholesome food, too. You need food that will supply strength and energy and still leave something to grow up on.

Ralston Wheat Food

is just the sort of solid, wholesome food you children need, as you grow up. It is the finest, hard winter wheat, ground, with all the nutriment and fine sweet flavor of the whole wheat left in.

Ask mother to get a package for your breakfast-to-morrow. You'll like it better than any breakfast food you ever ate. Mother will like it, too, because it is so good and economical. One package will make 50 bowls.

How to Play Center Base

The children form a ring; one player stands in the center holding the ball. He tosses it to some player, who must catch it, place it in the center of the circle, then chase the one who threw it. The one who threw it runs out of the circle and tries to return and touch the ball before being tagged. If tagged, he gets in the circle, and the other player throws the ball. If not tagged before returning to the ball, he throws again.

Look in next month's St. Nicholas for another good game.



olas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (118).

3. Submit answers by October 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 118, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 116

There is no doubt about the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls being able to write letters correctly.

It was a rather difficult task for the Judges to select the prize-winners for this competition. Just think! There were 1445 letters to be looked over. A great many could not be considered on account of trivial errors. Some of you did not pay much attention to the punctuation, and that was important, you know.

The Judges want to thank all of you on your splendid contributions, and it pleased us very much to receive so many letters. The inter-

est you boys and girls show in the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages only makes it more possible for us to keep on making this part of ST. NICHOLAS more attractive month by month.

Here is the list of prize-winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00 :

Frederick Morgan Davenport, Jr., age 10, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each :

Louise Pope, age 12, South Carolina.

Elizabeth H. Davis, age 12, New Jersey.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each :

Margaret R. Bonnell, age 17, New Jersey.

Dorothy Ochtman, age 19, Connecticut.

Grace Leslie Johnston, age 18, New Jersey.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each :

Mrs. E. P. Wheeler, New York.

Alta M. Brown, age 14, Iowa.

Hilda Smith, age 14, Quebec, Canada.

Ethel M. Packard, age 12, New Jersey.

Rebekah B. Hoffman, age 14, New Jersey.

Dorothy Starch, age 12, New York.

Esther Dreier, age 13, Maryland.

Edna Hills, age 15, Maine.

Mary Ducey, age 15, Michigan.

Dorothy G. Verner, age 10, Manitoba, Canada.

(See also page 10.)

Little Tommy's Dream

Now, Pony—March! Get in line there, Piggywig! Oh, see the Reindeer and the Polar Bear! "Umph, Umph!" hear old Rhino. I see you Billy Goat hiding up there in the corner. Here comes the Giraffe—my what a neck! Hey, there, you Lion, whatty doin' walkin' on baby's pillow—just drivin' the Elephant away? Oh, very well, then. Anyhow, I think baby is going to eat you all up as soon as he wakes.

EDUCATOR Animal CRACKERS

are not only amusing, instructive object lessons, easy for the young imagination, but also satisfy that hankering for something to eat. They are the food all the children like best, and the best food for them.

Made from pure spring water and selected, slightly sweetened grains—wheat, corn, rye, barley and oats. Let the children have all of this wholesome food they can eat.

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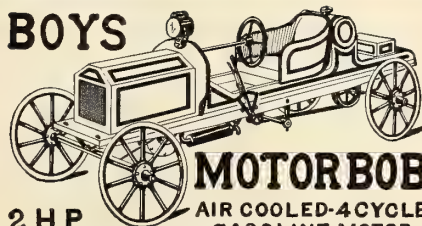
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A DISAPPOINTMENT

THE entire philatelic world has looked forward eagerly to the coming of the new stamps of Great Britain,—stamps which should bear the likeness of the world's foremost stamp-collector, His Majesty King George V. King George's whole life has seemed associated with stamp-collecting, and his advent to the throne upon exactly the seventieth anniversary of the birthday of the postage-stamp surrounded the occasion with even greater interest to members of the philatelic fraternity. Great have been the speculations as to the character and design of the stamps to be issued by him.

At present writing, only the half-penny and the penny are at hand. If these are a fair sample of what is to follow, there cannot fail to be great disappointment to all. Once more has the mother country fallen far behind her colonies, not only in beauty of design but in excellence of execution as well. The half-penny presents the dolphin, and the one penny the Lion of Trafalgar Square; both have the portrait of King George in an ornate frame. The engraving is coarse and crude, like a rough woodcut. Neither in workmanship nor design do the new stamps seem worthy of the great nation they represent.

In the early days of postage-stamps, the omission of the name of the issuing country was not unusual. Early issues of Austria, Belgium, Brazil, and other countries followed Great Britain in this particular, but Great Britain alone has persisted in the original usage. There has been much discussion about this new issue, whether the national name would appear, and if so what would be the exact wording of it. Also, would there be any change in perforations. There have been complaints that stamps in sheets separated more easily in one direction than another; would these complaints be regarded, and a remedy applied in the compound perforation? All such speculations are now at rest. No name appears on the new stamp. The time-honored words "postage and revenue" and the value are all that is given, and the perforation remains unchanged. Neither in design, execution, nor variation, is there anything to justify the hopes of collectors, and the issue cannot but be a disappointment to them.

CONDOMINIUM

THE establishment by France and Great Britain of a Condominium, or co-dominion, over the little Islands of New Hebrides has been prolific in postage-stamps if in nothing else. This tiny group of islands, smaller in area than many of our own States, has been honored by four issues, two of which are surcharged upon stamps of the French colony of New Caledonia, and two surcharged upon stamps of the English colony of Fiji. Now appears a fifth issue. It is the first original or unsurcharged one, and certainly it is original in more ways than one. The stamps are in size about the same as our Columbus issue. The left of the stamp is devoted to England and bears the royal arms, the letters G. R. (Georgius Rex), and the word "postage." The right

section of the stamp is French, and here appear the fasces of the Republic, the letters R. F., the word "postes," and in the corners are the tri-color and arms.

Who shall describe the center of this peculiar stamp! On either side of the central design are palm-trees, against which lean totem-poles; the foreground is covered with native baskets; while in the center of all, enthroned upon an indescribable something resembling a pork-barrel, sits a delightfully hideous idol or deity, wearing a peaked hat crowned with a ponderous anchor. At the back of His Majesty appear warlike instruments of various kinds. Such is this first Condominium stamp, and the co-dominion is further shown; for while the stamps are printed upon the multiple C. A. paper of the British Colonies, the value is in the centimes and francs of France. Altogether it is a thing of interest, and surely a novelty in stamps.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE new issue of Bavaria is a permanent one, although the stamps bear the date of March 12, 1911. They were issued upon this date, which is the eightieth birthday of Prince Luitpold. The designs upon the early French stamps represent Ceres, Mother Earth, the Goddess of Agriculture and Fruit. Then followed portraits of Napoleon as president of the Republic, as Emperor Napoleon III, and the laureated head. The next issues are again Ceres. These are followed in 1876 by the type whereon appear two female figures symbolizing Peace and Commerce. For use in the French Colonies was first the Eagle type, later the regular French type, and in 1881 the solitary figure representing Commerce. There is a different type which bears the name of each colony, as Sultinat d'Anjouan; here the figures represent Commerce and Navigation. A "benzene cup," or watermark detector, will be of great assistance to you in determining the watermarks. These are small glass cups, the bottoms of which are painted black. They can be had from any of our advertisers for a small sum. Fill about one third of the cup with a good quality of benzene, immerse the stamp, face downward, when the watermark will appear. The benzene will not dissolve the gum upon an unused stamp nor injure the color in the least. Indeed, it will often cleanse and brighten the stamp, especially a canceled one. There is nothing one can do to prevent the corner perforations from occasionally getting turned over or under. Care in handling the specimen will eliminate most of the trouble, however. In case a corner does get turned, always apply to the part a wee little bit of moisture before attempting to straighten it out. This softens the fiber and prevents the corner cracking off completely. Upon the authority of the "Vest Pocket Philatelist" the number of stamps in the Standard Catalogue priced from one cent to five cents is 5700; from one cent to ten cents, 11,311. The number priced at one dollar or less is 19,753. The largest number at any one price is 1525 at two cents, while there are only 11 priced at seventeen cents.

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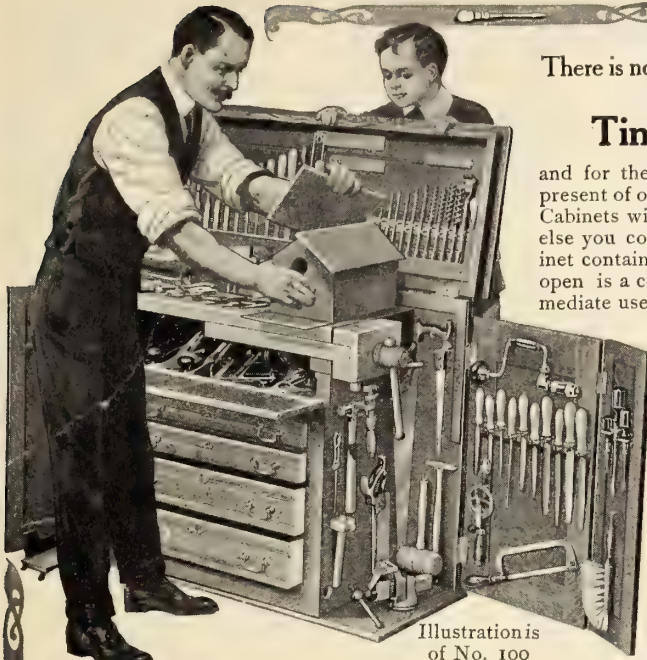


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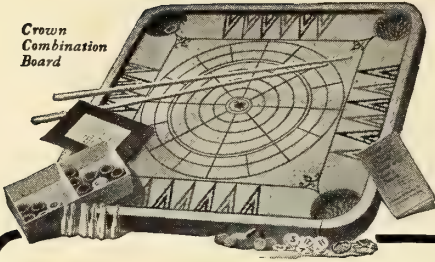
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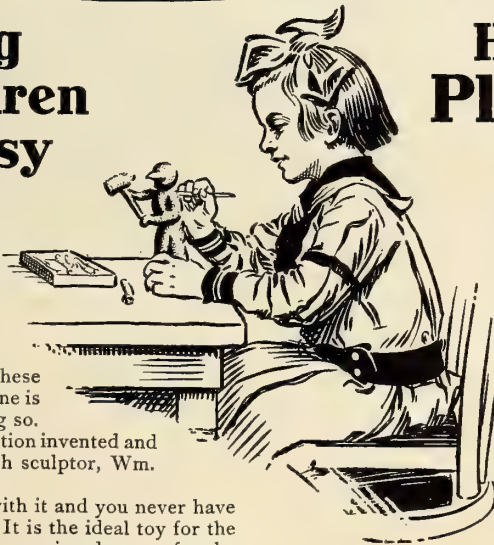
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These are only a short distance from the city of Cairo, so one day Polly and Peter started out on camel-back, attended by a faithful Arab guide.

As they approached the marvelous relics of ancient days Polly and Peter were amazed at the grandeur of the scene.

"How in the world did they build them?" exclaimed Polly.

"I don't know," replied Peter, "but they look just like the pictures in our geography."

"That's right," answered Polly, "but look at the Sphinx; her face is a perfect sight; all rough and blackened by the sun."

"Yes," said Peter, "the Egyptians knew a lot, but they did n't know what

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78 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream
—Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

THE QUIET LITTLE LADY

trips into the room, and her mother's friends say to each other: "How well behaved!" "How well brought up!" and perhaps one of the friends says: "I can't do anything with *my* child. She is as noisy as a tomboy."

The speakers perhaps do not realize that the Quiet Little Lady is just as active as any child; but as soon as she took off spring heels and began to wear grown-up shoes, her mother put on O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS OF NEW LIVE RUBBER.

It is n't fair to restrain your children too much. Make it easy for them to be quiet.

There is a greater benefit, however, than mere quietness with all its attendant advantages of having well-bred instincts nurtured at an early age, and that is, that it is much better for the growing girl or boy to have the hard shocks which come from hard heels on hard pavements or hard floors diminished as much as possible.

They save the child, and incidentally they save the floors too.

Most parents would like to have a boy of twelve nicknamed

THE QUIET LITTLE GENTLEMAN

The Symbol of Household Liberty

Use Ivory Soap for everything—bath, toilet, in the laundry, in the kitchen.

Wash the dishes with Ivory Soap. Clean the refrigerator with it, the cut glass, the silver—*everything*.

Do this, and see what an improvement there is in the appearance of your home. See, too, how much better your hands look—how much better they feel. They will be as soft and white as if such things as dishpans and washtubs did not exist.

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure



